

Herr Driesbach, the far-famed "Lion-tamer," will make his grand entrance into this city this morning, at eight o'clock. By the following account of him and his four-footed subjects, we are inclined to the opinion that he will make quite as great a sensation as a recent "guest" of a portion of the city. It is by Willis, in a letter to the National Intelligencer, dated May 23d:

I have spent an afternoon, since I wrote to you, in the "animal kingdom" of Herr Driesbach. Four elephants, together were rather an uncommon sight; to say nothing of the melodrama performed by the lion-tamer. There was another accidental feature of interest, too—the presence of one or two hundred deaf and dumb children, whose gestures and looks of astonishment quite divided my curiosity with the show. Spite of the repulsiveness of the thought, it was impossible not to reflect how much of the differences between us and some of the brute animals lies merely in the gift of speech, and how nearly some human beings, by losing this gift, would be brought to their level. I was struck with the predominating animal look in the faces of the boys of the school, though there were some female children with countenances of a very delicate and intellectual cast.

I was an hour too early for the "performances" and I climbed into the big saddle worn by "Siam," and made a leisurely study of the four elephants and their keepers and visitors. I had not noticed before that the eyes of these huge animals were so small. Those of "Hannibal," the nearest elephant to me, resembled the eyes of Sir Walter Scott, and I thought, too, that the forehead was not unlike Sir Walter's. And, as if this was not resemblance enough, there was a copious *issue* from a bump between his forehead and his ear! (What might we not expect if elephants had "eat paper and drank ink?") The resemblance ceased with the legs, it is but respectful to Sir Walter to say; for Hannibal is a dandy and wears the fashionable gaiter trousers, with a difference—the gaiter fitted neatly to every toe! The warlike name of this elephant should be given to Siam, for the latter is the great warrior of the party, and in a fight of six hours with "Napoleon," some three months since, broke off both his tusks. He looks like a most determined bruiser. "Virginus" (the showman told me) killed his keeper and made an escapade into the marshes of Carolina not long ago, and, after an absence of six weeks, was subdued and brought back by a former keeper, of whose discipline he had a terrified recollection. There are certainly different degrees of amiability in their countenances. I looked in vain for some of the wrinkles of age in the one they said was much the oldest; unlike us, their skins grow smoother with time—the enviable rascals! I noticed, by the way, that though the proboscis of each of the others was as smooth as dressed leather, that of Siam resembled, in texture, a scrubbing brush, or the third day of a stiff beard. Why he should travel with a "hair trunk" and the others not, I could not get out of the showman. The expense of training and importing these animals is enormous, and they are considered worth a great deal of money. The four together consume about two hundred weight of hay and six bushels of oats *per diem*. Fortunately they do their own land transportation and carry their own trunks.

At four o'clock Siam knelt down and four or five men lifted his omnibus of a saddle upon his back. The band then struck up a march, and he made the circuit of the immense tent; but the effect of an elephant in motion with only his legs and trunk visible (his body quite covered with the trappings) was singularly droll. It looked like an avenue taking a walk, preceded by a huge caterpillar. I could not resist laughing heartily. After one round Siam stopped and knelt again to receive passengers. The wooden steps were laid against his eyebrow, and thence the children stepped to the top of his head, though here and there a scrambler shortened the step by putting his foot into the ear of the patient animal. The saddle was at last loaded with twelve girls, and with this "fearful responsibility" on his back the elephant rose and made his rounds, kneeling and renewing his load of "innocence" at every circuit.

The lion tamer presently appeared and astonished the crowd rather more than the elephant. A prologue was pronounced, setting forth that a slave was to be delivered up to wild beasts, etc. etc. A green cloth was spread before the cages in the *open tent*, ("parlous work," I thought, among such tender meat as two hundred children,) and out sprang suddenly a full grown tiger, who seized the gentleman in flesh-colored tights by the throat. A struggle ensued, in which they roll over and over on the ground, and finally, the victim gets the upper hand and drags out his devourer by the nape of his neck. I was inclined to think once or twice that the tiger was doing more than was set down for him in the play, but as the Newfoundland dog of the establishment looked on very quietly, I reserved my criticism.

The Herr next appeared in the long cage with all his animals—lions, tigers, leopards, etc. He pulled them about, put his hands in their mouths, and took as many liberties with his stock of peltry as if it was already made into muffs and tippetts. They growled and showed their teeth, but came when they were called, and did as they were bid, very much to my astonishment. He made a bed of them, among other things; putting the tiger across the lion for a pillow, stretching himself on the lion and another tiger, and then pulling the leopard over his breast for a "comforter!" He then sat down and played nursery. The tiger was as much as he could lift, but he seated him upright on his knees, dandled and caressed him, and finally rocked him apparently asleep in his arms! He closed with an imitation of Fanny Elssler's pirouette, with a tiger standing on his back. I was very glad, for one, when I saw him go out and shut the door.

A man then brought out a young anaconda, and twisted him round his neck, (a devil of a *boa* it looked,) and, after enveloping himself completely in other snakes, took them off again like cravats, and vanished. And so ended the show. Herr Driesbach stood at the door to bow us out, and a fine handsome determined looking fellow he is.