

him, and knowing that to show any symptom of fear would increase the danger of his position, he pulled short up, and sat motionless, with his eye fixed upon his formidable adversaries. The three females dropped quietly upon their haunches, gravely returning stare for stare; while the old "mannetje," as the Dutch familiarly call him, a splendid fellow, with a long black mane, and his sides literally shaking with fat, stood a little in front, ever and anon whisking his tail over his back; but made no movement in advance. Barkley, on his part, had no idea of commencing hostilities, and when this mute interview had lasted some minutes, he turned his horse's head round, and rode slowly away. No motion was made in pursuit, and as long as the spot was in sight, he could distinguish the four figures, to all appearance remaining precisely in the same position in which he had left them. On his way back he found the carcase of a quagga, not a quarter of a mile from our tent, recently killed, and bearing evident marks of his late acquaintance's workmanship. We sent the boys for it; the ribs had been picked clean, but the hind quarters gave the poor dogs two or three hearty meals. We congratulated our friend on his escape, which was the more remarkable, as during this month and the next, these animals are especially savage and unapproachable. Lions are indeed something more than mere bugbears in this country. Some time before our arrival, Hans de Lange had a valuable horse destroyed by them in the very market place of Harrismith. His native servant, on rising one morning to set about his daily labors, was suddenly heard to exclaim—"Daar leg een zwart ding!"—(There lies a black thing.) And immediately afterwards—"Keek! daar loop een geel ding! het lyk net zoo als een leeuw."—(Look, there goes a yellow thing. It is very like a lion.) And a lion it was, which, after deliberately contemplating the "black thing," no other than the carcase of De Lange's favorite black horse, turned round and trotted away, as if indifferent about pursuit. Hans, however, did not take the matter quite so coolly; but, burning with rage at his loss, and at the impudence of the old skelm, as he called him, seized his trusty roer, and throwing himself upon the first horse he could find, without waiting for assistance, started off at a speed that soon brought him on the heels of the lion, who, finding himself pressed, bounded up a small zant, and having thus secured a vantage ground, faced his pursuer, and stood at bay. A large dog that was rash enough to venture within his reach, he caught up, and with one light sroke of his paw, swept him under his chest, when the flowing mane completely hid it from sight. Meanwhile Hans had dismounted, and now taking a steady aim, lodged a bullet just behind the shoulder. The lion neither fell nor moved till a second bullet from the same barrel had struck him, and in the same fatal spot. He then sprang forward. One bound would have ended the old Dutchman's history; but another of his faithful dogs throws himself in the way, only to share the instantaneous fate of his comrade. The delay is but for a moment; but Hans, whose self-possession has never failed him, takes advantage of it to reload, and, quick as lightning, the heavy roer is at his shoulder, the unerring ball finds its mark, and the noble beast sinks slowly down and expires without a struggle. The skin was given to Barkley, who has taken it with him to England;