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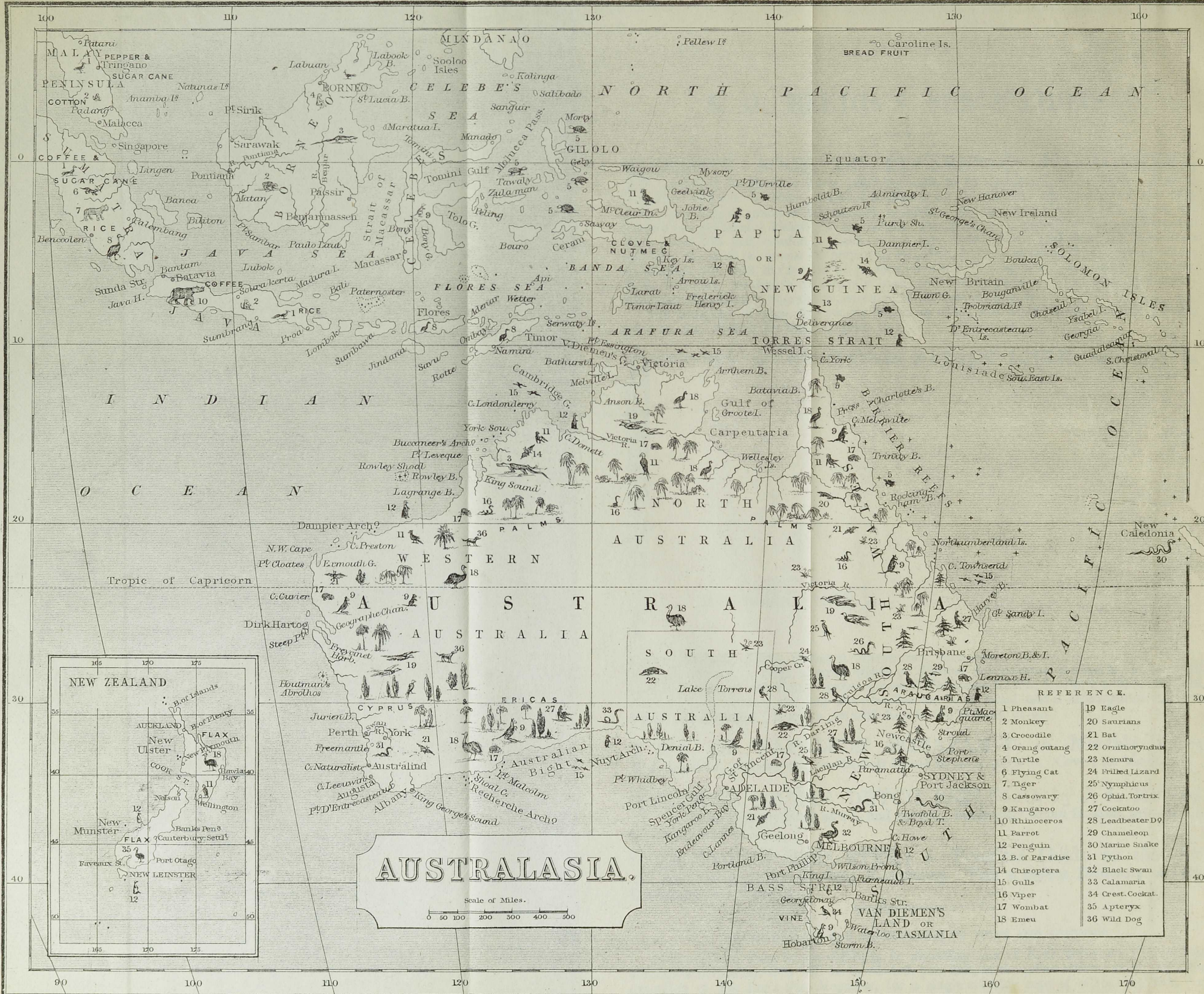
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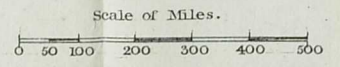


“THE QUEEN”

Will appear on September 7th.



AUSTRALASIA.



REFERENCE.	
1 Pheasant	19 Eagle
2 Monkey	20 Saurians
3 Crocodile	21 Bat
4 Orang outang	22 Ornithoryndus
5 Turtle	23 Menura
6 Flying Cat	24 Frilled Lizard
7 Tiger	25 Nymphicus
8 Cassowary	26 Ophid. Tortrix
9 Kangaroo	27 Cockatoo
10 Rhinoceros	28 Leadbeater D9
11 Parrot	29 Chameleon
12 Penguin	30 Marine Snake
13 B. of Paradise	31 Python
14 Chiroptera	32 Black Swan
15 Gulls	33 Calamaria
16 Viper	34 Crest. Cockat.
17 Wombat	35 Apteryx
18 Emeu	36 Wild Dog



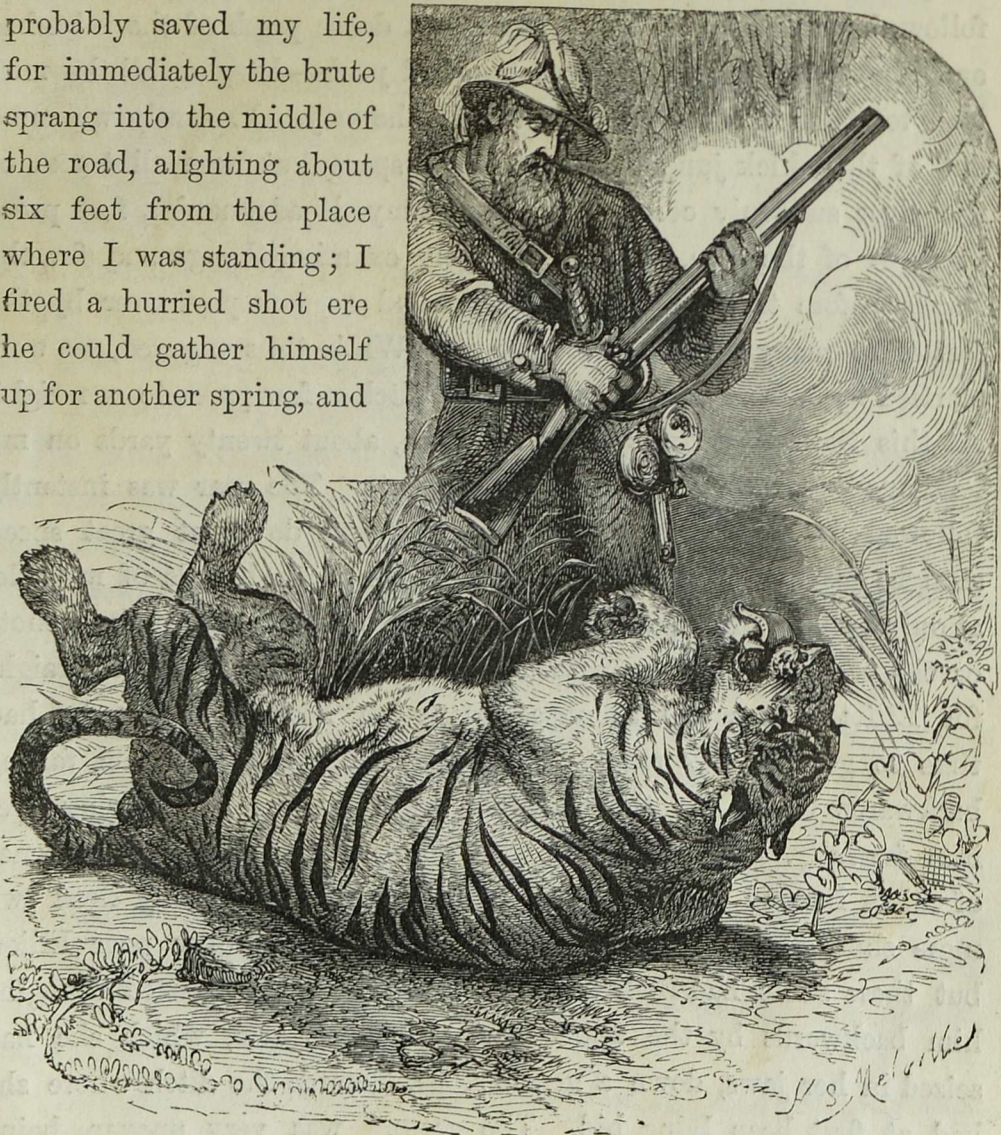
W. DICKES.

THE WOLF.—“The noble sacrifice.”

J. B. ZWEIFER

spot where so many victims had been sacrificed. I passed along carefully listening for the slightest sound, and now and then shaking my jingles.

“While ascending the side of a ravine, I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf; I paused, and turning to the left fronted the spot from whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way towards me; then I heard a loud purring sound, and saw something twitching backwards and forwards behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared; I stepped back a couple of paces in order to get a better view, which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing; I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for another spring, and



when the smoke cleared away, I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his death-agony, for the shot had entered the neck and gone downwards into his chest. I stepped on one side and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when a slight tremor passed over his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead and his victims avenged."

Lieutenant Rice relates a tiger-hunting adventure, during which his comrade, Cornet Elliot, had one of those marvellous escapes that lead one almost to believe in "charmed" lives. Having together fired at a tiger, the wounded brute escaped through the jungle, and was speedily out of sight. Being a very fine animal, however, they were loth to lose him, and set about tracking him by his broad footprints, and here and there a few spots of blood. "These we followed with much difficulty through a dense patch of thorn bushes and high grass, for about three hundred yards—keeping all the men well together in a body, while we led the way. Presently we came out of this thick jungle on to an open space, but here all traces of the tiger suddenly ceased. Elliot and myself advanced a few paces in front of the men, to more minutely examine the ground for the tracks before they should be obliterated or trampled over by the feet of so many persons following us. While thus engaged, we were startled by a loud roar from a small ditch a few paces to our right. At this time Elliot was stooping down, about twenty yards on my left, busily employed in looking for prints. The roar was instantly followed by the tiger, that came charging down at great speed straight for me. I had barely time to fire both barrels of my rifle, at only two or three paces' distance, into her chest, when these shots or the smoke caused the beast to swerve past me, and make straight for Elliot, whom she at once sprang on literally before he had time to get his rifle ready. The next instant, I saw him falling backwards under the tigress, which was growling and roaring over him fearfully. My shekarries with admirable coolness and presence of mind handed me my spare loaded guns. I instantly fired two more shots at the beast's shoulder, as she stood over poor Elliot, but these shots had little effect, for she at once commenced dragging him backwards by the upper part of his left arm, which she had seized in her jaws, down a gentle slope, towards the ditch where she had at first been lying hid. The ground was very uneven, being

covered with broken pieces of rock, so I greatly feared to again fire at the tigress lest my friend should be hit instead, for as his face was touching her head, no steady shot could be had at her brain, as she bumped him over the stones.

“Elliot had fainted while the tigress was thus carrying him. She continued growling, all the time looking fully at us; I followed at about eight yards’ distance, watching to get a clear shot at her head—it would have been useless aiming at any other part. At last, after aiming two or three times in vain, there was a chance, when my ball luckily struck her on the top of the skull, whereupon she at once dropped poor Elliot, and rolled over dead on the top of his body, bringing her paw down on his chest. I quickly gave her the other barrel, and then ran in with the rest of the Bheels, and pulled out Elliot by his legs from under the tigress.”

The assaulted hunter was quite sensible when released from his terrible foe, and asked for a drink of water. Although his life was spared, he was terribly mauled—his left arm frightfully crushed and bitten, and his entire body pinched and bruised. When the tiger first sprang at him, he had put up his musket with both his hands, and thus guarded off the death-dealing paw. The stock of the rifle was marked with her claws, while the trigger and guard were knocked completely flat.

The same gentleman tells of another adventure almost harmless, and even ludicrous as it happened, but which might have terminated very differently. The shekarries having been started to look up game, returned, and reported the footprints of two large tigers on the bank of a neighbouring river. The hunting company set out, and for a long time beat about the cover in vain. At last, the lieutenant, thinking the game might possibly be hidden in a clump of korinda bushes, waded into the stream, which was about four feet deep, and by the time he had got half-way across, made out what he was pretty sure was a lurking tiger, at the spot suspected. He returned to the bank and fired a random shot across the stream into the bush, and sure enough out sprang a tiger, which was shot dead by a ball in his skull, just when he had risen to leap the stream; indeed he fell half into the water.

“Thinking that all the sport was now over, the men in a body went round to the dead tiger by a ford higher up the river, and were

standing close round it, pointing out to each other the shot-holes, admiring the skin, and talking over its death, and the mischief it had done amongst their cattle, as they usually do, when suddenly a most appalling roar was heard to proceed from the very midst of them. The effect this caused was ludicrous in the extreme, for with one accord they precipitated themselves into the stream with a great splash, and regained the opposite bank in the utmost terror, each struggling to be first across the river. On hearing this roar, all our guns being unloaded at the time, and knowing there must be another tiger close by, we also sought safety in flight—Little (his companion) got under a bush, while I quickly gained the top of a large thorn-tree nearest me, well scratched in the process; for at the time my costume was extremely scanty, as on coming out of the water, feeling much chilled, I had taken off my clothes to dry in the sun, and was standing merely in my brown shirt. The next moment we were horrified to hear that a man had been killed, but we afterwards found that he had been only knocked over and rather severely clawed.

“It seems that on hearing we had killed the first tiger, this man, who had been posted up a tree to look out by himself, hastened to join the rest of the beaters while they were rejoicing, and talking over the dead tiger. All this time there was another tiger, still in the very bush in which we had killed the first one, but as long as the men remained in a body, though only two yards from them, it kept quite still. On seeing this man approach the bush alone, the beast rushed with loud roars upon him, knocking him down, and actually running off with his turban. It then went off at a racing pace, dashing straight away for the hills.”

This is not the only recorded instance of a tiger “turning up” when least expected. A celebrated Indian sportsman was once nearly led into a terrible dilemma. He was out deer-stalking, and, after some considerable trouble, came to a spot where he could command a convenient view of his game. Covering a fine buck, he was about to touch the trigger, when his attention was attracted to a slight waving of the grass a few yards distant, and before he could settle in his mind what it could be, a tiger made its existence known by a terrible roar, and the next instant its talons were fixed in the throat of the poor animal the sportsman had marked as his own.

Another instance is related, of a ship's captain, who went ashore to

shoot peacocks. Having "winged" one, he hurried forward to secure it, knowing that when so wounded, the bird in question will, after it has reached the ground, run a long distance, and sometimes too quickly to be overtaken. Rushing through the jungle grass, he reached the spot where it was about to fall, but was horrified to find himself almost in the midst of a family party of tigers—three of them—that had evidently been roused from an afternoon's nap by the noise of the fowling-piece, and were yet winking and blinking amazedly. Leaving them to settle the matter with the wounded peacock, the sportsman took to his heels, and paused not till he leaped into the boat waiting to row him to his ship.

As the reader has been made aware, it is against the rule to admit into these pages hunting adventures of ancient date; but there is one that pleads so hard on account of its venerable age—seventy years next birthday—and its extreme respectability, that exception shall be made in its favour. It is the celebrated story of Mr. Munro, the hero of the sanguinary tragedy performed on Saugur Island, December 23, 1792.

"To describe it (says Captain Consar, one of the unfortunate young man's companions) is impossible. Captain George Downey Lieutenant Pyefinch, poor Mr. Munro (of the Honourable East India Company's Service), and myself went on shore, on Saugur Island, to shoot deer. We saw innumerable tracks of tigers and deer; but still we were induced to pursue our sport, and did so the whole day. About half-past three we sat down on the edge of the jungle to eat some cold meat, sent to us from the ship, and had just commenced our meal, when Mr. Pyefinch and a black servant told us there was a fine deer within six yards of us. Captain Downey and I immediately jumped up to take our guns; mine was nearest, and I had but just laid hold of it, when I heard a roar like thunder, and saw an immense royal tiger spring on the unfortunate Munro, who was sitting down; in a moment his head was in the beast's mouth, and it rushed into the jungle with him with as much ease as I could lift a kitten, tearing him through the thickest bushes and trees, everything yielding to its monstrous strength. The agonies of horror, regret, and, I must say, fear (for there were two tigers), rushed on me at once; the only effort I could make was to fire at the tiger, though the poor youth was still in its mouth. I relied partly on Providence, partly on my own aim, and

fired a musket. The tiger staggered, and seemed agitated, which I took notice of to my companions. Captain Downey then fired two shots, and I one more. We retired from the jungle, and a few minutes after Mr. Munro came up to us, all over blood, and fell. We took him on our backs to the boat, and got every medical assistance for him from the *Valentine* Indiaman, which lay at anchor near the island, but in vain. He lived twenty-four hours, in the utmost torture; his head and skull were all torn and broke to pieces, and he was also wounded by the animal's claws all over his neck and shoulders; but it was better to take him away, though irrecoverable, than leave him to be mangled and devoured. We have just read the funeral service over his body, and committed it to the deep. Mr. Munro was an amiable and promising youth.

"I must observe, there was a large fire blazing close to us, composed of ten or a dozen whole trees. I made it myself, on purpose to keep the tigers off, as I had always heard it would. There were eight or ten of the natives about us; many shots had been fired at the place; there was much noise and laughing at the time, but this ferocious animal disregarded all.

"Its head appeared as large as that of an ox, its eyes starting fire, and its roar when it first seized its prey will never be out of my recollection. We had scarcely pushed our boat from that cursed shore, when the tigress made her appearance raging almost mad, and remained on the sand as long as the distance would allow me to see her."

In Java, it is an ordinary regal pastime to pit a tiger against a buffalo for the edification of royalty and the court favourites. The fight usually takes place in a pit securely railed off from the spectators by strong palisades. The tiger is brought in one cage, and the buffalo—always a strong and trained animal—in another. When all is ready, an attendant unfastens a trap at the top of the buffalo's cage, and reaching in, anoints the creature's back with a composition that makes it roar with pain. Then, plunging and half-mad he is let into the arena. Next, fire is thrown into the tiger's cage, and the door slipped open and the wretched beast (against its will sometimes, as it is common to keep the tiger under such circumstances a week or so without food, till it is greatly weakened) forced out to where the buffalo is. Generally, the buffalo being a powerful and educated animal, the

victory is on its side, unless, indeed, it happens to make a mistake in its first rush at the tiger ; then the latter will at least have his fill of buffalo blood before the indignant lookers-on can riddle it with bullets.

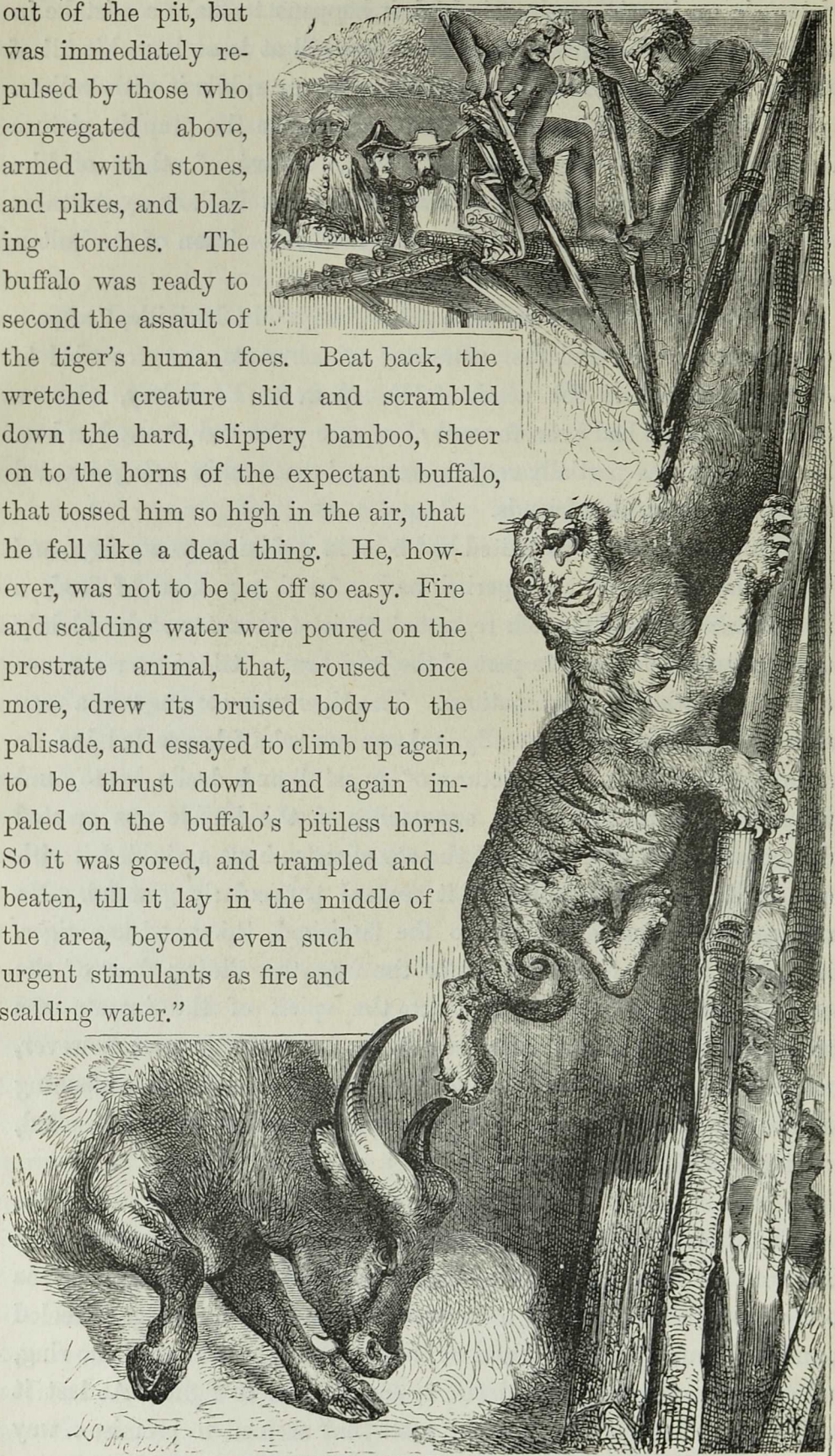
Mr. Melville, to whose masterly pencil is due the graphic picture accompanying this description (as well as a host of others of like excellence, adorning these pages) was a few years back an eye-witness of one of these combats, that took place in the dominion of the Sultan of Madura.

“On our arrival at the Sultan’s palace,” says Mr. Melville, “after a courteous reception, and the customary refreshments, we proceeded to a large courtyard, to the north of the square at Baukalary, where a circular inclosure had been formed of square poles and strong bamboo. The inclosure was partially roofed over, and a convenient stage erected for the Sultan and his friends.

“The tiger about to be baited had been in captivity twenty days, and during the whole of that period had refused any kind of food, a circumstance evidently much regretted by its tormentors, who plainly saw there would be, on the part of the poor brute, little or no resistance to their bloodthirsty machinations. The tiger was confined in a cage within the inclosure. Presently, a large water-buffalo was led in : he was a fine specimen—the picture of a mild and docile brute, and evidently well trained. The appearance of the buffalo was greeted with considerable applause, and the attendants above sprinkled it with cool water, for which kindness it seemed particularly grateful. No such good-will was exhibited to the famished, thirst-stricken tiger. Everything being in readiness for the fray, the sliding door of the poor brute’s cage was raised, but the spirit of the inmate was thoroughly tamed, and it refused to stir. Its lethargy was, however, unceremoniously disturbed by the introduction of a bundle of flaming bamboo thrust into its den, and it then consented to be unkennelled, howling and fighting the fire.

“The buffalo was in no wise dismayed to see the great savage cat at liberty. With business-like coolness it lowered its formidable horns to the ground, and, making as it were a pivot of its hind legs, wheeled round and round, ever watchful of the tiger who paced round the ring, and evinced a much greater desire to escape than to fight. At last it made a great leap at the upright posts that seemed to promise a way

out of the pit, but was immediately repulsed by those who congregated above, armed with stones, and pikes, and blazing torches. The buffalo was ready to second the assault of the tiger's human foes. Beat back, the wretched creature slid and scrambled down the hard, slippery bamboo, sheer on to the horns of the expectant buffalo, that tossed him so high in the air, that he fell like a dead thing. He, however, was not to be let off so easy. Fire and scalding water were poured on the prostrate animal, that, roused once more, drew its bruised body to the palisade, and essayed to climb up again, to be thrust down and again impaled on the buffalo's pitiless horns. So it was gored, and trampled and beaten, till it lay in the middle of the area, beyond even such urgent stimulants as fire and scalding water."



Mr. Melville also mentions that in parts of Java it is customary to employ men, known as "tiger guards," whose business it is to keep watch at night that the premises are not entered by tigrid marauders. To the astonishment of the above-mentioned gentleman and his friends, spearmen were stationed in the verandah of the house where they lodged; and whenever they set out after dark, though on never so simple a journey, the said spearmen, each bearing a flaming torch, marched with them. This was not always pleasant; but regarding it as a mere ceremony,—a custom of the country,—no objection was made. One night, however, a man was snatched by a tiger and borne off to its lair, and the European company made aware of the value of the spearmen as a "tiger guard."



TIGER GUARD.

Much more might be written concerning the various schemes and stratagems invented by cunning man for the destruction of the crafty and formidable tiger. To the savage mind it is much more satisfactory to take the dreadful beast alive, or so to encompass it that it shall be

helplessly aware of the hand that hurts it, than to kill it outright, and at a distance, and take possession only of its inanimate carcase. The horrid performances in the Javanese tiger-pits, and the many other instances of a like nature quoted by Bishop Heber, Drayson, and others, go to show that uncivilized men living in regions where abound the tiger, and such mighty game, regard the animals not as irresponsible creatures following the dictates of their proper natures, but as malignant enemies, actuated by the worst passions, and ever plotting their ruin. It is in this spirit the human savage meets the senseless brute, and having trapped and put it beyond mischief, taunts, and abuses, and tortures it. So it is, even from the mouths of their deadly rifles, that the European teaches the savage forbearance and mercy.



LOOKING-GLASS TRAP.

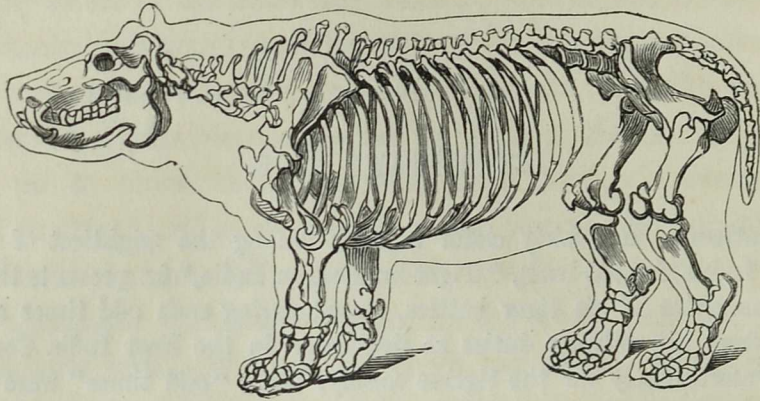
LIEUTENANT RICE.

THIS gentleman may fairly claim to rank among the mightiest of modern Nimrods. In his famous book, "Tiger-hunting in India," he presents the world with the narrative of his tiger battles, waged during such odd times as could be spared from his military duties as lieutenant in the East India Company's service. Unfortunately for the tigrine family, these "odd times" were neither few nor far between, for from the beginning of 1850 to 1854, the lieutenant enumerates 365 days devoted to the noble sport. The Indian "season" for hunting large game extends over only three months in each year, so that it will be seen at once that Mr. Rice has little to regret on the score of time lost.

Within the 365 days mentioned, he bagged sixty-eight tigers, and wounded thirty others, which got away to die, doubtless; for, as has been observed already, a tiger's wounds fester and poison the whole system in a very short time. When it is considered how many human lives the destruction of this hundred tigers may have saved; when one reflects that in a single district a solitary and bloody man-eater may count his human victims by the score, the successful tiger-slayer becomes an object of something more than applause,—of gratitude and sincere respect.

As has been shown, Mr. Rice's many tiger trophies were not obtained without terrible peril—so terrible, indeed, that the hunter, thinking that in some cases the reader may have a suspicion that "varnish" has been used without stint, appends to his book the names of several Indian officers as a warrant of its truth from the first page to the last. It must be a very unpleasant thing to come before the public and say, I am not a cheat; ask Jack, and Tom, and George if I am! when, however, one is obliged to put to sea where abound piratical craft, and craft sailing under fair colours, but laden from stem to stern with fiction and rubbish, one must not be blamed if he not only exhibits the union-jack at his mast-head, but tacks to it as many vouchers as it will bear, in proof of its genuineness.

It is comforting to find that Mr. Rice is not disposed to rest on his laurels. He seems as thirsty for tiger blood as is Tiger Regalis himself for human; and in the very book where all his terrible adventures and narrow escapes are set down, he begs that he may be transferred to a Madras regiment, because "the tigers of Singapore, owing to the uneven nature of the soil, are more dangerous than their brethren of Rajpootana. In return for so great a boon, I can only pledge myself to offer the beasts either of these agreeable alternatives,—they shall have frequent chances of either 'eating' my bullets or myself."



SKELETON.

STRUCTURE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

RESPECTING the amphibious character of this animal's life, Broderip says, "we are induced to look for some machinery, which enables it to remain below the surface of the water. The venous reservoirs of the seals, and the arterial plexiform receptacles of the whales, will instantly occur to the physiologist. The latter are most complex and ample, as might be expected of organs, fitted to secure a supply of aerated blood to the brain, derived from a heart that sends out some ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through a tube of a foot in diameter, with immense velocity. One hour and ten minutes ordinarily elapse from the time of a whale's descent below the surface, to that of his rising again to breathe, and Leviathan has been known to remain under for an hour and twenty minutes. It has been calculated that about a seventh of his time is consumed in respiration. The seals, in their natural state, have been known to remain under water for periods varying from a quarter of an hour, to five and twenty minutes; but it has been observed, that a seal in confinement has remained asleep with his head under water for an hour at a time. The period during which a hippopotamus can remain submerged does not appear to have been accurately defined; but as the animal walks leisurely about at the bottom of a river, from five to ten minutes may probably be spent by it, when disposed to remain so long without coming up."

There is nothing very terrible in the appearance of the hippopotamus when he is calm and unexcited. Certainly he has not a pretty mouth, and the four great tusks that protrude from between, and viciously

curl up the corners of his leathern lips, are weapons by no means to be despised. Glancing however from the mouth of the animal to its enormous belly, the former does not appear much too capacious for its natural functions. Speaking of its habits, a recent traveller says, "Naturalists and others represent the hippopotamus as of a mild and inoffensive disposition. It may be so in regions where it is unacquainted with man ; but from the numerous and unprovoked attacks made by these animals on voyagers, and the very great dread entertained of them by the savage tribes who live in their neighbourhood, I am inclined to believe them not quite such harmless animals as we are given to understand." Indeed, travellers generally agree as to the wonderful power of the animal's jaws, which, according to Ray, are hung as are those of the crocodile, viz. the upper jaw as well as the lower being movable.

Captain Owen bears the following testimony to the power of jaw possessed by the hippopotamus. "We had just commenced ascending the stream, when suddenly a violent shock was felt underneath the boat, and in another moment, a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore seven planks from her side. The creature disappeared for a few seconds, and then rose again, apparently intending to renew the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled ; but as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, the crew succeeded in reaching it before she sank."

Mr. Moffat is another witness. "A native, with his boy, went to the river to hunt sea-cows. Seeing one at a short distance, below an island, the man passed through a narrow stream, to get nearer the object of his pursuit. He fired, but missed, when the animal immediately made for the island. The man seeing his danger, ran to cross to the opposite bank of the river ; but before reaching it, the sea-cow seized him, and literally severed his body in two with its monstrous jaws."

He is, when on land, an ungainly looking brute. When full grown the male measures twelve feet in length, and as much in circumference ; and its legs are so stumpy, that the belly of the animal trails the ground where it is the least hilly—its body indeed, more than

anything, resembles in shape a hogshead perched on four short billets of green timber. Its nostrils and ears are placed nearly on the same plane; its eyes are largish and prominent; its ears, small, sharp, and stiff-looking, and surmounted by a few hairs, and its naked hide—an inch and a half thick—is of a deep chocolate colour. The interior of its mouth is one of the most repulsive sights that can well be conceived; being like nothing else that I can think of, but a hole made with a jagged instrument in a mass of salmon's flesh.

The formidable teeth of the hippopotamus, never exhibited but when the animal is much excited, are very remarkable; according to the growth and age of the animal—especially as regards the molars—they vary very much in form, number, and position. The long sub-cylindrical incisors and the canines—the latter being enormous tusks terminating in a sharpened edge, which reminds the observer of that of a chisel—of the lower jaw give a terrific aspect to the mouth when it is open. This tremendous apparatus, formed principally for tearing and bruising more than grinding, is a fit crushing mill for the coarse tough plants which are transmitted to a stomach capable of containing, in a full-grown hippopotamus, from *five to six bushels*. Three bushels, at least, of half masticated vegetables have been taken from the stomach and intestines of one half grown.

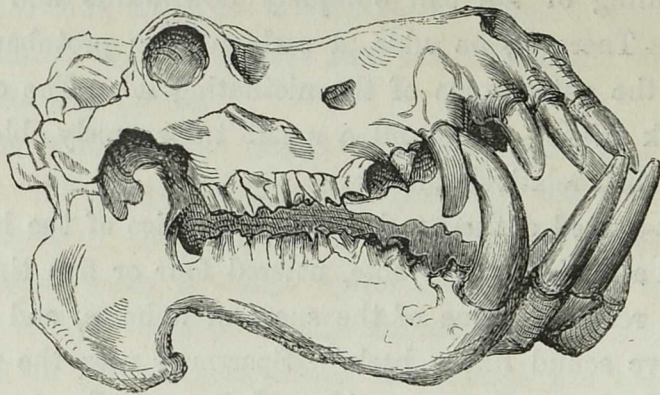
The nostrils, which are so placed that they appear first above the surface when the hippopotamus rises from his water bed, can be closed like those of the seal, when the animal descends into the deep, and opened when it comes up for the purpose of taking in a supply of air. "The nostrils of this animal," says Professor Owen, "are situated on prominences which the animal has the power of raising; on the upper part of the broad and massive muzzle are short oblique slits, guarded by two valves, which can be opened and closed spontaneously like the eyelids. The movement of these apertures are most conspicuous when the beast is in his favourite element."

The eyes of the hippopotamus have at first sight a rather singular appearance, and convey the impression of unnatural protrusion of eyeball. This, however, is far from being the case. As in eagles and some other birds of prey, where the horny ring and muscles form a telescopic apparatus, the eye of the hippopotamus is capable of protrusion or withdrawal at the will of the animal, so as to adapt

it for vision in the different media where it is to act, whether the animal be on land, just under the water, or far down beneath its surface. "This beautifully contrived organ," says Broderip, "is unlike that of any mammiferous quadruped known to me. It approaches, in its power of rolling round when in a state of protrusion, to that of the chameleon, and like it must command a very extensive area." Owen, who is one of the best authorities on the subject, states that the skin is almost flesh-coloured round the eyelids, which defend the peculiarly situated and prominent eyes, and that there is a single groove or fold above the upper eyelid, and two curved grooves below the lower one. At first, as he truly remarks, they seem devoid of eyelashes; but on a close inspection, a very few short hairs may be seen on the thick rounded margin of the upper lid. He further observes, that the protruding movement of the eyeball from the prominent socket, shows an unusual proportion of the white, over which large conjunctival vessels converge to the margin of the cornea, and that the retraction of the eyeball is accompanied by a protrusion of a large and thick *palpebra nictitans*, and by a simultaneous rolling of the ball obliquely downwards and inwards, or forwards. There is, he adds, a carbuncle or protuberance on the middle of the outer angle of the nictitating lid. The colour of the iris is dark brown, the pupil a small transversely oblong aperture, and the eyeball relatively small.

The last-quoted authority describes the voice of the hippopotamus as "a loud and short harsh note, uttered four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark." Sparrman uses the words *hëurh hurh hesh-heoh*, to give some idea of its cry, the two first words being uttered in a hoarse but sharp and tremulous sound, resembling the grunting of other animals, while the third, or compound word, is sounded extremely quick, and is not unlike the neighing of the horse: some say the noise resembles the bellowing of the buffalo. It would moreover seem that they who have considered the matter, are at as great a loss to designate the voice of the hippopotamus, as to express the quality of its tone. Some call it barking, others grunting, others snorting, while another, not presuming to give the noise a name, declares that it resembles nothing else than the creaking of a great rusty gate on its hinges.

According however to Major Denham, despite his decidedly unmelodious voice, Behemoth has an ear for music. During the excursion to Munga and the Gambarow, the major's party encamped on the verge of a lake frequented by hippopotami, and intended to shoot some of them. A violent thunderstorm prevented the sport; but next morning they had a full opportunity of convincing themselves that these uncouth animals are not only not insensible to musical sounds, but strongly attracted to them, as seals are attracted by whistling. As the major and his suite passed along the borders of Lake Mugaby at sunrise, "the hippopotami followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water, sometimes approaching so close to the shore, that the water they spouted from their mouths reached the persons who were passing along the bank."



SKULL OF HIPPOPOTAMUS.



HABITAT OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

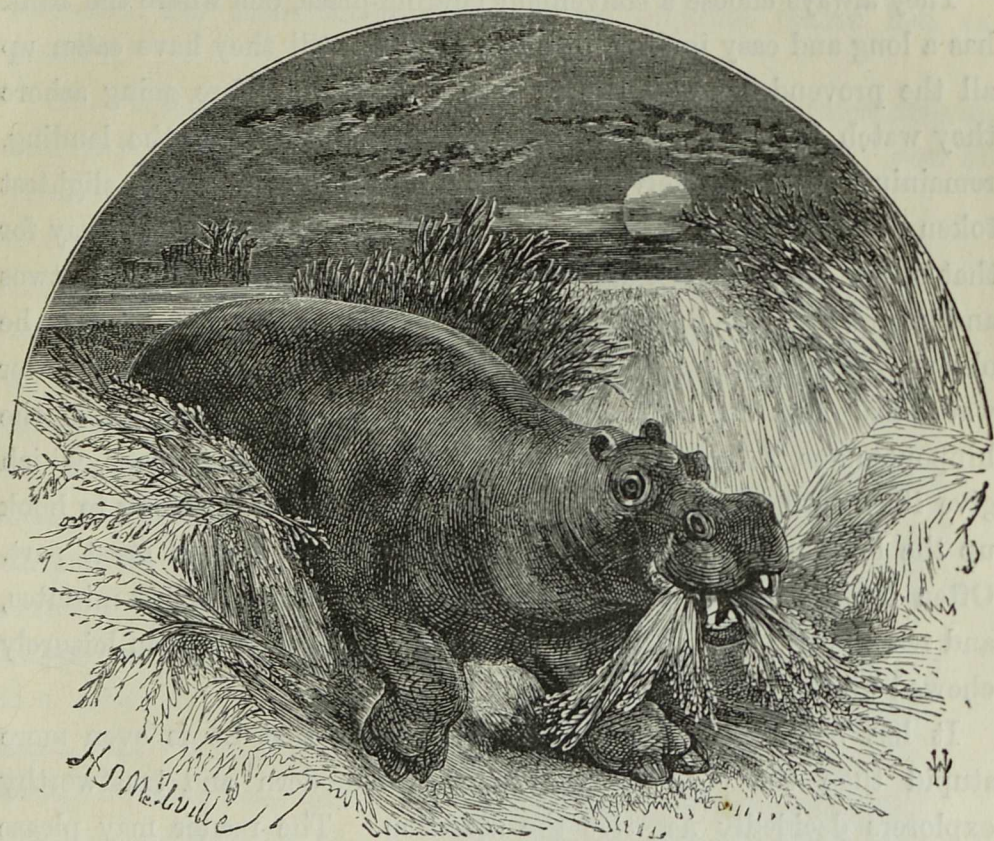
THERE can be little doubt that the "Behemoth," of Scripture, is identical with the animal we have named Hippopotamus. In the fortieth chapter of the book of Job, Behemoth is spoken of as an animal "that lieth down in the shade of the trees, in the covert of the reeds, and fens ;" "whose bones are as bars of iron ;" "He eateth grass, like an ox ;" "The shady trees cover him with their shadows, the willows of the brook compass him about ;" "Behold, he drinketh up a river, he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth."

Although the researches of geologists have put it beyond doubt, that, at a remote period of the world's history, the hippopotamus was common to Europe and Asia, it is now found only in Africa, and there not universally ; with the exception of the Nile, none of the rivers that fall into the Mediterranean producing it. He is a shy brute, and retreats rapidly before civilization ; indeed, it is only in the large and solitary rivers and lakes, running from the confines of the Cape Colony, to

about the twenty-third degree of north latitude, that the hippopotamus is found at home and at his ease.

And no beast of the field can boast of a home so vastly grand and beautiful ; great silent lakes spread out on every side, with fairy islands dotting between—islands, jutting green from the transparent water and studded with the date, the black-stemmed mimosa, the wild wide-spreading sycamore, the elegant mshoma, and other great straggling ragged fruit-bearers, the yellow, and scarlet, and pearly-white fruit, flickering and flashing in the sun, like coloured lamps, and the wonderful fan palm, each leaf of which is as delicate and daintily-shaped as a lady's fan, and which bears as fruit mahogany-coloured apples, that have for a core, a round, hard, stony substance, like ivory. Through the rank underwood, glide snakes of all the colours of the rainbow, and lizards, looking like animated masses of jewels, and above these, dart and flutter birds, large and small, some with forked tails, and some with crowns, some vermilion, and some the colour of flame. Fancy camping and passing the night in such a solitude ! Livingstone has done so many a time, and the effect was not lost on that observant traveller : he says, " We were close to the reeds and could listen to the strange sounds which we often heard there. By day I had seen water snakes putting up their heads and swimming about. There were great numbers of others which had made little spoors all over the plains, in search of the fishes among the tall grass of these flooded prairies ; curious birds, too, jerked and wriggled amongst these reedy masses, and we heard human-like voices, and unearthly sounds, with splash, juggle, jup, as if rare fun were going on in their uncouth haunts."

The Hippopotami at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, are fine specimens. The larger of the two was shipped during its infancy, subsisting during its voyage to England on the milk of two cows and three goats. This, however, was soon found to be insufficient, so a few quarts of Indian meal were thrown in. By degrees he was " weaned," and vegetable diet supplied him instead of milk. At the present time its allowance is one hundredweight daily of hay, corn, bran, mangel-wurzel, and white cabbage ; and during the ten years he has honoured this country by his patronage, he has increased in weight *more than a ton*. Burckhardt says, that in parts of Nubia it is a terrible plague to the native farmer, remaining in the water all day, and stealing at night



HIPPOTAMUS IN RICE FIELDS.

into the grain fields, eating enormous quantities, and spoiling as much more by the treading of its great feet.

Hippopotami are commonly found in families of from ten to thirty. Cumming once had a prime opportunity of observing an entire colony of these animals on the banks of the Limpopo. "Presently in a broad and deeply shaded pool of the river we heard the sea-cows bellowing, and on approaching somewhat nearer, beheld a wonderful and interesting sight. On a sandy promontory of the island, stood about thirty cows and calves, whilst in the pool opposite, and a little below them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads and backs above water. About fifty yards further down the river, again shewing out their heads, were eight or ten immense fellows, which I think were all bulls, and about a hundred yards below these, in the middle of the stream, stood another herd of eight or ten cows with calves, and two large bulls. The sea-cows lay close together, like pigs, and as they sprawl in the mire, have not the least objection to their neighbours pillowing their heads on their back and sides."

They always choose a convenient landing-place, one where the bank has a long and easy incline, and this they use till they have eaten up all the provender which lies in that vicinity. Before going ashore they watch for an hour, and sometimes two hours near the landing, remaining quiet themselves, and listening for danger. The slightest token of the hunter's presence, on such occasions, sends them away for that night. If no danger appears, they begin to wander ashore in twos and threes. By the by, when Du Chaillu was in Equatorial Africa, he observed a peculiarity of this brute never before recorded. "After watching," says he, "for a great many times the movements of the hippopotamus, I became assured that the huge crooked tusks, which give its mouth so savage an appearance, are designed chiefly to hook up the long river-grasses, on which these animals feed in great part. Often I have seen one descend to the bottom, remain a few minutes, and reappear with its tusks strung with grass, which was then leisurely chewed up."

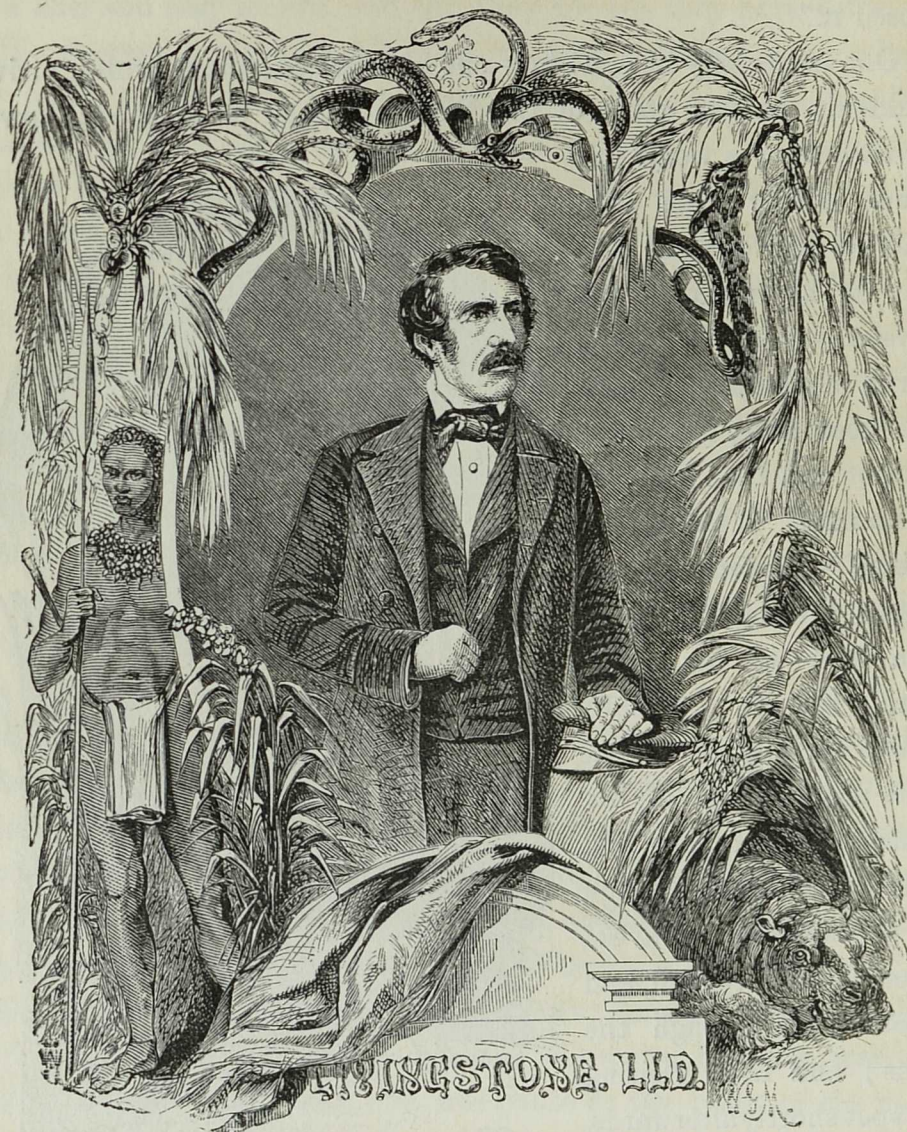
It has been asserted of the hippopotamus that he is even more stupid than the pig, but the reports of modern and trustworthy explorers decidedly negative the assertion. The reader may please himself about pinning his faith to that great marvel-monger, Pliny, who tells us that, "the cunning and dexterity of this beast is so great, that he will walk backwards in order to mislead his enemy." The hippopotamus, perhaps, in these go-a-head times is too enlightened to indulge in this artful though non-progressive habit,—at least he has not been observed at the trick latterly. They are, however, wonderfully keen in scenting a trap, and will pause at the brink of the most naturally covered pit, grunt knowingly, and walk round it. The "spoor" of a man discovered in their regular paths, is enough to rouse the suspicions of all the mother hippopotami of the neighbourhood, and taking their young ones, they emigrate—several miles sometimes—to safer quarters. Nor will it in a hurry return to a pool that has once been approached by its terrible enemy, man. "When once a hippopotamus has been surprised in its watery dwelling," says Dr. Andrew Smith, "it will rarely be guilty of the same indiscretion a second time; and although its haunts may not again be approached by hunters till after a long period has elapsed, it will survey such approaches, and perform the movements necessary for its respiration with a degree of caution which clearly shows that it has not

forgotten the misfortunes to which an opposite course had exposed it."

One may easily imagine how one of these enormous brutes, arriving suddenly on the spoor of the hunter, would be affected; how his prominent eyes would protrude farther than ever, and his mite of a tail stick out as he regarded the mysterious dent in the soft earth, and sniffing it with his keen nose, discovered that it had been made by an animal. What sort of animal? I fancy I see Hippo turning the question over in his thick head, till it gradually dawns on him that some time ago a friend of his, passing along a path, met with sudden death through a tremendous spear-set beam that descended and smote him through the loins; and that, visiting the spot shortly afterwards, these same singular foot-marks were clearly visible, mixed with those of the stricken animal, and existing beyond the spot where the pool of blood and the mangled carcase were. Crusoe's consternation on discovering traces of another foot besides his own can scarcely be compared with it.



A STARTLING IMPRESSION.



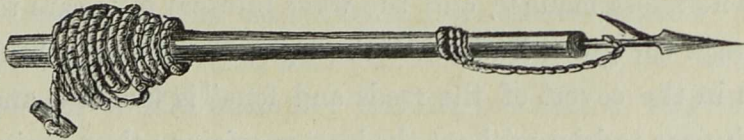
HOW THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS TRAPPED AND HUNTED.

THE pursuit of hippopotami by the African savage, clearly demonstrates the ability of man to "hold dominion over the beasts of the field" by his own right, and without the aid and assistance of civilization. The bones of mighty behemoth, "like bars of iron," his stubborn hide and terrible jaws, are no match against reason. The savage Bayeye wants the amphibious giant for his meat, and have him he must.

The nature of the beast, however, renders his capture doubly difficult. On land the intrepid savage may approach nigh enough to spit it with

his weak javelin, but should behemoth take to the water, he no more minds the patter against his tough hide of a score of light spears launched from the distant shore, than we should object to be out in a shower of rain. Neither has he great fear of the savage in his canoe, for, as well as an easy swimmer, he is an expert diver, and has only to make a plunge, and then, just in the nick of time, to rise beneath one of the cockle-shell things, to send it and the panic-stricken paddlers spinning in the air, and, waiting for them to come down again, bite them in halves between his big jaws.

Still have him the Bayeye must, and this in the face of those serious difficulties, his fragile canoe, and his useless, soft-headed spear. But invention may be born of savage necessity as well as civilized, as in this case is amply proved; firstly, the Bayeye constructs a wonderfully clever harpoon.



HARPOON.

The shaft of this weapon is about twelve feet long, at one end of it a socket is made, and into this socket is inserted the terrible combination of spear and fish-hook, made of iron and filed to needle sharpness. To the shank of this harpoon, above the barb, a hank of cord is loosely attached, and the other end of the cord is bound round the wooden handle, at about a third of its length; at the extremity of the handle is the harpoon line, long and strong, and terminating with a "float," so that should the stricken beast make a rush and dive so suddenly as to draw the line from the hands of the harpooner, it may be followed by means of the float and recovered. The object of attaching the barb to the handle by a hank of fine cords rather than by one stout one, is, that should the wounded beast turn and bite at it, its chance of severance would be considerably lessened.

Secondly, for reasons already given, some other floating machine than a canoe is necessary, not only to the lives of the hunters, but to the success of the hunt, for the broad flat blades of the paddles fall "pat" on the water, and the little stiff ears of the hippopotamus are

very keen, and the approaching canoe would scatter an entire herd long before it came in sight. To obviate this difficulty the ingenuity of the Bayeye is brought into play in an admirable manner. Reeds of the various species of palmyra, which in these regions grow in abundance, are cut off close to the surface of the water, and laid in a square bed, across and across, until the pile is sufficiently buoyant to bear a weight of several tons. In the centre of this reed raft is fixed a tall pole and to this is attached a rope, and when the voyagers wish to land one of them swims ashore, carrying the other end of the rope with him, and hauls the party in. Several disadvantages belong to this primitive construction; capable of going only with the current, it is not the least use trying to control it, and as the undermost reeds get filled with water, and the air in them is excluded, it is necessary to pile fresh reeds on the top. But then in hippopotamus warfare, the reed-raft possesses these two manifest advantages; it glides down the stream in a perfectly noiseless manner, and the wary hunters take care to crouch down amongst the green heap, with the sight of which the brute "that lieth down in the covert of the reeds and fens" is familiar, and allows to approach near to him without the least suspicion; then again, should the wounded beast charge the infirm platform, he simply knocks a bit out of it, and there is little or no harm done.

Suppose, then, the green-raft prepared and the harpoons sharpened, the lines greased, each man armed with a sheaf of light spears, and everything in readiness. Then, in a quiet part of the stream, under the shade of a big tree, the sable huntsmen assemble to the number perhaps of eight or ten. A canoe will be wanted by and by, so one furnished with paddles is hoisted on to the raft, which is pushed off from the bank, and with the current, and at the leisurely rate of about two miles an hour, the voyage is commenced. There is no need of caution at present, for the game is known to be yet several miles down stream, so the free-limbed savages recline on the cool stage, and laugh and chat and tell stories according to their wild nature. Gradually, however, the laughter and chat subsides, what is necessary to be said is uttered in whispers, the harpooners take their weapons on their knees, and those whose business it is to manage the canoe station themselves about it.

Now a sound of heavy bodies cleaving the water, and deep snorting and blowing comes faintly with the breeze, and the black hunters

crouch lower on their green raft, and watch eagerly the bend in the stream that hides the great game from view. Now the bend is passed, and there disport the monstrous hippopotami—a dozen of them—some spouting jets of water from their capacious nostrils; some passive, and with their ugly snouts still, above the surface, looking like the water-washed peak of a hidden rock; others sprawling on the muddy bank, heads and shoulders alone in sight, or clear of the water entirely and comfortably prostrate on the ooze. On glides the raft, the upright reeds shivering through contact with the tremulous limbs of the eager huntsmen, sheer into the midst of the unsuspecting animals. Presently a huge beast comes lumbering quite up to the side of the raft. Then a harpooner suddenly rearing himself to his full height, for a moment poises his terrible weapon, and then, thud! and the barbed iron has bitten to its hilt into the creature's flesh.

No more reserve, no more stealth, no more silence; the savage may yell now if he likes, and he *does* like; but not a moment is to be yet lost in idle triumph; besides, to exult at this stage of the business would be premature. The work is not half completed. The stricken beast with a great cry, that at once puts his brethren to flight, sinks like a log to the bottom of the stream, and writhes and rolls, to rid him of the hooked knife in his back; but his struggles are of no avail. His assailants above are liberal with him, otherwise he would either pull one of them down to him, or the harpoon would break through his leathern hide; true, he may succeed in disengaging the iron from its handle, but he thereby not at all improves his condition, for the hank of cord still attaches the harpoon to the pole.

Meanwhile, two or three hunters have launched the canoe, leapt into it, and carrying the end of harpoon line with them, paddled swiftly toward the shore. If everything is favourable, they reach land with the line, which they at once cast once or twice round a tree, and thus bring their game to anchor; if, however, the struggling monster should go madly plunging a contrary way, and so take the line out of their hands, they let it go; and keeping the "float," at the extremity of the line in sight, pull leisurely after it, some paddling, others standing up, and with one of the light spears poised ready for a cast. Presently up comes Behemoth to breathe, and whir! go a shower of spears, deepening the crimson that marks his track; again he plunges, and

again after a while rises, that he may invigorate his tortured carcase by a long inspiration ; and so the game continues, till he sinks and rises no more ; and then the hunters pick up the buoy, and carrying the line ashore, make it fast, and patiently wait till the afternoon, when they know that the river will deliver the treasure into their hands.

The Bayeye has another mode of harpooning the hippopotamus, which, although it does not afford the excitement belonging to the chase, is nearly as successful, and attended with little or no danger to the trapper. The hippopotamus is partial to a stroll in the evening ; the road he prefers being a nice quiet gully, with a soft mud floor and tall reeds and grass overhanging either side. Having found a pleasant road, he patronises it and no other ; and this the trapper knows, and lays his plans accordingly. He comes in the day time to the giant's promenade, while the giant is unsuspectingly dozing in the mud of a distant river-bank, bringing with him his harpoon and a hank of tough vegetable cord. The harpoon, however, is now in a different setting to what it was when employed on the reed-raft. Instead of a light shaft that a man may easily manage, the harpoon-handle is now six feet of a moderate-sized tree-trunk, cleared of the bark, and made as even as possible. Laden with this cumbersome machine, the Bayeye makes his way along the gully till he finds a tree whose boughs conveniently overhang the path-way. Now he sets to work. He finds two heavy stones, and these with a stout bit of rope he attaches to either side of the harpoon-beam. Now he fastens an end of his hank of cord to the butt-end of the beam, and flinging the cord over the stout limb above his head, hauls up the weighted harpoon ; then he drives a stake on one side of the path, makes a single turn with the cord round it, stretches the cord right across the path, drives another stake, and makes the cord fast. Now Behemoth may come as soon as he pleases ; as to the trapper he can do no more than climb up into the tree, and there squat and wait. By and by he hears a deep grunting, and peering through the foliage, sees the great beast waddling along in a leisurely manner and thinking of anything in the world but "trap." On he comes, lifting his stumpy legs scarcely an inch from the ground, till a huge fore paw encounters the string across the path-way ; the slight stakes are dislodged, the cord released, and down rattles the weighted beam, and the barbed iron has anchored in the poor brute's back. It does not kill him

instantly. With a great roar of rage and agony, he turns and makes for the river with the horrid beam riding on his back, the heavy stones swaying to and fro and deepening the wound. There is no escape for him: he may gain the water and blunder along a mile or so, but so surely as the morning comes, the trapper will take a walk along the shore, and there spy his mighty game dead, and floating with the stream, harmless as a log.

The invention of the rifle has divested hippopotamus chasing of the ingredient most attractive to the hunter—danger. Armed with a first-rate gun, and with ability to use it properly, the hippopotamus may be as easily butchered in his native haunts as an ox in the city shambles. Accidents may however happen, or the hunter be sufficiently ingenious and persevering to raise an exciting scene out of even such tame materials. A highly successful pursuer of this huge game thus relates a rather singular exploit:—

“I rode down the river bank with two after-riders, to seek hippopotami, the natives reporting that they were to be found in a pool in advance. After riding a short distance, I found the banks peculiarly green and



THE DOWNFALL.

shady, and very much frequented by the sea-cow, and presently in a broad, still bend of the river, I disturbed the game I sought.

“They were lying in their sandy beds among the rank reeds at the river’s margin, and on hearing me galloping over the gravelly shingle between the bank and the reeds, they plunged into the water in great alarm, and commenced blowing, snorting, and uttering a sound very similar to that made by the musical instrument called a serpent. It was a fairish place for attack ; so divesting myself of my leather trousers, I crept cautiously forward, determined not to fire a shot until I had thoroughly overhauled the herd, to see if it did not contain a bull ; and at all events to secure, if possible, the very finest head amongst them.

“The herd consisted of about fourteen hippopotami ; ten of these were a little farther down the stream than the other four. Having carefully examined these ten, I made out two particular ones, decidedly larger than the others. I then crept a little distance up the river behind the reeds, to obtain a view of the others. They were two enormous old cows, with two large calves beside them ; I chose what I thought to be the best of these two, and making a fine shot at the side of her head, at once disabled her. She disappeared for a few seconds, and then came floundering to the surface, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes diving, and then reappearing with a loud splash, and a blowing noise ; always getting slowly down the river, until I reattacked and finished her a quarter of a mile farther down, about an hour after.

“The other sea-cows were now greatly alarmed, and only occasionally put up their heads, showing but a small part, and remaining but a few seconds at a time. I, however, managed to select one of the three remaining ones, and making a most perfect shot, I sent a bullet crashing into her brain. This caused instantaneous death, and she sank to the bottom. I then wounded two more sea-cows in the head, both of which I lost : the others were so alarmed and cunning, that it was impossible to do anything with them.

“The one I had first shot was now resting with half her body above the water ; but from this resting-place I at once started her with a shot in the shoulder, and another in the side of the head ; the last shot set her in motion once more, and she commenced struggling in the water in the most extraordinary manner, dis-

appearing for a few seconds, and then coming up like a great whale, setting the whole river in an uproar. Presently she took away down stream, holding to the other side; but again returning, I finished her with a shot in the middle of the forehead. She was a magnificent specimen of sea-cow, and was altogether more lively and interesting than certain writers had led me to expect.

“On securing the she hippopotamus, I immediately cut off her head, and placed it high and dry; this was a work of considerable difficulty for four men. We left her body in the water, being of course quite unable to do anything with it there. It was well I secured the head when I did, for next morning the crocodiles had dragged the carcass away.”

Among the thousand and one marvellous feats of hunting described by Mr. Cumming, as belonging to his five years' South African experiences, is this one concerning a hippopotamus; and only that it is tainted with a certain amount of wanton cruelty, may rank amongst the most stirring narratives of hippopotami chase:—

“Just as the sun went down I entered a dense reed cover, and came upon the fresh lairs of four hippopotami. They had been lying sleeping on the margin of the river, and as they heard me come crackling through the reeds, had plunged into the deep water. I at once ascertained that they were newly started, for the froth and bubbles were still on the spot where they had plunged in. Next moment I heard them blowing a little way down the river. I then headed them, and with considerable difficulty, owing to the cover of the reeds, I at length came right down above where they were standing. It was a broad part of the river, with a sandy bottom, and the water came half-way up their sides. There were four of them—three cows and an old bull. They stood in the middle of the river; and though alarmed, did not appear to know the extent of the impending danger.

“I took the sea-cow next to me, and with the first ball gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained sitting for a few moments on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river. They trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state

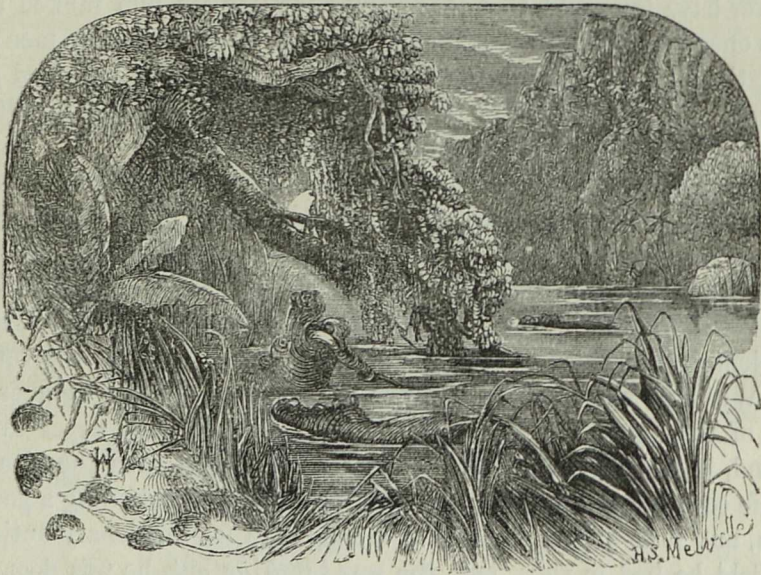
of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost; her struggles were only carrying her further down the stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which entering the roof of the skull, passed out through her eye. She then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fear of crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcome all hesitation; so divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I darted into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle became shallower.

“As I approached Behemoth her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me; but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing, so running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what strength she still possessed. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash and blow, and made her circular course, carrying me with her as though I had been a fly on her tail.

“Finding that her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow still continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing her to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought a stout buffalo-rein from my horse's back, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. Then I took my rifle, and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead.”

Considerable doubt having been expressed as to Mr. Cumming's correct estimation of the number of hippopotami encountered by him, it is but fair to state the most recent African explorer, Mr. du Chaillu, reports them as equally abundant in the regions visited by him. At a place called Biango, Chaillu assailed a “school” of hippopotami

floundering in a shallow river, and shot five of them. It is found, he says, in greatest abundance south of the equator, and in the interior, and expresses perfect confidence that in the far and as yet unexplored interior they are more numerous still.

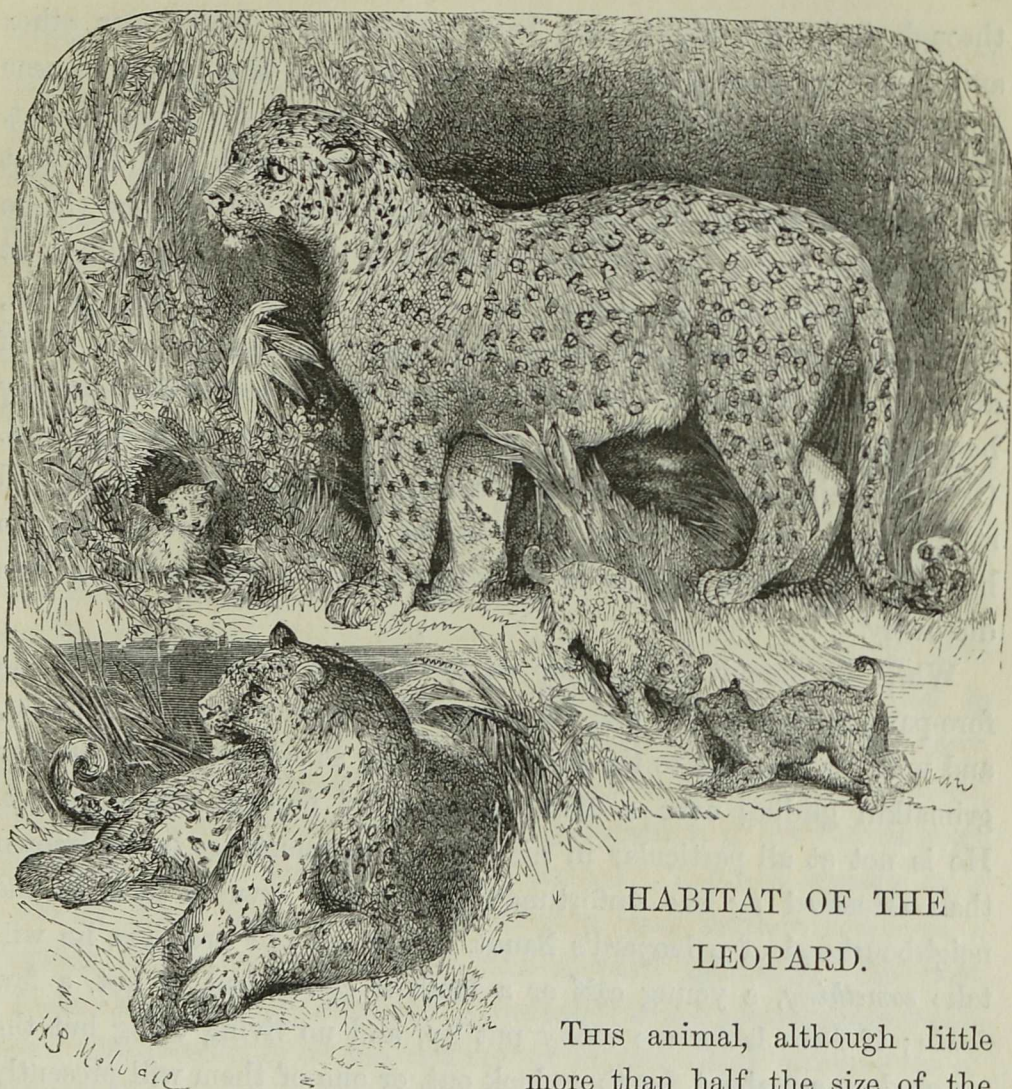


HIPPOPOTAMUS' SPOOR

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE subject of this memoir may be aptly quoted as an example of what may be achieved by self-denial and steady determination. They who knew young David Livingstone, who toiled early and late as "piecer" in a cotton-mill in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and whose father was the proprietor of a little grocer's shop, could never have imagined that they should one day see him ranked among the few great ones who, unaided, lift themselves high above common men; not that David's father was a common man, for, according to his son, "he had too honest a conscience to become rich;" which one may fairly assume to allude to the absence of adulteration from the good man's groceries.

At a very early age he displayed a great taste for works on science and religion, and prepared in such good earnest to master the grand old Latin language, that by the time he had completed his sixteenth year he was tolerably well acquainted with Virgil and Horace, and other Latin authors. Not only were all his spare hours devoted to reading, but even at work he would place his book on the spinning-jenny, and catch a sentence every now and then in the course of his labour. When he was nineteen, he was promoted to a cotton-spinner, and with the fruit of this laborious, but well-paid work, he attended Greek and medical classes, and, in the winter, divinity lectures. About this time the idea of a missionary life occurred to him, and his hopes were fixed on obtaining a good medical education, and so to qualify himself as a candidate for missionary duties. China was the field he had in view, but, the war breaking out, he was doomed to disappointment. He, however, about that time, became acquainted with Mr. Moffat, who had spent a considerable time in Africa, in the capacity of a missionary, and was by that gentleman persuaded to give his services to the mission cause in that country. In 1840 he embarked for the vast and unexplored continent of Africa, and remained there sixteen years. The result of those years of exploring and missionary enterprise is well known. In 1857 he published his "Missionary Travels in Africa," a work which was hailed with universal satisfaction, as well for its literary merit as for its intense interest and abundance of rare and valuable information. We cannot pay him a greater compliment than to say that this part of his life is every way worthy of the man of such a boyhood. All the essential qualities of a great traveller he seems to possess: industry, perseverance, an indomitable will, and a large share of self-esteem, which, by the by, must be an invaluable ingredient in the composition of a sojourner among savages. On the 10th of March, 1858, Mr. Livingstone once more set out on his Christian pilgrimage, amply provided by the Government with a valuable cargo and every possible requisite. Before he started he had a private interview with the Queen, and was thereby enabled to bear direct from royal lips, messages of peace and goodwill to the many savage and ignorant monarchs of Africa it may be his lot to visit.



HABITAT OF THE LEOPARD.

THIS animal, although little more than half the size of the tiger, is scarcely less feared by the natives of those countries where it is found ; and not without reason. In the case of the tiger, you may be sure, so long as you keep well away from way-side banks and bushy hillocks, that you have at least the advantage of standing *above* your enemy ; but in leopard chase, the hunter is deprived of this advantage. The animal may be lurking among the tall rank herbage that brushes your elbow as you struggle through it, or it may be lurking overhead sprawled along the forked limbs of a big tree, and only waiting for your back to be turned to leap on you and drink up your blood with the horrid greed peculiar to animals so thirsty.

There is not a more wary or cunning beast than the leopard among the entire family of carnivora. He will take up his position near a village and there make his lair. This, however, is not the village he intends to make his hunting-ground. He will indeed pass stealthily

through it in the night, and harm neither dog, horse, nor other animal he may encounter ; on he speeds through the village so near *home* to the next village, that is, perhaps, five or six miles distant. Here he may take his supper with impunity, and with little fear that the bereaved farmer will dream of hunting him through the village *beyond* that which he—the marauder—has visited. The natives at the Cape assert that the leopard has a habit of lying on the ground, concealed among the long grass and branches, and twisting itself about so as to attract the attention of any of the deer tribe that may happen to be near. The prying propensities of deer are well known. Observing the unusual commotion among the grass, the silly animal stalks up to see ; but what he *does* see is a secret known only to himself. He never returns to his companions to discuss the curious discovery.

While in pursuit of its prey on *terra firma*, it crouches with its fore-paws stretched out, and its spring-like hind legs doubled under, and with its head flat to the ground—exactly as one sees one's familiar grimalkin gliding over a lawn in quest of pigeons and sparrows. He is not at all particular in his diet,—a circumstance better known than esteemed by the unfortunate native who owns a farm in the neighbourhood of a leopard's haunt. Once on the premises, he will take *something*, a young calf or a lamb if convenient, if not, a few fowls ; if these latter are safely put up, and no living thing but the watch-dogs are about, let them look out, or one of them will presently feel the leopard's tenacious claws in his neck, and be hauled off. While travelling in South-Western Africa, Mr. Andersson experienced the truth of this latter observation. He says : "One night I was suddenly awoke by the furious barking of our dogs, accompanied by cries of distress. Suspecting that some beast of prey had seized upon one of them, I leaped, undressed, out of my bed, and gun in hand hurried to the spot whence the cries proceeded. The night was pitchy dark, however, and I could distinguish nothing. In a few moments a torch was lighted, and we discerned the tracks of a leopard and also large patches of blood. On counting the dogs, I found that 'Summer,' the best and fleetest of our kennel, was missing. As it was in vain that I called and searched for him, I concluded that the leopard had carried him away. Presently, however, a melancholy cry was heard in the distance, and on following the sound, I discovered

'Summer' stretched at full length in the middle of a bush. Though the poor creature had several deep wounds about his throat and chest, he at once recognised me, and wagging his tail looked wistfully in my face. I carried him home, where in time he recovered. 'Summer,' however, was speedily revenged, for baulked of dog, the leopard the next morning made a bold dash at a flock of goats; but being perceived by the herdsman, took refuge in a tree, nor would he quit it till, riddled with bullets and poisoned arrows, he fell dead to the ground."

In Ceylon, the natives have a superstition (shared in many instances by the European residents) that when a bullock or other beast is killed by a leopard, and in expiring falls so that its right side is undermost, the leopard will not return to devour it. So persistent are the natives in this belief, that when European sportsmen have prepared to watch by the carcase of a bullock recently killed in the hope of shooting the spoiler on his return in search of his prey, the owner of the slaughtered animal, though burning to be revenged, would not for a moment entertain the proposition if the carcase were discovered in the position above described. Tennent speaks of a perfectly black leopard found in Ceylon, and further mentions a singular fact in connexion with the leopard generally. He says, "Leopards are strongly attracted by the smell which accompanies small-pox. The reluctance of the natives to submit either themselves or their children to vaccination exposes the infant population to frightful visitations of this disease, and in the villages in the interior, it is usual on such occasions to erect huts in the jungle, to serve as temporary hospitals. Towards these the leopards are certain to be allured, and the medical officers are obliged to resort to increased precautions in consequence."

Among the natives of Central Africa, the leopard is even more dreaded than the terrible gorilla; for though the latter is more than a match for this cunning spotted cat, it possesses none of those *lurking* propensities that make all the carnivora such formidable antagonists to man; therefore, when a leopard is hunted and slain in the region above mentioned, great is the rejoicing among the tribe to which the lucky hunter belongs. It is not, however, strictly on account of the dangerous animal's destruction that so much delight is manifested. True, it is something for these forest-dwellers to lessen the chances of

sudden death, by the extermination of a single fang and talon-bearing beast ; but, after all, it is an insignificant matter compared with the *charms* secured by laying the leopard low. Take the following circumstance related by Mr. Du Chaillu as an example of the Africans' superstition concerning the animal in question :—

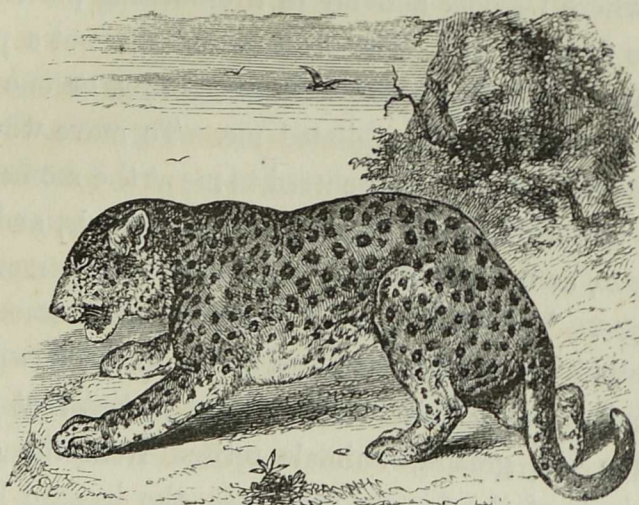
Having returned from a successful leopard hunt, “the men painted themselves, and sang songs over the beast till I made them go to sleep, which was not till towards morning. They danced, they sang songs of victory, they abused and exulted over the deceased leopard, they addressed comical compliments to its beauty—and it is really a most beautiful animal,—they shouted, ‘now you will kill no more people!’ ‘now you will eat no more hunters!’ ‘now you cannot leap at your prey!’ and so on, till the mummery grew past laughing at.

“The next morning, however, I first learned the full extent of their rejoicing, and the great importance attached to the killing of this feared beast. I was drawn to where we had suspended the body to keep the ants from it, by a noise of angry quarrelling, and found Niomkala asserting his determination to have the end of the leopard's tail, while the rest of the hunters were all asserting equal right to it; and the non-combatants, the bearers of our luggage, looked on in envious silence, evidently wishing they also could put in a claim. On inquiry, I found that the fortunate possessor of the end of a leopard's tail was sure to be kindly regarded by the women, and could, in virtue of this powerful charm, win as many hearts as he might desire.

“Laughing at them, I reserved the desired tail for him among them who should behave best, and I thought I had settled the quarrel. But now came a fresh division ; Aboko, Niomkala, and Fasico each wanted the whole brain of the animal. For a few minutes a fight seemed imminent on this head, which seemed even more strenuously disputed than the other. I discovered that the brain, if properly dried and mixed with some other charm called *monda*, and the nature of which I could not understand, gave its possessor dauntless courage and great fortune in the hunt ; and I was so happy as to persuade my three hunters—who really needed no such amulet to patch up their courage—that a part was in this case as good as the whole.

“This settled, I found that the liver was laid before me ; as this had no interest for me, I was going to kick it aside and walk off, but

was stopped and entreated to take off the gall and myself destroy it. This was to be done to save the whole party from future trouble. It appears that the negroes believe the gall of the leopard to be deadly poison, and my men feared to be suspected of having concealed some of this poison by their friends or enemies. To settle which beforehand I was now desired to destroy it, and afterwards to bear witness for them, if by chance they were accused of poisoning."



AFRICAN LEOPARD.

The leopard's skin is highly valued by the Singhalese, who have a more expeditious and safe method of taking the animal than hunting him. A cage is formed by driving poles firmly into the ground, there is a door to the cage which is held open by a sapling, bent down by the united force of several men, and so arranged to act as a spring, to which a noose is ingeniously attached, formed of plaited deer-hide; a young goat is tethered within the cage, and a stone tied to his ear to make him cry continuously. The noise attracts the leopards, one of which, being tempted to enter, is inclosed by the liberation of the spring, and grasped firmly round the body by the noose.

Like most of the carnivora, they never intrude on man voluntarily, and always retreat when he approaches. Major Skinner, in one of his letters, tells a story that forcibly illustrates man's dominion over all other animals. The Major was engaged in the prosecution of his military reconnaissances. "Anxious to gain a height in time to avail myself of the clear atmosphere of sunrise for my observations, I

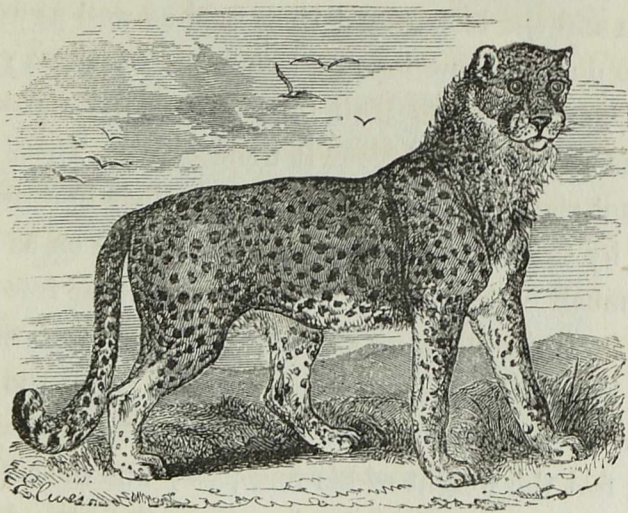
started off by myself through the jungle, leaving orders for the men with my surveying instruments to follow my track by the notches which I cut in the bark of the trees. On leaving the plain, I availed myself of a fine wide game track which lay in my direction, and had gone perhaps half a mile from the camp, when I was startled by a slight rustling to my right, and in another instant by the spring of a magnificent leopard, which, in a bound of full eight feet in height over the lower brushwood, lighted at my feet, within eighteen inches of the spot where I stood, and lay in a crouching position, his fiery, gleaming eyes fixed on me. The predicament was not a pleasant one. I had no weapon of defence, and with one spring, or one blow of his paw, the beast could have annihilated me. To move would, I knew, only encourage his attack. It recurred to me at the moment that I had heard of the power of man's eyes over wild animals, and accordingly I fixed my gaze, as intently as the agitation of such a moment enabled me, on his eyes. We stared at each other for some seconds, when, to my inexpressible joy, the beast turned and bounded down the straight open path before me. This scene occurred just at that period of the morning when the grazing animals retired from the open pasture to the cool shade of the forest; doubtless, the leopard had taken my approach for that of a deer or some such animal, and if his spring had been at a quadruped instead of a biped, his distance was so well measured that it must have landed him on the neck of a deer, an elk, or a buffalo; as it was, one pace more would have done for me. A bear would not have let his victim off so easily."

Instances, however, have occurred of individuals having been slain by them. Tennent relates that a peon on night duty at the court-house at Quarajapoorra was carried off by a leopard from a table in the verandah, on which he had laid down his head to sleep.

A remarkable instance of the inability of the cat tribe, while in a wild state, to tolerate the gaze of man is related by Captain Drayson. "While sojourning a few miles from Natal, a leopard took up his quarters in the neighbourhood, and regularly as night came paid a visit to a farm, varying his thefts according to his opportunity or appetite. To-night a watch-dog would be missing, to-morrow night a few head of poultry, the next night a porker, and so on. To support a leopard with so promiscuous and extravagant an appetite was rather unsatisfactory. So the combined intellect of three individuals plotted

a trap for this robber, and an old hen was the bait. The ordinary mouse-trap principle had been adopted, and the top of the cage secured by planks, on each end of which iron half-hundred weights were placed. The leopard was too cunning on the first occasion to touch the hen ; but a few nights afterwards he came again, seized the fowl, and became a prisoner. I was told that when first trapped he was furious, and made the most frantic efforts to escape, trying, but vainly, to force the stakes asunder. Upon the appearance of a man he became sullen and quiet, and slunk growling to the corner of his cage.

“ I visited him the morning after his capture, and was received with the most villanous grins and looks. He could not endure being stared at, and tried every plan to hide his eyes so that he need not see his persecutor. When every other plan failed, he would pretend to be looking at some distant object, as though he did not notice his enemy close to him. When I gazed steadily at him he could not keep up this acting for longer than a minute, when he would suddenly turn and rush at me until he dashed himself against the bars, and found that he was powerless to revenge himself.”



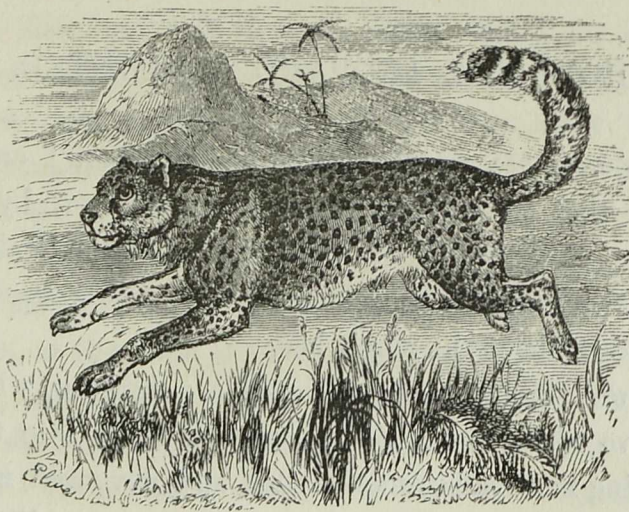
THE MANED CHEETAH.

The cheetah, or hunting leopard, is rarely found out of India. It is common with the European inhabitants of Ceylon to style the leopard “cheetah,” but the true breed of this animal does not there

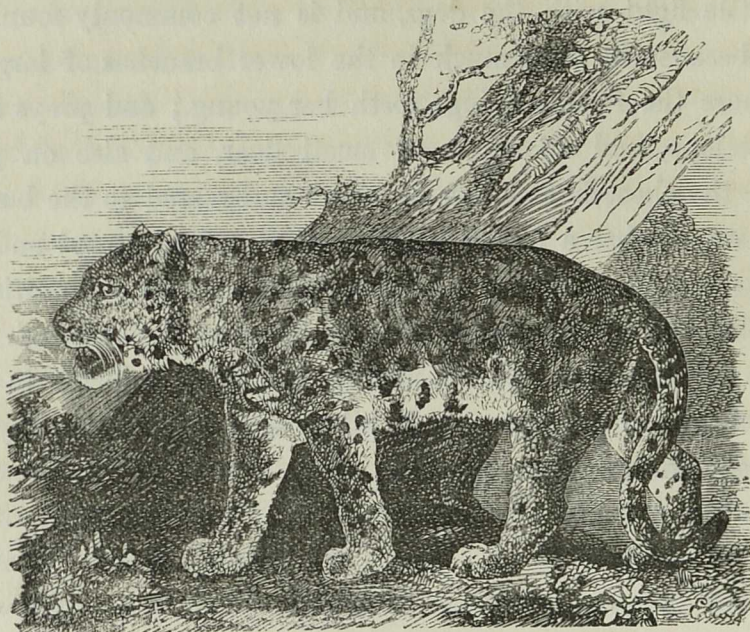
exist ; indeed, in Africa it is so rare that, except by its skin on the shoulders of a Kaffir chief, its existence is seldom indicated. The cheetah is not so large as the leopard, and not nearly so handsome. It is much more tractable than the last mentioned animal, and allows itself to be instructed in the art of hunting deer. The hunter sets out with his cheetah in a sort of tumbrel, drawn by a horse, and accompanied by his gun-bearers and beaters ; when a deer is started, the cheetah is loosed and gives chase. The speed of the deer exceeds that of the cheetah, but as soon as the former becomes aware of its terrible pursuer, it becomes panic-stricken, and its swift and regular pace changes to spasmodic leaping and stumbling ; while the horrible cheetah, eager for the sanguinary reward for his service, increases his speed, and is presently on the back of the struggling deer, with his teeth in its throat, and there he remains, enjoying his crimson draught, till the huntsmen come up, and he is beaten off the venison and secured.

“It is hard,” writes a sturdy old Nimrod, “to conceive a system of hunting so thoroughly un-English and unsportsmanlike as the above. Explorers of the far regions of Southern Africa tell of a race of savages who obtain their meat by robbing the lion and other mighty beasts of their prey. They—the savages—lie in wait at the tanks and water-holes, where at night all animals, gentle and fierce, come to drink, and where the lion and the leopard get their food as well as water. Should the lion strike down an antelope or buffalo, the savages rush out with blazing brands, and uttering their loudest yells drive the king of the forest from his supper, and devour it themselves. These lion-robbers, however, do not stand in high esteem among their brethren of the bow and assagai ; by these latter the practice is looked on as thievish, and—a thing of much more serious import among these free-livers—mean and cowardly. In justification of the savage, it may, however, at least be said that his proceedings are not entirely free from danger ; the lion may turn on the robbers, and if he does, unarmed as they are, at least one will feel the weight of his fore-paw ; but the civilized hunter, who smokes his cheroot, and having seen the attendants slip the cheetah, calmly abides the result, confident that the brute’s cruel fangs will win the fight, has no such excuse. Such ‘hunting’ may be performed in white kid gloves, and is certainly more worthy the patronage of a pack of blood-thirsty old women, than of bold and fearless sportsmen.”

The hunting leopard, according to a reliable authority, stands some thirty-two inches high, and is of the genus *carus*, not having the retractile claws of the cat. He is much lighter made than the panther, shows little fight with the dogs, and is not commonly found in the jungles, because he lives much in the lower branches of large forest-trees, where the female brings forth her young; and preys upon the goat, antelope, and all kinds of small deer, and also on pea-fowl. Whether the cheetah is taken as a cub and reared to the business of hunting, or whether a full-grown animal may be trapped and broken in, I have not been able to discover. The natural supposition, however, is that the former course must be adopted, for although we have instances of panthers, &c. becoming sufficiently docile to tolerate man's society, the greatest care is taken that they in no way indulge their savage and natural appetites.



THE MANELESS CHEETAH.



THE MOROCCO LEOPARD.

HOW THE LEOPARD IS HUNTED.

LEOPARD stories are scarce, and among the best I am acquainted with, is one that was related to Captain Drayson by one of his hunting gang, a Boer named Hendrick. The captain speaks of Hendrick as a honest, straightforward fellow, and moreover examined the terrible scars about the man's body.

Hendrick was staying at the house of a neighbour, whose daughter he was in love with. One night, a leopard broke into the yard, and finding nothing more substantial, killed and devoured many head of poultry. Having once so delicately supped, there was little doubt that the leopard would shortly try his luck again,—a reflection that caused much dismay among the household. Hendrick, however, being a bold young man and a tolerable shot, and being anxious, moreover, to distinguish himself in the eyes of his affianced, secretly resolved to visit a "kloof" about four miles distant, where the leopard was probably in hiding, slay the beast, and bring in his skin in triumph.

Setting out at day-break, and armed with a single-barrelled gun, Hendrick dismounted, entered the ravine, and commenced hunting for "spoor." After a while he discovered the remains of a buck partly eaten, and knew at once that it must be the leopard's work, because there was evidence of the animal's having been pulled down by the throat, whereas, if it had succumbed to a hyæna or a wolf, the flanks would have been mangled; while engaged examining the venison, he looked up, and there, just over his head and clinging to a great bough, was the animal of whom he was in quest, showing its teeth and glaring viciously. Quick as lightning the leopard leapt down and made off, though not before Hendrick had raised his gun and sent a bullet after it. A sudden cry and a twist of the body announced that the bullet was properly billeted, but still the leopard kept on, and the young man, mounting his horse, gave chase. Hunted and hunter soon came to a denser ravine than the first, and the leopard escaped from view. Hendrick himself shall relate the rest of the story.

"Leaving my horse outside, I went into the ravine on the spoor, which I had great difficulty in following, as the briars and wait-a-bit thorns were troublesome to push through. After a little while, however, I saw some blood and could get on better. I held my gun ready for a shot, and felt that my knife was loose in the sheath. When I came nearly to the bottom of the ravine, I suddenly saw close to me the wounded leopard; he did not run away this time, but crouched down and spit at me like a spiteful cat, laying his ears back and showing his teeth. I fired straight at him, and must have hit him, but he still did not move for about an instant. Then, with a bound, he came close to me, and just as I was about to draw my knife sprung on me, at the same time seizing the arm with which I tried to keep him off, and fixing his claws in my shoulders. The pain was so great that I shrieked out; but there was no one within five miles to help me, and I knew that I must fight the battle myself for my life. My right arm being free, I plunged my long knife into the brute's stomach and ripped him up to the chest, giving him one or two digs behind the shoulder, which must have found his heart, as he suddenly relaxed his hold and fell from me. The flesh on my thigh was badly torn, as he had fixed his hind legs there and scratched me, as I have seen two kittens do to each other at play. The struggle was all over in a few seconds, but I had been knocked down, torn, and my

arm broken during the time. I tried to get up, but felt giddy and queer, and fell back insensible.

“When I came again to myself it was quite dark. I was in great agony, and felt dreadfully thirsty; and though I could hear the rippling of water a few yards distant, could not move. The only chance of any one coming to my aid seemed to be that my pony would go home when he found that I did not return to him; and that, thinking something was wrong, some one might spoor me to where I lay. I had several times tried to move; but the attempts caused me much pain, and I couldn't stir an inch. Once or twice I thought I felt against my shoulder a movement as of something crawling.



“A long time seemed to pass before the daylight came; I lay almost fainting and stupid from the pain and cold, but at last determined to try and load my gun. I turned my head with difficulty, and looked down for my weapon and powder-horn. As I looked at my broken arm which was lying useless beside me, I saw a great brown-looking thing lying over it—it was a hideous puff-adder, that had crept to me

for the sake of warmth, and had been my companion for hours. I kept my eyes on him, and could see a slight muscular motion in his body every now and then, like breathing; the idea came across me that he had already bitten me, and was drinking my blood. At last, the joyful sound of voices came upon my ear; but I dared not answer, lest the movement made in so doing might enrage the adder. As the footsteps and voices approached, however, the reptile raised his broad head to listen, and then dropped off and glided away in the brushwood; and the party, consisting of my brother and three Hottentots, coming up, I was released from my perilous position and carried home on a litter of boughs."

While Chaillu was hunting with the Shekiani tribe in Equatorial Africa, he had rather a sudden and exciting introduction to a leopard. Buffalo was the game the explorer and his party had in view, and having stalked a herd, Chaillu was about to fire at a fine bull, when one of his men made a sign for him to pause and listen. "As we stood perfectly motionless, I heard, at apparently a little distance before us, a low purring sound, which might have been taken by a careless ear for the sound of the wind passing through the grass. But to Aboko's ear it became something else. His face grew very serious, and he whispered to me 'Njogo,' which is Shekiani for leopard. The noise continued, and we moved slowly and very cautiously a few steps ahead where we could get a position to see over the grass. The position was not a pleasant one. The leopard comes out generally by night only, and nothing but extreme hunger will tempt him to quit his lair in the open day. Now when he is hungry, he is also unusually savage and quick in his motions. We knew the animal was near, but could not by any means get a sight of him. As the wind blew from it towards us, I perceived plainly a strong and peculiar odour which this animal gives out, and thus proved more decidedly that it could not be far off. The thought passed through my mind—was it watching us? If so, was it perhaps getting ready to spring?

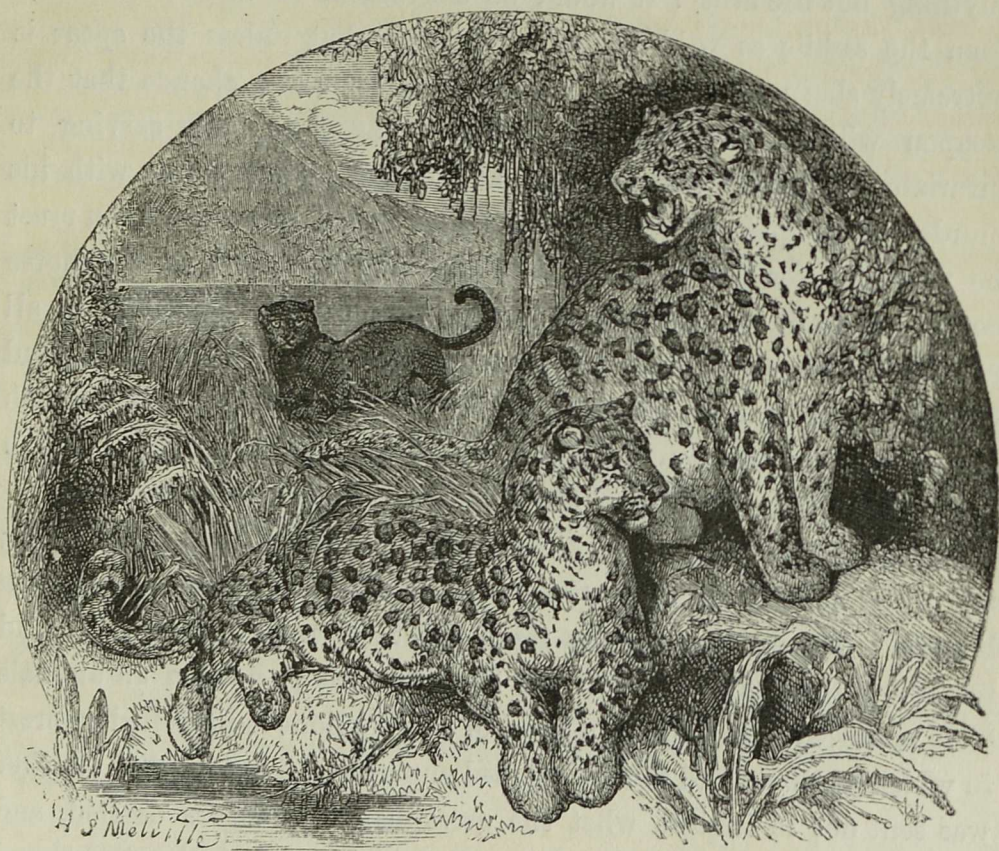
"Meantime our buffalo-bull stood stupidly before his herd not twenty yards from us, utterly innocent of the presence of so many of his formidable enemies, and little suspecting the curious circumstances to which he was to owe his life.

"Just then we moved a little to one side, and peering through an

opening in the grass I beheld an immense leopard, a female, with a tiny little leopardling near her side. The beast saw us at the same moment, turning her head quickly at some slight noise we made. She had been watching the buffalo so intently as not to notice our approach. As I watched her, it seemed to me that a curious look of indecision passed over her face. She, too, had more game than she at first looked for, and was puzzled which to attack first. Her long tail wagged from side to side, and her eyes glared as she sought for a moment for a decision. But I saved her the trouble; for in less time than it takes to write it down, I had put a ball in her head, which luckily for us relieved her of further care for prey. At the same time Aboko fired at the little leopard and killed it."



ASIATIC LEOPARD.



HABITAT OF THE PANTHER.

THE habits of the panther are a good deal like those of the tiger, and though he is not nearly so large as the latter, and of not more than a third its weight, is much more courageous and cunning, and may be classed among the most formidable of the *genus ferox*. The length of the panther seldom exceeds seven and a half feet including the tail. He of India is spotted with rose-shaped spots; the tawny colour of the skin being visible in the centre of the black, and the black only becoming a distinct spot towards the extremities of the animal, and on its back. The favourite resort of the Indian panther is the immediate neighbourhood of a sendbund or date-grove, for there wild hog abounds, and of the flesh of wild hog the panther is particularly fond.

As is the case with some other beasts of prey, the skin of the panther fits his body so loosely, that it is little use hunting him with anything but fire-arms : it would be convenient enough to spear him from the saddle as wild boars are speared ; but unless the spear is extremely sharp, and the aim exactly true, there is a chance that the weapon will run between the skin and the flesh, only serving to infuriate the animal charging you, and not at all interfering with his murderous designs. "In riding him," says a good authority, "you must be prepared for his suddenly stopping and crouching as the horse comes up to him. If you then fail to spear him through, in all probability he will bound on you when you have passed. His hind legs being the springs, are in this position doubled up ready beneath the animal, and the bound he can take from thus crouching is much farther than from the size of the animal you would think possible."

In Africa two sorts of panthers exist. In colour they are similar ; but differ greatly in size ; the larger of the two being as big as a lioness. Among the Arabs there exists a rather curious legend respecting the panther. "At the time," say they, "when all animals were endowed with speech, a band of twenty lions approached a forest in which panthers had always reigned supreme. A patriarchal panther was sent out to inquire what the great-maned strangers desired, and was informed that they had taken a fancy to this particular forest, and that they had come to take possession. If the panthers would walk off quietly, no more need be said about it : if not, they, the lions were prepared to fight for it. The indignant panthers were equally ready to fight ; and all their big males assembled in battle array. As soon, however, as the twenty lions gave one roar, the scared panthers flew hither and thither ; up trees, and into holes and caves, where they have remained hiding from the lions ever since."

One section of Mons. Gerard's wonderful lion book, is devoted to the panther, how to hunt him, and the sort of animal he is to hunt. It must be admitted that the gallant hunter's account is by no means satisfactory, inasmuch as he pertinaciously insists, in the face of a host of testimony to the contrary, that the panther is a vile, mean, cowardly thing, afraid of its very shadow ; while he does not adduce a single instance in support of the assertion. "The panther," says he, "lives upon the animals which it hunts down. He is afraid of leaving the woods even during the night, and if it has been unable

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