

dwelling. An encounter of this kind is mortal for either him or the hunter, the only chance that the latter has, is in foreseeing his spring and killing him by one shot, so as not to be caught and torn by him. Never think of reloading your gun, the gorilla does not hesitate a single moment, and the man who has faced this meeting must be prepared to die, if his aim has not been true. We have seen negroes, frantic in presence of an inevitable end, turn about and precipitate themselves on the gorilla, the butt of the gun in their hands, to kill him if they could by a cross blow. Helas! the poor wretches succeeded in prolonging their existence but a few moments; the brute broke their weapon and put an end to their life, by the simple compression of the hand on the breast of the enemy who had dared to attack him."

"The first time I met a gorilla face to face," says the narrator in the English work mentioned above; "I felt, I must confess, an indescribable terror. I walked with the greatest precaution, and I heard around me a noise of breaking branches which would have frightened the boldest, all those about me looked without daring to utter a syllable.

"We kept advancing, and at a given moment, we appeared to see through the trees a gigantic animal, who drew towards him the branches of a large tree and broke them, to eat more at his ease the fruit which they bore.

"Suddenly a piercing cry, which had nothing human in it, struck our ears, and was taken up by the echoes of the forest. The foliage parted, and an enormous male appeared before us. He advanced on four feet in the jungle, but hardly had he perceived us than he raised himself up and looked fixedly at us.

"Never shall I forget that ferocious glance, never will the memory of the sight of this man of the woods leave me. The brute was six feet high; a chest hairy and round; eyes of deep grey, which darted lightning; sharp teeth, which he showed between his open lips, without manifesting the least apprehension.

"With his enormous paws, he kept rapping his breast, which sounded like a well tightened drum.

"The more quiet we remained, arms presented, the more he roared, the more he multiplied his gestures.

"He advanced two steps forward, then suddenly stopped, to give another of his horrible roarings, it was at this moment that a triple discharge was heard, at the signal which I had given. The animal fell face forward, uttering a last cry of rage. For several minutes a quivering ran through his limbs. They were the convulsions of the agony which soon ceased, death came, there was nothing more to fear, we might approach and examine at our ease this giant of the African forests."