

SPORTING IN AFRICA.

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It is not, however, without an alarming sense of inability that we presume to deal with the adventures of Rousley Gordon Cumming, prince of hunters, conqueror and autocrat of all the beasts. We are conscious of our great audacity in venturing even to quote the achievements of a hero, now for the first time in his life weeping because there are no more animals to vanquish, and desolate because the megalomania was disposed of before he took shooting. What can the feeble quill say of a gentleman who quitted Great Britain that he might take part in a war against savages, and bade adieu to civilization and the Cross, because warring with more men yielded no relief to his splendid and bloody ambition? With what spirit shall we address ourselves to the labors of a fellow Christian who seriously informs us, that "the sweetest and most natural sounds" he ever heard, were the howlings of a whole troop of hungry lions, to which he listened in the depths of a forest at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and unencumbered with 20 yards of the fountain which the said lions were awfully approaching; that it was "a joyful moment" to him when, on another occasion, he found himself face to face with a maddened lioness, and he "at once made up his mind that he would die" - the lioness being twenty to one at the moment in favor of the brute? How can we assimilate our notions of things in general with those of an individual who gravely assures us that "lion hunting may be followed to a certain extent with comparative safety," and that nothing more is required of "him who would achieve in the overpoweredly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts," than a tolerable knowledge of the rifle, and acquaintance with the disposition and manner of lions (3), perfect calmness and self-possession (7), and a reckless disregard of death (15)? To speak the plain truth, Mr. Rousley Gordon Cumming's ideas of enjoyment are so very peculiar, and the coolness with which he talks of things unpleasant is an absolutely frightful, that a flesh and blood reviewer is about as much at home with him as the adventurous editor of a weekly newspaper found himself the other day deciding with blood-groans on either side of him, between the respective merits of the amiable Tipton Slasher and the not less redoubtable Blandico.

There are no more proud to acknowledge our utter incapacity in the presence of a personage who cannot close his eyes' nights for the intense amusement he derives from a mad chorus of leopards, elephants, and hyenas, all screaming within a few yards of his dormitory, who mourns for a gun that bursts in his hands "as David mourned for Abimelech," who "takes coffee" and then "rides for a leopard," who closes a chapter of his journal and tumbles into his hole with a memorandum, that "lions roar about the camp all the evening," jotted down in the camp of an elderly gentleman closing his diary with the uprearing remark, "these moments 52 in the shade," who discovers to his horror the corpse of a faithful follower half eaten up by a lion, and endeavors "to divert his mind" by starting at once "in quest of elephants," who takes to cross-bow shooting as a recreation after sterner sports as a man inclines to a rubber after chess, who "ends a grain lion's career with a single ball behind the shoulder, cutting the main arteries close to the heart," and then affecting "plucks a look of hair" from the beloved one's mane, that he may wear it close to his bosom in everlasting and tender remembrance; who struggling with a hippopotamus in the water, expresses "his great astonishment," as he might have done, had he been struggling with a new-born babe, that "he could not guide the monster in the slightest; but she continued to splash and plunge and blow and make her circular course, carrying him along with her as if he were a fly on her tail," who "could not die happily" until he had slaughtered an elephant, and who positively describes as "pleasant work" an encounter with one of the giants of the forest, in the course of which the mighty beast received "45 balls, all about and behind his shoulders," and receiving them was vain to reduce his furious pace to a very slow walk, for "blood flowed from his trunk and all his wounds, leaving the ground behind him a mass of gore; his frame shuddered violently, his mouth opened and shut, his lips quivered, his eyes were filled with tears," who chases rhinoceros as boys run after butterflies, and who cannot for the life of him conceive that "the coward exists not prepared to die" any moment for a lovely and glorious land uninhabited by any

On the 18th I felt extremely weak and nervous from the fever and the quantity of blood which had lost, inasmuch that I started at my own shadow, and several times sprang to one side when the leaves rustled in the bushes. I walked along the bank of the river with my gun loaded with small shot, intending to shoot a partridge for my breakfast. Presently I came upon the fresh trail of bull elephants, and at the same moment my people at the wagons saw two old bulls within two hundred yards of them; and the wind being favorable they walked unsuspectingly. After a very short chase I succeeded in killing both.

There are drawbacks to all pulmonary enjoyments—even to a hunter's life in the far interior. "It often happened," quietly writes Mr. Cumming, "when I had laid down for the night with no other roof above me than the vaulted canopy of heaven, that my placid slumbers were rudely disturbed by rain falling like a waterfall on my face. Such events as these were extremely disagreeable."—We intrude the reader's attention to the profound humility of the words, extremely disagreeable, more especially when it came down so heavily as to preclude the possibility of maintaining our usual watchfulness. In weather like this the prowling tyrant of the forest is ever more active in his search for prey, and our ears were occasionally greeted with the deep-toned voice of troops of lions, as attracted by the smell of our beef they prowled

It was a large specimen of the black variety of the puff adder, one of the most poisonous serpents of Africa, death ensuing within an hour after its bite. Serpents have no chance at any time with the hero of Akyre. His encounter with a boa shows what may be done in a case of extremity. One day, following the track of one of his monsters, he suddenly detected an enormous old rock snake stealing in beneath a mass of rock beside him. This would not do at all. The hunter was desirous to preserve the skin, and in the reptile to sneak away in so uncivil and inhospitable a fashion was a breach of good manners not to be forgiven. To shoot the boa would have been to spoil the cuticle. Our hunter proceeded with more discretion. He cut a tough stick about eight feet long, lightened himself of his shooting belt, and then went to work. Our readers will appreciate the delicacy with which we request Mr. Cumming to finish the story in his own words: "Seizing him by the tail (3) so runs the account—

"I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I had no in vain; he only drew his large folds framer together; I could not move him. At length I got a strip of hide round one of his folds, about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy (his attendant) and I commenced hauling away in good earnest."

Can it be possible that Mr. Cumming regards it as a special providence and a reward of merit that he was permitted "to leave the red deer, which he loved to follow in his native land," in order to enjoy recreation such as this? Altogether "a night w Cumming" must have been about as dismal a pastime as the mere pleasure-seeker can conceive. Shortly after the hunter had taken to his al fresco couch on the 12th of March, he states that—"Two porcupines came grunting up to him, and stood within six feet of him—he lay. About midnight," he proceeds, "an old white bear came and stood within 10 yards of me, but I was too lazy to fire at him. All night I heard some creature moving in the cracked earth beneath my pillow, but, believing it to be a mouse, I did not feel much concerned about the matter. I could not, however, divest myself of a painful feeling that it might be a snake." And, therefore, by way of forgetting the incident entirely, our admirable friend wrapped his blanket round his body and lulled himself to sleep. While taking his breakfast next morning, Mr. Cumming, who awoke much refreshed from invigorating slumbers, observed his men carrying a very large serpent. On approaching their master's bedding they had discovered the horrid reptile sunning itself on the edge of the blanket, until on perceiving that it glided in beneath it." All that Mr. Cumming has further to say on the subject, is to describe its character for the benefit of any comparative anatomist to whom the information may be interesting.

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There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered by his incantations that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He, therefore, proceeded along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But, alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river and lost to him forever. We think this story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts, that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

A LOVE-LETTER. We have been favored by a friend with the following choice bit of Cupidial Literature, which we publish for the benefit of all and singular of our readers who may be troubled with the Valentine mania just at this time. They may rest assured that it is a genuine document, and was actually "signed, sealed and delivered." What makes it more valuable is, that it is a leap-year performance—sent by the affectionate "Margarate" to her jocular, "Jacob."

Perhaps we should state, by way of explanation, that the "sweetest conversation" alluded to was of that kind to which the poet refers in the following verse: "They ask, are vows in silence made— Can true love trust a token? Oh, yes, I answer, much is said Which lips have never spoken."

In other words, it was a conversation carried on through the medium of the eyes, and consisted of melting looks and heart-touching sighs. "Margarate" and "Jacob" were at a corn-shelling; and the "tok-tok" was a red cob which "Margarate" threw at "Jacob," and which, of course, "Jacob" threw back again.

Well, here it is, verbatim et literatim—the names of the parties, only suppressed:— State of North Carolina—County ) 20th 18— } Sir, I received your letter dated the 22d of the present, for which give me much satisfaction to hear that you were well. I have the pleasure of stating to you the same Dear Sir— or the conversation betwixt us last is as agreeable to me now as it was then: the we are merry a miles a part for you are the only true love of my heart for if you have plust your affections on me I can on you for you are the only one that I have seen; for the love betwixt us has bin so freeer it makes all conversation sweete; for if you have plust your affections on me as I have on you; if we ware to unite our love I have no doubt but Joy it would be of love youites complete it makes it makes each one no his place, an I am shore that is the weigh to find happiness an Grace for my mind is settled on the conversation more than I ever thou it could be on any or as much; an of yours is, I hope to know it by this of you—Receive it for which I hope you will of you live—the we made. De before each one complies—ward of de I am in hopes we shall meete in a fortnite— > So you can use your pleasure & send me ward when you will come the 3— or 4th week in April will meete me best or any time after, so send me ward an not disappoint me of you please—So Nothing more at Present only yours until Death— MARGARATE.

Mr. Jacob— Comberlan County. My mother sees you neede not to think Nothing a bout your saying any thing to her for the worst is with her then Hotes being left by her self. Alwa you shall be wellcom to All the cake of you will tell an shu the other one the waighs—Now Tell sister Hilla if you please All the family connections is sweet of your please.

Six Jons Fawkes.—The British Admiralty have announced that if intelligence of Sir John Franklin or his ship, the Erebus and Terror, and of the officers and crews being alive, is not received by the 31st of March next, they will be considered as having died in her majesty's service.

WHAT ARE PRINTERS MADE OF? More than once we have had occasion to regard printers as strange and more than ordinary ones. An experience of some fifteen years with the craft has afforded innumerable opportunities to find them out, and study in a measure their "mystical literature." Printers are to a greater extent than any other class of Professional men, migratory. The printing office, of itself, being a luxury, incline, few on a side or labor long in it without getting somewhat enlightened upon the historic, scientific and general intelligence of the day, and about as soon as the apprentice gets into his freedom suit, or his head crammed with knowledge of the craft, his ambition tends to go out into the wide, wide world, and led the works of art and nature he has read, and enabled others to read about. Few seem bent on setting down to make a fortune, and the expense of a professional man, being a mere song, or rather a piece of bign rule, which serves as a sort of ballast to the brotherhood scattered over creation, a clean dicky, light heart, and equally hefted pocket book, the printer goes on his way of exploration and adventure. Posted up in "price currents," he can talk business with the merchant or planter; versed in general statistics of the nation, he can hold his own with your country politician; and for whom, if he takes a notion, he can set down in a flourishing settlement start a paper, replenish his purse and wardrobe, write and set up patriotic leaders and irresistible puff, which sends his patron to Congress, or the Legislature. He has long been accustomed to "table," "squibs," "poetic gems," "the ladies department," &c., and proves quite at home in conversational circles, where he can illuminate old ladies, the girls and children, equal to a pedagogue, Hood's works, Baron Munchausen or Robinson Crusoe.

He can talk horse or horned cattle, all over the fields of agriculture. He has had many calls in his time to attend, such as law reports, and wonderful cures, and hence, is something versed in law and physic. Having set up and proved astronomical tables, he knows something, also, about the starry heavens, waters and winds. And, indeed, not to be too prolix, the printer, if thorough one, is a man of science as well as art, and backed by his collegiate education, his views expanded by travel, and himself made practical by the vicissitudes of a miscellaneous and perambulating life, he is often a living wonder, and most always a whole history of human nature—under a hat.

for the mass; another graduated at West Point, served in the army, and accompanied Doniphan in his Zouave campaign all over New Mexico. What book he can write! Another has kept tavern, sold goods at auction, traveled over the United States several times, been well off and been broken—often. Two have been "on the Stage," a profession priores are mac" addicted to; for about half the actors on the American boards were printers. One, we believe, has preached sermons, and another has lectured to crowded houses. Another has served in Mexico with Gen. Scott. A sixth has been stump orator member of the Legislature "out West," and fought a duel, we believe. Three have practiced medicine, kept store, dealt in horses, cotton and negroes. Two have held municipal offices. Four or five have been officers and privates in various military companies. One served with Gen. Houston in the Texas Revolution, and one in the Canadian rebellion. Six or eight have edited and published newspapers in various parts of the United States. One has been first officer of a packet on the "ragin' canal." One was wounded—leg off—at the storming of Monterey. Another has clerked on a Mississippi steamer, was blown up and slightly killed. Some are or have been married; some are old bachelors. All have seen more or less of life, and its changeable scenes. They are all live men, good practical printers, speak various languages, and form a newspaper corps hard to surpass or equal.

The following beautiful lines, on the death of the Hon. R. M. Charlton, of Georgia, are so appropriate to the death of a distinguished man who has just fallen in our midst, that we copy them from one of our Southern exchanges: The earth is poorer than it was; A noble soul has passed away; The beam bright intellect has fled, The form remains to decay— Strange, that no voice—no eye can keep A mortal from Death's icy sleep! He shall return no more to judge, And wear the honors due below— How short, yet bright, his track! His footsteps made to lead; Cal' all in weakness's glorious prime, From all that we hold dear in time! He shall return no more to judge, And wear the honors due below— How short, yet bright, his track! His footsteps made to lead; Cal' all in weakness's glorious prime, From all that we hold dear in time! The dead—'t is for their sakes we sleep.

THE GLOOMY RELIGION.—It is a religion of gloom and melancholy, from which The Crosser seeks to turn men, and use of joy and brightness to which it wishes to bring them. The doctrines of Rome are more frightful than those of almost any pagan religion; for the victim is kept in constant fear of dying without a priest, and even if he has one, he has also the prospect of burning in the flames of purgatory for several ages at least. Rome treats even her favorites worse than the Gospel treats the worst of sinners who have truly repented for the Saviour promised the penitent thief. "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." The popish priests scarcely offer as much as this to one of their greatest saints, even after warring from him and his friends all the money they have to give. But the duty of a priest is not to give, but only to take purgatory, but of present penance, which are as various as the sea, which may consist of great fasts; and some of them are degrading to human nature—and the more so, because they are imposed by greater sinners than the sufferers themselves. On the contrary, in the noble and smothering kind of respectability required by the Gospel, and the justly, and sublime, and means of expressing it, we have "that repentance which is unto life, and needeth no sacrifice." The popish also lives in fear of the priests.— For in these resides the power of imposing upon him a long train of penances, and of keeping in purgatory himself and his deceased friends. O, what a base servility is that to which every Roman Catholic submits! He has renounced the heaven born rights of the soul,—judgment, opinion, free thought, belief, and action, has given up his Bible for the dictum of some low fore-ignorant, sometimes brutally ignorant and basely vicious; and what is left of him worthy of the character of a man?

The men and women who kneel to a post—stare, kiss his hand, blindly obey him, confess to him, and rely on his absolution, are more truly slaves than those on a plantation or in a chain-gang; for they are slaves in soul, and voluntarily so. And this we say emphatically of those who, in this country, disgrace themselves and the dignity of human nature by such servility. Come, then, to "the liberty with which Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again by the yoke of bondage!"

AVENUE.—The Journal of Commerce tells the following capital anecdote of Joe Smith, the Mormon: "Some persons visited him during his troubles in Illinois and the conversation turned upon self-defence. He was asked what the thought of the words of the Scripture, which required him who had been smitten on one cheek, to turn the other also. "A very remarkable passage," he answered, "spoken by Jesus himself, and strikingly illustrative of his thorough acquaintance with human nature.—A man may strike you at first under a mistake, or without intending any harm; and you ought not to strike back immediately, but turn the other cheek and give him an opportunity to explain, or if he be in earnest, to repeat the offence. However, you need not turn a third time, but if a man strikes you twice, then into him like a thousand of bricks."

Be Careful to Whom You Talk.—Two young ladies were once singing a duet in a concert room. A stranger, who had heard better performances, turned round to his neighbor, saying: "Does not the lady in white sing wretchedly?" "Erase me, sir," replied he, "I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments, being not impartial in the case; she is my sister."

TEMPERANCE IN MARYLAND.—The House of Delegates of Maryland on Saturday last passed a prohibitory "Liquor Bill," which, if it shall receive the sanction of the Senate, is to be submitted to a vote of the People of that State, at a special election to be held on the first Wednesday in November next. The bill, as it passed the House of Delegates, appears to be very stringent in its provisions. An Irish lady wrote to her lover begging him to send her some money. She added by way of a postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."