

From Captain Maryat's Sojourn in Africa.

THE LION'S LEAP.

Once I was travelling in Nemaqua Laird, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoor of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Nemaqua chief told me that a lion had been practising his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he always went back to where he sprang from, and practised the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion; he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye witness to the incident. I was passing the end of a craggy hill, from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock was quite steep; a lion was creeping round the rock, to catch the male zebra, which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time, till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal together, and then the first lion led them round the rock again. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. The chief added, they were evidently talking to each other, although they talked loud enough, but I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me.

FRANKLIN'S PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTIONS.

The following beautiful imitation of the historical style of the Old Testament, was written by Dr. Franklin, and by him communicated to Lord Kaimes.

It came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun. And behold a man bent with age coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

And Abraham arose and met him and said unto him, turn in I pray thee, and wash thy feet and tarry all night, and then thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go thy way.

And the man said nay, for I will abide under this tree.

But Abraham pressed him greatly, so he turned and went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread and they did eat.

And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, why dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

And the man answered and said I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things.

And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

And God called upon him, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name: therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

And God said, I have borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished him and clothed him notwithstanding his rebellion against me: and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

From the New York Courier.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Lake Champlain has so often been described, and its features are in their bodily form and presentment, so familiar to most of your readers, that it is scarcely necessary to say more than at this dry and dusty season the charms of its smooth and translucent waters are the most enjoyed. *En passant*, one may here even observe, that this lake, notwithstanding its great length—nearly 100 miles—never assumes the character of an inland sea, or loses that of a lake, studded with innumerable islands—indented with charming bays, of which that of Plattsburgh is not the least beautiful, you in no place lose sight of the shore, and both right and left, the verdant and sparkling picture is set in a frame-work of mountains, which swell in every bold form of the Plutonic group, above the limestones which form the immediate shores of the lake, and the forests which clothe the secondary hills. Though its fertile shores are comparatively well cultivated, there is yet a very large proportion nearly in a state of nature, unlike the lakes of the old continent, clothed with memorials of the past and the present—with the elegant erections of modern opulence and taste, and the gloomy ruins of ancient pride and power. The time may be far distant when these shall come—the latter perhaps never. But the time is not far distant, when these waters, now vexed by but few keels, will form what nature intended them to be, the noblest natural canal on this continent, the most important link in the greatest of its northern maritime communications. The lake, though nominally terminating at Rouses Point, virtually extends to St. Johns, the fall to that fort being almost unperceivable. It is only there that the Richelieu assumes the character of a river. The connecting it with the St. Lawrence by means of a short canal of about 30 miles, over a remarkably level alluvial tract, either above or below Montreal—the canal to be on a scale commensurate with those above, and to allow vessels of three to four hundred tons to load breadstuffs in the ports of

Lakes Erie and Michigan, will unquestionably divert into it a very large share of the trade between the Eastern and Western States, and make Burlington, with its railroads, another Buffalo, and in effect a seaport itself.

From the London People's Journal.

THE MAYING.

AN INVITATION.

By Charles Mackay.

Fair May unveils her ruddy cheek  
And decks her brow with daisies,  
And scatters blossoms as she goes,  
Through fields and forest mazes,  
The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,  
Fills all the uplands airy;  
The grass is dry, the sky is clear—  
Let's go a Maying, Mary.

O dearly love, in days like this,  
When birds make music o'er us,  
To roam with thee through wild wood paths,  
And listen to their chorus;  
To help thee over crags and styles,  
And take thy hand in leaping,  
And out and in to see thy face  
Through leaves and branches peeping.

Ten years have passed since first I saw  
Thy fresh and budding beauty,  
And love has ripen'd with the years,  
And linked itself with duty.  
In life's young spring I swore to thee  
A truth that should not vary;  
And now, in summer of my days,  
I love thee better, Mary.

Time lays his finger light on thee  
Thy cheeks are red as peaches;  
Thine eyes are bright as first they glow'd  
To hear my youthful speeches.  
Thine eldest boy is nine years old,  
Thy youngest babe two summers;  
And thou art blooming like a girl,  
Mid all the little comers.

Bring all the four into the woods—  
We'll set them gathering posies  
Of harebells blue and pimpermells,  
Instead of garden roses.  
Beneath the trees we'll have one day  
Of frolicsome employment;  
And birds shall sing and winds shall blow  
To help us to enjoyment.

Leave house affairs to shift awhile—  
Leave work, and care, and sorrow;  
We'll be the merrier to-day,  
And happier to-morrow,  
I would not greatly care for life,  
If fate and toil contrary  
Could not afford me, now and then,  
A holiday for Mary.

And Fate is kind to those who strive  
To make existence pleasant.  
With harmless joys and simple tastes  
And kindness ever present,  
We'll not complain so come away,  
And when we want a treasure,  
We'll use these May-day memories  
To buy forgotten pleasure.

PRAYER FOR RAIN.—Other nations pray for rain as we do. In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Schiraz in procession to pray for rain. A stranger asked him whether they were going? The tutor told him, and said, 'he doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children. 'My honest friend,' said the traveller, 'if that were the case, I fear there would be no schoolmasters left alive.'

'I see,' said a young lady, according to one of the funny papers, 'that some booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one.' 'Why?' asked her mother. 'Because Mr E. is too modest to ask me to marry him; and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the questions, he would sign it.'

BITING.—'Father,' said a sporting youth to his reverend parent, 'they say trout will bite now.' 'Well, well,' was the consoling reply, 'mind your work, and then you'll be sure they won't bite you.'

'SHE BEARS.'—The Principal of an academy, in an advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, 'and the reputation for teaching which she bears;' but the printer left out the 'which' so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's reputation for teaching she bears.

A hair oil man advertises that he has raised a luxuriant crop on the large end of an egg in twelve hours.

A HINT TO BACHELORS.—A lady named Mary Ann Aldridge, had occasion to send a note to a gentleman, and put two r's into her first name in the signature, thus: 'Marry Ann Aldridge.' The man was a bachelor, and consequently took the hint: he married Ann Aldridge.

From the Aberdeen Herald.

GRAND RUSTIC FEET AT BALMORAL PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTH-DAY.

The Prince's birthday falling on Sunday the 26th, Monday the 27th was set apart for celebrating the auspicious event, at Balmoral Castle, the private Highland residence of the Queen; and never, perhaps, has her Majesty enjoyed such a day of rustic delight and amusement as on this occasion. None were permitted to be in the grounds save the tenantry, the domestics, or others connected with the royal estates of Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall, unless we except, of course, a very few of the neighboring nobility and gentry who joined the royal circle during the fete.

Ever since the arrival of the Court at Balmoral, the utmost quiet and privacy has been observed. No regal display, no busy throng, no military—nor even is the royal standard hoisted—and the stranger, travelling past Balmoral, would never dream of its being the residence of the Queen and Royal Court of England.

This quiet was but slightly disturbed by the festivities of Monday, from the fact that the company was composed almost exclusively of the tenantry and servants.

Just before 3, p. m., the time appointed by her Majesty for the commencement of the games, the Queen, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Hon. Colonel A. Gordon, wore the full Highland garb, followed by an assemblage of neighboring nobility and gentry, walked on to a distant part of the park shaded with tall birch trees, and bordering a sweet green area, where were assembled the competitors for the games. Her Majesty, however, observing that the rain had rendered the ground so soft and slippery as to incommode the athletes, at once directed them to proceed to her private lawn, in front of the Castle. The sky shortly after brightening up, the sun broke forth, and all soon became lively and gay. The games, which consisted of racing, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, &c., went off in good earnest, and all seemed delighted. After the athletic sports had been engaged in for a considerable time, the company adjourned to a beautiful pavilion, which had been fitted up for the occasion, and in which was erected the magic temple of Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North."

This room was a beautifully arranged oblong building, about 60 feet long by 20 wide. It was entirely covered, inside and out, with heather and small boughs of the birch, collected from the wilds of Balmoral. The floor was laid with sawed fir, and the whole formed one of the neatest and most picturesque scenes possible.

The walls were beautifully decorated by the letters "V. R.," "A.," "P. W.," crowns, &c., executed in beautiful and fragrant flowers, inserted amongst the green shrubbery. From the ceiling were suspended three ingeniously contrived chandeliers, made also of choice flowers, which, with the fresh wild heather, sent forth a most refreshing odour, and displayed the great taste of the Queen's gardener in the decoration.

On one side was a truly Highland throne, formed of fir, heather, roses, and other flowers, on which were placed chairs for the Queen, Prince, and family. At one end was a raised platform for the pipers, and the other end was thrown open, and was filled up by the magnificent magic temple of the Great Wizard of the North. To attempt to describe the splendour of Mr Anderson's paraphernalia would be vain; suffice it to say, that his whole fittings are of the most costly and elegant description, composed of the choicest and most elaborate works in papier mache, massive silver and gold, rich French brocades, damasks, velvets, and pearl. The stage was most beautifully decorated with flowers, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and beautifully illuminated by hundreds of wax-lights in silver branches and candelabras. This exquisite temple filled the end of the ball room, and, contrasted with the sweet rustic bower facing it, gave the pavilion the appearance of a fairy grotto.

Her Majesty and the Prince, and more especially the royal children, seemed perfectly astounded several times, and expressed their entire satisfaction with the manner in which Professor Anderson performed his tricks. Amongst those more particularly noticed and admired by her Majesty, was "The Magic Scrap Book," a most beautiful piece of workmanship, in papier mache. It is about 40 inches long, 28 wide, and 3 thick. It was minutely examined by the Queen and Prince; and immediately before them, it was placed upon a set of skeleton trestles, and opened, when the Wizard commenced to take out his scraps—which are rather peculiar, consisting of hats, bonnets, plates, and bird cages; at length a large fat goose, which created great astonishment; then several large vases of gold fish, in water, and to crown all, the Professor brought his beautiful little son, in a full Highland costume of Victoria tartan, complete in every way, at which her Majesty raised her hands, and, alike with every body else, wondered how ever he got there. His Royal Highness expressed his approbation, and loud applause followed.

The next feat that excited considerable interest was the Professor's "Magic Breakfast, or a New Mode of Preparing Coffee." This was done adroitly, and was also loudly applauded. The coffee was served up in a magnificent service of silver cups and saucers, presented to Mr A. by one of the monarchs of Europe, and the royal children, by desire of the Queen, partook of the coffee, as did also Lady Jocelyn and most of the suite.

The "Enchanted Handkerchief" followed next, in which feat Professor A. was assisted by His Royal Prince Albert, Lord Portman, Mr Anson, and the Prince of Wales. Mr Anderson used her Majesty's handkerchief, and a great number of others, all of which, after interspersing the feat with a variety of changes, he tossed into a pail, and placed a box in charge of Prince Albert, in which he put several pigeons, &c., and requested his Royal Highness to lock it and retain the key, after which Mr Anderson poured on the handkerchiefs a large bucketful of water, washed them, placed them into a vessel, and left it in charge of Lord Portman. In an instant, he sought the two articles, and it was found that Lord Portman had got the pigeons; his Royal Highness unlocked his box with great anxiety, to seek his charge, when, lo! they were gone, and to the utter astonishment of himself and the Queen—who was looking most anxiously for the opening of the Prince's box—he found the whole of the handkerchiefs dried, ironed, and perfumed. The Wizard returned the Queen's amid great applause.

The "Wonderful Hat," which on this occasion was Mr Anson's, procured the royal approbation repeatedly, and nearly all assembled received either a bouquet, band-box, toy, or other token, from Mr Anson's wonderful hat.

Mr Anderson was asked if he would perform the feat they had heard so much of his having done successfully, "The Inexhaustible Bottle." On receiving the royal command to perform it, he called for a champagne bottle, and handed a large number of glasses round, and asked Lord Portman what he would drink. His Lordship replied whiskey. Whiskey was poured out. Mr Anson preferred brandy, which he got. Several demanded wine, which passed freely; and one of the proprietors of the Royal Distillery, Mr Begg, thinking to baffle the Professor, asked him if he could give him a glass of his best Lochnagar whiskey. No sooner said than done; and the Lochnagar whiskey became in great demand. A large number of additional glasses were distributed, and some called for Irish whiskey, numbers brandy—the Highlanders parenized Mr Begg; when Lord John Russell, perhaps like Mr Begg, wished to try the Wizard's skill, asked for a glass of rum, which was immediately supplied, and his lordship pronounced it excellent. The London portion of the domestics and police called loudly for their native gin, which was freely poured out of this extraordinary bottle; and the Wizard was returning to his stage, when his Royal Highness, anxious to test the bottle—presuming, as he was returning, that it was exhausted—asked if more could be poured out. Glasses were brought for Her Majesty and the Prince, and, on being asked what they preferred, requested Begg's best Lochnagar, which immediately ran forth, and her Majesty and the Prince tasting it, acknowledged its purity; and the Wizard gave the bottle to the Prince, and asked him to look if it was empty; it was. Mr Anderson brought some water, and, in the Prince's hand, filled it, ordered glasses, and asked the Prince what wine he preferred. Port was selected. The Prince poured port, and then sherry, then milk, then champagne, then broke the bottle, and in it was discovered a beautiful turtle dove.

During the free diffusion of the spirits from the bottle, Angus Mackay, the Queen's piper, and Macdonald, the Prince's yeager, were competing who should take most of the Wizard's whiskey, and caused great mirth. Macdonald is a most splendid specimen of the Scotch Highlander.

The next feat that created much wonder, excitement, and laughter, was an experiment with six borrowed watches, which were placed in a box by the Queen's footman, Mr Gibb, who went on the stage to assist the Professor, and, having seated himself, placed the box on his head, and was told that, on the firing of a gun, the watches would leave the box, pass through his skull, and through his body, and appear suspended under the chair, which, on the instant, was done, to the utter astonishment of the Queen, and all assembled, who burst out into loud laughter at the ludicrous position of Gibb, who sat, unconscious of the change, presuming the Wizard's assertion was mere talk, but, on looking down, he was dumbfounded.

The Professor concluded his entertainment by the suspension of his son in the air, under the influence of chloroform, during which her Majesty appeared to take much interest in the various grades of restoration. Afterwards her Majesty retired, and sent for Mr Anderson, to express her entire satisfaction at his wonderful performances, as did also His Royal Highness the Prince; and the whole concourse seemed convinced that so great a man had never before been seen. Professor Anderson performed for nearly two hours.

A party of police were stationed outside during the performance to keep the door. A noise was heard, and her Majesty inquired the cause, when it appeared that a charity girl from the village, who was somewhat late, came, but was refused admittance, and was grieving that she "couldna gang in to see 'the de'il man.'" Her Majesty having learned the cause, ordered her to be admitted, and as many as came—as she wished all to participate and enjoy the few amusements got up for the day.

The royal party now retired to dinner, after which, the Court returned to the ball room, which was thronged with the Highland lads and lasses in full costume. The Queen and Court being seated, her Majesty looked round for the Wizard's temple—but all was gone—it was nowhere to be seen, which seemed to amuse her Majesty. After all were seated the dances commenced, and were soon joined in by Lady Jocelyn, Lady Portman, the honorable Miss Dawson, and others of the Court.