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The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Communication.

MR. EDITOR:—In one of your late issues there appeared a communication over the signature of "Pomonkey," relative to the action of a certain portion of the people of Nanjemoy district upon what is known as the "New Road Law," now in force in our county. To this article a reply has been made by some one bearing the soubriquet of "No. 3." To this, again, "Pomonkey" has published a rejoinder characterized by ease of expression and force of reasoning upon all the points he thought proper to discuss. There are several, however, in the communication of "No. 3" which he has not noticed, deeming them, doubtless, unworthy of serious refutation as indeed they are, considered within themselves, and only merit observation because of their probable effect upon the minds of those indisposed to weigh the force of their meaning. It is to answer these points that I thus arrogantly interfere in this matter. I hope, therefore, that he will pardon me for interposing in an affair which seems purely his own. I assure him I am actuated by no want of confidence in his ability to deal triumphantly with his adversary, and should not dare intrude a word had he not bade him a "final adieu." Even as it is, I feel that I am transgressing the rules of propriety and subjecting myself to a reasonable charge of rudeness in thus thrusting myself into a controversy uninvited or unchallenged. But I rest my vindication upon the ground that the question under discussion is exclusively a public one, upon which every man has an undoubted right to express an opinion. And I trust, Mr. Editor, that you may view the matter in the same light, waive ceremony and kindly give place to what I have to say.

And here, also, I make humble apology to "No. 3" for the unprovoked attack I shall make upon him, and if I indulge in some reflections upon his mode of argument and style of expression, I beg him to imagine that I speak by the fancied authority of an insulted law. I scarcely arraign him in his incognito, least of all, in his proper person, but merely as an opponent to what deeply concerns us all—the smooth and peaceful execution of popularly constituted law. Neither do I wish to be understood as the champion of "Pomonkey," but simply a defender of his faith. If, in the course of these remarks, I reiterate some of his allusions it will be because their strength enables them to bear repetition and because they are necessary to the thread of my argument. I must again express my misgivings as to the propriety of engaging in this controversy, under the circumstances, and again plead its public character in my justification. More especially do I hesitate to enter into a discussion with a correspondent such as "No. 3" has shown himself to be, and but for the importance of the question at issue and the probable consequences that hung thereon, I should not venture a word. Not that I know him, in his proper person, to be unworthy of respect or that I should not be free to accord it were his mask removed; but because he has already violated the proprieties of discourse by descending from the argument in point to the argument in person. When a disputant departs from the line of discussion and takes up the club of ridicule and personal disparagement he forfeits all claim to acknowledgement. But when he seizes that weapon and blunders in its use he wounds himself with the blow that he aims at others. A fearful effort has, indeed, been made at wit, ridicule and sarcasm, but it was the most delicious morsel of failure ever set before an intelligent reader. With this part of the argument, however, I have nothing to do, as it was not directed to me. I shall only notice it in defence of the law, which, through it, was sought to be degraded. There has been no lack of sound, but to what was it an echo? There was no lack of emphasis, but upon what was it exerted? There has been a wonderful effort at ease and freedom of expression, but at what a sacrifice of grace and dignity! The Indian word Pomonkey, by which a certain section of our county has long been known, has been twisted, and distorted, and corrupted into divers shapes and sounds that it might be made to furnish a modicum of wit. Vain attempt! The obstinate word remained as stern and unyielding as its aboriginal authors. It even retorted upon its persecutor, for, instead of wit, it sent forth a little murky stream of obscenity and slang with which it covered its tormenter, as the pricked and insulted elephant soiled the work of the waggish tailors. After all its barbarous and indecorous treatment Pomonkey is still an Indian name, barren of wit in the awkward untutored hands of "No. 3." Could the road law speak we might imagine it to pour forth its joyous glee over this failure somewhat in this strain: "O, ye shades of Swift, Rabelais, Jerrold, look down upon thy little imitator.

"And as thy nature urges, weep or smile,"

Weep, to behold thy literary tastes prostituted! Smile, to see how awkwardly thy literary manners have been aped. Yes, *aped*. "I thank thee, Jew, for that word."

And how lame and impotent is this species of composition applied to purposes of argument. Yet, notwithstanding its impotency, there is still within it deep significance. It betrays either the hollowness of a cause, a weakness of mind, or depravity of heart.—Not wishing to invest "No. 3" with either of the last-mentioned attributes, we must conclude that the insipidity of his production lies in his cause.

He who quits the path of logic to flounder about in the slough of personal detraction is either driven from the path by insulted reason or possesses an unconquerable passion for unclean things. Where reason is wanting epithet abounds; where defence is weak abuse is strong; where purity of language is unknown vulgarity takes its place. He who opposes his opinions to inciters of strife, to the inflamers of the passions and jealousies of men, must be prepared to encounter foul words and low detraction. They are cheap and gush spontaneously from the hearts and mouths of unlawful champions, from those turbulent and restless men whose chief delight and advantage seem to be found in breaking the peace of society and setting man against man. This is none the less true of those whose actions are circumscribed within narrow limits, than of those who crush the happiness of nations! None the less true of a few busy little men, incapable of grasping a more dignified and elevated subject than a little local road law, than of those wicked incendiaries who rouse State against State. It is none the less true of those engaged in *any* lawless action, the tendency of which is to array neighbor against neighbor, and friend against friend, than of the miserable tyrant, Nero, whose principle pastime consisted in plotting mob-riots in the streets of Rome.—Scurrility and misrepresentation are the only weapons of such. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that refined and intelligent readers should, in these times, frequently have their sense of propriety shocked by gross unseemly publications. If opinion can be sustained, let them, in the name of reason, be defended with decency as well as ability, and not be polluted by language which the very ink might blush to record.

After a rapid flow of disconnected and unintelligible stuff, the first intelligible sentence reached by "No. 3" is the unfounded assertion that "we are the victims of an onerous law," which he seems to think capable of proof from the fact that no other county in the State has such a one. This has already been noticed by "Pomonkey," but will admit of rehearsal and amplification. He defiantly asks why they have not such a law, and as defiantly answers because "neither the people nor their representatives, in any other county except St. Mary's, ever thought of making such a law." Doubly blessed people of those twenty other counties, of Maryland, whose minds are incapable of *thinking* oppression. Had the idea only entered their heads I presume they would have forthwith saddled themselves with an onus. Consequently they deserve no credit for doing justice to themselves. But, pray, why have they not thought of it? Not, surely, because they are barren of thought, as some people are of regard for law. Perhaps it is because they have no need to strain their invention to find relief from dangerous or impassable roads. They may be alive to the advantages of a good state of travel and with means, energy and labor, may provide it. But is their failure to adopt such a system a reason why we should not, or a proof that theirs is better than ours, or that ours is valueless and oppressive? Countries, like families, regulate their internal affairs as best suits them, each, perhaps, attaining its ends, though by different means. Because your neighbor sweeps his floor with a sedge broom are you to be denied the privilege of sweeping yours with a corn one?

But in what respect is this system an onerous one? Its burdens fall alike upon all.—If it oppresses one it oppresses all. If "No. 3" has just grounds of complaint so has No. 4, or any other number. *Why* is it oppressive? Gentle shepherd, tell me why. Its oppression consists in "involuntary servitude," is the cry. And, pray, who make it? Did none who shout it never claim this servitude? We, at least, take it for granted that such is the case. It proceeds, then, from the audacity of some who have all their lives, until forcibly prevented, been claiming and receiving this species of service, and whose throats are still hoarse from howls of denunciation against those who abolished it. It comes from the mouths of those who required it, not for the public good; not for the mutual aid and convenience of the whole community; not for the common interest of all, but for their own selfish advantage. Is it not strange that this barbaric mode of service should not have long ago been renounced by these latter-day saints? In what nook or corner of their hearts have they so long kept concealed their sacred regard for the rights of man? Turn, gentle reader, to the communication of "No. 3" and read his eloquently expressed faith in the "bright, unobstructed light emitted from the sun of truth and justice." See how proudly he boasts of its being "canopy enough for his protection." Then go with me, in imagination, to his silent chamber and listen to the mournful sobs as they burst from his stricken heart, which throbs in remorse over the olden time when he held the trembling slave in the chains of "involuntary servitude." Watch his tears fall thick and fast over the melancholy fact that while this "bright light" afforded such ample protection to his head, it failed to shed one single ray upon the hapless head of his unwilling slave as he toils under the whip of "involuntary servitude." Hear him perplex himself with the agonizing conundrum. Why that pure light, which has ever played its effulgent beams around my Caucasian *head*, should have so long refused to touch a sympathetic chord of my Caucasian heart, which beat with savage emotion while my unconsenting slave groaned beneath the burden of "involuntary servitude?"

Involuntary servitude, indeed! Away with this sickly sentimentality. We have all had enough of maudline philanthropy. The whole country has been undone by it, and millions are sick of its very name. I would not be understood, however, as dishonoring this great virtue. Properly directed, it is one of the purest and most generous emotions of the human heart. But when false objects are made to plead for its exertion, that in its sacred name unholy designs may be advanced, it loses its sacred character and becomes the meanest of principles. And thus it is with this cant about involuntary servitude. The opponents of this law, in assigning this as an argument against its justice, have adopted the cry of their and country's enemies, but how immeasurably do they fall short of the latter's reasoning. Compare this species of labor, abolished by the coherts of tyranny and robbery, with that now characterized as such by "No. 3" and his coadjutors. The one was a system of unbroken slavery, in which one class and their posterity were to be held in perpetual bondage by another class and their posterity, not for the performance of two days' labor yearly for the laborer's own good, nor for *ten years'* labor, nor for twenty years' labor, but slavery held them from the cradle to the grave. And the name by which this system was sometimes called has been audaciously applied to the equitable and general plan of service adopted for the repair of our roads. Two days' labor yearly to be performed by rich and poor alike, for the common benefit of all, or the payment of two dollars in lieu thereof, as parties may prefer, has been called by the same name heretofore borne by our old system of slavery. What is intended by this association of dissimilar things into the same name but the confounding of terms, that what is sought to be made odious may appear so by being linked with what has just been found to be so by these long-visaged converts? But it cannot succeed. It is the same old game that sophists and perverters have been playing these many years and can impose upon none but weak understandings. It is intended to serve as a mighty rallying-cry, just as the words rebel and traitors are now made to serve the wicked purposes of tyrants. But I have no objection to this term, as a point of argument, in the question under consideration. As applied to the labor now required upon the public roads it is a weak and harmless one and easy of disposal.

In the first place, let us inquire whether this labor can be properly denominated involuntary servitude. This naturally leads to the question how and by whom was it imposed. Was it imposed upon us by others without our consent? Was it imposed by an act passed by usurpers and fastened upon us against our remonstrances, or was it secured by virtue of a law granted by the legally elected and qualified representatives of the General Assembly of Maryland, in obedience to a numerous petition therefor? Was it declared a law after its final passage by this assembly, without regard to the will of the people; or was it submitted to them for acceptance or rejection? There is but one answer to these questions: Petitions were sent up to the Legislature praying for the law, the petitions were granted, the act was passed and placed before the people for approval. More than two months was given them for reflection and consultation, during which time the question was generally and actively discussed, when a majority of those who felt a sufficient interest in the matter to induce them to attend the polls, declared in favor of it.—Did not the people then impose it upon themselves? And was their action not voluntary? Who forced any to the precincts, or who restrained any from going? They clearly then imposed it upon *themselves*. And can any self-imposed act be called involuntary? This cannot be; from which it follows that the labor provided for by the act in question cannot be termed *involuntary* servitude. And so falls to the ground this point of his argument, upon which he lays so much stress as being best calculated to inflame opposition.

As though anticipating overthrow here he next hangs an objection upon another hook of illegality, as unstable, however, as the last. In support of this charge, three reasons are advanced: One point of its illegality is lodged in its submission to the people for ratification. Another point is found in the manner of its adoption, while the third is made to rest upon the broad foundation of the violation of the Constitution. "Pomonkey" bestowed a withering glance upon each of these points, but it will not be amiss to follow it up with a blow or two. I should say nothing further, however, upon them were it not necessary to the connection I am endeavoring to maintain. In examining the first point, we are at once struck with some of the most absurd positions ever taken. A man born and reared under a republican government, whose every power and privilege springs from the people, is heard to complain that a law is illegal because of its submission to the people for approval. After so much cant about volition and consent, complaint is raised against a law and it is declared illegal because the privilege of accepting or rejecting it was accorded the people. The question is asked, whether the Legislature can remit authority. What must be inferred from this, but that the Legislature alone had power to make the law, but that the same law became invalid by virtue of its submission to the people? Here, then, we have the astounding inconsistency of a man noisy for the overthrow of a law, as subversive of the rights of the people, because those very people had a final voice in its adoption. Can absurdity be balder than this? Who will deny that this double mode of passage made it the more binding? At least, who but those bereft of reason? The whole history of legislation cannot furnish an instance in which a more tender and considerate regard was shown for the will of the people than in the passage of this little act. Our correspondent seems startled at what he calls the "modern theory of calling out the people unadvised, untutored and unqualified to deal with the serious matters of legislation." If they were thus called out, it would indeed be a modern theory. But it is not true that they were called out unadvised. There was scarcely a man, if one, that was not well acquainted with the provisions of this act for weeks previous to its ratification. And is the qualification of the people to pass upon measures vitally interesting to them doubted? Has he forgotten, or does he not know that the Constitution of Maryland was established solely by the votes of the people to whom it was submitted for their decision? If then they are qualified to choose the government of a State, or decide upon the nature and character of a great organic law for the government of a State, are they not qualified to pass judgment upon a little road law for one of the smallest counties of the State? This surely must be admitted by all. The second point urged in proof of its illegality is, that a majority of the registered voters did not vote upon its ratification. It is intimated that this election should have been conducted upon parliamentary rules, upon the ground that the Legislature in remitting its authority remitted therewith its rules of government. I do not exactly understand what he means by remit. I presume he intended to say transfer. Taking him in that sense, which is certainly the one meant, I deny that any authority was transferred, or *remitted*, if you please. What is a transfer of power? It is clearly the giving of a right to another to do something which the bestower alone possessed the right to do. The Legislature possesses the right to frame and pass laws. Until the Legislature by a formal act bestows this right upon some other body it cannot be said to have transferred its authority. Did it confer this right upon the people Charles county? Did the people of Charles frame and pass the law in question? Not having done so by virtue of any such transfer, but having simply ratified one framed by the Legislature, the election by which its ratification was effected must be classed with other general elections, and was valid if but a hundred votes were cast.

Having thus proved that all the *forms* under which the passage of this act was effected were legal, nothing remains to be considered but the charge against its constitutionality. Upon this ground I forbear to meet him, though I think he has been successfully answered here by "Pomonkey."—The courts have not "remitted" to me their authority to pass judgment in this case. It is to them alone that the right belongs, for whether the Legislature has or has not the right to transfer its powers, it is certain that the courts have not. Neither has a citizen a right to resist a law upon the assumption of its unconstitutionality. Laws must be obeyed until they are declared to be null by competent authority, and not by a handful of arrogant pretenders. Whoever resists them is amenable to lawful tribunals. And in this category stands "No. 3." He slurringly calls for the orphans' court and bailiff for those who dare question the propriety of his cause; with how much more reason could the sheriff and criminal court be appealed to for his disposal.

But the feeblest cry of all is yet to be heard. As if in despair of finding a sufficient number of reasons and excuses for his conduct, he at last seizes upon another terrible catchword, somewhat similar to involuntary servitude, with which to rouse the democratic passions of his "victims." And pray what is the word? Why, nothing less than "one-man-power." And this he reaches, [illegible] some such lamentation as this: "If there is no involuntary vervitude, if there were no illegal forms attending the passage of this act, if there was no false election, if I am not to be allowed to take the law into my own hands, where shall I flee for pretexts to sustain me. Will nothing come to my aid?" Then a bright thought strikes him, he culls over the vocabulary of catchwords and finally chuckles to himself. He has found one, when lo! the rushing sound goes forth: "It is against the one-man power we are contending." Now here is another paltry effort to confound opposites by classing them together. What is one-man power? Who does not know that it is despotism exercised over nations by one man, the unlimited will of one man unrestrained by any earthly power, holding by banded armies with fixed bayonets entire control over everything dear and sacred to mankind. This is one-man power, yet this detestable name is applied to the law-appointed and law-restricted duties of our road superintendent. Was ever a more far-fetched and utterly fallacious comparison made? Might not all the residents of each of the districts of the county have heretofore complained that they were contending against one-man power, for had not each district formerly a road superintendent? He might with the same show of reasoning complain that the government of his State is a one-man power, for have we not a Governor to see to the proper administration of its laws? We have but one sheriff—he may call that a one-man power. In fact, upon this plan of reasoning, the whole world might set itself to murmuring against one-man power. The war department forces may set up the cry—the postal agents may join the refrain—the naval operatives may echo the chorus, for have they not all superintendents? Even the "whining school-boy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," might cast away his book and play truant upon the ground that he was contending against one-man power. Let this whimsical doctrine prevail and what would become of public order, tranquility and progress?

Since then, Mr. Editor, the opposition to this law cannot be sustained; since the sophistry brought against it breaks and dissolves at a glance from reason, as the mists vanish before the rays of the sun, let us hope that resistance will cease. What purpose can be served by the continued agitation of this subject? Rather, what consequences may not result therefrom? What must be the effect of this agitation upon the minds and feelings of a large portion of our people? The inevitable result must be the enkindling of jealousies, the engendering of bitter feelings, which once brought to life will not quickly die. It may seem at first sight a harmless thing, a little exciting pastime, if you please, which will soon flicker out. This may be so, but the nature of the opposition points to a different conclusion. It contains within itself all the elements of combustion and discord, for when one class in a community is made to believe they are wronged and oppressed by another the fires of anger are at once lighted, and unless arrested must ere long burst into raging flames, in which everything that gives peace and pleasure to society must be destroyed. And is it improbable that this hateful consummation may be ultimately reached by incessant clamor upon this subject? In the name of peace and good order of society, I ask the active opponents of this measure to pause and reflect before they raise a storm which they may not be able to control. The country is already too deeply cursed with faction and promoters of faction. A large number of our unhappy countrymen now stand trembling in social anarchy, from which we are, as yet, fortunately exempt.—What is in reserve for our little community, either immediate or remote, we know not. If such a calamity does indeed inevitably hang over us, let us at least await its fall and not prematurely pull it down upon our own heads.

We had not thought that individuals could be found in our midst prepared to assist, least of all, to take a lead in the disorganization of our society and the overthrow of our laws—to persistently pursue a course of action which must unavoidably sunder the affections of our people. I do not charge that such is the design, but such most assuredly must be the consequence. But perhaps some ultimate advantage is supposed to lurk in the background of this action. Are any afflicted with a mania for popular notoriety? Do the windy notes of popular applause delight the imaginative ears of any with their dulcet strains? Do legislative halls dance in airy fantasies before the gaze of would-be statesmen? Do the mouths of any water for the delicious savour of official pap?

These are significant questions and begin to be bandied. Let us hope, however, that they are all unjust, for who, among us, could desire elevation upon the ruins he has made? Who, among us, would ride into power upon the whirlwind of passion he had raised?—Who, among us, would secure preferment upon the estrangements and jealousies, the bickerings and animosities of his friends and neighbors? Who, among us, is prepared to say, with the unprincipled demagogue:

"I cannot arm one soldier in my cause,
But I can send the human passion forth—
Ambition, Hate, Revenge—to work my will
And strike in place of justice."

PUBLIUS.

Selected Poetry.

From the Cornhill Monthly.

THE KING OF THE CRADLE.

Draw back the cradle curtains, Kate,
Whilst watch and ward you're keeping,
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
And view him while he's sleeping,
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
As sunbeams in come screaming,
A world of baby fairy-land
He visits whilst he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff
Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy:
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled,
On couch of rose-leaves fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—
Size nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a saber, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *patoise* "peepers"—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speakers?

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Impossible, and yet, mayhap—
Though strange, quite true it may be—
Perhaps Nero once was fed on pap,
And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump and round,
Though fragile, soft and tender,
Sometimes, alas! it may be found
The thread of life is tender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter;
'Tis small and new, they pause in fear,
Beneath the gray church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower.

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know?
Though closely you caress him.
Ah! what a man will be that boy,
What mind and education!
If he fulfills the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration.

Selected Miscellany.

LION HUNTING.

The following from Sir Samuel Baker's work on the Exploration of the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia is replete with interest:

Every day, from sunrise to sunset, I was either on foot or in the saddle, without rest, except on Sundays, which I generally passed at home, with the relaxation of fishing in the beautiful river Settite—There was an immense quantity of large game, and I had made a mixed bag of elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes, rhinoceros, giraffes, and great numbers of the large antelopes. Lions, although numerous were exceedingly difficult to bag; there was no chance but in the extreme risk of creeping through the thickest jungle. Upon two or three occasions I had shot them by crawling into their very dens, where they had dragged their prey; and I must acknowledge that they were much more frightenrd at me than I was at them. I had generally obtained a most difficult and unsatisfactory shot at close quarters; sometimes I rolled them over with a mortal wound, and they disappeared to die in impenetrable jungles; but at all times fortune was on my side. On moonlight nights I generally lay in wait for these animals with great patience; sometimes I shot hippopotami and used a hind-quarter as a bait for lions, while I watched in ambush at about twenty yards distant; but the hyænas generally appeared like evil spirits and dragged away the bait before the lions had a chance. I never fired at these scavengers, as they are most useful creatures, and are contemptible as game. My Arabs had made their fortune, as I had given them all the meat of the various animals, which they dried and transported to Geera, together with fat, hides, &c. It would be wearying to enumerate the happy hunting days passed throughout this country. We were never ill for a moment; although the thermometer was seldom below 88° during the day, the country was healthy, as it was intensely dry, and therefore free from malaria; at night the thermometer averaged 70°, which was a delightful temperature for those who exist in the open air.

As our camp was full of meat, either dried or in the process of drying in festoons upon the trees, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey, that constantly prowled around our thorn fence during the night. One night in particular a lion attempted to enter, but had been repulsed by the Tokrooris who pelted him with firebrands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him, but as it was perfectly impossible to fire correctly through the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed; yet I promised to hunt for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and uttering his peculiar guttural sigh. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the camp and take somebody, unless they kept up the watchfires and drove him away with brands. The next day before sunrise, I called Hassan and Hadji Ali, whom I lectured severely upon their cowardice on a former occasion, and received their promise to follow me to death. I entrusted them with my two Reillys No. 10; and with my little Fletcher in hand, I determined to spend the whole day in searching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal that had disturbed us during the night was concealed somewhere within the neighboring jungle.

The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having an abundance of meats I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired, and as the sun had nearly set I wandered slowly towards home. Passing through alternate open glades a few yards in width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar, just before me, at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me; he had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but at the same moment I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound but rolled over backwards; before he could recover himself I fired the left-hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me sword in hand. The lion, in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristling in the air, roared with death-like growls, as upon mouthed he endeavored to charge upon us, but he dragged his hind-quarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly as it was already dusk, and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would be dead before morning. We were not ten minutes walk from the camp, at which we quickly arrived, and my men greatly rejoiced at the discomfiture of their enemy, as they were convinced that he was the same lion that had attempted to enter the zareeba.

On the following morning, before dawn rose, I started with nearly all my people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I rode my horse Tetel, as he had frequently shown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of a lion.

Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the identity; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy interspersed with thick jungle of green dabbuk; we accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out: "There he lies dead!" and I immediately rode to the spot together with the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet, and with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eye flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture; he looked like a true lord of the forest, but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless, and although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back.

It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar the camel had bolted with its rider; the horse had for a moment started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tetel up, and I now rode straight towards the lion, as he courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. I halted exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, which seeing me in advance of the party, increased his rage and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I now patted Tetel on the neck, and spoke to him coaxingly; he gazed intently at the lion, erected his mane and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. "Bravo! old boy!" I said, and encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I touched his flank gently with my heel; I let him just feel my hand upon the rein, and with a "Come along, old lad," Tetel slowly but resolutely advanced step by step towards the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse several times snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but as I constantly patted and coaxed him he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay; both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough—I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tetel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock for he knew that I was about to fire. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tetel never flinched at a shot. I now dismounted, and having patted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head, and smelled the mane of the dead lion; he then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes.

☞ Small gilt champagne bottles are the latest design for bar-rings. They are all the rage in Paris and London.