

"A guest that best becomes the table."—*Shakspeare.*

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noblest colonisation was inspired by poetic adventure or religious and political zeal. The earliest is also the best element in the history of America.

3. The renewed political movement typified by the figure of Algernon Sydney.

4. The social changes. The Plague and the Fire. The effect of the civil wars in ruining families and making property pass into new hands. The influence of France on the higher society of England.

In reading of these events, the student begins to have the advantage of Lord Macaulay's history. As we mean to have a special chapter on contemporary writers by and by, we shall defer everything but our general advice of *caution* in the perusal of Lord M.—for the present. The most famous original historian of this period, is of course Burnet, whom Tories attack, and Whigs defend, and who will continue to be attacked and defended for generations to come. His history, far inferior to Clarendon's as a work of literature, has, in common with it, that sort of attraction which belongs to the narratives of actors in the scene. This was its attraction to Charles Lamb, who cared so little for "standard" books. And it is the same dramatic charm which gives to Pepys' "Diary," the great popularity it enjoys as a record of the time of Charles II. Respect for the individual who writes is not necessarily felt in either case; but so strong is the "touch of nature," that all the world is interested by a man's *bond fide* exposition of himself. Pepys' "Diary" is all but unique as a specimen of this, and hence its reality. The distance of time mellows whatever ought to be offensive about the man; and there the man is preserved (like a dead body in certain soils) as like as life. His greedy self-seeking, his little bits of dishonesty, his sly, quiet under-current of sensuality, are all there, with touches of vanity, which we should laugh at and despise in a living person. But the age is so completely past, and the self-exposure is made with such a queer *naïveté*, that we are never without a kindly sort of feeling towards Pepys, in whose pages, as it were in a museum, the people he lived amongst are bodily exhibited. We need scarcely add that his "Diary" is one which the student should read by all means; and whether he proposes going deeper into this epoch or not. Evelyn's "Diary," belonging to the same age, is the work of a fine-minded and learned gentleman—certainly a most superior man to Pepys, yet will never have such an attraction for the general world—so potent is the charm of that homely realism, which Pepys represents in history and De Foe in fiction.

The great literary man of the generation was the memorable Dryden. If Milton was of the earlier part of the century, and only accidentally related to the new race of the Restoration, Dryden was their representative, and suffered from the fact. His great mind and his good heart place him far above the reach of depreciatory criticism, and leave him only open to the kindly pity and sympathy which both his life and his writings require. Compared with Milton and Shakespeare, he is "of the earth earthy." It was a less creative period in literature—a period rather of mastery, able, brilliant men, than of high-aspiring, far-reaching geniuses, such as those of the earlier times. Accordingly, little of Dryden lives now—little, that is, compared with the quantity he wrote. His plays are all but forgotten; his splendid satires are injured by their temporary character and the amount of illustration they require. Perhaps his noble ode, "Alexander's Feast," is his surest hold on us and our posterity and that we think no time can injure. But the student must carefully acquaint himself with the best of his other productions, if only for the sake of the poet's historical place in our literature. No man ever did more than Dryden to popularise literature amongst us. He was our earliest popular critic in poetry—one of the formers of our language and style—and the most influential of the predecessors who were also the models of Pope. Like a beautiful obelisk serving for a landmark, Dryden is doubly valuable—valuable in himself and by his own attractions; useful for the significance of his place in our literary History.

(To be continued.)

LEISURE.—Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow-wagons, and the pedlars who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philo-sophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them: it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement: prone to excursion-trains, art-museums, periodical literature, and exciting novels: prone even to scientific theorising, and cursory peeps through microscopes. Old Leisure was quite a different personage: he only read one newspaper, innocent of leaders, and was free from that periodicity of sensations which we call post-time. He was a contemplative, rather stout gentleman, of excellent digestion,—of quiet perceptions, undiseased by hypothesis: happy in his inability to know the causes of things, preferring the things themselves. He lived chiefly in the country, among pleasant seats and homesteads, and was fond of sauntering by the fruit-tree wall, and scenting the apricots when they were warmed by the morning sunshine, or of sheltering himself under the orchard boughs at noon, when the summer pears were falling. He knew nothing of week-day services, and thought none the worse of the Sunday sermon, if it allowed him to sleep from the text to the blessing—liking the afternoon service best, because the prayers were the shortest, and not ashamed to say so; for he had an easy, jolly conscience, broad-backed like himself, and able to carry a great deal of beer or port wine—not being made squeamish by doubts and qualms and lofty aspirations. Life was not a task to him, but a sinecure: he fingered the guineas in his pocket, and ate his dinners, and slept the sleep of the irresponsible; for had not he kept up his charter by going to church on the Sunday afternoons?—"Adam Bede."

THE CHASE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WHEN the game-laws are abolished in England, this catastrophe must follow: there will be no more sport for English gentlemen. However, just as California was discovered at a time when its riches were most needed, so has Africa been opened up as a field for the sportsman. True, there is some difference between potting pheasants by the dozen at twenty paces, and tracking hippopotami at the other end of a desert; lions are more difficult of approach than partridges; and the rhinoceros is a beast which it is not so safe to stalk as a deer. Sometimes it happens that he will stalk you. However, no true sportsman cares for such a trifling inconvenience as that. We produce the finest sportsmen, as well as the best cutlery, in the world; and it is a public advantage, this discovery of an Eldorado of sport, inexhaustible in extent, unapproached for variety, and as dangerous as it can possibly be.

But hunting in Africa is not a trifle in any respect. With a suit of mixed tweed at 42s., a sandwich-box, a gun which may be borrowed round the corner, and a game certificate, any man in England is equipped for the chase. It is another thing in Africa. Here you carry your bed about with you, and daily provision for many men and horses; for no man goes alone through miles of desert, among savage tribes, to hunt elephants in droves, any more than he crosses the Atlantic in a punt, however important his business may be. You have to take a wagon, and a half-dozen oxen to draw it; as many savages to wait upon them; spare horses for yourself, and mounted servants as *aides* in the hunt itself. The starting of such an expedition is an event, and the savage who, with his family and his chattels packed on a single ox, seeks his hunting-ground, gazes with wonder at so imposing a cavalcade, turned out for the mere pleasure of hunting for the sport's sake.

But can the bag be too big for such game? When once you get fairly on the ground, it is no question of sighting and shooting one or two animals in the course of the week. You find yourself by a pleasant pool, at sundown; an hour after you find yourself in company with a dozen or so of rhinoceroses, a few elephants, a handful of giraffes, and maybe a lion or two; such hordes of savage beasts, that before morning the fountain is nearly drunk dry. Then the variety of game to be met with! Besides the animals already mentioned, you have the gnu, the koodoo, steinbok, oryx, and other antelopes; the buffalo, the ostrich, the hippopotamus, the zebra, the hyena (if he is not too mean for your powder), the leopard, with plenty of strange birds, and the additional excitement of snakes. Nay, if your taste be delicate, you may now and then get a shot at a flight of butterflies; while you need not altogether despair of bagging a cockatrice. The former game is sometimes seen in such enormous flights that the sound of their wings is like the distant murmuring of the waves on the sea-shore. The cockatrice is not plentiful. In fact, it has never yet come into the ken of the European hunter, though several African tribes believe in its existence. The Damaras boast that their country possesses the creature; but they say that, instead of crowing or clucking like a fowl when going to roost, it bleats like a lamb. It attacks man as well as beast, and its bite is considered fatal. In some parts of Africa it is called *Amgava*; and it is said to attain to twelve feet in length, with a beautifully variegated skin. On its head it has a heavy protuberance, like the guinea fowl. Its abode is among the trees, where at night its clucking is heard; a device which brings forth the careful villager, who imagines his fowls have strayed, and hastens to drive them in. But no sooner does he appear under the trees, than the cockatrice pounces on him, fixes its fangs into his flesh, and he is a dead villager.

It is not the cockatrice, however, but the lion, which is so seductive to any man an adventurous or sportsmanlike turn who finds himself in Africa. Hunting the lion made Mr. Gordon Cumming famous: he calls himself the "Lion Hunter of South Africa." Then we have a "Lion Killer," Jules Gérard, who regards himself as appointed by Providence to subdue the king of beasts in Algeria. We are afraid that Jules thinks too highly of his exploits; and is too much in the habit of imagining that he is the only hunter of lions in the world. He has a capital French plan of imposing that idea upon his readers, by magnifying not so much his courage in attacking the Algerian lion, as the tremendous strength, size, cunning, and ferocity of that animal (to which all others are mere mousers), and the bitter feelings he entertains for Jules Gérard, mingled with a respect which a recognition of that hunter's "destiny" inspires. But it is certain that Jules is not by any means so mighty and providential a hunter as he would lead us to suppose; and it is doubtful whether he has not exaggerated the Algerian lion at the expense of his species generally. Again, we may question whether the lion is so dangerous a creature to hunt as several others. According to the testimony of a gentleman who has hunted with Gérard in north Africa, in the south with other famous sportsmen, and in India, and heaven knows where else beside—to say nothing of Inkermann—the bull buffalo is a much more dangerous animal to attack. Fairly engaged, your chance with *Aim* is hopeless, if your first bullet does not tell; and, unless you have a true rifle and the steadiest nerve and eye, it is about ten to one that the bullet falls harmless from his skull. Mr. Anderson has a passage highly illustrative of this disagreeable fact. He found himself once suddenly faced by a herd of buffaloes—confronting him in one dark mass. "Taking advantage of a tree at some little distance ahead, I stalked to within one hundred and fifty paces of this formidable phalanx. Resting the gun on a branch, I took a steady aim at the leading bull; but, though I very distinctly heard the bullet strike him, he did not flinch in the slightest degree. One of the natives having by this time mustered courage to steal up to me with my rifle, I fired a second time, but with no better result. Six several times at least did I repeat the dose; and though on each occasion the ball told loudly on



A HUNTING EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

the animal's body, neither did it nor any one of the herd budge an inch."

The elephant, again, is a most formidable animal, of which all other brutes have a keen sense. When a herd of elephants comes down to a pool to drink, such animals as may happen to be there before them invariably retire, and will remain at a respectful distance until the giants have quenched their thirst. "Long before I have seen or even heard the elephants," says Mr. Andersson, "I have been warned of their approach by the symptoms of uneasiness displayed by such animals as happened to be drinking at the time. The giraffe begins to sway his neck to and fro; the zebra utters subdued plaintive cries; the gnu glides away with a noiseless step, and even the ponderous and quarrelsome black rhinoceros, when he has time for reflection, will pull up short in his walk to listen. Then turning round he listens again, and if he feels satisfied that his suspicions are correct, he invariably makes off, giving vent to his fear, or ire, by one of his vicious snorts." As to that same black rhinoceros, in some seasons he is certain death to any but a thoroughly experienced hunter. Of course we do not contend that lion-hunting is a thing to be pooh-poohed; a hundred hair-breadth 'scapes testify how terrible an animal he is, when enraged; but he really does not afford, upon the whole, such exciting sport as some other creatures often found in his neighbourhood. The author of "Lake Ngami," tells a terrible story of an adventure with a lion.

"One day," he says, "when dining, I was interrupted by the arrival of several natives, who, in breathless haste, related that a lion had just killed one of their goats close to the mission-station, and begged of me to lend them a hand in destroying the beast. They had so often cried 'wolf,' that I did not give much heed to their statements; but as they persisted in their story, I at last determined to ascertain its truth. Having strapped to my waist a shooting-belt, containing the several

requisites of a hunter—such as bullets, caps, knife, &c.—I shouldered my trusty double-barrelled gun (after loading it with steel-pointed balls) and followed the men.

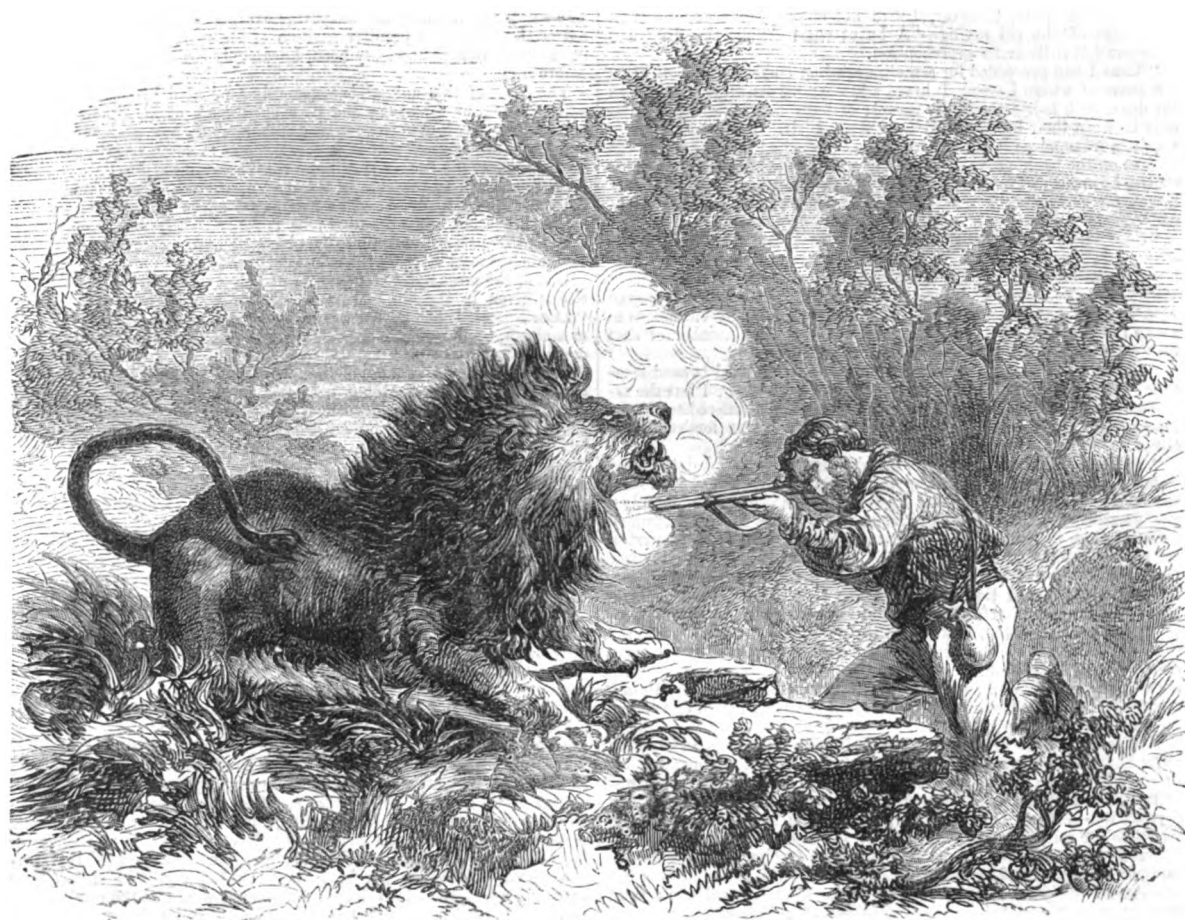
"In a short time we reached the spot where the lion was believed to have taken refuge. This was in a dense tamarisk brake, of some considerable extent, situated partially on and below the sloping banks of the Swakop, near to its junction with the Omutenna, one of its tributaries.

"On the rising ground, above the brake in question, were drawn up in battle array a number of Damaras and Namaquas, some armed with assegais, and a few with guns. Others of the party were in the brake itself, endeavouring to oust the lion.

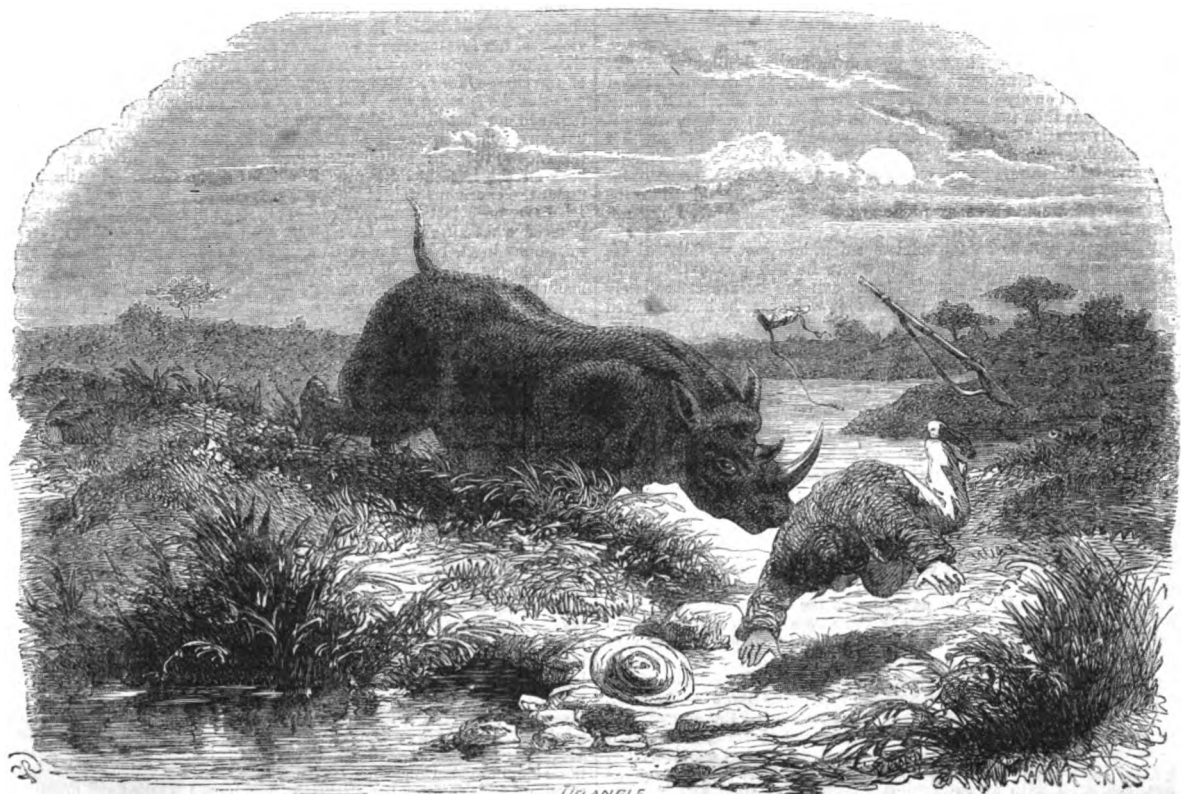
"But as it seemed to me that the 'beaters' were timid, and, moreover, somewhat slow in their movements, I called them back; and, accompanied by only one or two persons, as also a few worthless dogs, entered the brake myself. It was rather a dangerous proceeding, for in places the cover was so thick and tangled as to oblige me to creep on my hands and knees; and the lion, in conse-



CHANGING THE HUNTING GROUND.



RENCONTRE WITH A LION.



DELANGE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

quence, might easily have pounced upon me without a moment's warning. At that time, however, I had not obtained any experimental knowledge of the old saying—'A burnt child dreads the fire,' and therefore felt little or no apprehension.

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

"Once more I attempted to dislodge the beast; but, finding the enemy awaiting him in the more open country, he was very loath to leave his stronghold. Again, however, I succeeded in driving him to the edge of the brake, where, as in the first instance, he was received with a volley; but a broomstick would have been equally efficacious as a gun in the hands of these people, for, out of a great number of shot that were fired, not one seemed to have taken effect.

"Worn out at length by my exertions, and disgusted beyond measure at the way in which the natives bungled the affair, I left the tamarisk brake, and, rejoining them on the bank above, offered to change places with them; but my proposal, as I expected, was forthwith declined.

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

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

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

"At an early hour on the next morning, however, we followed his 'spoor,' and soon came to the spot where he had passed the night. The sand here was one patch of blood; and the bushes immediately about were broken, and beaten down by his weight, as he had staggered to and fro in his effort to get on his legs again. Strange to say, however, we here lost all clue to the beast. A large troop of lions that had been feasting on a giraffe in the early morning, had obliterated his tracks; and it was not until some days afterwards, and when the carcass was in a state of decomposition, that his death was ascertained. He breathed his last very near to where we were 'at fault'; but, in prosecuting the search, we had unfortunately taken exactly the opposite direction."

Of the four species of the rhinoceros which amuse the hunter in South Africa, two are black and two white; and the black species is by far the most formidable. In strength the rhinoceros is scarcely inferior to the elephant; and Mr. Andersson gives a very sufficient instance of it in his "Lake Ngami." He says "that once during a halt, his tent-fires engaged the attention of a rhinoceros which came down furiously on the little caravan, driving the travellers into their wagon for safety. The next instant the enraged animal struck his tusks into the bottom boards of the wagon with such force as to push the wagon several paces forward, although it was standing in very heavy sand." Finding the wagon imperturbable, the brute dashed amongst the fires and cooking pots, and then made off; an assagai was hurled after him, in default of a bullet, and broke like a reed against his almost impenetrable hide. Then the swiftness of the animal, ungainly as he seems, is quite as surprising as his strength. A well-mounted horseman finds it difficult to overtake it; and one traveller, Captain Harris, talks about its dashing about like lightning. These qualities, combined with an extraordinary keenness of scent and hearing,

make him the most formidable game in the country, save the buffalo. The sportsman has only one advantage over the brute—that his sight is not good. From the peculiar position of his eyes, which are deep-set in the head, and his unwieldy horn, he can only see what is immediately before him.

The chase of this animal is commonly conducted by stalking him—when feeding or reposing; and he spends much of his time in either occupation. He is not often pursued on horseback, because his speed and endurance are so great that it is very difficult to come up with him, to say nothing of the danger. A more convenient method is to take your place in ambush by the side of the stream, and shoot the animal when he comes down to drink. The natives take him in pitfalls; for the white rhinoceros is good eating; he is fat, which highly recommends him to the natives, and there is plenty of him. Rhinoceros beef is also much sought after by the colonists.

One of the most striking instances of this brute's strength and ferocity is given in the work from which we have already extracted—"Lake Ngami." The author was on one occasion lying in his "skärm," or ambush, by the side of a pool, when a fine white rhinoceros came down to the water:—

"She was very near me. I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg, and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her—she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be.

"As no more elephants or other large game appeared, I thought after a time it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcass, for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death.

"In heading back to my 'skärm,' I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by a black rhinoceros, and by ill-luck, as the event proved, at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavourable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for the better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me; and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball-pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air—the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which her head and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and, as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs.

"But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip: with her fore feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment, I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have at least very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging amongst the neighbouring bushes. I now arose, though with great difficulty, and made my way, in the best manner I was able, towards a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was needless; the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *mêlée*, or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken.

"About sunrise, Kamappu, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceding evening, about half a mile away, came to the 'skärm' to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In few words I related to him the mishap that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity; but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him I was not in joke.

"I afterwards directed him to take one of the gazes and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed—"Good God! the brute has attacked the lad also."

"Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and when I had proceeded two or three hundred yards, a scene suddenly presented itself that I shall vividly remember to the last days of my existence. Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage—the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spell-bound, as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoceros opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on

which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. Whilst she was thus occupied I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and, imagining that she was in her death agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor."

Broken bones, a bruised body, constant fatigues, an occasional *coup de soleil*, and hunger and thirst, are the constant rewards for encountering such dangers as these; and yet, when we read the story, how we all long to go and lie by in "skärms" for rhinoceroses too! And then to wake up one morning and find you have been to bed with a snake! To recline upon a log, and find it rolling into the water with you in the form of a crocodile! To become a toy in the elephant's proboscis! To go three days without water, and within view of a flight of vultures! These are joys which no sportsman but him of Africa can enjoy. Here alone, for instance, you may be destroyed—that is, all your substance, your horses, oxen, and all the cattle that is yours—by that wonderful fly, the *tsetse*, and he certainly is a most remarkable creature. No traveller in the interior of Africa but has something to say about him. It is not much superior in size to the common house-fly; yet though so small and insignificant, its bite carries with it a poison more venom-



THE TSETSE (MAGNIFIED).

ous than that of the most deadly reptile. Many is the traveller who, from his draught oxen having been destroyed by this pestiferous insect, has not only had the object of his journey completely marred, but his personal safety endangered by the loss of his means of conveyance. There are large tribes which cannot keep either cattle or sheep because the *tsetse* abounds in their country; but it is only fatal to domestic animals, as wild animals feed undisturbed in parts infested by the insect. Yet many of them, such as oxen and buffaloes, horses and zebras, dogs and jackals, possess somewhat the same nature. Moreover, it bites man and no danger follows. The sensation experienced has been likened to the sting of a flea.

According to the statement of the celebrated explorers, Messrs. Oswell and Livingstone, who were severe sufferers by the *tsetse*, the following symptoms are observed in the ox when bitten:—the eye runs, the glands under the throat swell, the coat loses its gloss, there is a peculiar flaccidity of the muscles generally, and emaciation commences, which proceeds unchecked until—perhaps months after the bite—purging supervenes, and the animal perishes of exhaustion. Some die soon after the bite is inflicted, especially if they are in good condition, or should rain fall; but, in general, the process of emaciation goes on for many weeks. In some cases, the animals become blind before they die.

"From what I have seen of the *tsetse*," writes Mr. Oswell, "I believe that three or four flies are sufficient to kill a full-grown ox. We examined about twenty of ours that were bitten and died, and the appearances were *similar* in all. On raising the skin, we perceived a glairy appearance of the muscles and flesh, which were much wasted. The stomach and intestines were healthy; heart, lungs, and liver, sometimes all, but invariably one or the other, much diseased. The heart in particular attracted our attention. It was no longer a firm and muscular organ, but collapsed readily on compression, and had the appearance of flesh that had been steeped in water. The blood of the whole carcass was greatly diminished in quantity. Not more than twenty pints (a small pailful) were obtained from the largest ox, and this thick and albuminous; the hands, when plunged into it, came out free of stain. The poison would seem to grow in the blood, and, through the blood, affect the vital organs. A curious feature in the case is, that dogs, though reared on milk, die if bitten, while calves, and other young *sucking* animals, are safe as long as they *suck*. Man, and all the wild animals, escape with impunity." Moreover, a dog reared on the meat of game may be hunted in the *tsetse* districts in safety.

It is clear from these anomalies, at present irreconcilable, that we have something to learn in this world yet. Much curious knowledge has come to us through sportsmen, and those wandering and "prospecting" geniuses, whom Providence sends forth with eyes more or less observant, into unknown chimerical regions; not for gain, hardly for pleasure, it would seem; but with some inscrutable itch of vagrancy, and love of danger. It is for scientific house-keepers to solve the riddles thus brought forward, for the good of mankind at large. Having got so far in this strain, perhaps we had better leave the subject.

TRUMPS.*

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAPE OF THE PEACHES.

"ABEL NEWT! Abel Newt!" cried a loud, sharp voice. "Abel Newt! Abel Newt!" echoed a chorus of shrill boy voices, "Mr. Gray wants you! Mr. Gray's calling you!"

But Abel Newt, a boy about eighteen years old, although he must have heard the summons, fled like a wild horse across the play-ground, his heavy black hair shaking around his neck, as he ran, like a tangled mane; and while the boys were yet shouting he disappeared into the school-room.

"Golly! how he clips it!" said Little Malacca, looking at him with admiration. Little Malacca was so called because, according to the school tradition, he never had any father or mother, and was born far away in some East Indian region—no particular country, in fact. It was an article of faith at Mr. Gray's that Little Malacca never had any parents, and was born nowhere.

The older boys had the privilege of the school-room during play-hours, and used it as a kind of club-room. It was serviceable to them in many ways.

As now, for instance, to Abel Newt. For as he entered—puffing, panting, entirely blown, and red, and hot, with his trousers' pockets distended almost to bursting with some mysterious contents, and his face smooth with intense anxiety, like the faces of smugglers who hear the coast-guard at the same moment that their keel grazes the beach, and are doubtful whether they shall gain a prize or lose their lives—he swept the school-room with a glance—saw that he was alone—and hurrying to his desk, lifted the lid, emptied his pockets into that charitable retreat, confiding to it at least a dozen pulpy, delicious peaches.

He then as rapidly refilled his pockets with sundry articles that distended them as before, and had scarcely closed the lid, locked it, and bent over the desk with a book, in an attitude of placid reading or study, than Little Malacca burst into the room, and standing at the door, with eyes as round and swollen as Abel's pockets, ejaculated, spasmodically, out of breath:

"Oh, Jimmy! how you did cut it! But it's no use! Won't you catch it, Abel Newt! Mr. Gray's calling—Mr. Gray wants you, Abel Newt!"

"Me!" said Abel, looking up quietly. "Mr. Gray want me? What's the matter?"

As he spoke he rose from his desk with a perfectly calm face; but as his pockets lifted themselves above the horizon of the lid, and came in view of Little Malacca, that small boy's imagination instantly teemed with fearful apprehensions. He only shouted:

"Oh! oh! oh! what pockets!"

He then turned and disappeared, while Abel Newt, taking his book under his arm—it was the "History of England," a text-book of his class, from which they had recited that morning—transported those prodigious pockets into the play-ground.

All games were suspended, and the boys were gathered in groups waiting for the delinquent to appear. Mr. Gray stood at the door of his study, with that kind of nervous complacency with which we may imagine the headsman passes his finger along the edge of the axe when he describes the fatal procession approaching.

"Come here, Abel!" said he, in the cajoling cadence with which the spider invited the fly to walk into his parlour. "And all boys to Mr. Gray's platform!" cried he, in a louder voice; upon which the crowd of Abel's school-mates thronged around him, and all moved toward the master.

There was a wooden floor before the outer door of Mr. Gray's study, which was sacred to his individual feet. A Mahometan devotee would as soon have stepped in his slippers upon the holy ground of the temple as any boy at Mr. Gray's have put foot upon that platform—as it was called—without permission. The good boys used to shudder when a new scholar, not yet versed in the laws of the school, trod as thoughtlessly upon those consecrated boards as if they had been ordinary timber. But it was a sin of ignorance, they remembered, not a wanton profanation.

The master stood upon this dais as the boys came up. When Abel Newt approached, Mr. Gray moved his head slightly from side to side, rolling his neck in his white cravat, which he wore without a collar, as if he tasted something uncommonly unctuous and pleasant, and were wriggling his throat to make it longer, and taste the sweet morsel all the way down.

The younger scholars clustered timidly upon the edges of the throng, but the older boys, the aristocracy of the school, stood forward along the front of the platform, to support Abel, like peers at the trial of a peer.

"Well, Abel!" began Mr. Gray, with the soft suavity of a fat cat which has made a circle with its paws around the mouse. He stopped when he had said so much, and beamed upon the culprit as if to paralyse him with the full perception of the horror of his situation.

"Well, sir," replied Abel, quietly.

"Ah! Brave boy, Abel," continued the master; "yes, you are very brave; but what do you think your poor mother would say?" and there was a slight snivel in Mr. Gray's tone; a raw recruit of a snivel doing duty for a sympathetic sigh.

* This story, by a celebrated American author, is published in the "Welcome Guest," by arrangement with the writer, in advance of its issue in the United States.