

little Dog, after a very long illness, had died, and left the poor Lion without a friend or companion in the world, or rather in his cage, which was all the world to him. For a long time he seemed to think his little favourite was asleep, and he tried to stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw, but finding that he could not awaken him, he walked up and down his cage from end to end with a quick uneasy pace. Then would stop to look down with a sorrowful look, and again lift his head with a loud terrible roar, that sounded, Mr. Stanhope said, like loud distant thunder, and lasted two or three minutes at a time.

They tried to take the poor little dead dog away, in the hope that then he would forget