

clently he slipped a noose of the rope round his hind-legs, and shouted to me, 'Pull away! pull away! He is here, the rascal, the coward, the fool! Pull, pull away!' So the hyena was drawn out of the cave, and we despatched him with our daggers."

A very different mode of procedure is requisite in lion-hunting. When the tracks of one of these noble animals are discovered, a large party go out in pursuit, armed with a gun, a dagger, and four iron-tipped stakes.

"Holes about four feet in depth are dug, just wide enough for each man to crouch down in. The stakes are then driven into the ground with their iron points slightly inclined outwards; each sportsman, as in boar-hunting, takes his station in these places of safety, which are dug in the tracks of the lion. The beaters, making a great noise with drums, and shouting and firing of guns, drive the game towards the hunters: should they wound the lion, he generally springs at the man that fired, who immediately stoops, and the lion, falling on one of the stakes, is dispatched with their daggers."

Instances have been known of hunters attacking and defeating a lion single-handed, but these are rare, and the very sensible advice given to Mr. Hay by an old lion-hunter of the country of Reef, was by all means to avoid any such encounter.

"They rarely attack a man, if unprovoked," said the old Reefian: "I have met them when alone; they have stood and looked at me. But in such cases a man must go on his way without appearing to notice the beast, and then he will almost always quietly walk away also. The best caution I can give," continued our gray-bearded guest, "in case you ever meet a lion, is, that you keep on your own path with all the coolness you can command, until you observe that the *yellow-haired*\* has passed out of view, or has ceased watching you; then turn sharp to another direction, and pursue it rapidly, lest the lion, having noticed the line of your march, should proceed to meet you at a distance on that track, as they often do with all the cunning of a cat; and you may then have some difficulty in evading his wantonness or anger."

This advice somewhat reminded me of the story of the old peer, who, being asked what he had done on meeting a lion in the Strand, which had broken loose from Exeter Change,—replied, 'Do? I called a coach.' Nevertheless I treasured up the advice against a future emergency."

These detached specimens will enable our readers in some measure to judge of the varied materials which Mr. Hay has had at his command, and the ability with which he has prepared them for publication, and we, trust, will induce them to gratify themselves by a perusal of the work at large. An additional chapter at the close of the volume contains a very interesting notice of John Davidson the traveller, alluded to in a

preceding page, who was murdered during his journey to the interior of Africa, in the year 1836. Should Mr. Davidson's "African Journal," printed for private circulation, bear out in its general character the extracts given in this appendix, we must fain see it form some future number of the "Home and Colonial Library."

Mr. Hay's style, although generally easy and colloquial, betrays occasional traces of the young writer, but a short experience only would suffice to obviate this, and we hope ere long to find proof of this assertion, in the perusal of some new work from his talented pen.

### OIL BREATHE NOT HER NAME.

Oh! breathe not the name of her whom ye love,  
In regions below, or in realms above,  
Oh! whisper it not, lest the sacred sound,  
Should be caught by the echoing woods around.

Oh! speak ye it not, 'neath the pillar'd dome  
Where the proud and gay have made their home:  
Oh! tell ye it not in the ear of your friend,  
For friendship to love is ever the end.

Oh! breathe not her name 'neath the glowing sun,  
Nor yet at eve, when his race is run;  
Nor whisper it low, in the courts of life,  
Where all are mingled in secret strife.

Oh! speak ye it not 'mid beauty's glare  
For danger and death lie hidden there:  
Oh! tell ye it not to the babbling air,  
And, oh! tell it not to the sons of care!

Then go ye afar to the forest streams,  
And there conjure up in your waking dreams,  
The form that ye love,—the form that's so dear;  
Yet breathe not her name, lest others should hear:

Let the world be clasp'd in the arms of night,  
Its beauties deck'd by the moon's silver light;  
Let the stars shine bright from their world above,  
Yet, breathe not the name of her whom you love!

Oh! tell ye it not; oh! whisper it not!  
Yet still let that name be never forgot;  
Speak ye of others, and speak of their fame,  
But, her that ye love, oh! breathe not her name!

Oh! breathe ye it not! 'tis a holy thing  
And should live alone within memory's ring:  
Oh! tell ye it not, to night save the heart,  
For from there the secret can never depart.

Let the heart be its home, thro' 'veal and thro' 'woe,  
And then you are sure that no treacherous foe,  
Can ever approach you with murderous knife,  
To rob you of that which is dearer than life!

Then breathe not her name e'en at midnight's hour,  
'Mid barren rocks, or 'mid beautiful flowers:  
Let the heart alone its sweetest gift keep,  
In its hidden recess, the secret sleep!

G. S. E. EDITOR.

Hamilton, August 12, 1844.

\* An Arabic expression, signifying a lion.