

in the new House of Peers, for L.1050.

**MR CUMMING'S EXHIBITION.**—An exhibition of a novel and attractive character has just been opened at Hyde Park Corner. Mr Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, a young gentleman of property in the Highlands, and as keen a sportsman as the Highlands has ever produced, has filled the old Chinese Gallery with the trophies of his skill—the produce of five years' shooting in the far interior of Southern Africa, many hundred miles beyond the farthest point hitherto reached by any white man. When we state that Mr Cumming has killed eighteen lions, twenty-eight specimens of the black rhinoceros, thirty-nine of the white rhinoceros, seventy-six hippopotami, and one hundred and five elephants, our readers will know what his daring is, and what his success has been. His lions' skins are the finest we remember to have seen,—worthy coverings for the king of beasts. He has at least one thousand pounds worth of ivory in the room, and a pair of elephant's tusks measuring nine feet,—the largest known. The whole gallery looks like a combination of a baronial hall and a furrier's shop. Antlers of the largest size and the most elegant proportions arrest the eye at every turn. The fore-feet of an elephant (exhibited on the dias) afford a noble idea of the enormous size of the herds of elephants which he had the luck to kill with. Mr Cumming would realize Charles the Fifth's idea of a hero. He knows not fear. His coolest moments seem to have been in confronting half-a-dozen lions, or an enraged lioness with her young,—or in lying at his ease at night near to fountains where lions are slaking their thirst, and making the desert roar with the deep thunder of their voices.—*Illustration.*

**TESTIMONIAL TO THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE.**—The Society of Madras have presented the Marquis of Tweeddale, Governor and Commander-in-Chief 1842-1848, with a very