

is generally captured near its starting point. The black or silver fox (*V. Argentatus*) is found throughout the Northernmost parts of the Continent, as well as in Asia, but is very rare, and its skin is counted one of the most valuable furs. The swift or burrowing fox (*V. Velox*) inhabits the Missouri or the Rocky Mountains, and always burrows, hence its name. Its swiftness is inconceivable, outstripping the antelope, and being compared more to the flight of a bird. The notes respecting it, taken by Say, were lost, and as no other naturalist has given an accurate description of it from observation, very little can be said of its habits. The fifth kind is the Arctic fox (*Canis Lagopus*.) This frequents the higher latitudes, and only comes a few degrees below the Polar Circle. It is captured to a great extent in the Hudson's Bay Territory; is very voracious, as a proof of which Capt. Lyon, who accompanied Parry mentions having found in the stomach of one which he examined "a mass of rope-yarn and line, amongst which some plaited pieces were fully six inches long." It is very cleanly, and no unpleasant smell is perceptible from it—an exception unknown to the rest of the species. It is of a pure white in winter, becoming brownish or gray in the summer.

The following anecdote is given of the gray fox:—A few years since, one was started in New Jersey, and after running a few miles before the dogs, was shot at and apparently struck, as he made several somersets and then fell, but recovering started off again. Another hunter next had a chance, and poor Reynard again fell, was taken up and carried home to all appearance a dead fox, and accordingly thrown into a corner of the room. While the hunters were at supper, the supposed dead animal was seen to raise himself on his fore-legs, cautiously looking about to see what chance there was of escape, but finding himself observed, again resumed the quiescent state. One of the party now passed a piece of burning paper under his nose, but to all appearance he lay senseless as a stone. The room however was closed for the night, and it was found in the morning running about inside as though nothing had happened. On examination, not a bone was found broken, and with the exception of a slight wound in the shoulder and a soiled coat, he was as well as ever.

Many other well vouched for anecdotes of the cunning and slyness of this species could be adduced, but our space will not permit of them.

MARY TRESPCOTT, THE MANIAC.

BY EDWIN P. ROBERTS.

SOME twenty-five years ago, at an hour in the evening when most of the rural inhabitants of the little town of Troughton, England, had retired to rest, an elderly man, decently but poorly clad, entered the village, and from his appearance seemed to have undergone a hard day's travel. A little box suspended by a strap across his shoulders, some peculiarity of costume, and a beard, marked him down as a pedler—as, in fact, he was, though from his inquiries he did not seem to be in any way familiar with that portion of the country he was now travelling. Finally, by his thin hair and worn face, he might have been between fifty and sixty years of age.

He had, after looking a moment or two wistfully at the door, gone on past the chief inn, the "Red Bull," and at last decided on entering a low-built common looking public house in a by-street, where, taking his seat in a capacious room with a sanded floor, and which was kitchen, bar, and tap-room

in one, he called for some bread and cheese and a mug of beer, and proceeded to make a frugal meal, with an appetite that had clearly not been tampered with upon the road, and sitting apart with marked timidity from the rest present.

His air and manner were diffident and retiring; and when at last he ventured to ask the landlord—a very waspy-looking gentleman indeed—if he could be accommodated with a bed for the night, the latter, who had a comfortable seat by the warm fire, as he sent forth a spiral cloud of smoke from his pipe, interrupting a conversation he was holding in an under-tone with two or three laboring men seated on the settle, let his round, stolid eyes fix upon the questioner, first with an expression of wonder, probably at the temerity of the wayfarer in speaking to him, and next changed into a more conciliatory look, as if he said, "Oh, you're got a tongue, have you? You've a mind to use it, eh? Well I don't mind if I