

way of life, when the priestly office was conferred upon him. That vow his fiery spirit made, which was induced by a conviction of his mother's will and hope (we state it as a fact merely, not as an extenuation), that vow was all the seal he ever recognized, to himself, as set upon his ministry, and yet, he was an honor to his calling; in all his human "walk and conversation" he was a holy example, and a shining light. But heavy, heavy was the cross he bore! Through the poet's dreaming youth, and thoughtful, striving manhood, he went, and never a hope of Fame, nor praise of men beguiled him. Every freshly-tinted cloud that rose and floated over the fairy land of his imagination was suffered to dissolve, in unseen and unsuspected mist and dew, upon the hearts and lives of other men.

He steadily trode a straight and beaten path, when the panting soul within him urged his intellect forth on the wings of genius to discovery and portrayal, he suffered his aspiring nature to exhaust herself in a round of daily, common duties, than which indeed none are nobler, WHEN INSPIRED BY THE SPIRIT OF GRACE! than which none *can* be more glorious in result, IF GOD INCITE TO THEIR PERFORMANCE; but, which are dreadful in enduring, and in working out, which are presumptuously and impiously endured and wrought by the poor cross-bearer, if another human being's will, and not his own prayerful desire be the incitement.

It was this heavy cross that George Waldron bore. He died young, a maniac some said, a martyr and a saint assuredly. And in compliance with the only request made in his will, his body was lowered on his funeral day, a dull November day, from the Chapel Rock to the deep sea beneath. Oh, must it not have been with joy unspeakable and full of GLORY that his chastened, fettered spirit at last, AT LAST, burst forth in its release, with thanksgiving and a wondrous voice of melody?

ANECDOTES OF WILD BEASTS.—LEOPARDS AND JAGUARS.

LEOPARDS and panthers, if taken quite young, and treated with kindness, are capable of being thoroughly tamed; the poet Cowper, describes the great difference in the dispositions of his three celebrated hares; so it is with other wild animals, and leopards among the rest, some returning kindness with the utmost affection, others being rugged and untamable from the first. Of those brought to this country, the characters are much influenced by the treatment they have experienced on board ship; in some cases, they have been made pets by the sailors, and are as tractable as domestic cats; but when they have been teased and subjected to ill-treatment during the voyage, it is found very difficult to render them sociable; there are now (September, 1851), six young leopards in one den at the Zoological Gardens: of these, five are about the same age, and grew up as one family; the sixth was added some time after, and being looked upon as an intruder, was quite sent to Coventry, and even ill-

treated by the others; this he has never forgotten. When the keeper comes to the den, he courts his caresses, and shows the greatest pleasure, but if any of his companions advance to share them with him, he growls and spits, and shows the utmost jealousy and displeasure.

In the same collection there is a remarkably fine, full-grown leopard, presented by her Majesty, who is as tame as any creature can be; mutton is his favorite food, but the keeper will sometimes place a piece of beef in the den; the leopard smells it, turns it over with an air of contempt, and coming forward, peers round behind the keeper's back to see if he has not (as is generally the case), his favorite food concealed. If given to him, he lays it down, and will readily leave it at the keeper's call, to come and be patted, and while caressed he purrs, and shows the greatest pleasure.

There were a pair of leopards in the Tower, before the collection was broken up, which illustrated well the difference in disposition; the male, a noble animal, continued to the last, as sullen and savage as on the day of his arrival. Every kindness was lavished upon him by the keepers, but he received all their overtures with such a sulky and morose return, that nothing could be made of his unreclaimable and unmanageable disposition. The female, which was the older of the two, on the contrary, was as gentle and affectionate as the other was savage, enjoying to be patted and caressed by the keeper, and fondly licking his hands; one failing, however, she had, which brought affliction to the soul of many a beau and lady fair; it was an extraordinary predilection for the destruction of hats, muffs, bonnets, umbrellas, and parasols, and indeed articles of dress generally, seizing them with the greatest quickness, and tearing them into pieces, almost before the astonished victim was aware of the loss; to so great an extent did she carry this peculiar taste, that Mr. Cops, the superintendent, used to say, that she had made prey of as many of these articles, as there were days in the year. Animals in menageries are sometimes great enemies to the milliner's art; giraffes have been known to filch the flowers adorning a bonnet, and we once saw a lady miserably oppressed by monkeys. She was very decidedly of "a certain age," but dressed in the extreme of juvenility, with flowers and ribbons of all the colors of the rainbow. Her complexion was delicately heightened with rouge, and the loveliest tresses played about her cheeks. As she languidly sauntered through the former monkey-house at the gardens, playfully poking the animals with her parasol, one seized it so vigorously, that she was drawn close to the den; in the twinkling of an eye, a dozen little paws were protruded, off went bonnet, curls and all, leaving a deplorably gray head, while others seized her reticule and her dress, pulling it in a very unpleasant manner. The handiwork of M. Vouillon was of course a wreck, and the contents of the reticule, her purse, gloves, and delicately scented handkerchief, were with difficulty recovered from out of the cheek pouch of a baboon.

On another occasion we saw the elephant, that fine old fellow who died some years ago, administer summary punishment to a weak-minded fop, who kept offering him cakes, and on his putting out his trunk, withdrawing them and giving him a rap with his cane instead. One of the keepers warned him, but he laughed, and after he had teased the animal to his heart's content, walked away. After a time he was strolling by the spot again, intensely satisfied with himself, his glass stuck in his eye and smiling blandly in the face of a young lady who was evidently offended at his impudence, when the elephant, who was rocking backward and forward, suddenly threw out his trunk and seized our friend by the coat-tails; the cloth gave way, and the whole back of the coat was torn out, leaving nothing but the collar, sleeves, and front. As may be supposed, this was a damper upon his amatory proceedings; indeed we never saw a man look so small, as he shuffled away amidst the titters of the company, who enjoyed his just reward.

That very agreeable writer, Mrs. Lee, formerly Mrs. Bowdich, has related in the first volume of the "Magazine of Natural History," a most interesting account of a tame panther which was in her possession several months. He and another were found very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother; they were taken to the King of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived several weeks, when our hero, being much larger than his brother, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchinson, the resident left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie, by whom he was tamed. When eating was going on he would sit by his master's side and receive his share with gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up on being allowed a portion of something else; but on one occasion, when a silly servant tried to pull his food from him, he tore a piece of flesh from the offender's leg, but never owed him any ill-will afterward. One morning he broke the cord by which he was confined, and the castle gates being shut, a chase commenced, but after leading his pursuers several times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress.

By degrees all fear of him subsided, and he was set at liberty, a boy being appointed to prevent his intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, like a true negro, generally passed his watch in sleeping, and Sai, as the panther was called, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, but fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a pat on the side of the head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail as if enjoying the joke. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every where like a dog. His favorite station was at a window in the sitting-room, which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on

the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he amused himself with watching all that was going on. The children were also fond of this scene; and one day finding Sai's presence an incumbrance, they united their efforts and pulled him down by the tail. He one day missed the governor, and wandered with dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; while absent on this errand the governor returned to his private rooms, and seated himself at a table to write; presently he heard a heavy step coming up the stairs, and raising his eyes to the open door beheld Sai. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Sai immediately sprang from the door on to his neck; instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulder, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused a little alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and on one occasion the woman, whose duty it was to sweep the floors, was made ill by her fright; she was sweeping the boards of the great hall with a short broom, and in an attitude approaching all fours, when Sai, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood waving his tail in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther in the act of devouring her, as they thought, gallantly scampered off one and all as fast as their heels could carry them; nor was the woman released from her load till the governor, hearing the noise, came to her assistance.

Mrs. Bowdich determined to take this interesting animal to England, and he was conveyed on board ship, in a large wooden cage, thickly barred in front with iron. Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men, who were so alarmed that in their confusion they managed to drop cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes the poor fellow was given up for lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. He seemed completely subdued by his ducking; and as no one dared to open the cage to dry it, he rolled himself up in one corner, where he remained for some days, till roused by the voice of his mistress. When she first spoke he raised his head, listened attentively, and when she came fully into his view, he jumped on his legs and appeared frantic, rolling over and over, howling and seeming as if he would have torn his cage to pieces; however, his violence gradually subsided, and he contented himself with thrusting his nose and paws through the bars to receive her caresses. The greatest treat that could be bestowed upon Sai was lavender water. Mr. Hutchinson had told Mrs. Bowdich, that on the way from Ashantee, happening to draw out a scented pocket-handkerchief, it was immediately seized by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. Twice a week his mistress indulged him by making a

cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of the cage; he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated.

Quiet and gentle as Sai was, pigs never failed to excite indignation when they hovered about his cage, and the sight of a monkey put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the Gaboon, an orang-outang was brought on board and remained three days. When the two animals met, the uncontrollable rage of the one and the agony of the other was very remarkable. The orang was about three feet high, and very powerful: so that when he fled, with extraordinary rapidity, from the panther to the other side of the deck, neither men or things remained upright if they opposed his progress. As for the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and as he howled he showed his huge teeth; then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he made a spring at the orang to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and night he was on the listen, and the approach of a monkey or a negro brought back his agitation. During the voyage to England the vessel was boarded by pirates, and the crew and passengers nearly reduced to starvation in consequence; Sai must have died had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots; of these his allowance was one per diem, but he became so ravenous that he had not patience to pick off the feathers, but bolted the birds whole; this made him very ill, but Mrs. Bowdich administered some pills, and he recovered. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Sai was presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change temporarily. On the morning of the duchess's departure for Oatlands, she went to visit her new pet, played with him, and admired his gentleness and great beauty. In the evening, when her Royal Highness's coachman went to take him away to his new quarters at Oatlands, Sai was dead from inflammation on the lungs.

Nature, ever provident, has scattered with a bounteous hand her gifts in the country of the Orinoco, where the jaguar especially abounds. The savannahs, which are covered with grasses and slender plants, present a surprising luxuriance and diversity of vegetation; piles of granite blocks rise here and there, and, at the margins of the plains, occur deep valleys and ravines, the humid soil of which is covered with arums, heliconias, and liliacs. The shelves of primitive rocks, scarcely elevated above the plain, are partially coated with lichens and mosses, together with succulent plants and tufts of evergreen shrubs with shining leaves. The horizon is bounded with mountains overgrown with forests of laurels, among which clusters of palms rise to the height of more than a hundred feet, their slender stems supporting tufts of feathery foliage. To the east of Atures other mountains appear, the ridge of which is composed of pointed cliffs, rising like huge pillars above the trees. When

these columnar masses are situated near the Orinoco, flamingoes, herons, and other wading birds perch on their summits, and look like sentinels. In the vicinity of the cataracts, the moisture which is diffused in the air, produces a perpetual verdure, and wherever soil has accumulated on the plains, it is adorned by the beautiful shrubs of the mountains.

Such is one view of the picture, but it has its dark side also; those flowing waters, which fertilize the soil, abound with crocodiles; those charming shrubs and flourishing plants, are the hiding-places of deadly serpents; those laurel forests, the favorite lurking spots of the fierce jaguar; while the atmosphere, so clear and lovely, abounds with mosquitoes and zancudoos, to such a degree that, in the missions of Orinoco, the first questions in the morning when two people meet, are "How did you find the zancudoos during the night? How are we to-day for the mosquitoes?"

It is in the solitude of this wilderness, that the jaguar, stretched out motionless and silent, upon one of the lower branches of the ancient trees, watches for its passing prey; a deer, urged by thirst, is making its way to the river, and approaches the tree where his enemy lies in wait. The jaguar's eyes dilate, the ears are thrown down, and the whole frame becomes flattened against the branch. The deer, all unconscious of danger, draws near, every limb of the jaguar quivers with excitement; every fibre is stiffened for the spring; then, with the force of a bow unbent, he darts with a terrific yell upon his prey, seizes it by the back of the neck, a blow is given with his powerful paw, and with broken spine the deer falls lifeless to the earth. The blood is then sucked, and the prey dragged to some favorite haunt, where it is devoured at leisure.

Humboldt surprised a jaguar in his retreat. It was near the Joval, below the mouth of the Cano de la Tigrera, that in the midst of wild and awful scenery, he saw an enormous jaguar stretched beneath the shade of a large mimosa. He had just killed a chiguire, an animal about the size of a pig, which he held with one of his paws, while the vultures were assembled in flocks around. It was curious to observe the mixture of boldness and timidity which these birds exhibited; for although they advanced within two feet of the jaguar, they instantly shrank back at the least motion he made. In order to observe more nearly their proceedings, the travelers went into their little boat, when the tyrant of the forest withdrew behind the bushes, leaving his victim, upon which the vultures attempted to devour it, but were soon put to flight by the jaguar rushing into the midst of them; the following night, Humboldt and his party were entertained by a jaguar hunter, half-naked, and as brown as a Zambo, who prided himself on being of the European race, and called his wife and daughter, who were as slightly clothed as himself, Donna Isabella and Donna Manuela. As this aspiring personage had neither house nor hut, he invited the strangers to swing their hammocks near his own between two

trees, but as ill-luck would have it, a thunder-storm came on, which wetted them to the skin; but their troubles did not end here, for Donna Isabella's cat had perched on one of the trees, and frightened by the thunder-storm, jumped down upon one of the travelers in his cot; he naturally supposed that he was attacked by a wild beast, and as smart a battle took place between the two, as that celebrated feline engagement of Don Quixote; the cat, who perhaps had most reason to consider himself an ill-used personage, at length bolted, but the fears of the gentleman had been excited to such a degree, that he could hardly be quieted. The following night was not more propitious to slumber. The party finding no tree convenient, had stuck their oars in the sand, and suspended their hammocks upon them. About eleven, there arose in the immediately adjoining wood, so terrific a noise, that it was impossible to sleep. The Indians distinguished the cries of sapagous, alouates, jaguars, cougars, peccaris, sloths, curassows, paraquas, and other birds, so that there must have been as full a forest chorus as Mr. Hullah himself could desire.

When the jaguars approached the edge of the forest, which they frequently did, a dog belonging to the party began to howl, and seek refuge under their cots. Sometimes, after a long silence, the cry of the jaguars came from the tops of the trees, when it was followed by an outcry among the monkeys. Humboldt supposes the noise thus made by the inhabitants of the forest during the night, to be the effect of some contest that has arisen among them.

On the pampas of Paraguay, great havoc is committed among the herds of horses by the jaguars, whose strength is quite sufficient to enable them to drag off one of these animals. Azara caused the body of a horse, which had been recently killed by a jaguar, to be drawn within musket-shot of a tree, in which he intended to pass the night, anticipating that the jaguar would return in the course of it, to its victim; but while he was gone to prepare for his adventure, behold the animal swam across a large and deep river, and having seized the horse with his teeth, dragged it full sixty paces to the river, swam across again with his prey, and then dragged the carcass into a neighboring wood; and all this in sight of a person, whom Azara had placed to keep watch. But the jaguars have also an aldermanic goût for turtles, which they gratify in a very systematic manner, as related by Humboldt, who was shown large shells of turtles emptied by them. They follow the turtles toward the beaches, where the laying of eggs is to take place, surprise them on the sand, and in order to devour them at their ease, adroitly turn them on their backs; and as they turn many more than they can devour in one night, the Indians often profit by their cunning. The jaguar pursues the turtle quite into the water, and when not very deep, digs up the eggs; they, with the crocodile, the heron, and the gallinago vulture, are the most formidable enemies the little turtles have. Hum-

boldt justly remarks, "When we reflect on the difficulty that the naturalist finds in getting out the body of the turtle, without separating the upper and under shells, we can not enough admire the suppleness of the jaguar's paw, which empties the double armor of the *arraus*, as if the adhering parts of the muscles had been cut by means of a surgical instrument."

The rivers of South America swarm with crocodiles, and these wage perpetual war with the jaguars. It is said, that when the jaguar surprises the alligator asleep on the hot sand-bank, he attacks him in a vulnerable part under the tail, and often kills him, but let the crocodile only get his antagonist into the water, and the tables are turned, for the jaguar is held under water until he is drowned.

The onset of the jaguar is always made from behind, partaking of the stealthy treacherous character of his tribe; if a herd of animals, or a party of men be passing, it is the last that is always the object of his attack. When he has made choice of his victim, he springs upon the neck, and placing one paw on the back of the head, while he seizes the muzzle with the other, twists the head round with a sudden jerk which dislocates the spine, and deprives it instantaneously of life; sometimes, especially when satiated with food, he is indolent and cowardly, skulking in the gloomiest depths of the forest, and scared by the most trifling causes, but when urged by the cravings of hunger, the largest quadrupeds, and man himself, are attacked with fury and success.

Mr. Darwin has given an interesting account of the habits of the jaguar: the wooded banks of the great South American rivers appear to be their favorite haunt, but south of the Plata they frequent the reeds bordering lakes; wherever they are they seem to require water. They are particularly abundant on the isles of the Parana, their common prey being the carpincho, so that it is generally said, where carpinchos are plentiful, there is little fear of the jaguar; possibly, however, a jaguar which has tasted human flesh, may afterward become dainty, and like the lions of South Africa, and the tigers of India, acquire the dreadful character of man-eaters, from preferring that food to all others. It is not many years ago since a very large jaguar found his way into a church in Santa Fé; soon afterward a very corpulent padre entering, was at once killed by him: his equally stout coadjutor, wondering what had detained the padre, went to look after him, and also fell a victim to the jaguar; a third priest, marveling greatly at the unaccountable absence of the others, sought them, and the jaguar having by this time acquired a strong clerical taste, made at him also, but he, being fortunately of the slender order, dodged the animal from pillar to post, and happily made his escape; the beast was destroyed by being shot from a corner of the building, which was unroofed, and thus paid the penalty of his sacrilegious propensities.

On the Parana they have killed many woodcutters, and have even entered vessels by night. One dark evening the mate of a vessel, hearing

a heavy but peculiar footstep on deck, went up to see what it was, and was immediately met by a jaguar, who had come on board, seeking what he could devour: a severe struggle ensued, assistance arrived, and the brute was killed, but the man lost the use of the arm which had been ground between his teeth.

The Gauchos say that the jaguar, when wandering about at night, is much tormented by the foxes yelping as they follow him; this may perhaps serve to alarm his prey, but must be as teasing to him as the attentions of swallows are to an owl, who happens to be taking a daylight promenade; and if owls ever swear, it is under those circumstances. Mr. Darwin, when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, was shown three well-known trees to which the jaguars constantly resort, for the purpose, it is said, of sharpening their claws. Every one must be familiar with the manner in which cats, with outstretched legs and extended claws, will card the legs of chairs and of men; so with the jaguar; and of these trees the bark was worn quite smooth in front; on each side there were deep grooves, extending in an oblique line nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages, and the inhabitants could always tell when a jaguar was in the neighborhood, by his recent autograph on one of these trees.

A FASHIONABLE FORGER.

I AM an attorney and a bill discounter. As it is my vocation to lend money at high interest to extravagant people, my connection principally lies among "fools," sometimes among rogues, "of quality." Mine is a pursuit which a prejudiced world either holds in sovereign contempt, or visits with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but to my mind, there are many callings, with finer names, that are no better. It gives me two things which I love—money and power; but I can not deny that it brings with it a bad name. The case lies between character and money, and involves a matter of taste. Some people like character; I prefer money.

If I am hated and despised, I chuckle over the "per contra." I find it pleasant for members of a proud aristocracy to condescend from their high estate to fawn, feign, flatter; to affect even mirthful familiarity in order to gain my good-will. I am no Shylock. No client can accuse me of desiring either his flesh or his blood. Sentimental vengeance is no item in my stock in trade. Gold and bank-notes satisfy my "rage;" or, if need be, a good mortgage. Far from seeking revenge, the worst defaulter I ever had dealings with can not deny that I am always willing to accept a good post-obit.

I say again, I am daily brought in contact with all ranks of society, from the poverty-stricken patentee to the peer; and I am no more surprised at receiving an application from a duchess than from a pet opera-dancer. In my ante-room wait, at this moment, a crowd of borrowers. Among the men, beardless folly and mustached craft are most prominent: there is a handsome young fellow, with an elaborate cane and won-

derfully vacant countenance, who is anticipating, in feeble follies, an estate that has been in the possession of his ancestors since the reign of Henry the Eighth. There is a hairy, high-nosed, broken-down non-descript, in appearance something between a horse-dealer and a pugilist. He is an old Etonian. Five years ago he drove his four-in-hand; he is now waiting to beg a sovereign, having been just discharged from the Insolvent Court, for the second time. Among the woman, a pretty actress, who, a few years since, looked forward to a supper of steak and onions, with bottled stout, on a Saturday night, as a great treat, now finds one hundred pounds a month insufficient to pay her wine-merchant and her confectioner. I am obliged to deal with each case according to its peculiarities. Genuine undeserved Ruin seldom knocks at my door. Mine is a perpetual battle with people who imbibe trickery at the same rate as they dissolve their fortunes. I am a hard man, of course. I should not be fit for my pursuit if I were not; but when, by a remote chance, honest misfortune pays me a visit, as Rothschild amused himself at times by giving a beggar a guinea, so I occasionally treat myself to the luxury of doing a kind action.

My favorite subjects for this unnatural generosity, are the very young, or the poor, innocent, helpless people, who are unfit for the war of life. Many among my clients (especially those tempered in the "ice-brook" of fashion and high life—polished and passionless) would be too much for me, if I had not made the face, the eye, the accent, as much my study as the mere legal and financial points of discount. To show what I mean, I will relate what happened to me not long since:

One day, a middle-aged man, in the usual costume of a West-end shopman, who had sent in his name as Mr. Axminster, was shown into my private room. After a little hesitation, he said, "Although you do not know me, living at this end of the town, I know you very well by reputation, and that you discount bills. I have a bill here which I want to get discounted. I am in the employ of Messrs. Russle and Smooth. The bill is drawn by one of our best customers, the Hon. Miss Snape, niece of Lord Blimley, and accepted by Major Munge; whom, no doubt, you know by name. She has dealt with us for some years, is very, very extravagant; but always pays." He put the acceptance—which was for two hundred pounds—into my hands.

I looked at it as scrutinizingly as I usually do at such paper. The major's signature was familiar to me; but having succeeded to a great estate, he has long ceased to be a customer. I instantly detected a forgery; by whom? was the question. Could it be the man before me?—experience told me it was not.

Perhaps there was something in the expression of my countenance which Mr. Axminster did not like, for he said, "It is good for the amount, I presume!"

I replied, "Pray, sir, from whom did you get this bill?"