

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London Sporting Magazine.

THE LION HUNT.

A shout from Kobus cut short our reproaches. The spoor was found, and Othello's occupation was come back. There was animation and chattering in soft voices soft and shrill and rough, and faces black and white lit up with joy, as though none of them would be turned from the eagerly sought encounter. On the border of the vlei (or pond) whose rapidly shrinking waters left day by day a line of mud around them for the sun to bake and dry hard, we found the stiffening footmarks; and thence far along the dusty plain their tracks were visible. Onward we hastened, all hands impatient for the fray; our Kafir guide even betraying every intention of waiting to see the fun. We were brought up by a precipice, from brow to base well nigh as perpendicular as many a wall. Cavities and fissures in the rock there were, and here and there an inequality jutting forth; but foot of white man, aye, or Hottentot or Kafir, would vainly strive to scale it, even if urged by the most deadly terror. Yet a little on one side the face of the precipice was so broken that possibly our chase had contrived to scramble down it; at last the Kafir maintained that he could distinguish more than one trace of feet on the ground beneath, while a darker streak along the tall, rank grass, which fringed the edge of a dark hollow near the spot, appeared to us all to indicate the passage of some large animal. This hollow, filled with grass and bushes, and a few trees lifting up their heads to see what was passing in the world without, might well be singled out by the lion for his retreat during the sultry hours of the day. But he might have left it; and it would be a long detour ere we could hope to reconnoitre, which made Hay's proposition of endeavouring to dislodge him, the more welcome to us all.

A stone, weighty as two men could lift was torn from its comfortable bed, and whirled far into the air, and down into that wild hollow to explore its hidden depths. With a dull, heavy sound it fell. How we hung over the brink of the cliff in expectation. A few seconds and the lion emerged from his concealment; stalking slowly along the path he had already trodden down through the grass. On gaining the level ground, he stretched himself out, and raising his head, made the hills and rocks re-echo far and wide with a terrific roar. He then took a leisurely survey of the heights by which he was surrounded. The moment his eye fell upon us, perched high upon our rocky fastness, there was a change in his demeanour; he shook his mane, lashed his sides furiously with his tail, and appeared, as one might say, to be gathering himself up for combat. It seemed dastardly to take a mean advantage of the noble animal, and slay him from where we stood, so utterly beyond his reach. This feeling stayed our hands, and for some moments no gun was raised against him; when to our amazement he uttered a deep growl, and bounded along the base of the cliff towards our left.

'He flies! He is coming to meet us!' exclaimed Grattan and Doublet in duetto; but at the same instant a shrill cry from beneath, in the direction of the lion's course, drew every one to the very brink of the precipice, and revealed another aim. More than half-way down the cliff, where, as I have said, it was least inaccessible, though one might have thought the baboon or the leopard could alone have found safe footing, hung Grattan's little bushman; who, unnoticed by any one, and himself heedless of our proceedings, had proved at once his inherent wildness, and the monkey-like attributes of his nature, by venturing down the cliff to examine the doubtful spoor. Rush as this would have been at any time, the danger was now trebled. The lion's attention was fixed upon the trembling little creature; who, paralysed by terror, clung to a projecting rock, and uttered piercing cries. More than one shot was fired hastily as the lion bounded on, and we all hurried to the nearest point above the bushman's dizzy perch; but the lion was at the foot before us, and was already assaying the ascent. Yet to scale that precipice was no trifle even to him; or another minute would have ended poor Windfogle's tears and sorrows. As it was, one half of his fierce foe's work was done; but the intervening space presented greater difficulty to overcome, for which he was straining every muscle, while the helpless little being outshrank the closer to the powerless rock, and moved nor hand nor foot.

'Windfogle, Windfogle, rouse yourself boy! Climb. You have time enough to escape him yet,' vociferated Grattan; half beside himself with terror at the situation of his faithful and favourite attendant.

'Loop, Windfogle, loop,' (spring) shouted Kobus; and twenty other directions and encouragements in Dutch and English were showered upon him, as all leaned as far as we dared over the dizzy precipice to watch the fearful yet exciting scene.

Windfogle looked up at us, and urged by our entreaties stretched forth his hand to reach a higher hold; but glancing down again, he shrank back shuddering, nevertheless, and now silent. Meanwhile our guns had not been idle; but though a ball or two hit the lion, they seemed to sting him to greater fury, and increase the eagerness of his pursuit; while to hit a vital part we found impossible, for the bushman was his shield. Several times did Hay, the best marksman of our party, raise

his rifle; but as often lowered it, unable to cover any spot where his ball might tell, and now he waited intent and anxious for some more favourable moment. Every instant deepened the intensity of our powerful interest. There, his eyes glaring, his mouth half open, and the large, rough tongue shining between the far exposed teeth, was the wild monarch of the wilderness, clinging with cat-like dexterity by the four paws to a narrow ledge of rock, and striving with all his energy to bring up his hind feet, and prepare for the one spring which then would carry him to his victim; while but a few feet above him swung the seemingly childish form of little Windfogle, appealing to our pity, not merely by his peril, but by his diminutive size and overwhelming terror. The Hottentot, and yet more the fararer bushman, is said to be the favourite prey of the lion; and certainly there seemed something of rattle-snake fascination in his influence over the tiny creature.

'Windfogle, Windfogle,' once more again cried out Grattan; throwing over the cliff a rope of thongs which we had quickly knotted together. 'Catch the rein, boy, and we will draw you up. Don't look down, but catch the rein, come quick.'

Thus abjured, Windfogle caught the thong; but cast nevertheless another glance below—to see the lion with a fierce growl, spring forward in that decisive bound he had so long been contemplating. At the same time Hay fired, for a reserved shot then was useless; but though even grazing Windfogle's shoulder, it merely lodged in that of his foe, and hindered not his spring. Forward he darted; but in that very instant the bushman was swung clear of the rock on which he alighted. Yet quick as we might be, the lion might be quicker in pursuit; and where might that end? The thought was needless. The fragment of rock by which Windfogle had hung, too slightly imbedded to bear the ponderous weight now cast upon it, gave way at once; and rolling down, bore the lion with it to the foot of the precipice. Suddenly he arose, and gave himself a sulky shake; then, without turning a single look upon us, moved off leisurely in the direction opposite to his recent lair, a certain halt in his gait betraying that he had not come scatheless through the contest. We gave him a parting volley, of which he took no heed; and in a few minutes he had passed beyond our sight.

So ended one of the wildest features of that eventful day's sport—it had nearly proved something else to Windfogle. And now, after a while, we were ready to start again; but looking round first for the Kafir to give him his promised reward, he was invisible. Generous youth! he had served us not for hire. Not he; but helped himself; for, taking advantage of the confusion, he had driven off no less than six of our horses, saddles and all (mine and Hay's among them,) and to say nothing of other barter, leaving us one too few to mount our number, possibly considering poor Windfogle would have no further need of one. No one especially chronicles jokes against himself; so all our friends' merriment at the expense of Hay's and my own philanthropy, and the satisfaction we must feel in enabling our Kafir protegee to buy himself a wife (or two perhaps, if they were going cheap at the Kraal) shall here pass unrecorded. We gave the bushman for companion to the smallest Hottentot; and so went our way talking so much of the past incident that we had little time to wish for fresh adventures.

An hour after this we met Tunis Beck, returning to the 'outspan place.' He had found the Hottentots, and they the cattle, minus one, whose fate was easily guessed; and was riding on to tell the Fitchers. We were at no great distance from them, and Beck's report of the old man having two or three tolerable horses that he thought he might part with, induced us to bend our course that way; and to do him justice, the young Dutchman evinced no fears to trust us once more in the presence of his lady love. His countrymen had little reserve on such subjects, and Beck took our railway in great good part; talking much of his dear Cat-jee, and telling us that they were to be married in a few weeks after their return to the colony, and then they should be so happy. Only to hear him was enough to make one fall in love with the first pretty face that should welcome him back to civilization.

It was near sunset when we regained the heights overlooking the dell, and the rays which had already left it were lingering on the surrounding hills, lighted up every kloof and rock, and tree, with a distinctness which seemed to bring close before us those which were in reality miles away. In the dell was still that blending of the homely with the picturesque, which before had called up our smiles. Amid the fairy like scene, old Fitcher sat on his divan, puffing forth clouds of smoke upon the clear pure air; and opposite to him was placed his wife, evidently talking away with great animation and industry; while the three dusky beauties were laughing and chatting round the fire in busy preparation of the evening meal. Two or three acacia groups divided all these from the fairest things in that fair spot. Katryna leaned at the foot of a solitary myrtle; distance rendered her features indistinct, but her whole attitude indicated meditation. Probably she thought of him whose face was beaming with delight as he gazed upon her. Happy people, those lovers: knowing no fear either of each other or of destiny. Scarce a minute had elapsed, when Katryna turned her face towards us. Strange girl! was it sudden perception of our presence which made her start to her feet and fly wildly towards the waggon, uttering scream after scream of frenzied horror? Beck's cry, or rather yell of 'the lion, the lion' told another tale, as striking

his spurs into his horse's sides, he galloped madly down the hill. One glance at the lion bounding along that quiet dell was enough to send us in a body galloping as madly after; while Mark, horse and man, rolling down the hill together, lay stunned at the foot. Headlong as was our pace, yet did the observation seem as able to grasp everything as in calmest moments. For life and death the flying girl sped on; but though a limp marked her pursuer as the recent foe, yet rapidly he gained upon her steps. We saw the parents start from their inaction at the sound of Katryna's voice—the mother clasp her hands and the father advanced to meet her, as still shrieking forth cries of agony, their child came round the bushes. But scarce had Fitcher made one step, when, passing unharmed through haste and distance under a volley from us all, the lion sprung on his lovely victim and bore her to the earth, a wilder shriek than mother's or than child's betrayed Beck's anguish at the sight. The stout old Boer recoiled apace; but the father's love was far too strong for fear; and while the mother ran distracted to and fro, he seized a rein skoon (heavy drag) which lay at hand, stood bravely forward, and careless of teeth and claws, beat it with all his strength against the head of the ferocious beast, which lay growling over his beloved and only child.—But heedless of this attack, the lion loosed not his hold, nor turned on his assailant: every blow appeared to bid him clasp his silent and unconscious victim firmer and closer in his powerful limbs, and growl yet fiercer over the fair shoulder on which his teeth were closed, ever and anon shaking it the gentle girl, as one may have seen a cat do with her defenceless prey.

A few seconds did all this; it was a horrible sight; the poor old man and the fair young girl. Beck seemed absolutely maddened. He was now on the spot; and springing to the ground thrust the barrel of his gun close to the animal's chest and fired. The wound was mortal, but not instantaneously; and in the convulsions of his dying agony all the most terrible features of that fearful scene were deepened. It took Hay's cooler hand to place the muzzle of his rifle to the lion's forehead, which the Dutchman had not ventured for Katryna's sake, and send into his brain a bullet, which, after one fierce struggle, stilled forever that enormous amount of animal power.

Anxiously and shudderingly we separated the wild beast of prey from the timid girl; who, having fainted at the moment she felt herself within the monster's grasp, had happily been conscious of little which ensued. But all was over, and it was a lifeless form beside which the mother flung herself, in anguish a mother's heart alone can feel. And so ended our 'day's sport.'

Needs it to say more? or to tell how the morrow's sun beheld that fair form laid to rest beneath the solitary myrtle; or how eyes long unused to weep, shed tears, sweet Katryna, on the lonely grave, where, far from thy home and kindred, we left thee to thy silent sleep amid the lonely wilderness, meet fate perhaps for the reckless hunter; but all unsuitable for thee, the beautiful, the gentle and the loved.

OBEDIENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God bade the sun break forth in light,
And yonder puler flame,
With silver lamp to lead the night,
And stars to beam with crescents bright,
And heedful of his word of might,
Each to his orbit came.

God bade the Spring awake, and tread
On winter's icy reign,
She touched the snow drop in its bed,
The iris at the brooklet's head,
And tugged the queenly rose with red,
With green the leafy plain.

God bade the Autumn yield its store,
And bending o'er the world,
The trees resigned the fruit they bore
The berry burst its luscious core,
While harvest to the sickle poor
Their sheaves of ripened gold

God to the heart hath said, "be still,
When sorrows o'er thee sweep;"
And doth it, heedful of His will,
O'er rifled tower and perished rill,
E'en when its bitterest tears distil,
In meek submission weep?

God to the heart hath said "be mine!"
And hastes it not to bring.
Its buds that blush, its flowers that twine,
The early clusters of its vine;
Its first affections to the shrine
Of its Almighty King.

From a Speech by Gov. Everett.

A TASTE FOR READING.

It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man, in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise. I believe the mechanic, the engineer, the husbandman, the trader, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions. I know some men busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge, acquired from books. There would be more such men, if education in our common schools were, as it well might be, of a higher order; and if common school Libraries well furnished, were introduced into every district, as I trust in due time they will be, it

is surprising, sir, how much may be effected, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, for the improvement of the mind by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge. A letter has lately been put into my hands, bearing date the 6th of September, so interesting in itself, and so strongly illustrative of this point, that I will read a portion of it; though it was written, I am sure, without the least view to publicity.

"I was the youngest (says the writer) of my brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and these, again, were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library; all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek Grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *lypito, tupteis, tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening, I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labors of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I resorted to native teachers in French, Spanish, German and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and, by assiduous application, I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this, and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of oriental literature, and, to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and after many plans I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge and my native place to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than one hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps next to take, I accidentally heard of the Hall of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the Hall, and found there to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental works, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours daily at the Hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them, with more or less facility."

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A mother sitting in her parlour, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly, 'No, I don't want to say my prayers. I don't want to say my prayers.'

'Mother,' said the child, appearing at the parlor door.
'Good morning, my child.'
'I'm going to get my breakfast.'
'Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first.'

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap and laid his face down