

the unfortunate hunter, who was caught before he had made fifteen steps. He tried to reload his gun, and had succeeded ; but at the moment he was about to fire, the gorilla sprung forward and tore the weapon from his hands. With one blow from his terrible claws, the beast opened the abdomen of the man and tore out his entrails. As soon as the hunter fell to the ground, the monster laid hold of the gun and after examining it, broke it in two."

Two days after this event, the unfortunate man died in the arms of M. Du Chaillu.

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

*Where are they gone, the beautiful,
The fond, the fair, the free,
Who carv'd their names upon thy bark,
Thou lordly beechen tree?—MACKAY.*

O tree, thou art a living monument !
All thy inscription is this little name ;
But at the sight of it my heart feels pent,
Thick-coming memories oppress my brain.
Twas years ago, upon a summer even—
The birds sang joyously ; the falling sun
Shed its glad radiance from a golden heaven ;
And tender whisperings shook the leaves ; and one
With sunny hair, and laughing hazel eye,
Gay as a bird, and graceful as a fairy,
Stood by my side and watched me lovingly,
That in thy rind I cut it. Oh, my Mary,
We little thought that hour that adverse fate,
With wintry breath, was drawing nigh to wither
Our budding promise of a joy too great
For earth to yield, or mortal man to gather.
We thought in our simplicity, alas,
The way of life was but a grassy lane,
O'er whose bud-broidered carpet we might pass
Together, hand-in-hand, a heaven to gain,
Scarcely more beauteous, or from grief more free,
Than the bright earth we left behind. What may
Have been your lot I know not, but to me