

## ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

We extract the following graphic and most interesting description of an encounter between a brave young English officer and a full-grown lion of India, from "Waterton's Essay on Natural History," just published by Messrs. Longman and Co. Mr. Waterton received the account from the officer himself, when at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, some months since. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Waterton, "the affable and unassuming manner in which he related it to me. I repeatedly urged him to allow me to put it on record, and at the same time to make use of his name; but I plainly saw that his feelings were against his complying with my request; and I think I should not have succeeded, had I not luckily brought to my assistance the plea of benefit to natural history."

In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morning, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and related with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded toward the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion, seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all on a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his underparts with his teeth, and hung on them till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse in the meantime firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and after searching about for some time, he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to their elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket; and as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian game-finder who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of his gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably

find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep-track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

"Impetus est fulvis, et vasta leonibus ira!"

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Capt. Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making; wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crunch the captain's arm; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its fitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the ball would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side. Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior. The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

A PLEASANT MESSAGE.—Some five-and-twenty years ago, the late Mr. Bartleman was taking ill, just before the commencement of the festival at Gloucester, for which he had been engaged, so that he could not leave London; another Basso was applied to, at a very short notice, who attended, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of every body. When he called on the organist, the late Mr. Mutlow, to be paid, the latter thanked him most cordially for his kindness in attending, also for the very noble manner in which he had sung; and concluded with the following very complimentary and pleasant message:—"When you see poor Bartleman give my best regards to him; and tell him how much we missed him during the festival!"—*Musical World*.

IGNORANCE.—Captain Alexander notes, from the hill Damaras, (in South Africa,) I could make nothing out to show they had any, the most imperfect, religious impressions; "Who made the sun?" I asked them. "We don't know; we are a stupid people, we don't know anything—only let us get plenty to eat, that is all we care for,"—was the common answer I got from this be-ighted people.

MONEY AT THE FINGER'S ENDS.—The Siamese, like the Chinese, wear the finger-nails very long, and the ladies have them sometimes tipped with silver.

The Siamese use no alloy in their manufactured gold, which is very fine, and of a very deep colour, almost orange.

ANCIENT AND MODERN OPINIONS OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN.—It is remarkable that the most modern notions upon the nature of the brain and nerves have reverted and approximated to those of the most ancient periods. Already 500 years before the Christian era, and no historical record ascends to a higher antiquity than this period, did Pythagoras, to whom the existence of the nerves, as part of the body, was still unknown, maintain the opinion that the brain is the chief seat of the soul, and the seat of the intellect—*Ehrenberg*.

WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE.—"When I was a young man," says John Wesley, I was sure of every thing; but in a few years, finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of most things as before. A process something like this operates upon every rational being; and hence it is, that as a man grows older, he becomes less violent and dogmatical in politics, and every thing else; not that he is less ardently attached to the cause of truth, but because he has discovered that he has often mistaken falsehood for truth, and because he has learned to be more moderate in his expectations of unattainable perfection than he was in the enthusiasm of youth.

SHIP SAINT OF THE CHINESE.—A light was burning (in the cabin) in a little cupboard. On looking into it there was a great profusion of decoration, pieces of tinsel, artificial leaves, and the like, to be seen. At the back part was seated a little waxen image, dressed out with silks and gaudy ribbons. This was the guardian saint of the boat, to which the sailors, twice a day, offer sweetmeats, fruit, and little cups of tea. After waiting a due time, to see whether she will accept the offering, the boatmen generally assist her in the matter by swallowing it themselves. She is considered the patroness of sailors, and goes by the name of 'Tien-how, or Queen of Heaven.' In fact, it was a Ghos-house or church, which, upon enquiry, I found was never omitted even in the smallest vessels.—*The Fan-qui in China*.

WEALTH.—Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within its shell and never puts it out but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation, who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord, as if they were for no other purpose than to pumper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement; such a man may be rich, but trust me, he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that, and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow-men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the wayworn pilgrim. I wish you, indeed to be distinguished; but wealth is not essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, who, in various ages, have blessed the world: was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, Epaminondas, of Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in the mind and heart. These are the treasures by which they have been immortalized; and such alone are treasures which are worth a serious struggle.—*William Wirt*.

VOCAL CLOCK.—The subjoined description of a curious clock is given in the journal of the Rev. J. Wesley:—"On Monday, April 27, 1762, being at Lurgan, in Ireland, I embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking to Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock, which stood on the opposite side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, past one, or two, or three and so on. But so many came to see this, (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe,) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces."

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