

NATURAL HISTORY.

A WOLF STORY.

Some fortv years since. a gentleman purchased a

large tract of land in Delaware County, State of New York, near the source of the Delaware river. He had employed a number of hands to make a clearing, on a slightly rising piece, contiguous to the stream. Sometime after it was completed, he was induced to stroll that way, and when about returning, his attention was attracted by a noise on the opposite side, as of animals running, or in chase, and apparently making towards where he was. As wild animals were then more abundant, and having no weapon to defend himself if attacked, he was induced to seek safety in one of the adjoining trees (doubtless thinking "discretion the better part of valor"). He had barely seated himself on one of the limbs, when he heard a sudden rush and plunge, as of a heavy body into the water, nearly opposite where he was, which was immediately succeeded by another, and almost as soon as thought, a fine buck made his appearance in the clearing, and close to his heels a fierce looking wolf. It was evident from the jaded appearance of both, that the run had been arduous and well contested; but he of the antlers had not proceeded out of sight, before his ruthless foe was upon him, and his struggles were soon ended in death. The gentleman had no idea of contending for the prize with his savage and half famished looking neighbor; he therefore made up his mind to let the wolf finish his repast ere he descended. But to his surprise his wolf-ship was not so inclined, for having satisfied himself his prey was lifeless, and casting his eye around, apparently with the intention of ascertaining his whereabouts, he retraced his steps, and after passing the river, was soon out of hearing.

The gentleman thinking it strange he had left the buck with his hunger unappeased, descended from the tree, and being a strong, athletic man, and moreover not being too strongly impressed with the prevailing notion to the "victor belongs the spoil," shouldered the carcass, and carrying it some distance, hid it in a close set thicket, and as he was much puzzled to account for the action of the wolf in leaving it untasted, and thinking there was something in it more than met the eye, he concluded to return to his former station in the tree, and wait the denouement, particularly as the sun was at some three or four hours height.

Sometime had elapsed before the monotony was broken, when sundry yelps were heard in the distance as of animals rapidly approaching; soon a plunge into the water, followed almost simultaneously by a general one, and the leader appeared in the clearing, in the victorious wolf, much elated, with glistening eyes, head, ears, and tail erect; accompanied by his fellows, he dashed to the spot; not seeing the prey, he appeared to be struck with consternation, his head and tail drooped, a sudden and violent tremor seized him, and it was evident that he was suffering under a most acute paroxysm of fear; his companions seemed also much surprised—for a moment looking at the apparent culprit with rueful glances, and emitting occasional growls of disapprobation; they continued to scent and re-scent the ground around for some moments, as though at fault; when failing to find either the prey or trail, they turned with fury in their eyes upon the deceiver, and each one fastened his dead-

ly fangs into him, the meeting his death without resistance; then with one of his peculiar howls, they betook themselves to the woods. T.F.B.
Bridgport, Conn., January 3, 1842.

FUNERAL OF A CELEBRATED WATERLOO CHARGER.—This well known old campaigner, who had carried the gallant Major General Sir William Gomm through the three memorable days of Waterloo, died of old age on the 30th of December last, at Stoko Park, the seat of Granville Penn, Esq. where for many years past he has been enjoying his "otium cum dignitate." On Saturday last he was buried in a romantic spot in the "classic grounds of Stoko," with military honors. After being lowered into his grave, in the presence of many spectators, three volleys were fired over him, under the command of an old Waterloo man, the firing party consisting of the keepers and others on the estate. Old Charger, as he was called, was a universal favorite. He was allowed the full range of the park during the summer months, and in the winter season he was placed in a comfortable stable, where he was fed with corn, and had every care and attention paid to him up to the day of his death. He was an aged horse at the time he was ridden in the "battle-field," and is considered to have nearly arrived at the extraordinary age of forty. He was a remarkably fine chestnut horse, and stood about 16 hands high. On the 17th of June he received a gunshot wound in the hind quarters, and the bullet was not extracted until after his death. It is now in the possession of Mr. Penn. A suitable monument is to be erected over the grave of Old Charger.

LAWSUIT WITH A DOG.—My uncle had a Newfoundland dog, which was celebrated for catching salmon. He knew the Monday mornings as well as the fisherman themselves, and used to go to the cauld or mill-dam at Fireburn Mill on those mornings. He there took his station at the cauld slap, or opening in the dam, to allow the salmon to pass; and had been known to kill from twelve to twenty salmon in the morning. The fish he took to the side. The then Lord Tankerville instituted a process against the dog. I had a copy of the proceedings; but, I regret to say, it was lost when the old library was altered. The case was brought before the court of session; and the process was entitled "The Earl of Tankerville versus a dog, the property of the Earl of Home." Judgment was given in favour of the dog.—Letter of Lord Home, in "Yarrel's History of British Fishes."

Kindness comes with a double grace and tenderness in the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long purged benevolence of years, as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal which it had passed as if the winds which had broken the form, had swept vain across the heart, and the frosts which had chilled the blood and withered the locks had possessed no power over the affections. The tenderness of old age is three blest in its trophies over the obduracy of encrusting age; blest in its power, blest because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; blest because it, tells us that the heart blossoms upon the precincts of the tomb.—Amos.

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