

Dusting the linings, and pleas'd to have found them un-  
worn and untarnish'd.  
Idle! but Idleness looks never better than close upon  
sunset.  
Seldom my goosequill, of goose from Germany, fatted in  
England,  
(Frolicsome though I have been) have I tried on  
Hexameter, knowing  
Latin and Greek are alone its languages. We have a  
measure  
Fashion'd by Milton's own hand, a fuller, a deeper, a  
louder.  
Germans may founder at will over consonant, vowel,  
and liquid.  
Liquid and vowel but one to a dozen of consonants, ending  
Each with a verb at the tail, tail heavy as African ram's  
tail.  
Spenser and Shakspeare had each his own harmony;  
each an enchanter  
Wanting no aid from without. *Cherry Chase* had de-  
lighted their fathers,  
Though of a different strain from the song on the  
*Wrath of Achilles*.  
Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream  
over regions  
Near and remote: his command was absolute; every  
subject,  
Little or great, he controll'd; in language, variety, fancy.  
Richer than all his compeers, and wanton but once in  
dominion;  
'Twas when he left the full well that for ages had run  
by his homestead,  
Pushing the brambles aside which encumber'd another  
up higher,  
Letting his bucket go down, and hearing it bump in de-  
scending,  
Grating against the loose stones 'til it came but half-full  
from the bottom.  
Others abstain'd from the task. Scott wander'd at large  
over Scotland;  
Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chanted the *Lay of  
the Minstrel*  
Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had  
chanted.  
Never on mountain or wild hath echo so cheerfully  
sounded,  
Never did monarch bestow such glorious meeds upon  
knighthood,  
Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, dis-  
cretion.  
Byron liked new-papered rooms, and pull'd down old  
wainscot of cedar;  
Bright-color'd prints he preferr'd to the graver cartoons  
of a Raphael,  
Sailor and Turk (with a sack,) to Eginate and Parthenon  
marbles.  
Splendid the palace he rais'd—the gin-palace in Poesy's  
purlieu;  
Soft the divan on the sides, with spittoons for the qual-  
ish and queesy.  
Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for  
modern or ancient.  
His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the moun-  
tain, the woodland  
Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn  
or lofty,  
Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's  
foot-path.  
Equable was he and plain, but wandering a little in wis-  
dom,  
Sometimes flying from blood and sometimes pouring it  
freely.  
Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too  
many; if Fancy's  
Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewash'd homely  
apartment;  
If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness;  
if often  
Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants  
rounding and pointing;  
Few of this age or the last stand out on the like eleva-  
tion.  
There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves  
to revisit,  
Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a  
stone of the palace.  
Still there are walking on earth many poets whom ages  
hereafter  
Will be more willing to praise than they are to praise  
one another;  
Some do I know, but I fear, as is meet, to recount or re-  
port them,  
For, be whatever the name that is foremost, the next  
will run over,

Trampling and rolling in dust his excellent friend the  
precursor.  
Peace be with all! but afar be ambition to follow the  
Roman,  
Led by the German uncomb'd, and jiggling in dactyl  
and spondee,  
Lumbering shapeless jackboots which nothing can pol-  
ish or supple.  
Much as old metres delight me, 'tis only where first  
they were nurtured,  
In their own clime, their own speech: than pamper them  
here I would rather  
Tie up my Pegasus tight to the scanty-fed rack of a son-  
net.

[From Household Words.]

#### A MIGHTIER HUNTER THAN NIMROD.

A GREAT deal has been said about the  
prowess of Nimrod, in connection with  
the chase, from the days of him of Babylon  
to those of the late Mr. Apperley of Shrop-  
shire; but we question whether, among all  
the sporting characters mentioned in ancient  
or modern story, there ever was so mighty a  
hunter as the gentleman whose sporting cal-  
endar now lies before us.\* The annals of  
the chase, so far as we are acquainted with  
them, supply no such instances of familiar  
intimacy with lions, elephants, hippopotami,  
rhinoceroses, serpents, crocodiles, and other  
furious animals, with which the human spe-  
cies in general is not very forward in culti-  
vating an acquaintance.

Mr. Cumming had exhausted the deer-for-  
ests of his native Scotland; he had sighed  
for the rolling prairies and rocky mountains  
of the Far West, and was tied down to mili-  
tary routine as a mounted rifleman in the  
Cape Colony, when he determined to resign  
his commission into the hands of Govern-  
ment, and himself to the delights of hunting  
amid the untrodden plains and forests of  
South Africa. Having provided himself with  
wagons to travel and live in, with bullocks  
to draw them, and with a host of attend-  
ants; a sufficiency of arms, horses, dogs, and  
ammunition, he set out from Graham's-Town  
in October, 1843. From that period his  
hunting adventures extended over five years,  
during which time he penetrated from vari-  
ous points and in various directions from his  
starting-place in lat. 33 down to lat. 20, and  
passed through districts upon which no Eu-  
ropean foot ever before trod; regions where  
the wildest of wild animals abound—nothing  
less serving Mr. Cumming's ardent purpose.

A lion story in the early part of his book  
will introduce this fearless hunter-author to  
our readers better than the most elaborate  
dissection of his character. He is approach-  
ing Colesberg, the northernmost military sta-  
tion belonging to the Cape Colony. He is on  
a trusty steed, which he calls also "Coles-  
berg." Two of his attendants on horseback  
are with him. "Suddenly," says the author,  
"I observed a number of vultures seated on  
the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of  
us, and close beside them stood a huge lion-  
ess, consuming a blesblok which she had

\* A Hunter's Life in South Africa. By R. Gordon  
Cumming, Esq., of Aityre.

killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion;' to which they replied, 'Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do? To which they answered, 'We have not yet placed caps on our rifles.' This was true; but while this short conversation was passing, the lioness had observed us. Raising her full round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter toward a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was therefore no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die. The lioness soon after suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back toward me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run toward us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their rheims, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside; but this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a pre-

vious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder; upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws. The worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse."

This is, however, but a harmless adventure compared with a subsequent escapade—not with one, but with six lions. It was the hunter's habit to lay wait near the drinking-places of these animals, concealed in a hole dug for the purpose. In such a place on the occasion in question, Mr. Cumming—having left one of three rhinoceroses he had previously killed as a bait—ensconced himself. Such a savage festival as that which introduced the adventure, has never before, we believe, been introduced through the medium of the softest English and the finest hot-pressed paper to the notice of the civilized public. "Soon after twilight," the author relates, "I went down to my hole with Kleinboy and two natives, who lay concealed in another hole, with Wolf and Boxer ready to slip, in the event of wounding a lion. On reaching the water I looked toward the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, 'Yes,' but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly

arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission. The hyenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off. At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face toward me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me."

The hunters were presently discovered. "An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her; she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder, and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made toward the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the cover, I found her lying dead."

Mr. Cumming's adventures with elephants

are no less thrilling. He had selected for the aim of his murderous rifle two huge female elephants from a herd. "Two of the troop had walked slowly past at about sixty yards, and the one which I had selected was feeding with two others on a thorny tree before me. My hand was now as steady as the rock on which it rested, so, taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her head, a little behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp, just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry, she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball, close behind the shoulder. All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise, and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge fanlike ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load, but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit, the guides pointed out the elephants; they were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubtless its particular friend, who was endeavoring to assist it. These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun; and having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any further. Presently my men hove in sight, bringing the dogs; and when these came up, I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly toward the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them, when, the ground being open, they observed us, and made off in an easterly direction; but the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and next moment she was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross her attention. Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted to fire, within forty yards of her, in open ground. Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but, on endeavoring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed toward the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and on looking about I beheld the 'friend,' with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwart, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who of course kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants; and just as they

were upon me I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near, that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle; he and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and, firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesberg was extremely unsteady, and destroyed the correctness of my aim. The 'friend' now seemed resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and so, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards, and gave it her sharp, right and left, behind the shoulder; upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. Two more shots finished her; on receiving them she tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep hoarse cry and expired."

Mr. Cumming's exploits in the water are no less exciting than his land adventures. Here is an account of his victory over a hippopotamus, on the banks of the Limpopo river, near the northernmost extremity of his journeyings.

"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 aware of the extent of the impending danger. I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I 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 still, sitting for a few minutes 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 like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down 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 her 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 fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was 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 enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding 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 continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rhein from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a ball through the center of her head, and she was numbered with the dead." There is nothing in "Watterton's Wanderings," or in the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" more startling than this "Waltz with a Hippopotamus!"

In the all-wise disposition of events, it is perhaps ordained that wild animals should be subdued by man to his use at the expense of such tortures as those described in the work before us. Mere amusement, therefore, is too light a motive for dealing such wounds and death Mr. Cumming owns to; but he had other motives,—besides a considerable profit he has reaped in trophies, ivory, fur, &c., he has made in his book some valuable contributions to the natural history of the animals he wounded and slew.

From Graham's Magazine for August

### MANUELA.

A BALLAD OF CALIFORNIA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

FROM the doorway, Manuela, in the sheeny April  
 morn,  
 Southward looks, along the valley, over leagues of  
 gleaming corn;  
 Where the mountain's misty rampart like the wall of  
 Eden towers,  
 And the isles of oak are sleeping on a painted sea of  
 flowers.  
 All the air is full of music, for the winter rains are o'er,  
 And the noisy magpies chatter from the budding sycamore:  
 Blithely frisk unnumbered squirrels, over all the grassy  
 slope;  
 Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the an-  
 telope.  
 Gentle eyes of Manuela! tell me wherefore do ye rest  
 On the oaks' enchanted islands and the flowery ocean's  
 breast?  
 Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the  
 highway's mark  
 Far beyond the belts of timber, to the mountain-shadows  
 dark?  
 Ah, the fragrant bay may blossom, and the sprouting  
 verdure shine  
 With the tears of amber dropping from the tassels of the  
 pine,