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THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The snow! the snow! away we go,  
To the chiming music of silver bells;  
The world all white, and a sky of light—  
Oh! glorious night, and silver bells!

The stars are out to their midnight rout,  
And twinkle and dance in the sober skies,  
While the lady moon, to their joyous tune,  
Is merry as mischievous maiden's eyes.

The snow! the snow! away we go,  
With a glowing heart and a tugging toe!  
Oh glorious ride by the moonlit tide,  
On the crystal path of the gleaming snow!

Oh! who would ask to lie and bask,  
Like a lazy pool in the summer glow,  
When his heart may bound to the magic sound  
Of silvery bells on the moonlight snow?

Fly on—fly on! nor rein be drawn,  
Till the morning star to rest hath gone!  
Then home to sleep while the sunbeams creep,  
Like schoolward boys to the opening dawn!

The snow! the snow! away we go,  
With the blue above and the white below!  
Oh! magic night, and the earth low bright,  
In the gleaming light of the crisping snow!

THE ASSYRIAN EMPIRE.

A letter was read from Colonel Rawlinson at the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, detailing his progress in the work of collecting and interpreting the Assyrian inscriptions.

He considers it now to be pretty well established that the Assyrian Empire was founded about 1250 B. C. The Assyrian Empire must now be considered comparatively modern; and any real antiquity must be sought for in the ante-Assyrian period. The names of three more Assyrian Kings have been discovered, which must be interposed between Tiglath Pileser and the original founder of Calnech; but the list cannot yet be regarded as complete; and he fears that the obscurity with which the genealogy is involved, cannot be cleared up until a complete tablet of dynasties or more bricks are discovered. From the tablets and cylinders he has made out a list of some 300 or 400 monograms, with their explanations; but he feels quite bewildered at the immensity of the work as the number of ideographs and compound signs is all but incalculable. In one tablet he has found a regular catalogue of all the gods of Assyria and Babylonia, and of the temples and cities in which they were worshipped. This list, although only a fragment, contains nearly 500 names. Mr. Aor and Rassam was at work with 100 men at Kileh Sherkat during the whole of November. Colonel Rawlinson mentions the discovery of a third obelisk at Nineveh. The historical part of this obelisk is very interesting, as it commemorates the exploits of a naval expedition in the Mediterranean, which set out from Aradus in 34 Phœnician vessels, and advanced as far as the Grecian Archipelago.

From Kelly's Excursion to California.

ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

I now took a long farewell of the horses, and turned northward, selecting a line of travel by the

by a bear, as there were foot prints and claw-marks about it; and I was aware instinctively that the brute where water is nearest the surface, when he scratches till he comes to it. This was one of the very size, the foot-mark behind the toes being full nine inches, and although I had my misgivings about the produce of a *tele a tele* with a great grizzly bear, still the "better part of valor" was overcome, as it often is, by the anticipated honor and glory of a single combat, and conquest of such a ferocious beast. I was well armed, too, with my favorite rifle, a Colt's revolver, that never disappointed me, and a nondescript weapon, a sort of cross betwixt a claymore and a bowie-knife; so after capping afresh, hanging the bridle on the corner of the saddle, and staking my mule, I followed the trail up a gully, and much sooner than I expected came within view and good shooting distance of Bruin who was seated erect, with his side toward me, in front of a manzanita bush, making a repast on his favorite berry.

The sharp click of the cock causing him to turn quickly around, left little time for deliberation: so taking a steady good aim at the region of the heart, I let drive, the ball (as I subsequently found) glancing along the ribs, entering the armpit, shattering smartly some of the shoulder bones. I exulted as I saw him stagger and come to his side; the next glance, however, revealed him to my dismay, on all fours, in full pursuit, but going lame; so I bolted for the mule, sadly encumbered with a huge pair of Mexican spurs, the nervous noise of the crushing bush close in my rear convinced me that he was fast gaining on me; I therefore dropped my rifle, putting on fresh steam, and reached the rope, pulled up the picket pin, and springing into the saddle with merely a hold of the hariant plunged the spurs into the mule, which, much to my affliction produced a kick and a retrograde movement; but in the exertion having got a glimpse of my pursuer, uttering a snort of terror he went off at a pace I did not think him capable of, soon widening the distance between us and the bear; but having no means of guiding his motions, he brought me violently in contact with the arm of a tree, which unhorsed and stunned me, excepting, I saw my relentless enemy close at hand, leaving me the only alternative of ascending a tree, but, in my hurried and nervous efforts, I had scarcely my feet above his reach, when he was right under, evidently enabled by the loss of blood, as the exertion made it well out copiously.—after a moment's pause, and a fierce glance upward from his blood-hot eyes, he clasped the trunk, but I saw that his endeavors to climb were crippled by the wounded shoulder. However, by the aid of the jaws, he just succeeded in reaching the first branch with his sound arm, and was working coolly and slowly to bring up the body, when, with a well-directed blow from my cutlass, I completely severed the tendons of the foot, and he instantly fell with a level noise and horrible growl, the blood spouting up as if impelled from a jet; he rose again tardily and limping round the tree with upturned eyes, kept tearing off the bark with his tusks. However, I saw my opportunity, and I again dove upward, I sent a ball for a moment into his side, a good effect

relaxed, so I descended with confidence, and found him quite dead, and myself not a little overworked with excitement and the effects of my wound, which bled, profusely from the temple, so much so, that I thought an artery was ruptured. I bound up my head as well as I could, loaded my revolver anew, and returned for my rifle; but as evening was approaching, and my mule gone, I had little time to survey the dimensions of my fallen foe, and no means of packing much of his flesh. I therefore hastily hacked off a few stalks from his thigh, and hewing off one of his hind feet as a sure trophy of victory, I set out toward the trading post, which I reached about midnight, my frayed and my truant mule being there before me, but no horses.

I exhibited the foot of my fallen foe in great triumph, and described the conflict with due emphasis and effect to the company who arose to listen, after which I made a transfer of the flesh to the traders, on condition that there was not to be any charge for the hotel or use of the mule. There was an old experienced French trapper of the party, who judging from the size of the foot, set down the weight of the bear at 1500 lbs., which, he said, they frequently over-ran, himself, as well as Colonel Fremont's exploring party, having killed several that came to 2002. He advised me, should I again be pursued by a bear, and have no other means of escape, to ascend a small girted tree, which they cannot get up, for not having any joint in the fore legs, they cannot climb any with a branchless stem that does not fully fill their embrace; and in the event of not being able to accomplish the ascent before my pursuer overtook me, to place my back against it, when if it and I did not constitute a bulk capable of filling his hug, I might have time to rip out his entrails before he could kill me, by lying in a most favorable posture for the operation. They do not generally use their mouth in the destruction of their victims, but hugging them closely lift one of the hind feet, which are armed with tremendous claws, and tear out the bowels. The Frenchman's advice reads rationally enough, and is a feasible theory on the art of evading unbearable compression; but, unfortunately in the hands of that animal these slim juvenile sapplings are rarely met with, and a person closely confronted with such a grizzly *ris-a-ris* is not exactly in a tone of nerve for surgical operations.

THE STARVING LION.

The following incident is from Dr. Wayland's Memoirs of the Missionary, Judson, published a few weeks since. It occurred during the period of Mr. Judson's cruel persecution by the Burman authorities:

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the bathsome inner prison, he was attacked by a slow fever which threatened to destroy his life. His Guardian angel was, as ever, on the alert, but it was in vain that she entreated penitents to rebuild his room in the prison yard. About this time the poor sufferers were astonished by a most singular accession to their numbers. Something like a year previous to the commencement of the war the king had received from some

The successful defeat of Bandoak, his alarm, and the utter inefficiency of the Burman troops before these charmed warriors, were matters of grave concern, and strange glances were cast toward the king's noble pet; but for a time no one dared to speak. The matter was first broached by the queen's brother, an ignorant, brutal fellow, who owed his elevation from the lot of a common fishmonger entirely to his clever, intriguing sister's power over the king. He was positive that the English had dominated the palace, in the shape of this regal-looking bear, which had entirely won the heart of the king. The king, on a man of more sense, but, like all Burman operations, seconded his opinion; and other councillors, now that they durst speak, came in with floods of argument and testimony. The king repelled the idea of any connection between his favorite and the enemy as absurd in the extreme, but at last consented to the animal's being sent to the death prison, though he expressly stipulated that it should not be slain without his order. The queen's brother, however, gave secret directions to the keeper not to furnish the animal with food, and so merciless was he well known to be in the execution of his vengeance, that they dared not disobey him, even to please the king.

The cage, all newly ironed and barricaded, as though some unusual resistance was expected, was placed in the prison yard, close against the principal building. And now commenced a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy prisoners had seen men starved, and beaten and smothered and strangled to death, then dragged by the feet from the door and thrust like dogs into some shallow pit, or left for wild dogs to devour; and they thought they had gamed a fearful humanity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in this new horror—a gradually starved lion. Day after day, the noble beast withered in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding in his fearful struggles, while his roaring seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to the hearts of the occupants.

The jailor said it was the British lion, ineffectually struggling against the conquering Burmans though even his ferocious features were somewhat mitigated by superstitious fears. Sometimes a compassionate wretch would steal to the cage after dark, and thrust a morsel of food between the bars; but it was necessarily a trifle to the powerful beast, and served only to increase his ravings. At other times one of the keepers would throw pails of water over him, which would be greeted with almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only served to lengthen for a little the terrible term of suffering. At last the scene was over. The skeleton of the noble beast was dragged from its cage, and buried with more care than many a poor human skeleton had been before.

The next time Mrs. Judson came to the prison door, and her husband crawled to meet her—created with the upper part of his body, but his feet still attached to powerless hands—he had