

ful the ideas that come into a man's mind when he sets himself a-thinking over his work, and there is no care to take up his thoughts." Hence the brightened countenance which the neighbors remark on: but hence, too, the bitter regret at his wasted years of school life—at "the injury of his want of education." What might he not hope to be and do now, Susan says, if he had but the knowledge that every man may be said to have the right to be possessed of? Yet, the good fellow has raised his family to a point of comfort. A gentleman who heard of his merits, as a first-rate laborer, wrote to the same parish officers, to inquire if there were any brothers. There was Tom; and Tom is now in a happy situation, highly esteemed by his employer, and earning 14s. a week. The employer, finding that Tom sadly missed intercourse with his family, and knowing that he could neither read nor write letters, sent for the sister, Lizzy, to be under-nursemaid in the family. In another way Harry has done a deeper and wider good. Miss Foote's friends tell her that his example is beginning to tell in the neighborhood; his example, not only of strenuous and skillful labor, but by integrity, temperance, and disinterested attachment to his employer.

All this is well—very pleasant to contemplate—but a disturbing question arises in the midst of it: What can society say to these excellent young men in excuse for their deprivation of family life? And again, what is at best their prospect for old age?

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A CHAPTER ON WOLVES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY," ETC.

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hounds' deep hate and hunter's fire;
Where'er we flew, they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun.
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet,
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe!

Mazeppa.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the wolf, from the close analogy which in all its essential features it presents to the faithful companion of man. So close indeed is the analogy, that some of the ablest zoologists, the celebrated John Hunter included, have entertained the opinion that dogs, in all their varieties, and wolves, have descended from a common stock. With the exception of an obliquity in the position of the eyes, there is no appreciable anatomical difference between these animals. The question is one of difficulty; but we believe we are correct in stating that the majority of

the highest authorities agree in the belief that these animals are not derived from a common parent, but were originally distinct, and will ever so continue. There are several species of wild dogs known, quite distinct from the wolf; and although the opportunities have been numerous for dogs resuming their pristine form, by long continuance in a savage state, no instance has ever occurred of their becoming wolves, however much they might degenerate from the domestic breed. The honest and intelligent shepherd-dog was regarded by Buffon as the "*fons et origo*," from which all other dogs, great and small, have sprung; and he drew up a kind of genealogical table, showing how climate, food, education, and intermixture of breeds gave rise to the varieties. At Katmandoo there are many plants found in a wild state, which man has carried with him in his migrations, and wild animals, which may present the typical forms whence some of our domestic races have been derived; among these is a wild dog, which Mr. Hodgson considers to be the primitive species of the whole canine race. By Professor Kretchner, the jackal was regarded as the type of the dogs of ancient Egypt, an idea supported by the representations on the walls of the temples. This question, however, of the origin of the canine race, is so thoroughly obscured by the mists of countless ages, as to be incapable of direct proof. Philosophers may indulge themselves with speculations; but in the absence of that keystone, proof, the matter must rest on the basis of theory alone.

The following are some of the chief differences between wolves, wild dogs, and domestic dogs. The ears of the wild animals are always pricked, the lop or drooping ear being essentially a mark of civilization; with very rare exceptions, their tails hang more or less and are bushy, the honest cock of the tail so characteristic of a respectable dog, being wanting. This is certainly the rule; but, curious enough, the Zoological Gardens contain at the present moment, a Portuguese female wolf which carries her tail as erect and with as bold an air as any dog. Wolves and wild dogs growl, howl, yelp, and cry most discordantly, but with one exception, do not bark; that exception being the wild hunting-dog of South Africa, which, according to Mr. Cumming, has three distinct cries; one is peculiarly soft and melodious, but distinguishable at a great distance: this is analogous to the trumpet-call, "halt and rally," of cavalry, serving to collect the scattered pack when broken in hot chase. A second cry, which has been compared to the chattering of monkeys, is emitted at night when the dogs are excited; and the third note is described as a sharp, angry bark, usually uttered when they behold an object they can not make out, but which differs from the true, well-known bark of the domestic dog.

The common or European wolf is found from Egypt to Lapland, and is most probably the

variety that formerly haunted these islands. The wolves of Russia are large and fierce, and have a peculiarly savage aspect. The Swedish and Norwegian are similar to the Russian in form, but are lighter in color, and in winter, totally white. Those of France are browner and smaller than either of these, and the Alpine wolves are smaller still. Wolves are very numerous in the northern regions of America; "their foot-marks," says Sir John Richardson, "may be seen by the side of every stream, and a traveler can rarely pass the night in these wilds without hearing them howling around him."* These wolves burrow, and bring forth their young in earths with several outlets, like those of a fox. Sir John saw none with the gaunt appearance, the long jaw and tapering nose, long legs and slender feet, of the Pyrenean wolves.

India, too, is infested with wolves, which are smaller than the European. There is a remarkably fine animal at the Zoological Gardens, born of a European father and Indian mother, which, in size and other respects, so closely partakes of the characteristics of his sire, that he might well pass for pure blood.

Among the ancients, wolves gave rise to many superstitious fictions. For instance, it was said that they possessed "an evil eye," and that, if they looked on a man before he saw them, he would forthwith lose his voice. Again, we find the Roman witches, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, employing the wolf in their incantations:

"Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris."

Horæ. Sat. viii. lib. i.

There was a myth prevalent among the ancients, that in Arcadia there lived a certain family of the Antæi, of which one was ever obliged to be transformed into a wolf. The members of the family cast lots, and all accompanied the luckless wight on whom the lot fell, to a pool of water. This he swam over, and having entered into the wilderness on the other side, was forthwith in form, a wolf, and for nine years kept company with wolves: at the expiration of that period he again swam across the pool, and was restored to his natural shape, only that the addition of nine years was placed upon his features. It was also imagined that the tail of the wolf contained a hair, which acted as a love philtre and excited the tender passion. The myth of Romulus and Remus having been suckled by a wolf, arose from the simple circumstance of their nurse having been named Lupa—an explanation which sadly does away with the garland of romance that so long surrounded the story of the founders of Rome. The figure of the wolf at one time formed a standard for the Roman legions, as saith Pliny, "Caius Marius, in his second consulship, ordained that the legions of Roman soldiers only should have the eagle for their standard, and no other signe, for before time the eagle marched

foremost indeed, but in a ranke of foure others, to wit, wolves, minotaures, horses, and bores."*

The dried snout of a wolf held, in the estimation of the ancients, the same rank that a horse-shoe does now with the credulous. It was nailed upon the gates of country farms, as a counter-charm against the evil eye, and was supposed to be a powerful antidote to incantations and witchcraft. New-married ladies were wont, upon their wedding-day, to anoint the side-posts of their husbands' houses with wolves' grease, to defeat all demoniac arts. These animals bore, however, but a bad character when alive; for, exclusive of their depredations, it was imagined that if horses chanced to tread in the foot-tracks of wolves, their feet were immediately numbed; but Pliny also says, "Verily, the great master teeth and grinders of a wolf being hanged about an horse necke, cause him that he shall never tire and be weary, be he put to never so much running in any race whatsoever." When a territory was much infested with wolves, the following ceremony was performed with much solemnity and deep subsequent carousal: A wolf would be caught alive, and his legs carefully broken. He was then dragged around the confines of the farm, being bled with a knife from time to time, so that the blood might sprinkle the ground. Being generally dead when the journey had been completed, he was buried in the very spot whence he had started on his painful race.

There was scarcely a filthy thing upon the earth, or under the earth, which the ancients did not in some way use medicinally; and we find Paulus Ægineta recommends the dry and pounded liver of a wolf, steeped in sweet wine, as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the liver, &c.

Our English word *wolf* is derived from the Saxon *wulf*, and from the same root, the German *wolf*, the Swedish *ulf*, and Danish *ulv* are probably derived. Wolves were at one time a great scourge to this country, the dense forests which formerly covered the land favoring their safety and their increase. Edgar applied himself seriously to rid his subjects of this pest, by commuting the punishment of certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales by commuting a tax of gold and silver imposed on the Princes of Cambria by Ethelstan, into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads, which Jenaf, Prince of North Wales, paid so punctually, that by the fourth year the breed was extinct. Not so, however, in England, for like ill weeds, they increased and multiplied here, rendering necessary the appointment, in the reign of the first Edward, of a *wolf-hunter* general, in the person of one Peter Corbet; and his majesty thought it not beneath his dignity to issue a mandamus, bearing date May 14th, 1281, to all bailiffs, &c., to aid and assist the said Peter in the destruction of wolves in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire, and Stafford; and Camden informs us that in Derby, lands

* Fauna Boreali-Americana, p. 62.

* Holland's Plinie's Naturall Historie, ed. 1635.

were held at Wormhill by the duty of hunting and taking the wolves that infested that county. In the reign of Athelstan, these pests had so abounded in Yorkshire, that a retreat was built at Flixton in that county, "to defend passengers from the wolves that they should not be devoured by them." Our Saxon ancestors also called January, when wolves pair, *wolf-month*; and an outlaw was termed *wolfshed*, being out of the protection of the law, and as liable to be killed as that destructive beast.

A curious notice of the existence of wolves and foxes in Scotland is afforded in Bellenden's translation of Boetius.* "The wolffis are right noisome to tame beastial in all parts of Scotland, except one part thereof, named Glenmorris, in which the tame beastial gets little damage of wild beastial, especially of tods (foxes); for each horse nurses a young tod certain days, and mengis (mixes) the flesh thereof, after it be slain, with such meat as they give to their fowls or other small beasts, and so many as eat of this meat are preserved two months after from any damage of tods; for tods will eat no flesh that gusts of their own kind." The last wolf killed in Scotland is said to have fallen by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron, about 1680; and singular to say, the skin of this venerable quadruped may yet be in existence: in a catalogue of Mr. Donovan's sale of the London Museum, in April, 1818, there occurs the following item, "Lot 832. Wolf, a noble animal in a large glass case. The last wolf killed in Scotland, by Sir E. Cameron." It would be interesting to know what became of this lot.

The pairing time is January, when after many battles with rivals, the strongest males attach themselves to the females. The female wolf prepares a warm nest for her young, of soft moss and her own hair, carefully blended together. The cubs are watched by the parents with tender solicitude, are gradually accustomed to flesh, and when sufficiently strong their education begins, and they are taken to join in the chase; not the least curious part is the discipline by which they are inured to suffering and taught to bear pain without complaint; their parents are said to bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, punishing them if they utter a cry, until they have learned to be mute. To this quality Macaulay alludes when speaking of a wolf in his "Prophecy of Cypys:"

"When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds."

It is curious to observe the cunning acquired by wolves in well inhabited districts, where they are eagerly sought for destruction; they then never quit cover to windward: they trot along just within the edges of the wood until they meet the wind from the open country, and are assured by their keen scent that no danger awaits them in that quarter—then they ad-

vance, keeping under cover of hedgerows as much as possible, moving in single file and treading in each other's track; narrow roads they bound across, without leaving a footprint. When a wolf contemplates a visit to a farm-yard, he first carefully reconnoitres the ground, listening, snuffing up the air, and smelling the earth; he then springs over the threshold without touching it and seizes on his prey. In retreat his head is low, turned obliquely, with one ear forward the other back, and the eyes glaring. He trots crouching, his brush obliterating the track of his feet till at some distance from the scene of his depredation, then feeling himself secure, he waves his tail erect in triumph, and boldly pushes on to cover.

In northern India, wolves together with jackals and pariah dogs, prowl about the dwellings of Europeans. Colonel Hamilton Smith relates a curious accident which befell a servant who was sleeping in a verandah with his head near the outer lattice: a wolf thrust his jaws between the bamboo, seized the man by the head, and endeavored to drag him through; the man's shrieks awakened the whole neighborhood, and assistance came, but though the wolf was struck at by many, he escaped. Wolves have even been known to attack sentries when single, as in the last campaign of the French armies in the vicinity of Vienna, when several of the videttes were carried off by them. During the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, wolves of the Siberian race followed the troops to the borders of the Rhine; specimens of these wolves shot in the vicinity, and easily distinguishable from the native breed, are still preserved in the museums of Neuwied, Frankfurt, and Cassel.

Captain Lyon* relates the following singular instance of the cunning of a wolf which had been caught in a trap, and, being to all appearance dead, was dragged on board ship: "The eyes, however, were observed to wink whenever an object was placed near them, some precautions were, therefore, considered necessary, and the legs being tied the animal was hoisted up with his head downward. He then, to our surprise, made a vigorous spring at those near him, and afterward repeatedly turned himself upward so as to reach the rope by which he was suspended, endeavoring to gnaw it asunder, and making angry snaps at the persons who prevented him. Several heavy blows were struck on the back of his neck, and a bayonet was thrust through him, yet above a quarter of an hour elapsed before he died."

Hearne, in his journey to the Northern Ocean, says, that the wolves always burrow under ground at the breeding season, and though it is natural to suppose them very fierce at those times, yet he has frequently seen the Indians go to their dens, take out the cubs and play with them. These they never hurt, and always scrupulously put them in the den again, although they occasionally painted their faces with ver-

* Edit. Edin. 1541, quoted from Magazine of Natural History.

* Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

million and red ochre, in strange and grotesque patterns.

This statement is supported by incidents which have occurred in this metropolis; there was a bitch wolf in the Tower Menagerie, which, though excessively fond of her cubs, suffered the keepers to handle them, and even remove them from the den, without evincing the slightest symptom either of anger or alarm; and a still more remarkable instance is related from observation, by Mr. Bell: "There was a wolf at the Zoological Gardens (says that able naturalist) which would always come to the front bars of the den as soon as I or any other person whom she knew, approached; she had pups, too, and so eager, in fact, was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den as she brought them forward to be fondled."

During the last year, 8807 wolves' skins were imported by the Hudson's Bay Company from their settlements; of which 8784 came from the York Fort and Mackenzie River stations; we recently had the opportunity of examining the stock, and found it principally composed of white wolves' skins from the Churchill River, with black and gray skins of every shade. The most valuable are from animals killed in the depth of winter, and of these, the white skins, which are beautifully soft and fine, are worth about thirty shillings apiece, and are exported to Hungary, where they are in great favor with the nobles as trimming for pelisses and hussar jackets; the gray wolves' skins are worth from three shillings and sixpence upward, and are principally exported to America and the North of Europe, to be used as cloak-linings.

Colonel H. Smith mentions a curious instance of the treacherous ferocity of the wolf. A butcher at New York had brought up, and believed he had tamed, a wolf, which he kept for above two years chained up in the slaughter-house, where it lived in a complete superabundance of blood and offal. One night, having occasion for some implement which he believed was accessible in the dark, he went into this little Smithfield without thinking of the wolf. He was clad in a thick frieze coat, and while stooping to grope for what he wanted, he heard the chain rattle, and in a moment was struck down by the animal springing upon him. Fortunately, a favorite cattle-dog had accompanied his master, and rushed forward to defend him: the wolf had hold of the man's collar, and being obliged to turn in his own defense, the butcher had time to draw a large knife, with which he ripped his assailant open. The same able writer relates an incident which occurred to an English gentleman, holding a high public situation in the peninsula, during a wolf-hunt in the mountains, near Madrid. The sportsmen were placed in ambush, and the country-people drove the game toward them; presently an animal came bounding upward toward this gentleman, so large that he took it, while driving through

the high grass and bushes, for a donkey; it was a wolf, however, whose glaring eyes meant mischief, but, scared by the click of the rifle, he turned and made his escape, though a bullet whistled after him; at the close of the hunt seven were found slain, and so large were they that this gentleman, though of uncommon strength, could not lift one entirely from the ground.

The wolf of America is at times remarkable for cowardice, though bold enough when pressed by hunger, or with other wolves. Mr. R. C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, states that this animal, when trapped, is silent, subdued, and unresisting. He was present when a fine young wolf, about fifteen months old, was taken by surprise, and suddenly attacked with a club. The animal offered no resistance, but, crouching down in the supplicating manner of a dog, suffered himself to be knocked on the head. An old hunter told Mr. Taylor that he had frequently taken a wolf out of the trap, and compelled it by a few blows to lie down by his side, while he reset his trap.

The Esquimaux wolf-trap is made of strong slabs of ice, long and so narrow, that a fox can with difficulty turn himself in it, and a wolf must actually remain in the position in which he is taken. The door is a heavy portcullis of ice, sliding in two well-secured grooves of the same substance, and is kept up by a line which, passing over the top of the trap, is carried through a hole at the farthest extremity. To the end of the line is fastened a small hoop of whale-bone, and to this any kind of flesh bait is attached. From the slab which terminates the trap, a projection of ice, or a peg of bone or wood, points inward near the bottom, and under this the hoop is slightly hooked; the slightest pull at the bait liberates it, the door falls in an instant, and the wolf is speared where he lies.

Sir John Richardson states that, when near the Copper Mines River in North America, he had more than once an opportunity of seeing a single wolf in pursuit of a reindeer, and especially on Point Lake, when covered with ice, when a fine buck reindeer was overtaken by a large white wolf, and disabled by a bite in the flank. An Indian, who was concealed, ran in and cut the deer's throat with his knife, the wolf at once relinquishing his prey and sneaking off. In the chase the poor deer urged its flight by great bounds, which for a time exceeded the speed of the wolf; but it stopped so frequently to gaze on its relentless enemy, that the latter, toiling on at a long gallop (so admirably described by Byron), with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, gradually came up. After each hasty look, the deer redoubled its efforts to escape, but, either exhausted by fatigue or enervated by fear, it became, just before it was overtaken, scarcely able to keep its feet.

Captain Lyon gives some interesting illustrations of the habits of the wolves of Melville Peninsula, which were sadly destructive to his dogs. "A fine dog was lost in the afternoon.

It had strayed to the hummocks ahead, without its master; and Mr. Elder, who was near the spot, saw five wolves rush at, attack, and devour it, in an incredibly short space of time: before he could reach the place, the carcass was torn in pieces, and he found only the lower part of one leg. The boldness of the wolves was altogether astonishing, as they were almost constantly seen among the hummocks, or lying quietly, at no great distance, in wait for the dogs. From all we observed, I have no reason to suppose that they would attack a single unarmed man, both English and Esquimaux frequently passing them, without a stick in their hands. The animals, however, exhibited no symptoms of fear, but rather a kind of tacit agreement not to be the beginners of a quarrel, even though they might have been certain of proving victorious.* Another time, when pressed by hunger, the wolves broke into a snow-hut, in which were a couple of newly-purchased Esquimaux dogs, and carried the poor animals off, but not without some difficulty; for even the ceiling of the hut was next morning found sprinkled with blood and hair. When the alarm was given, and the wolves were fired at, one of them was observed carrying a dead dog in his mouth, clear of the ground, and going, with ease, at a canter, notwithstanding the animal was of his own weight. It was curious to observe the fear these dogs seemed, at times, to entertain of wolves.

During Sir John Richardson's residence at Cumberland-house, in 1820, a wolf, which had been prowling round the fort, was wounded by a musket-ball, and driven off, but returned after dark, while the blood was still flowing from its wound, and carried off a dog from among fifty others, that had not the courage to unite in an attack on their enemy. The same writer says, that he has frequently observed an Indian dog, after being worsted in combat with a black wolf, retreat into a corner, and howl, at intervals, for an hour together; these Indian dogs, also, howl piteously when apprehensive of punishment, and throw themselves into attitudes strongly resembling those of a wolf when caught in a trap.

Foxes are frequently taken in the pitfalls set for wolves, and seem to possess more cunning. An odd incident is related by Mr. Lloyd: A fox was lying at the bottom of a pitfall, apparently helpless, when a very stout peasant, having placed a ladder, began to descend with cautious and creaking steps to destroy the vermin. Reynard, however, thought he might benefit by the ladder, as well as his corpulent visitor, and, just as the latter reached the ground, jumped, first, on his stern, then, on his shoulder, skipped out of the pit, and was off in a moment, leaving the man staring and swearing at his impudent escape!

Captain Lyon mentions an instance of the sagacity of the fox: he had caught and tamed one of these animals, which he kept on deck, in

a small hutch, with a scope of chain. Finding himself repeatedly drawn out of his hutch by this, the sagacious little fellow, whenever he retreated within his castle, took the chain in his mouth, and drew it so completely in after him, that no one, who valued his fingers, would endeavor to take hold of the end attached to the staple.

Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious contest that took place in the vicinity of Uddeholm. A peasant had just got into bed, when his ears were assailed by a tremendous uproar in his cattle-shed. On hearing this noise, he jumped up, and, though almost in a state of nudity, rushed into the building to see what was the matter: here he found an immense wolf, which he gallantly seized by the ears, and called out most lustily for assistance. His wife—the gallant Trulla—came to his aid, armed with a hatchet, with which she severely wounded the wolf's head; but it was not until she had driven the handle of the hatchet down the animal's throat, that she succeeded in dispatching him. During the conflict, the man's hands and wrists were bitten through and through; and, when seen by Mr. Lloyd, the wounds were not healed.

Like dogs, wolves are capable of strong attachment; but such instances are comparatively rare: the most striking, perhaps, was that recorded by M. Frederick Cuvier, as having come under his notice at the Ménagerie du Roi, at Paris. The wolf in question was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with persons he was in the habit of seeing, and, in particular, followed his master every where, evincing chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing, in any respect, from that of the most thoroughly-domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the menagerie, where he was confined in a den. Here he became disconsolate, pined, and would scarcely take food; at length, he was reconciled to his new situation, recovered his health, became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten "*auld lang syne*," when, after the lapse of eighteen months, his old master returned. At the first sound of his voice—that well-known, much-loved voice—the wolf, which had not perceived him in a crowd of persons, exhibited the most lively joy, and, being set at liberty, lavished upon him the most affectionate caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done. With some difficulty, he was enticed to his den. But a second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow to the former; which, however, again yielded to time. Three years passed away, and the wolf was living happily with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again appeared—and again the long-lost, but well-remembered voice, was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, redoubled as soon as the poor fellow was at liberty. Rushing to his master, he placed his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with every mark of

* Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1821.