

which of them would make the best eating. A Brucebridge blacksmith drilled a hole in the solid rock, and therein a stout iron standard was leaded, so that Jumbo himself could hardly have torn it up. To this standard the swivels of the chains were attached as they protruded from the box, which was then opened, and out jumped Bruin, stopping for a moment to take in the surroundings, and stretch himself. Well outside the circle of his chain, were several men stationed with breach loading rifles to shoot him if it should break. Bruin was full of fight and it would have put him in the best of humor could he have even broken someone's leg, but he seemed to see that the odds were too much against him. His one eye seemed to pierce the sparkling river and he sniffed the pine woods on the other side. Away he trotted with an elasticity, chained as he was, which you gentle reader, (I hope you are a noun of multitude), could no more realize from seeing a caged bear, than you could judge the "clamant," after his long years of penal slavery, as to his appearance when his weight broke through the cab floor in Liverpool. Faster and faster he rushed down the rock, till the chain brought him to a dead halt. Then his rage was something terrible. His eye glared like a coal. Raising his right paw, he struck the chain, now strained to its utmost, a fearful blow. Such a stroke! It would have broken the back of an ox! Beside it, the most ter-

rific hitting of Sullivan would be as the slap of a girl to her doll. It was an anxious moment—the least flaw in the links, and the infuriated beast would have been tearing some of us. The iron was sound. He tugged and strained, gnashing his teeth, and again striking the chain, but less forcibly as he seemed to realize that he was only hurting his own neck. Then he bit it savagely, his teeth closing with a snap heard afar off, and four being broken in the effort. Soon he changed his tactics and, as if to find some weak spot in the iron, he turned sommersault after sommersault, till the chain was twisted into a coil. Again he untwisted it, by rolling in the other direction and repeated the twisting. After some hours, he seemed to find that the iron was too much for him, and that he could not tear the collar off. He lay down, the picture of surly fury, on the bare rock. The ostler of the hotel managed to make friends with him, so far that he could give Bruin his food without being himself cut into sausages. Still further to pacify him, a lame female bear was brought near, and she tried by all arts of plantigrade endearment to console him. After sniffing at her for some time, he fetched her a cuff on the side of the head, which even by Judge Hughes' exposition of the common law, would be deemed excessive, and which sent Mrs. Britin sprawling over the rock. The strength of these bears in proportion to their size, is marvellous. Cooper, a hotel keeper in Gravenhurst, kept one which