The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY H. B. MASSER.

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

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TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are paid.

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H. B. MASSER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SUNBURY, PA.

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Orders received at Mt. Carmel or Northumberland Wharf, will receive prompt attention.

M. B. BELL,
D. J. LEWIS,
WILLIAM MUIR.

May 3, 1856.—tf

DILWORTH BRANSON & CO.

Hardware Merchants,

Having removed from No. 59 to No. 73 Market Street, Philadelphia,

Are prepared, with greatly increased facilities, to fill orders for HARDWARE of every variety on best terms, from a full assortment, including Railroad Shovels, Picks, &c.

Country merchants and others will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

April 12, 1856.—1y

U. S. OF A.

"God and our Native Land."

SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of the U. S. A. holds its stated sessions every Monday evening in their New Hall, opposite E. Y. Brights store, Sunbury, Pa. Inititation and regalia, $2,00.

M. L. SHINDEL, W. C.

Levi Seasholtz, R. S.

Sunbury, January 10, 1857.—oct 20 '55

O. OF U. A. M.

SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, O. of U. A. M. meets every Tuesday evening in the American Hall, opposite E. Y. Bright's store, Market street, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the order are respectfully requested to attend.

M. L. SHINDEL, C.

S. S. Hendricks, R. S.

Sunbury, Jan. 5, 1857.—oct 20. '55.

J. S. OF A.

WASHINGTON CAMP, No. 19 J. S. of A holds its stated meetings every Thursday evening, in the American Hall, Market Street, Sunbury.

WM. H. MUSSELMAN, P.

A. A. Shissler, R. S.

Sunbury, July 5, 1856.—tf.

PURE OLIVE OIL for table use,—two size at 37½ and 62½ cents—just received by

WM. A. BRUNER,

June 21, '56.

Blackberry Brandy!

JUST received a fresh supply of Blackberry Brandy and invaluable remedy for Summer complaints by WM. A. BRUNER.

August 2, 1856.—

FAMILY GROCERY,

Flour, Feed and Provision store.

SEASHOLTZ & PETERY,

Broadway, between Market & Blackberry Sts.

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity that they have just received a large and well selected assortment of choice

FAMILY GROCERIES,

consisting in part of Hams, Shoulders, Mackerel, Herring, White Fish, Cod Fish, Salt Preserved Fruit, Pickles, Crackers, Cheese, Molasses, Rice, Sugar, Coffee, (green, roasted and ground,) Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder and Black Teas, Cedar-ware, Stone-ware, Soaps, brushes plow and wash lines, boots and shoes, tobacco, segars, &c., together with every article usually found in a first class Grocery Store, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices, either for cash or country produce. We are also prepared to supply the citizens with fresh bread, twist, rolls, pies, pretzels and cakes of every kind.

N. B. The highest cash prices will be paid for butter and eggs, corn, oats, rye and wheat.

Sunbury, May 31, 1856.—

REMPE, LAWRENCE & CO.,

PAPER, PRINTERS' CARDS,

ENVELOPE & RAG

WAREHOUSE,

NO. 5 MINOR STREET, PHILADEL'A

100 tons Rags wanted for Cash.

August 23, 1856.—6m

STOVES-

FOR SALE an excellent second-hand Cooking Stove, also several Cylinder Coal Stoves.—Enquire at this office.

SILVER WATCHES.—A few double case English Silver Watches, for sale at very low prices by H. B MASSER.

Sunbury, April 12, 1856.

Select Poetry.

THE UNIVERSAL CORNER.

BY CHARLES MACAY.

When little John is five years old,
With cheeks like peaches growing,
With merry eyes, half bold, half shy,
And smiles like ripples flowing:
Would'st see him happy? Watch him well,
And proud as famous Honor,
You'll find him joyous and alone
With sweetmeats in a corner.

And older grown, a youth in years,
When tastes and pleasures vary,
He loves to haunt the self-same place,
With cousin Jane or Mary.
Inquire not what their talk may be,
Nor laugh, you idle scorner;
But be assured whate'er they say,
They're happy in the corner.

And later still, when past his prime,
He's run his round of pleasure,
And learned, like Israel's mornful king,
The worth of things to measure.
"What shadows I have chased," he cries—
And sighs with heart forlorner—
"Vexation, vanity and shame,
I spy you from the corner!"

Still faithful to the place he sits,
With wife and children round him,
And smokes the "calumet of peace,"
When troubles would confound him;
Takes fortune kindly if she comes,
If absent does not mourn her;
So topple kingdoms if you will—
He's quiet in the corner!

A Narrative.

[From the Westminster Review.]

LIONS AND LION HUNTING.

1. *La Tueur de Lions.* Par Jules Gerard. Paris: 1855. 1. *La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasse de l'Algerie.*—

Par Jules Gerard. Paris: 1854.

We know very little about lions, considering our centuries of observation, and the abundant examples on which that observation has been exercised; and the reason is that we have known the lion only in captivity, under very deceptive circumstances. Even travelers and naturalists, perfectly aware of the fact that he belongs to the feline race, describe him as if the broad daylight, and not the stormy midnight were his element; and because sometimes a traveler has found himself in daylight face to face with a half-sleepy lion moving from his couch on account of the flies in the sun, and because this lion, in a state of beatific digestion, (having the night before devoured an ox,) does not smite the traveller to the earth, the idea of his magnanimity and generosity have become circulated, or because in this state it generally declines combat, especially if fired at, the idea of his cowardice has also gained acceptance. Had naturalists studied this majestic animal in the mountain gorges from twilight until dawn, had they watched him coming to drink at the stream, or in the forests when the moon has risen, or dashing among the tents when beef will not satisfy his epicurean taste eager for man flesh,—in a word, had they watched him, as Gerard has, rifle in hand, lonely, with the intense eagerness of a hunter whose life depends upon his minutest observation being accurate, we should have another conception of the lion from that to be derived by a study of books or inspection of menageries. Jules Gerard, whom the French with just pride surname "Le Tueur de Lions," has given in two works placed at the head of this paper, the result of his observations, and the recital of his encounterers: works of fascinating interest, from which we propose to condense a few details.

Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, Madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, that the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then couches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a fawny lion with full grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree, the lion stopped on his path and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distinct growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree.—This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness rose as if to go towards him. But her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The two crouched and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of Milady; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions.

Our lion then is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence; when she stops he stops. On arriving at a *douar* (the collection of tents—what we call a "village") for their supper, she lies down while he leaps into the enclosure, and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one shall disturb her; and not until her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. When she feels that she is about to be a mother, i. e., towards the end of December, they seek an isolated ravine, and there, without the aid of chloroform or Dr. Locock, she presents her lord with one, two, and sometimes three puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader has ever seen and handled a puppy lion, he will understand the idolatry of mother and father. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton carefully skinned. The father whose habitual demeanor is grave, becomes fatigued by the frivolous sports of his children, and for the sake of tranquility removes his lodging to a distance, within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where the father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany father and mother on all noctural expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward that they usually wound ten for one they kill; it is not till they are two years old that they can kill a horse or a bull with one bite. While their education is thus in progress, they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but kills that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches maturity, and lives to thirty or forty. When adult he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect and disposition, from the lions to be seen in menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast, bread like rabbits, deprived of the fresh mountain air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gerard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment, to which he belonged, was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gerard had killed.

It is quite clear, on comparing the works of Gerard and Gordon Cumming, that the lion of nothern Africa is a far more formidable enemy than the lion of southern Africa. Not only does Cumming seem to have triumphed without difficulty, but he had to combat lions who ran away from dogs, and generally avoided coming to blows with him. This is quite contrary to Gerard's experience. The lion of Northern Africa is but too ready to attack; hungry or not, the sight of an enemy rouses his fury at once; and as to cowardice, Gerard's narrative leaves no room for such a suspicion. Indeed, the lion, so far from running away from the hunter, attacks whole tribe of armed Arabs, often scattering them to the winds. No Arab thinks of attacking a lion unless supported by at least twenty muskets; and even then, if the lion is killed, it is not until he has committed serious damage in their ranks. For a long while they suffer him to devastate their *douars*, and carry off their cattle in helpless resignation. It is not until their losses have driven them to desperation, that they resolve on attacking him in his lair, and then they always choose the daytime.—Having ascertained his lair, and having decided in full conclave that the attack is to be made, they assemble at the foot of the mountain, and in groups of thirty or forty march towards the lair, shouting at the top of their lungs. On hearing the noise, the lion if young, at once quits his lair; the lioness does the same, unless she have her infants with her. But, as he does not fly, he is soon in sight, and a discharge of musketry brings him down upon them like a thunderbolt.

If the lion is adult he knows the meaning of this noise which wakes him, and he rises slowly, yawning and stretching his limbs, rubbing his sides against the tree, and sinking back his majestic mane. He listens; and the approaching cries cause him to sharpen his claws, with certain premonitory growls. He then stalks slowly towards the first ledge of rock which commands the country, and espying his enemies from this height, he crouches and awaits. The Arab who first sees him, cries, "There he is!" and deathlike stillness succeeds. They pause to contemplate him, and to look well to their arms, while the lion towly licks his paws and mane, thus making his *toilette de combat*. After a long pause, an Arab advances in front of the group, and in a tone of defiance, shouts "Thou knowest us not, then, that thus thou liest before us! Rise and fly; for we belong to such a tribe and I am Abdallah!" The lion, who has before this eaten more than one warrior who apostrophized him in precisely the same terms, continues passing his enormous paws over his face to beautify himself; and makes no reply to the challenge nor to the second challenge, nor to the epithets of "Jew!"—"Christian!"—"Infidel!" liberally bestowed on him, until the voices swell in a chorus, which makes him impatient. He then rises, lashes his sides with his tail and marches straight towards his insulters. The timid are already in flight; the brave remain and wait his attack—muskets ready, hearts beating. He is beyond their reach, and walks leisurely towards them. They now begin to retreat slowly, in order, their faces turned to him, until they rejoin the horsemen waiting at the foot of the mountain, who immediately commence galloping about, brandishing their muskets and yatagans, and shouting defiance. The lion, on seeing the horsemen on the plain, pauses to reconnoitre. No cries or insults move him. Nothing but powder will do that. It is heard at last, and then he changes his leisure march for a charge which scatters the little army.

No one is ashamed of flying now; each tries to secure a favorable position from which to fire as the lion passes. The horsemen then advance. If, as is usual, the lion has clutched one of the retreating troop, it is only necessary for a horseman to approach within reasonable distance and discharge his gun; the lion at once quits his victim to charge his assailant. After a while, the lion, wounded and tired, crouches like a cat and awaits his end. This is a terrible moment. He is fired at and receives all their balls without moving; but should a horse gallop near enough to be reached in two or three bounds, either the rider or the horse is doomed, for the lion is upon him in an instant, and never quits his hold. It will astonish European hunters to hear that thirty balls, at a distance of twenty paces, are not always enough to kill the lion; it is only when the heart or brain is touched that death is certain; and the nearer he is to death the more dangerous he is. During the fight, but before he is wounded, if he clutches a man, he is satisfied with knocking him down; and the man, probably protected by his burnous, gets off with a mere flesh wound from the terrible tallons. But after the lion has been wounded, he tears his victim, mangles him in his jaws, till he sees other men upon to spring and when mortally wounded, his rage is something awful. He crushes his victim under him, and crouches over him, as if rejoicing in his agony. While his talons slowly tear the flesh of the unhappy wretch, his flaming eyes are fixed on the eyes of his victim, who fascinated by them is unable to cry for help or even to groan. From time to time the lion passes his large rough tongue over the face of his enemy, curls his lip, and shows all his teeth. Meanwhile the relatives of the unhappy man appeal to the most courageous of the troop, and they advance, guns cocked, towards the lion, who sees them coming, but never moves. Fearing lest their balls should miss the lion and hit the man, they are forced to approach so close, that they can place the musket in the ear of the lion. This is a critical moment. If the lion has any force left him, he kills the man lying beneath him, and bounds on the one who has come to the rescue; and as he lies motionless on the body of his victim it is impossible to know whether he will bound or not. In case his strength is too much wasted, the lion crushes the head of the man beneath him the moment he sees the musket approach his ear, and then closing his eyes, awaits death.

Such is the lion of Northern Africa, and the terror he inspires in the brave Arabs who know his power is intelligible. Before quitting our descriptive notices, we must call upon Gerard for an account of the lion's roar, as he first heard it while awaiting in a hiding place the approach of the king of beasts. After waiting for an hour, the first grumblings reached his ear as if the lion were talking to himself, and these grow louder and louder till the very roof of the hiding-place trembles at the sound The roarings are not very frequent; sometimes a quarter of an hour or more elapses between each. They begin with a sort of sigh, deep and guttural, yet so prolonged that it must have cost no effort; this sigh is succeeded by a silence of a few seconds, and then comes a growl from the chest, which seems to issue through closed lips and swollen cheeks. The growl, beginning in a very bass note, gradually rises higher and louder, till the roar bursts forth in all its grandeur and finishes as it commenced. After five or six roars he finishes with the same number of low, hoarse cries, which seem as if he was trying to expel something sticking in his throat, that last being very prolonged. Nothing in Gerard's remembrance presented, a fitting point of comparison with this terrible roar of the lion. The bellowing of a bull is no more like it than a pistol shot is like the sound of a thirty-two-pounder. Imagine what terror such a roar would inspire, heard in the lonely mountain passes under the silent stars. On this occasion the lion roared for two hours without quitting his place, and then descended into the valley to drink; a long silence followed, and then he began again more vigorously than ever. Soon after, Gerard saw the fires blazing in the distance, and heard the men, women and dogs yelling as if possessed with devils; for one instant a roar covered all this tumult like a thunderclap; and then the lion seemed to continue his route quite tranquilly, not in the least disturbed by all this noise, which only seemed like triumphant music accompanying the powerful monarch on his march. He probably knew the terror his presence inspired; at any rate he knew no terror at the presence of Arabs.

We have no space to tell Gerard's own story here. The lions are our subject, and to them must be given all our attention. The curious reader is referred to the two books named at the commencement of this article for further information.

Gerard describes at great length the death of his first lion; but although he learned several useful details by which he afterwards profitted, the campaign, was not one which can be abridged here with interest. His second lion was nearly the victor. He had tied up the dogs in the tents in order to preserve silence. Saadi-bou-Nar, his companion, slept behind him on the ground, while we, rifle in hand, awaited the appearance of his enemy. Suddenly the sky, which had been brilliant, was overclouded; the moon disappeared; the thunder began to mutter in the distance, like a distant lion; large drops of rain falling on the Arab, awakened him, and made him urge Gerard to retire within the tents. At this moment the Arab shouted, "Be on your guard; the lion will come when the storm is at its heighth." Protecting his rifle with the burnous, Gerard waited, smiling to observe the heroic resignation with which Saadi-bou-Nar draped himself in his bournous. The rain, like all storm rain, rapidly subsided.—The sky was once more lighted by the brilliant moonbeams occasionally piercing through interspaces of cloud; at the horizon a few flashes of lightning were seen. Gerard grateful for the titful light, peered anxiously into space, and in one of the sudden flashes, there stood the lion, motionless, only a few paces from the enclosure of the *douar*. Accustomed to find fires lighted, dogs howling in terror, woman frantic, and men throwing lighted brands at his head, the lion was perhaps meditating on the meaning of this silence and calm.

Turning carefully, so as to take deliberate aim without the lion's perceiving him, Gerard felt his heart beat as the last cloud passed over the moon. He was seated with the left elbow on his knee, the rifle at his shoulder, looking alternately at the lion, which presented only a confused mass to his eye, and the cloud that traveled slowly over the moon.—At last his heart leaped—the moon shone in all her splendor. Never was sunlight more prized. There stood the lion, motionless as before; a magnificent creature, superbly majestic, with his head aloft, his main tossed by the wind, and falling to the knee. It was a black lion of the grandest species. His side was turned towards his enemy. Aiming just underneath the shoulder, Gerard fired, and, at the same time that the explosion was reechoed by the mountains, rose the roar of rage and pain, and through the smoke the lion bounded on his assailant. It was an awful moment. The lion was within three paces; there was no time to aim; the second barrel was fired at hazard, and struck him in the breast; he rolled expiring at the hunter's feet. "At first," says Gerard, "I could not believe that the animal I had just seen bounding upon me in fury, and rending her air with his cries, was the monstrous inert mass lying at my feet. On looking for my balls, I found the first, which had not been mortal, placed exactly where I had aimed it; and the second fired almost at random, had been the one which proved fatal. From this moment I learned that it is not sufficient to aim accurately to kill a lion; and I began to see that lion hunting was far more serious than I had imagined."

The terror inspired by the lion is vividly depicted in the narrative of events succeeding this encounter. Although the Arabs heard the firing they would not approach, lest the lion should still be living; for more than half an hour they remained within their tents, after which three of the bravest came out of the enclosure, bringing the jug of water Gerard had demanded; the leader came cautiously, looking round him every moment, his gun ready to fire; the second, bearing the water, came after, holding by the burnous of the leader, and pausing when he paused; finally, the third held in one hand the burnous of the second, and brandished a yatagan with formidable vigor, In this order they came up to the lion; on seeing him they halted, and would not approach till Saadi bo u-Nar struck his corpse with his hand to re-assure them. And these were men who in battle field would fight like lions! Five minutes afterwards, men, women, and children rushed out to see their vanquished foe, whom they apostrophized in eloquent insults. As the morning broke, hundreds of Arabs came from all sides; but even in presence of their dead enemy their terror was not quite allayed; they kept within ten paces of his corpse, the women standing behind timid and curious.

Gerard soon found that bullets were but an uncertain resource against an animal whose frontal bone sufficed to flatten one fired at no greater distance than five paces, and who, when mortally wounded, had still strength and ferocity enough to despatch half a dozen armed men. He therefore exchanged bullets for ingots of iron, and even with these he ran a terrible risk, as we see from his first employment of them. At midnight, under the light of a full moon, he met a young lion, a mere puppy of two years old, who, on seeing him, lay down across the path and did not move, even when Gerard was within fifteen paces. Believing this to be the animal's tactics, he thought better not to advance nearer; kneeling on the ground, he fired, aiming just beneath the shoulder How it happened he knew not, so sudden was the onslaught, but before he could see anything he was knocked down, and his hand touched the leg of the animal standing over him. "Lucky for me I wore my thick turban, which he tore with his teeth; slipping from him and leaving him my burnous, I blew out the brains of this foolish youngster while he was spending his wrath upon my clothes. My first Ingot had passed right through his body, below the shoulder; the second entering at his left ear came out at the right." Europeans imagine it a very simple thing to vanquish the lion; "you have only to be a good shot and to be perfectly cool." To be a good shot is not rare; but you have to meet such an antagonist, to await him, perhaps not to see him until he is about to attack, and then to know that your first ball, however well aimed, will only wound him, the "coolness" so lightly spoken of will be a very rare quality. However adroit your first aim, you have little time for your second the first shot hits him while he is motionless, the second must be fired as he bounds upon you. Gerard soon learned this, and he says with *naivete*, perfectly French, that he always commenced the struggle with mingled doubt and confidence; doubt in the effects of his shots, confidence in the "protection divine *qu'accorde a sa creature l'Etre supreme*"—as if the poor lion were equally "sa creature!" That, however, is a thought never entering the minds of the hunter or Arab. We were amused at the lamentations and imprecations of a disconsolate woman, whose lamb had been eaten by a lion; she spoke with bitterness of the "heartless wretch" who had eaten a lamb, which she herself would have eaten had not the lion anticipated her!

Such being the terror and hatred inspired by the lion, we can understand the frantic demonstrations of joy over the corpse. They triumph over their dead foe, insult him, call him assassin," "thief," "son of a Jew," "Christian," "pagan;" pluck his beard in scorn, and kick him contemptuously. It is a relief to their hatred,—the reaction of terror. In reading this we are naturally reminded of that scene in Homer, where the Greeks crowd round the dead body of Hector, marvelling at his great stature, and each inflicting a wound on his terrible corpse.

And we think translators and commentators fall into a blunder when they translate and understand the phrase applied to Achilles meditating the vengeance of drapping Hector round the walls, as if Homer by it meant to stigmatize Achilles. The phrase does not mean "he meditated *unworthy* deeds" but "he meditated *unheard* of deeds." Things which are unusual, are often unseemly, unworthy, but not necessarily so. Homer evidently did not think the vengeance unworthy nor did the Greeks. They felt towards the dead Hector as the Arabs felt towards the dead lion.

Very picturesque is the scene of triumph. The fires are lighted in the forest; moving amidst the snow and trees are groups of men and women, looking by the firelight, like phantoms, in their white burnooses, as they distribute the pieces of lion-flesh roasted on a brasier big enough for an elephant. The women chatter on their universal theme; the men talk of powder, bloodshed, and lions; Abdallah, the singer, yells improvised couplets, while a flute-player charms the savage ear. They have insulted the lion, and now they eat him!

If the reader has ever had the pleasure of playing with a puppy lion he will comprehend the fascination of such a favorite in the Arab tents. The delight created by such a playfellow is not simply the delight which any fat joyous puppy, gracefully ungraceful, and sublimely careless, will excite in all well constituted minds, it is that, and with it the feeling of all the ferocity, power, and grandeur, which lie nascent in this innocent child. This feeling will of course be intensified by the terror felt for the grown lion; and as that terror is very great among the Arabs, we can imagine the interest Gerard excited by bringing into their tents a lioness of about a month old, no larger than an Angora cat, and a lion about a third larger. The young lady had all the timidity of her sex, slunk away from every one, and answered ceresses with blows of her little paws; her brother, whom they christened Hubert, had more manly *aplomb*. He was quiet, looking with some astonishment at all that passed, but without any savageness.—The women idolized him and were never tired of caressing him. A goat was brought to be his nurse. At first he took no notice of her but no sooner had a few drops of milk moistened his lips, than he fastened upon her with leonine ardor. The goat had of course to be held down—she by no means fancied her illustrious foster-son. But although the lioness had seen her brother take his meals in this way, she could not be seduced to follow his example She was never quiet or happy except when in concealment. Hubert passed the night under Gerard's burnous, as tranquilly as if with his mother; and indeed throughout his career, Hubert showed a sociability which speaks well of him. His sister died the death of many children—teething was fatal to her! Nay, Gerard assures us that teething is a very critical affair with young lionesses, and often carries them off, there being no kindly surgeon to lance their little gums. Hubert was taken to the camp, where of course, he became the idol of the regiment always present at parade, and gamboling with the men during the idle hours. As he grew up his exploits became somewhat questionable. He had early strangled his nurse, the goat He then showed a propensity for sheep, donkeys and Bedouins, which made it necessary for him to be chained up, and finally having killed a horse, and dangerously wounded two men (owing to some difference of sentiment), he was caged. Gerard of course continued to pet him. Every night he opened the cage. Hubert sprang out joyously, and began playing with him at hide-and-seek; embracing him with an ardor, which was more affectionate than agreeable. "One night, in high spirits, he embraced me so fervently, that I should have been strangled had they not beat him away with their sabre-sheaths. That was the last time I cared to play hide-and-seek with him But I must do him the justice to say, that in all our struggles he scrupulously avoided using his teeth or talons; he was the same to all he liked, and to whom he was really very affectionate and gentle."

Hubert was sent to Paris, and placed in the Jardin des Plantes, where some time afterwards Gerard went to see him. He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all the visiters when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face and agitation of his tail showed that the eight of the well-known uniform had roused him. He recognised the uniform, but had not yet identified his old master. His eyes eagerly interrogated this vaguely remembered form. Gerard approached, and, unable to resist his emotion, thrust his hand into the cage. It was a teaching moment which followed; without taking his eyes from Gerard, he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply; with every breath his eye became more affectionate, and when Gerard said to him, "Well, Hubert, my old soldier!" he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prisons which trembled beneath his weight.—"My friends alarmed, sprang back, and called on me to do the same. Noble beast thou art terrible, even in thy love! He stood up, pressed against the bars, striving to break through the obstacle which separated us. He was magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gentle to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in frightful expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and caresses on their retreating It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to reassure him that he would see me again and each time that I moved out of sight he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries." Poor Hubert this visit, and the long *tete-a-tetes* of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injurious on the whole. He drooped, and the keeper attributed it to these visits, which perhaps made him languish for the camp and his old days of liberty. He died, leaving Gerard firmly resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more; death in the forest, by a rifle, being infinitely preferrable to a pulmonary disease bread in a prison.

Has the lion a power of fascination? The Arabs all declare he has, and both men and beasts are forced to follow him when once he exercises that power over them. The royal aspect and the piercing splendor of his tawny eye, together with all those associations of terror which his presence calls up, may suffice to paralyze, and fascinate an unhappy victim; although Gerard says, for his part, he never felt the slightest inclination to follow and exclaim—

"Oui, de ta suite, o roi, de ta suite, j'en suis."

For our own part, we can believe in any amount of fascination. We were once embraced by an affectionate young lioness, who put her paws lovingly around our neck, and would have kissed our cheeks, had not that symptom of a boldness more than maidenly been at once by us virtuously repressed. The fascination of this tawny maiden, by whose embrace we were haunted for a fortnight, was equalled by the humiliation we felt on another occasion in the presence of the forest king. All visitors to the Zoological know and admire the noble lion who occupies the last den; and most visitors have seen his wrath when the keeper approaches the den before the bone he is knawing is thoroughly clean. The sight of his wrath and the sound of his growl greatly interested us, and the keeper not being at hand to excite them, we one day got over the railing opposite his den, and began dancing and hissing before him, in a wild and, as we imagined, formidable manner.—Instead of flashing out in wrath and thunder, the lion turned his eye upon us, and in utter contempt continued licking his legs of beef, perfectly untroubled by our hissing, probably asking himself the meaning of those incomprehensible gesticulations. We felt small. He evidently did not think us worth even a growl; and we were forced to get back over the railing, utterly discomfited by the quiet dignity of his majesty.

However, on this subject of fascination, let us hear the story which Gerard heard from the Arabs. Some years ago, Seghir, the hero of this adventure, was denied the hand of his mistress, from no worse crime than impecuniosity, which has cut many a true love knot, and he thought it simpler to elope with his beloved. He, did so; but his path was dangerous, and he armed himself to the teeth. In his path he suddenly espied a lion walking straight toward them. The girl shrieked so fearfully that she was heard from the tents, and several men rushed out to the rescue When they arrived, they saw the lion walking a few paces in front of Seghir, on whom his eyes were constantly fixed, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl in vain tried to make her lover cease to follow the lion, in vain tried to separate herself from him. He held her tight and drew her with him, saying, "Come, O my beloved, our Signeur commands us; come." "Why don't you use your arms?" she cried. "Arms? I have none," replied the fascinated victim. "Seigneur, believes her not; she lies; if I am armed; I will follow you wherever you will." At this moment eight or ten Arabs came up and fired. As the lion did not fall, they took to their heels. With one bound the lion crushed Seghir to the earth, and taking his head within his enormous jaws, crunched it; after which he lay down by the side of the young girl, placing his paws upon her knees.

The Arabs now, finding that they were not pursued, took courage, reloaded and returned. At the moment their guns were pointed he sprang into the midst of them, seized one with his jaws, and 2 with his claws, dragging them thus together, so that the three formed as it were, but one mass of flesh; he pressed them under him, and mangled them as he had mangled Seghir. Those who had escaped ran back to their tents to relate what they witnessed. None dared return; the lion carried of the girl into the forest. On the morrow the bodies of the four men were found. That of the girl was looked for, but they only found her hair, her feet, her clothes. Her ravisher had eaten the rest.

We have said that Gerard declares never to have felt the fascinating power of the lion in his own person, but in one of his adventures he testifies to the fact as regards a bull, whom the lion caused to walk slowly before him to the spot where it should please his majesty to devour him. The lion on seeing Gerard approach, stopped; the bull, ten paces in advance stopped at the same time. Who will explain this; We dare not attempt it; the more so as our limits are already touched.

On the Winter Management of Fowls.

The great art in the management of hens in order to render them profitable, is to cause them to lay in winter, as it is the season in which eggs are scarce and high. If a person keeps a flock of hens in order to supply his family with eggs, or for the purpose of selling the eggs in market, he must manage so that they will lay in winter, else they will not generally pay their expenses. For in the first case, he will be under the necessity of buying eggs when they are very dear, and if he produces eggs for the market, he has them only when everybody's hens lay, and he must sell them at low rate.

To cause hen's to lay in winter, furnish them with a warm, dry shelter, in a warm location, when they can be free from cold winds and enjoy a good share of sunshine. The hen house should be kept clean, and all filth from the remains of food should be carefully removed. There should be a good supply of gravel which ought to be renewed occasionally, or dug over so as to furnish a fresh lot often.

Hens should have a constant supply of pure water, and pure, wholesome food. They are fond of corn, wheat, oats, buckwheat, rye, rice millet, boiled potatoes, and various other kinds of foods. Generally, the cheapest grain may be used as their principal food; but it is better to supply them with various kinds.—They are very fond of corn, and they flourish well with this as their main food. Boiled potatoes, mashed up, while hot with meal of almost any kind of grain, or with wheat, bran or shorts, and given warm, are an excellent food in cold weather, and greatly promotes laying.

Changes in food are advantageous. Hens prefer variety, as well as non feathered bipeds.

In winter and summer, when confined to small yards, hens should have a small supply of animal food. Refuse meat or fish may be given cooked or raw. Scraps are often obtained for this purpose, from the tallow dealers; but this is not so acceptable, to hens as fresh meat or fish, which may be obtained at a cheap rate or gratis, from the fish market or butcher. Fresh, unburnt bones, pounded or chopped fine, are excellent, as they supply both animal food and lime.

Kiss or Fight.—An exchange tells a story of a country party thus: A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except Mrs. B., the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however, for, suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once received marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it. Here's every gal in this room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B—— was slighted during the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

Importance of a Witness.—A Cincinnati paper tells a pretty good story of a Frenchman and a jealous spouse at one of the hotels of that city. The lady indulged herself continually, as soon as closeted with her mispronouncing husband, in hysterical upbraidings for his imaginary delinquencies in ogling the ladies at table, and at last things grew so bad that the following document transpired. The lady led off, as usual, with much emphasis.

Monsieur, however, had reached the culminating point of human endurance, and he retorted in a vehement roulade of broken English, interlarded with French expletives, until the fair one seized his case of razors, in an apparently desperate determination to commit suicide.

Seizing her arm with one hand, he pulled the bell rope violently with the other, a summons which was speedily answerded, for the waiters, whose organs of inquisitiveness are usually well developed, had been anxiously listening outside of the door to what was going on within. As soon, however, as one entered the chamber, our gallant Frenchman relinquished his hold of the lady's arm.

"Ah, ah! Madame," hissed he between his teeth, "you shall cut your throat, ah? *très bien*, ver goot, now you cut your throat so quick as you like. *Mais* I have one little witness as you cut him yourself. Ah, ah, *ma chere, sacre* if you want cut your throat, cut him right way."

Very Laughable.—At a church of "color," about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening, the minister, noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice "Git down off dem seats, both white man and color, I care no more for one man dan I does de odder." Imagine