

DISCOVERY

OR

THE UNICORN IN AFRICA.

Mr. Campbell has kindly favoured us with the following description of the head of a very singular animal which he has just brought from the interior of Africa. We also have had an opportunity of seeing it, and fully agree with Mr. Campbell, that the animal itself must have answered the description of the *Reem* or *Unicorn*, which is frequently mentioned in Scripture.

"The animal," says Mr. Campbell, "was killed by my Hottentots, in the Mashow country, near the city of Mashow, about two hundred miles N.E. of New Lattakoo, to westward of Delagoa Bay. My Hottentots never having seen or heard of an animal with one horn of so great a length, cut off its head, and brought it bleeding to me upon the back of an ox. From its great weight, and being about twelve hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, I was obliged to reduce it by cutting off the under-jaw. The Hottentots cut up the rest of the animal for food, which, with the help of the natives, they brought on the backs of oxen to Mashow.

"The horn, which is nearly black, is exactly three feet long, projecting from the forehead about nine or ten inches above the nose. From the nose to the ears measured three feet. There is a small horny projection of about eight inches immediately behind the great horn, designed for keeping fast or steady whatever is penetrated by the great horn. There is neither hair nor wool on the horn. The colour of brown.

"The animal was brought by the natives. It is a

ceros; but if I may judge of its bulk from the size of its head, it must have been much larger than any of the seven rhinoceroses which my party shot, one of which measured eleven feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail.

"The skull and horn excited great curiosity at the Cape. Most were of opinion that it was all we should have for the unicorn.

"An animal, the size of a horse, which the fancied unicorn is supposed to be, would not answer the description of the unicorn given by Job, chap. 39, verse 9, *et seq.*, but in every part of that description this animal exactly answers to it."

(Signed) "JOHN CAMPBELL."

Pliny's description of the unicorn is a sort of medium between Mr. Campbell's account, and the animal depicted on the royal coat of arms. It is as follows:—"Asperimum esse feram, reliquo corpore similem equo, capite cervo, pedibus elephanti, caudâ apro, mugitu gravi, uno cornu nigro mediâ fronte cubitorum duum eminente."

Our readers are aware that measures have been taken to obtain a complete specimen of the animal supposed to be the unicorn, which is said to exist in considerable numbers in Thibet. The description which has hitherto been furnished us rests entirely on the evidence of natives, but as it differs in several essential points from Mr. Campbell's account of the African unicorn, the scientific world will be anxious to compare the specimens as soon as they are enabled to do so. Mr. Campbell's ocular demonstration is the best as yet, and will probably never be excelled.

P O E T R Y.

THE CHILD OF MISERY.

View him who, lost to every hope of life,
 Has long with Fortune held unequal strife ;
 Known to no human love, no human care,
 The homeless friendless object of despair!
 E'en the poor vagrant feels while he complains,
 Ne'er from sad Freedom sent to sadder chains.
 Perhaps on some inhospitable shore,
 The houseless wretch a widowed Parent bore ;
 Who, now no more by gladd'ning prospects led,
 Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.
 Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain,
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
 The big drop mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The Child of Misery now nursed in tears.

Fort St. George, Nov. 17, 1820.

C. C.

DIRGE.—ON SOME SUNK ROCKS, NEAR JAVA.

By Java's Isle, the sea below,
 Many mountains blue appear :
 Along them as your vessels go,
 Gentle seamen shed a tear.
 Ye savage sharks, away, away !
 Never on that spot be seen !
 But pretty little dolphins play,
 'Mid the ocean-weeds so green.
 Sweet mermaids ! raise the chaunted moan
 Meeting on the curling wave ;
 For there, by blustering tempests blown,
 ELLEN found a watery grave !

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHOULTRY NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

How welcome thy shade to him who reposes,
 While journeying on to his hamlet afar :
 The humble, the proud, thy bosom encloses,
 The Bramin, the Gentoo, and black Pariar.
 How pleas'd have I view'd thee when hungry and weary,
 How anxiously wish'd that thy turrets were high ;
 How sound have I slept, though all round me was dreary
 And thought on the world without ever a sigh.
 Oh ! peace to their bosoms, where'er they recline,
 Who rear for the pilgrim a mansion of rest ;
 Round the beam of their hearts may rich blessings entwine,
 Since the traveller too of a horse is possessed.

October 6, 1820.

NICK ALPIN.