

here, so that I can show, when I return, what a fray I have been in, and how narrowly I have escaped."

To this the robber consented, and, having alighted from his steed, made two decided perforations in the way he was desired. This was with Willie a great point gained, for the robber's pistols were now empty, and restored to their place.

"I have yet another request," said Willie, "and then the matter will be completed. You must permit me to cut the straps that tie the bag to the saddle, and to throw it over this hedge, and then go and lift it yourself, that I may be able to swear that, in the struggle, I did what I could to conceal the money, and that you discovered the place where I had hid it, and then seized it; and thus I will stand acquitted in all points."

To this also the highwayman consented. Willie, accordingly, threw the heavy bag over the hedge, and obsequiously offered to hold the robber's high-spirited steed till he should return with the treasure. The bandit, suspecting nothing on the part of the driveling old man, readily committed his horse to his care, while he eagerly made his way through the hedge to secure the prize. In the mean time, however, Willie was no less agile; for, having thrown off his ragged and cumbersome cloak, he vaulted upon the steed of the highwayman with as much coolness as if he had been at his own door. When the robber had pushed his way back through the hedge, dragging the bag with him, he was confounded on seeing his saddle occupied by the simpleton whose gold he had so easily come by. But he was no longer a simpleton—no longer a wayfaring man in beggar's weeds—but a tall, buirdly man, arrayed in decent garb, and prepared to dispute his part with the best.

"What, ho! scoundrell! Do you intend to run off with my horse? Dismount instantly, or I will blow out your brains!"

"The better you may," replied Willie; "your pistols are empty, and your broadsword is but a reed; advance a single step nearer, and I will send a whizzing ball through your beating heart. As to the bag, you can retain its contents, and sell the buttons for what they will bring. In the mean time, farewell, and should you happen to visit my district across the border, I shall be happy to extend to you a true Scotch hospitality."

On this, Willie applied spur and whip to the fleet steed, and in a few minutes was out of the wood, and entirely beyond the reach of the highwayman. When Willie had time to consider the matter, he found a valise behind the saddle, which, he had no doubt, was crammed with spoils of robbery; nor was he mistaken, for, on examination, it contained a great quantity of gold, and other precious articles. The highwayman, on opening Willie's bag, found it filled with old buttons and other trash. His indignation knew no bounds: he swore, and vociferated, and stamped with his feet, but all to no pur-

pose; he had been outwitted by the wily Scot, and, artful as he himself was, he had met with one more artful still.

The Scottish nobleman gained the bet, and the affair made a great noise for many a long year. Daring men of this description were found in every part of the kingdom, frequenting the dark woods, the thick hedges, and the ruinous buildings by the wayside; and, what is remarkable, these desperadoes were conventionally held in high repute, and were deemed heroes. In the time of Charles II., when the English thoroughfares were so infested with such adventurers, we find that one Claude Duval, a highwayman, while he was a terror to all men, was at the same time a true gallant in the esteem of all the ladies. He was as popular and renowned as the greatest chieftains of his age; and, when he was at last apprehended, "dames of high rank visited him in prison, and, with tears, interceded for his life; and, after his execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes." The order of society in the times to which we refer was vastly different from what it is now. Men's habits and moral sentiments were then of the lowest grade, but, thanks to the clearer light and better teaching of Christianity, the condition of all classes is vastly elevated. The Gospel has effected in the community infinitely more than all law and social regulations otherwise could have accomplished.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A CHAPTER ON BEARS, THEIR HABITS, HISTORY, Etc.

Slender. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now! I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed—but women, indeed can not abide 'em; they are very ill-favored, rough things.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THOSE who ramble amid the beautiful scenery of Torquay, who gaze with admiration on the bold outlines of the Cheddar Cliffs, or survey the fertile fen district of Cambridgeshire, will find it difficult to believe that in former ages these spots were ravaged by bears surpassing in size the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, or the polar bear of the Arctic regions; yet the abundant remains found in Kent Hole Torquay, and the Banwell Caves, together with those preserved in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge, incontestably prove that such was the case. Grand indeed was the Fauna of the British isles in those early days! Lions—the true old British lions—as large again as the biggest African species, lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants, of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now ex-

ist in Africa or Ceylon, roamed here in herds; at least two species of rhinoceros forced their way through the primeval forests; the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami as bulky and with as great tusks as those of Africa. These statements are not the offspring of imagination, but are founded on the countless remains of these creatures which are continually being brought to light, proving from their numbers and variety of size, that generation after generation had been born, and lived, and died in Great Britain.*

It is matter of history, that the brown bear was plentiful here in the time of the Romans, and was conveyed in considerable numbers to Rome, to make sport in the arena. In Wales they were common beasts of chase, and in the history of the Gordons, it is stated that one of that clan, so late as 1057, was directed by his sovereign to carry three bears' heads on his banner, as a reward for his valor in killing a fierce bear in Scotland.

In 1252, the sheriffs of London were commanded by the king to pay fourpence a day for "our white bear in the Tower of London and his keeper;" and in the following year they were directed to provide "unum musellum et unam catenam ferream"—*Anglicè*, a muzzle and an iron chain, to hold him when out of the water, and a long and strong rope to hold him when fishing in the Thames. This piscatorial bear must have had a pleasant time of it, as compared to many of his species, for the barbarous amusement of baiting was most popular with our ancestors. The household book of the Earl of Northumberland contains the following characteristic entry: "Item, my Lorde usith and accustomed to gyfe yearly when hys Lordshipe is att home to his barward, when he comyth to my Lorde at Cristmas with his Lordshippes beests, for making his Lordschip pastyme the said xij days xxxs."

In Bridgeward Without there was a district called Paris Garden; this, and the celebrated Hockley in the Hole, were in the sixteenth century the great resorts of the amateurs in bear-baiting and other cruel sports, which cast a stain upon the society of that period—a society in a transition state, but recently emerged from barbarism, and with all the tastes of a semi-barbarous people. Sunday was the grand day for these displays, until a frightful occurrence which took place in 1582. A more than usually exciting bait had been announced, and a prodigious concourse of people assembled. When the sport was at its highest, and the air rung with blasphemy, the whole of the scaffolding on which the people stood gave way, crushing many to death, and wounding many more. This was considered as a judgment of the Almighty on these Sabbath-breakers, and gave rise to a general prohibition of profane pastime on the Sabbath.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth to the

* See "A History of British Fossil Mammals," by our great Zoologist, Professor Owen.

throne, she gave a splendid banquet to the French ambassadors, who were afterward entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears (May 25, 1559). The day following, the ambassadors went by water to Paris Garden, where they patronized another performance of the same kind. Hentzer, after describing from observation a very spirited and bloody baiting, adds, "To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he can not escape because of his chain. He defends himself with all his strength and skill, throwing down all that come within his reach and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing their whips out of their hands and breaking them." Laneham, in his account of the reception of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, in 1575, gives a very graphic account of the "righte royalle pastimes." "It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear, with his pink eyes learing after his enemies' approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid his assaults. If he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he were taken once, then by what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing and tumbling he would work and wind himself from them, and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver hanging about his physiognomy."

These barbarities continued until a comparatively recent period, but are now, it is to be hoped, exploded forever. Instead of ministering to the worst passions of mankind, the animal creation now contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to the expansion of the mind and the development of the nobler feelings. Zoological collections have taken the place of the Southwark Gardens and other brutal haunts of vice, and we are glad to say, often prove a stronger focus of attraction than the skittle ground and its debasing society. By them, laudable curiosity is awakened, and the impression, especially on the fervent and plastic minds of young people, is deep and lasting. The immense number of persons* of the lower orders, who visited the London Gardens during the past season, prove the interest excited. The love of natural history is inherent in the human mind, and now for the first time the humbler classes are enabled to see to advantage, and to appreciate the beauties of animals of whose existence they were in utter ignorance, or if known, so tinctured with the marvelous, as to cause them to be regarded mainly as objects of wonder and of dread.

California is hardly less remarkable for its bears than for its gold. The Grizzly Bear, expressively named *Ursus Ferox* and *U. Horribilis*,

* The number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, during the past year, was very nearly 400,000.

reigns despotic throughout those vast wilds which comprise the Rocky Mountains and the plains east of them, to latitude 61°. In size it is gigantic, often weighing 800 pounds; and we ourselves have measured a skin eight feet and a half in length. Governor Clinton received an account of one fourteen feet long, but there might have been some stretching of this skin. The claws are of great length, and cut like a chisel when the animal strikes a blow with them. The tail is so small as not to be visible; and it is a standing joke with the Indians (who with all their gravity are great wags), to desire one unacquainted with the grizzly bear to take hold of its tail. The strength of this animal may be estimated from its having been known to drag easily to a considerable distance, the carcase of a bison, weighing upward of a thousand pounds. Mr. Dougherty, an experienced hunter, had killed a very large bison, and having marked the spot, left the carcase for the purpose of obtaining assistance to skin and cut it up. On his return, the bison had disappeared! What had become of it he could not divine; but at length, after much search, discovered it in a deep pit which had been dug for it at some distance by a grizzly bear, who had carried it off and buried it during Mr. Dougherty's absence. The following incident is related by Sir John Richardson: "A party of voyagers, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by a fire, and were busy preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprang over their canoe that was tilted behind them, and seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of a Metif, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear as it was retreating leisurely with his prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear, but the man entreated him to fire immediately, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this he took a deliberate aim, and discharged his piece into the body of the bear, which instantly dropped his prey to follow Bourasso, who however escaped with difficulty, and the bear retreated to a thicket, where it is supposed to have died." The same writer mentions a bear having sprung out of a thicket, and with one blow of his paw completely scalped a man, laying bare the skull, and bringing the skin down over the eyes. Assistance coming up, the bear made off without doing him further injury; but the scalp, not being replaced, the poor man lost his sight, though it is stated the eyes were uninjured.

Grizzly bears do not hug, but strike their prey with their terrific paws. We have been informed by a gentleman who has seen much of these creatures (having indeed killed five with his own hand) that when a grizzly bear sees an object, he stands up on his hind legs, and gazes at it intently for some minutes. He then, if it be a man or a beast, goes straight on, utterly regardless of numbers, and will seize

it in the midst of a regiment of soldiers. One thing thing only scares these creatures, and that is the *smell* of man. If in their charge they should cross a scent of this sort, they will turn and fly.

Our informant was on one occasion standing near a thicket, looking at his servant cleaning a gun. He had just dismounted, and the bridle of the thorough-bred horse was twisted round his arm. While thus engaged, a very large grizzly bear rushed out of the thicket, and made at the servant, who fled. The bear then turned short upon this gentleman, in whose hand was a rifle, carrying a small ball, forty to the pound; and as the bear rose on his hind legs to make a stroke, he was fortunate enough to shoot him through the heart. Had the horse moved in the slightest at the critical moment, and jerked his master's arm, nothing could have saved him; but the noble animal stood like a rock. On another occasion, a large bear was shot mortally. The animal rushed up a steep ascent, and fell back, turning a complete somerset ere he reached the ground. The same gentleman told us two curious facts, for which he could vouch; namely, that these bears have the power of moving their claws independently. For instance, they will take up a clod of earth which excites their curiosity, and crumble it to pieces by moving their claws one on the other; and that wolves, however famished, will never touch a carcase which has been buried by a grizzly bear, though they will greedily devour all other dead bodies. The instinct of burying bodies is so strong with these bears, that instances are recorded where they have covered hunters who have fallen into their power and feigned death, with bark, grass, and leaves. If the men attempted to move, the bear would again put them down, and cover them as before, finally leaving them comparatively unhurt.

The grizzly bears have their caves, to which they retire when the cold of winter renders them torpid; and this condition is taken advantage of by the most intrepid of the hunters. Having satisfied themselves about the cave, these men prepare a candle from wax taken from the comb of wild bees, and softened by the grease of the bear. It has a large wick, and burns with a brilliant flame. Carrying this before him, with his rifle in a convenient position, the hunter enters the cave. Having reached its recesses, he fixes the candle on the ground, lights it, and the cavern is soon illuminated with a vivid light. The hunter now lies down on his face, having the candle between the back part of the cave where the bear is, and himself. In this position, with the muzzle of the rifle full in front of him, he patiently awaits his victim. Bruin is soon roused by the light, yawns and stretches himself, like a person awaking from a deep sleep. The hunter now cocks his rifle, and watches the bear turn his head, and with slow and waddling steps approach the candle. This is a trying moment, as the extraordinary tenacity of life of the grizzly bear renders an unerr-

ing shot essential. The monster reaches the candle, and either raises his paw to strike, or his nose to smell at it. The hunter steadily raises his piece; the loud report of the rifle reverberates through the cavern; and the bear falls with a heavy crash, pierced through the eye, one of the few vulnerable spots through which he can be destroyed.

The Zoological Society have at various times possessed five specimens of the grizzly bear. The first was Old Martin, for many years a well known inhabitant of the Tower Menagerie. We remember him well as an enormous brute, quite blind from cataract, and generally to be seen standing on his hind legs with open mouth, ready to receive any tit-bit a compassionate visitor might bestow. Notwithstanding the length of time he was in confinement (more than twenty years), all attempts of conciliation failed, and to the last he would not permit of the slightest familiarity, even from the keeper who constantly fed him. Some idea may be formed of his size, when we say that his skull (which we recently measured) exceeds in length by two inches the largest lion's skull in the Osteological Collection, although several must have belonged to magnificent animals.

After the death of old Martin, the Society received two fine young bears from Mr. Catlin, but they soon died. Their loss, however, has been amply replaced by the three very thriving young animals which have been recently added to the collection. These come from the Sierra Nevada, about 800 miles from San Francisco, and were brought to this country by Mr. Pacton. They were transported with infinite trouble across the Isthmus of Panama, in a box carried on men's shoulders, and are certainly the first of their race who have performed the overland journey. The price asked was £600, but they were obtained at a much less sum; since their sojourn in this country, they have greatly increased in size, and enjoy excellent health. An additional interest attaches to these animals from two of them having undergone the operation for cataract.

Bears are extremely subject to this disease, and of course are thereby rendered blind. Their strength and ferocity forbade any thing being done for their relief, until a short time ago, when, by the aid of that wonderful agent, chloroform, it was demonstrated that they are as amenable to curative measures as the human subject.

On the 5th of last November, the first operation of the sort was performed on one of these grizzly bears, which was blind in both eyes. As this detracted materially from his value, it was decided to endeavor to restore him to sight; and Mr. White Cooper having consented to operate, the proceedings were as follow: A strong leather collar to which a chain was attached, was firmly buckled around the patient's neck, and the chain having been passed round one of the bars in front of the cage, two powerful men endeavored to pull him up, in order that a sponge

containing chloroform should be applied to his muzzle by Dr. Snow. The resistance offered by the bear was as surprising as unexpected. The utmost efforts of these men were unavailing; and, after a struggle of ten minutes, two others were called to their aid. By their united efforts, Master Bruin was at length brought up, and the sponge fairly tied round his muzzle. Meanwhile the cries and roarings of the patient were echoed in full chorus by his two brothers, who had been confined to the sleeping den, and who scratched and tore at the door to get to the assistance of their distressed relative. In a den on one side was the Cheetah, whose leg was amputated under chloroform some months ago, and who was greatly excited by the smell of the fluid and uproar. The large sloth bear in a cage on the other side, joined heartily in the chorus, and the Isabella bear just beyond, wrung her paws in an agony of woe. Leopards snarled in sympathy, and laughing hyenas swelled the chorus with their hysterical sobs. The octo-basso growling of the polar bears, and roaring of the lions on the other side of the building, completed as remarkable a diapason as could well be heard.

The first evidence of the action of the chloroform on the bear, was a diminution in his struggles; first one paw dropped, then the other. The sponge was now removed from his face, the door of the den opened, and his head laid upon a plank outside. The cataracts were speedily broken up, and the bear was drawn into the cage again. For nearly five minutes he remained, as was remarked by a keeper without knowledge, sense, or understanding, till at length one leg gave a kick, then another, and presently he attempted to stand. The essay was a failure, but he soon tried to make his way to his cage. It was Garrick, if we remember right, who affirmed that Talma was an indifferent representative of inebriation, for he was not drunk in his legs. The bear, however acted the part to perfection, and the way in which (like Commodore Trunnion on his way to church) he tacked, during his route to his den, was ludicrous in the extreme. At length he blundered into it, and was left quiet for a time. He soon revived, and in the afternoon ate heartily. The following morning on the door being opened, he came out, staring about him, caring nothing for the light, and began humming, as he licked his paws, with much the air of a musical amateur sitting down to a sonata on his violoncello.

A group might have been dimly seen through the fog which covered the garden on the morning of the 15th November, standing on the spot where the proceedings above narrated took place ten days previously. This group comprised Professor Owen, Mr. Yarrell, the president of the Society, Count Nesselrode, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Pickersgill, R. A., Captain Stanley, R. N., and two or three other gentlemen. They were assembled to witness the restoration to sight of another of the grizzly bears. The bear this time was brought out of the den, and his chain passed round the rail in front of it. Diluted

chloroform was used, and the operation was rendered more difficult by the animal not being perfectly under its influence. He recovered immediately after the couching needle had been withdrawn from the second eye, and walked pretty steadily to his sleeping apartment, where he received the condolences of his brethren, rather ungraciously it must be confessed, but his head was far from clear, and his temper ruffled. When the cataracts have been absorbed the animals will have sight.

The wooded districts of the American continent were tenanted before civilization had made such gigantic strides, by large numbers of the well known black bear, *Ursus Americanus*. Some years ago, black bears' skins were greatly in vogue for carriage hammer-cloths, &c.; and an idea of the animals destroyed, may be formed from the fact, that in 1783, 10,500 skins were imported, and the numbers gradually rose to 25,000 in 1803, since which time there has been a gradual decline. In those days, a fine skin was worth from twenty to forty guineas, but may now be obtained for five guineas.

The chase of this bear is the most solemn action of the Laplander; and the successful hunter may be known by the number of tufts of bears' hair he wears in his bonnet. When the retreat of a bear is discovered, the ablest sorcerer of the tribe beats the *runic* drum to discover the event of the chase, and on which side the animal ought to be assailed. During the attack, the hunters join in a prescribed chorus, and beg earnestly of the bear that he will do them no mischief. When dead, the body is carried home on a sledge, and the rein-deer employed to draw it, is exempt from labor during the remainder of the year. A new hut is constructed for the express purpose of cooking the flesh, and the huntsmen, joined by their wives, sing again their songs of joy and of gratitude to the animal, for permitting them to return in safety. They never presume to speak of the bear with levity, but always allude to him with profound respect, as "the old man in the fur cloak." The Indians, too, treat him with much deference. An old Indian, named Keskarrah, was seated at the door of his tent, by a small stream, not far from Fort Enterprise, when a large bear came to the opposite bank, and remained for some time apparently surveying him. Keskarrah, considering himself to be in great danger, and having no one to assist him but his aged wife, made a solemn speech, to the following effect: "Oh, bear! I never did you any harm; I have always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity. Pray, go away, good bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you." The bear (probably regarding the old gentleman as rather a tough morsel) walked off, and the old man, fancying that he owed his safety to his eloquence, favored Sir John Richardson with his speech at length. The bear in question, however, was of a different species to, and more

sanguinary than the black bear, so that the escape of the old couple was regarded as remarkable.

The *Ursus Americanus* almost invariably hibernates; and about a thousand skins have been annually imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, from these black bears destroyed in their winter retreats. A spot under a fallen tree is selected for its den, and having scratched away a portion of the soil, the bear retires thither at the commencement of a snow-storm, and the snow soon furnishes a close warm covering. When taken young, these bears are easily tamed; and the following incident occurred to a gentleman of our acquaintance: a fine young bear had been brought up by him with an antelope of the elegant species called *Furcifer*, the two feeding out of the same dish, and being often seen eating the same cabbage. He was in the habit of taking these pets out with him, leading the bear by a string. On one occasion he was thus proceeding, a friend leading the antelope, when a large fierce dog flew at the latter. The gentleman, embarrassed by his charge, called out for assistance to my informant, who ran hastily up, and in doing so accidentally let the bear loose. He seemed to be perfectly aware that his little companion was in difficulty, and rushing forward, knocked the dog over and over with a blow of his paw, and sent him off howling. The same bear would also play for hours with a Bison calf, and when tired with his romps, jumped into a tub to rest; having recovered, he would spring out and resume his gambols with his boisterous playfellow, who seemed to rejoice when the bear was out of breath, and could be taken at a disadvantage, at which time he was sure to be pressed doubly hard. There was a fine bear of this description in the old Tower Menagerie, which long shared his den with a hyena, with whom he was on good terms except at meal-times, when they would quarrel in a very ludicrous manner, for a piece of beef, or whatever else might happen to form a bone of contention between them. The hyena, though by far the smaller was generally master, and the bear would moan most piteously in a tone resembling the bleating of a sheep, while the hyena quietly consumed the remainder of the dinner.

The following is an account of an adventure which occurred to Frank Forester, in America. A large bear was traced to a cavern in the Round Mountain, and every effort made for three days without success to smoke or burn him out. At length a bold hunter, familiar with the spot, volunteered to beard the bear in his den. The well-like aperture, which, alone could be seen from without, descended for about eight feet, then turned sharp off at right angles, running nearly horizontally for about six feet, beyond which it opened into a small circular chamber, where the bear had taken up his quarters. The man determined to descend, to worm himself, feet forward, on his back, and to shoot at the eyes of the bear, as they would be

visible in the dark. Two narrow laths of pine wood were accordingly procured, and pierced with holes, in which candles were placed and lighted. A rope was next made fast about his chest, a butcher's knife disposed in readiness for his grasp, and his musket loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wrapped in greased buckskin. Gradually he disappeared, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the musket ready cocked in his hand. A few anxious moments—a low stifled growl was heard—then a loud, bellowing, crashing report, followed by a wild and fearful howl, half anguished, half furious rage. The men above wildly and eagerly hauled up the rope, and the sturdy hunter was whirled into the air uninjured, and retaining in his grasp his good weapon; while the fierce brute rushed tearing after him even to the cavern's mouth. As soon as the man had entered the small chamber, he perceived the glaring eyeballs of the bear, had taken steady aim at them, and had, he believed, lodged his bullets fairly. Painful moanings were soon heard from within, and then all was still! Again the bold man determined to seek the monster; again he vanished, and his musket shot roared from the recesses of the rock. Up he was whirled; but this time, the bear, streaming with gore, and furious with pain, rushed after him, and with a mighty bound, cleared the confines of the cavern! A hasty and harmless volley was fired, while the bear glared round as if undecided upon which of the group to wreak his vengeance. Tom, the hunter, coolly raised his piece, but snap! no spark followed the blow of the hammer! With a curse Tom threw down the musket, and, drawing his knife, rushed forward to encounter the bear single handed. What would have been his fate had the bear folded him in his deadly hug, we may be pretty sure; but ere this could happen, the four bullets did their work, and he fell; a convulsive shudder passed through his frame, and all was still. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh, and great were the rejoicings at his destruction.

The wild pine forests of Scandinavia yet contain bears in considerable numbers. The general color of these European bears is dark brown, and to a great degree they are vegetable feeders, although exceedingly fond of ants and honey. Their favorite food is berries and succulent plants; and in autumn, when the berries are ripe, they become exceedingly fat. Toward the end of November the bear retires to his den, and passes the winter months in profound repose. About the middle of April he leaves his den, and roams about the forest ravenous for food. These bears attain a large size, often weighing above four hundred pounds; and an instance is on record of one having weighed nearly seven hundred and fifty pounds. The best information relative to the habits and pursuits of these Scandinavian bears is to be found in Mr. Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe," from which entertaining work we shall draw largely.

When a district in Sweden is infested with bears, public notice is given from the pulpit during divine service, that a skäll or battue is to take place, and specifying the number of people required, the time and place of rendezvous, and other particulars. Sometimes as many as 1500 men are employed, and these are regularly organized in parties and divisions. They then extend themselves in such a manner that a cordon is formed, embracing a large district, and all simultaneously move forward. By this means the wild animals are gradually driven into a limited space, and destroyed as circumstances admit. These skälls are always highly exciting, and it not unfrequently happens that accidents arise, from the bears turning upon and attacking their pursuers. A bear which had been badly wounded, and was hard pressed, rushed upon a peasant whose gun had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his fore paws. The peasant, for his part, grasped the bear's ears. Twice did they fall, and twice get up, without loosening their holds, during which time the bear had bitten through the sinews of both arms, from the wrists upward, and was approaching the exhausted peasant's throat, when Mr. Falk, "öfwer jäg mästare," or head ranger of the Werneland forests, arrived, and with one shot ended the fearful conflict.

Jan Svenson was a Dalecarlian hunter of great repute, having been accessory to the death of sixty or seventy bears, most of which he had himself killed. On one occasion he had the following desperate encounter: having, with several other peasants, surrounded a very large bear, he advanced with his dog to rouse him from his lair; the dog dashed toward the bear, who was immediately after fired at and wounded by one of the peasants. This man was prostrated by the infuriated animal, and severely lacerated. The beast now retraced his steps, and came full on Jan Svenson, a shot from whose rifle knocked him over. Svenson, thinking the bear was killed, coolly commenced reloading his rifle. He had only poured in the powder, when the bear sprang up and seized him by the arm. The dog, seeing the jeopardy in which his master was placed, gallantly fixed on the bear's hind quarters. To get rid of this annoyance, the bear threw himself on his back, making with one paw a blow at the dog, with the other holding Svenson fast in his embraces. This he repeated three several times, handling the man as a cat would a mouse, and in the intervals he was biting him in different parts of the body, or standing still as if stupefied. In this dreadful situation Svenson remained nearly half an hour; and during all this time the noble dog never ceased for a moment his attacks on the bear. At last the brute quitted his hold, and moving slowly to a small tree at a few paces' distance, seized it with his teeth; he was in his last agonies, and presently fell dead to the ground. On this occasion Svenson was wounded in thirty-one different places, princi-

pally in the arms and legs. This forest monster had, in the early part of the winter, mortally wounded another man, who was pursuing him, and from his great size was an object of general dread.

Lieutenant Oldenburg, when in Torp in Norrland, saw a chasseur brought down from the forest, who had been desperately mangled by a bear. The man was some distance in advance of his party, and wounded the animal with a ball. The bear immediately turned on him; they grappled, and both soon came to the ground. Here a most desperate struggle took place, which lasted a considerable time. Sometimes the man, who was a powerful fellow, being uppermost, at other times the bear. At length, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, the chasseur gave up the contest, and turning on his face in the snow, pretended to be dead. Bruin, on this, quietly seated himself on his body, where he remained for near half an hour. At length the chasseur's companions came up, and relieved their companion by shooting the bear through the heart. Though terribly lacerated, the man eventually recovered.

Captain Eurenus related to Mr. Lloyd an incident which he witnessed in Wenersborg, in 1790: A bear-hunt or skäll was in progress, and an old soldier placed himself in a situation where he thought the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture, for the animal soon made his appearance, and charged directly at him. He leveled his musket, but the piece missed fire. The bear was now close, and he attempted to drive the muzzle of the gun down the animal's throat. This attack the bear parried like a fencing master, wrested the gun from the man, and quickly laid him prostrate. Had he been prudent all might have ended well, for the bear, after smelling, fancied him dead, and left him almost unhurt. The animal then began to handle the musket, and knock it about with his paws. The soldier seeing this, could not resist stretching out his hand and laying hold of the muzzle, the bear having the stock firmly in his grasp. Finding his antagonist alive, the bear seized the back of his head with his teeth, and tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upward, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. Great as was his agony, the poor fellow kept quiet, and the bear laid himself along his body. While this was going forward, Captain Eurenus and others approached the spot, and on coming within sixteen paces, beheld the bear licking the blood from the bare skull, and eying the people, who were afraid to fire lest they should injure their comrade. Captain Eurenus asserted, that in this position the soldier and bear remained for a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim, and slowly began to retire, when a tremendous fire being opened, he fell dead. On hearing the shots, the wretched sufferer jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face, so as to completely blind him. Throwing it back with his hand, he ran toward his com-

rades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, "The bear! the bear!" the scalp was separated, and the captain described it as exactly resembling a peruke. In one respect the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier; it was in the old days of pipe-clay and pomatum, and every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, and this man being, for satisfactory reasons, unable to comply with the regulation, and a tow wig not being admissible, he immediately received his discharge.

A curious circumstance is related by Mr. Lloyd, showing the boldness of wolves when pressed by hunger. A party were in chase of a bear, who was tracked by a dog. They were some distance behind the bear, when a drove of five wolves attacked and devoured the dog. Their appetites being thus whetted, they forthwith made after the bear, and coming up with him, a severe conflict ensued, as was apparent from the quantity of hair, both of the bear and wolves, that was scattered about the spot. Bruin was victorious, but was killed a few days afterward by the hunters. The wolves, however, had made so free with his fur, that his skin was of little value. On another occasion, a drove of wolves attacked a bear, who, posting himself with his back against a tree, defended himself for some time with success; but at length his opponents contrived to get under the tree, and wounded him desperately in the flank. Just then some men coming up, the wolves retreated, and the wounded bear became an easy prey.

It occasionally happens that cattle are attacked by bears, but the latter are not always victorious. A powerful bull was charged in the forest by a bear, when, striking his horns into his assailant, he pinned him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead—the bull from starvation, the bear from wounds. So says the author above quoted.

The hibernation of bears gives rise to a curious confusion of cause and effect in the minds of the Swiss peasantry. They believe that bears which have passed the winter in the mountain caverns, always come out to reconnoitre on the 2d of February; and that they, like the dove to the ark, for another fortnight; at the end of which time they find the season sufficiently advanced to enable them to quit their quarters without inconvenience; but that, if the weather be fine and warm on the 2d, they sally forth, thinking the winter past. But on the cold returning after sunset, they discover their mistake, and return in a most sulky state of mind, without making a second attempt until after the expiration of six weeks, during which time man is doomed to suffer all the inclemencies consequent on their want of urbanity. Thus, instead of attributing the retirement of the bears to the effects of the cold, the myth makes the cold to depend on the seclusion of the bears!

The fat of bears has, from time immemorial,

enjoyed a high reputation for promoting the growth of hair; but not a thousandth part of the bear's grease sold in shops comes from the animal whose name it carries. In Scandinavia, the only part used for the hair is the fat found about the intestines. The great bulk of the fat, which in a large bear may weigh from sixty to eighty pounds, is used for culinary purposes. Bears' hams, when smoked, are great delicacies, as are also the paws; and the flesh of bears is not inferior to our excellent beef.

On a certain memorable day, in 1847, a large hamper reached Oxford, per Great Western Railway, and was in due time delivered according to its direction, at Christchurch, consigned to Francis Buckland, Esq., a gentleman well known in the University for his fondness for natural history. He opened the hamper, and the moment the lid was removed out jumped a creature about the size of an English sheep dog, covered with long shaggy hair, of a brownish color. This was a young bear, born on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, a few months before, who had now arrived to receive his education at our learned University. The moment that he was released from his irksome attitude in the hamper, he made the most of his liberty, and the door of the room being open, he rushed off down the c'oisters. Service was going on in the chapel, and, attracted by the pealing organ, or some other motive, he made at once for the chapel. Just as he arrived at the door, the stout verger happened to come thither from within, and the moment he saw the impish looking creature that was rushing into his domain, he made a tremendous flourish with his silver wand, and, darting into the chapel, en-sonced himself in a tall pew, the door of which he bolted. Tiglath-pe-leser (as the bear was called), being scared by the silver wand, turned from the chapel, and scampered frantically about the large quadrangle, putting to flight the numerous parties of dogs, who in those days made that spot their afternoon rendezvous. After a sharp chase, a gown was thrown over Tig, and he was with difficulty secured. During the struggle, he got one of the fingers of his new master into his mouth, and—did he bite it off? No, poor thing! but began vigorously sucking it, with that peculiar mumbling noise for which bears are remarkable. Thus was he led back to Mr. B.'s rooms, walking all the way on his hind legs, and sucking the finger with all his might. A collar was put round his neck, and Tig became a prisoner. His good-nature and amusing tricks soon made him a prime favorite with the undergraduates; a cap and gown were made, attired in which (to the great scandal of the *dons*) he accompanied his master to breakfasts and wine parties, where he contributed greatly to the amusement of the company, and partook of good things, his favorite viands being muffins and ices. He was in general of an amiable disposition, but subject to fits of rage, during which his violence was extreme; but a kind word, and a finger to suck, soon brought

him round. He was most impatient of solitude, and would cry for hours when left alone, particularly if it was dark. It was this unfortunate propensity which brought him into especial disfavor with the Dean of Christchurch, whose Greek quantities and hours of rest were sadly disturbed by Tig's lamentations.

On one occasion he was kept in college till after the gates had been shut, and there was no possibility of getting him out without the porter seeing him, when there would have been a fine of ten shillings to pay the next morning; for during this term an edict had gone forth against dogs, and the authorities not being learned in zoology, could not be persuaded that a bear was not a dog. Tig was, therefore, tied in a court-yard near his master's rooms, but that gentleman was soon brought out by his piteous cries, and could not pacify him in any other way than by bringing him into his rooms; and at bed time Tig was chained to the post at the bottom of the bed, where he remained quiet till day-light, and then shuffling on to the bed, awoke his master by licking his face—he took no notice, and presently Tig deliberately put his hind legs under the blankets and covered himself up; there he remained till chapel time, when his master left him, and on his return found that the young gentleman had been amusing himself during his solitude by overturning every thing he could get at in the room, and, apparently, had had a quarrel and fight with the looking-glass, which was broken to pieces and the wood work bitten all over. The perpetrator of all this havoc sat on the bed, looking exceedingly innocent, but rocking backward and forward as if conscious of guilt and doubtful of the consequences. Near to Tig's house there was a little monkey tied to a tree, and Jacko's great amusement was to make grimaces at Tig; and when the latter composed himself to sleep in the warm sunshine, Jacko would cautiously descend from the tree, and, twisting his fingers in Tig's long hair, would give him a sharp pull and in a moment was up the tree again, chattering and clattering his chain. Tig's anger was most amusing—he would run backward and forward on his hind legs sucking his paws, and with his eyes fixed on Jacko, uttering all sorts of threats and imprecations, to the great delight of the monkey. He would then again endeavor to take a nap, only to be again disturbed by his little tormentor. However, these two animals established a truce, became excellent friends, and would sit for half-an-hour together confronting each other, apparently holding a conversation. At the commencement of the long vacation, Tig, with the other members of the University, retired into the country, and was daily taken out for a walk round the village, to the great astonishment of the bumpkins. There was a little shop, kept by an old dame who sold whipcord, sugar-candy, and other matters, and here, on one occasion, Tig was treated to sugar-candy. Soon afterward he got loose, and at once made off for the

shop, into which he burst to the unutterable terror of the spectacled and high capped old lady, who was knitting stockings behind the counter; the moment she saw his shaggy head and heard the appalling clatter of his chain, she rushed up stairs in a delirium of terror. When assistance arrived the offender was discovered, seated on the counter, helping himself most liberally to brown sugar; and it was with some difficulty, and after much resistance, that he was dragged away.

Mr. Buckland had made a promise that Tig should pay a visit to a village about six miles distant, and determined that he should proceed thither on horseback. As the horse shied whenever the bear came near him, there was some difficulty in getting him mounted; but at last his master managed to pull him up by the chain while the horse was held quiet. Tig at first took up his position in front, but soon walked round and stood up on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on his master's shoulders. To him this was exceedingly pleasant, but not so to the horse, who not being accustomed to carry two, and feeling Tig's claws, kicked and plunged to rid himself of the extra passenger. Tig held on like grim death, and stuck in his claws most successfully; for in spite of all the efforts of the horse he was not thrown. In this way the journey was performed, the country folks opening their eyes at the apparition.

This reminds us of an anecdote mentioned by Mr. Lloyd: a peasant had reared a bear which became so tame that he used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the bear kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing Bruin off his equilibrium. This went on for some time, till the animal became so irritated that he gave his master, who was in front of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw, which frightened the man so much that he caused the bear to be killed immediately; this, as he richly deserved the thump, was a shabby retaliation.

When term recommenced, Tiglath-pe-leser returned to the University, much altered in appearance, for being of the family of silver bears of Syria, his coat had become almost white; he was much bigger and stronger, and his teeth had made their appearance, so that he was rather more difficult to manage; the only way to restrain him when in a rage, was to hold him by the ears; but on one occasion having lost his temper, he tore his cap and gown to pieces. About this time the British Association paid a visit to Oxford, and Tig was an object of much interest. The writer was present on several occasions when he was introduced to breakfast parties of eminent savants, and much amusement was created by his tricks, albeit they were a little rough. In more than one instance he

made sad havoc with book-muslins and other fragile articles of female attire; on the whole, however, he conducted himself with great propriety, especially at an evening meeting at Dr. Daubeny's, where he was much noticed, to his evident pleasure.

Still, however, the authorities at Christchurch, not being zoologists, had peculiar notions respecting bears; and at length, after numerous threats and pecuniary penalties, the fatal day arrived, and Tig's master was informed that either "he or the bear must leave Oxford the next morning." There was no resisting this, and poor dear Tig was, accordingly, put into a box—a much larger one than that in which he had arrived—and sent off to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; here he was placed in a comfortable den by himself; but, alas! he missed the society to which he had been accustomed, the excitement of a college life, and the numerous charms by which the University was endeared to him; he refused his food; he ran perpetually up and down his den in the vain hope to escape, and was one morning found dead, a victim to a broken heart!

NOT ALL ALONE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

NOT all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage;
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a consecrated page:
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore, are still thine own;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh, how canst thou be all alone?

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call—
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft is His tenderest mercy shown;
Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!