



"I ONCE CHASED A LEAN GRIZZLY FOR SEVERAL MILES."

## BIG GAME HUNTING IN THE WILD WEST.

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### V.

#### BEARS.

THE native bears remaining within the scope of our hunting districts comprise the grizzly, black, brown, and cinnamon varieties, all of which are characterized by closely assimilated instincts, habits and peculiarities, and are all hunted substantially in the same manner, with the exception of the polar variety, which from necessity is carnivorous.

All species of the bear family indigenous to North America are omnivorous, and their ranges extend over portions of many of the older States, and throughout nearly all the provinces of the Canadian Dominion. The habitats of the grizzly and cinnamon varieties are restricted to the vicinity of the western mountain ranges.

Although not strictly migratory in their habits, yet whenever food fails to supply their wants in one place they immediately remove to a more favorable locality, guided by their keen instinctive perceptions. Until last autumn I invariably found grizzlies numerous in the Casper and Big Horn Mountains, but a railroad recently constructed through that section has afforded such easy access to those hunting grounds that a great deal of the game, including many of the bears, has been killed or driven away.

The carnivorous propensities of these animals are so ravenous that they will gorge themselves to repletion whenever they can secure flesh, fish or fowl of any

description, and like polar bears are especially fond of salmon, and resort to a very dexterous method of catching them by lying down upon the bank of a river just above the water's edge while the fish are ascending against a swift current, so that when one comes within reach they quickly seize and with their powerful claws throw it out upon the bank.

They not only kill and gormandize upon every animal, including the biped species, that comes within their power, but it is asserted there is an exception to this, in that they are not cannibally given and will not eat bear's flesh. They are also equally voracious in their consumption of herbivorous food, and are especially fond of cherries, berries and other fruit. The grizzlies are unable to climb, pull or break down small fruit bearing trees, while the black bears climb the largest trees and thus reach the fruit on the upper branches.

Their marauds are generally made at night, when they often travel long distances to procure food, returning before daylight, and seldom show themselves during the day unless they are very hungry or go out to forage for their young.

Their voracious propensities often impel them to commit depredations upon sheep and young cattle of the ranches, which have incurred such serious losses in some sections that the stock owners' associations have offered large bounties for their scalps. In Montana, for example, as high as eight dollars is paid for every bear killed.

Notwithstanding this, their numbers do not appear to have diminished as rapidly as the other large game, probably for the reasons above stated, that they seldom come out and expose themselves to the hunter during the day-time.

I have occasionally hunted for weeks without seeing a bear, and over grounds where fresh tracks were numerous, but made during the previous night, from which it will be apparent that the best time to hunt bears is after a fresh snow-fall when the night tracks can be followed to the hiding places of the animals.

The color of the grizzly varies from a light gray to that of a deep brown or so nearly black that I have thought they might have crossed with the black variety. There is, however, a difference between the habits of the two species.

As the grizzly never climbs trees, the experienced hunter feels secure if he

can ascend a tree high enough to prevent the bear from reaching him when standing upon his hind legs, whereas it is the reverse with the black bear, which when closely pursued seeks safety in climbing to the higher branches of trees; besides they frequently make their winter quarters in large hollow trees, the only access to which is through orifices many feet above the ground.

The grizzly in common with the black bear hibernates during cold winter weather, but not being a climber, he selects for the indulgence of his brumal slumber, a cave or a sheltered spot under the roots of fallen trees, where he covers himself with a thick coating of leaves, and when he comes out in the spring is very lean, but can then make much better running than when he is fat.

I once chased a lean grizzly for several miles, and it was all I could do to keep up with him upon a fleet horse. A man could not have run one-half as fast as he did. Indeed, I doubt if the fleetest pedestrian hunter could make his escape if pursued by an exasperated grizzly bear in any condition, unless he reached a tree, or used his firearms effectually.

I have heard of several well authenticated instances where men have been treed by grizzlies, one of which occurred with my friend Captain Gibbs of the army, who while hunting in California was pursued by a grizzly, but fortunately before the animal was upon him he reached and scrambled up a tree, leaving his rifle at the foot, which the disappointed freebooter seized and broke, and after trying for some time to reach the terrified Captain, he deliberately sat up at the root of the tree and watched some time for him to come down.

But as the Captain manifested no inclination for a closer acquaintance with his ursine antagonist at that particular juncture, the latter gave up the contest and walked away, which afforded the Captain an opportunity to descend and make a precipitate exit from that locality.

He afterwards assured me that he was not so very badly scared, but added "How any one can think there is sport in stalking grizzlies is beyond my comprehension."

Another similar case occurred upon Henry's Fork of Green River, where two officers from Fort Bridger were hunting elk, and suddenly encountered a grizzly approaching them rapidly a short distance



"BRAVER HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD SEVERAL TIMES WITH THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE."

off, but fortunately far enough to give them time to climb a tree out of reach of the bear, that soon came up and with an angry growl passed on. Whereupon they abandoned the hunt and returned to the fort, as their excursion was designed for men to hunt game quadrupeds and not for bears to hunt bipeds.

This remark reminds me of an English officer I heard of, who had served in India and was a distinguished sportsman, having bagged scores of tigers and other large game, besides being a capital bird shot.

His reputation in this class of field sports was so well established, that on his return home he was in great requisition at the London Club, where he was often called upon to relate some of his hunting achievements, many of which were of so marvelous a character that he was suspected by some of drawing a bow of unusual length.

Upon one occasion, after entertaining his friends with an elaborate account of one of his most astonishing performances, a member of the party very delicately insinuated a slight suspicion of incredulity, as to the verity of the occurrence. Whereupon the Captain with an exceedingly consequential air remarked: "Why, my dear sir, that is a mere bagatelle when contrasted with one of my encounters with tigers."

"I by no means, for an instant, question the accuracy of your statement," said the other. "Indeed, I have been greatly interested in them, and I assure you nothing would afford me more pleasure than to hear further of your astonishing success in the rare sport of tiger hunting."

"Yes," he replied, "it is good sport enough unless the tiger takes it into his head to hunt the hunter, when the excitement becomes rather too intense to be agreeable. I remember," he added, "at one time while serving in India, I went out for a morning's shooting taking my largest calibre Westley Richards, the right barrel charged with an elongated steel pointed ball and the left with snipe shot, and after hunting some time without seeing game, I entered a thickset jungle, and had only gone a few yards when an enormous man-eating tiger dashed at me from one side, and at the same instant I flushed an English snipe upon the opposite side.

"Whereupon I fired hasty snap-shots to the right and left, and to my supreme gratification (for I am free to admit I was a little agitated) the tiger fell dead within three feet of me, and the snipe dropped upon the other side. But you can imagine my amazement, gentlemen, when I approached the rapacious monster and discovered that I had killed him with the snipe shot, while the three-ounce bullet had torn the poor bird into ten thousand



"THE MEXICAN HAD LASSOED THE CUBS AND DRIVEN THEM FIVE MILES."

atoms, leaving nothing tangible save a slight suspicion of a few feathers."

All the bears of every variety I have seen and I have met with a great many while hunting alone, have without exception run from me.

It is true I have generally hunted them on horseback, but whenever I have stalked them, they have evinced the same earnest disposition to make their escape.

The cinnamon variety is regarded as the most ferocious and aggressive of all in its attacks upon men, which is probably true, but the first one I ever met with, was upon the Medicine-Bow River in Wyoming, when I suddenly came in sight of him coming toward me about 200 yards distant, and I dare say we were equally surprised, as we both stopped at the same instant.

Thinking him too far off for a certain shot I waited for him to come nearer, but as he did not, I very carefully raised the rifle to my shoulder, but before I could fire, he turned and rushed into a dense thicket of tall willows, which he thrashed down like a mowing machine until he reached a small opening, where he turned, raised upon his haunches, and giving me one instantaneous glance, away he went again, and when I last saw him he was

about half a mile off moving faster than when he started.

That the physical powers of this monster are greater than those of any other animal within the American forests there can be no question, and if he were conscious of his gigantic strength as compared with that of his bipedal enemy he might perhaps be more aggressive in his proclivities for attacking the hunter.

But like other carnivorous quadrupeds he seems to have an instinctive appreciation of the superiority of the human race over that of the brute, causing him to avoid any conflict with man excepting on the defensive.

I have occasionally witnessed striking exhibitions of the immense strength of these animals, as for instance, one evening after killing a very large bull-elk so far from camp that there was not time to dress it and return before dark, I left it lying upon the ground as it fell, intending to go back for the meat early the next day, which I did, when we discovered that a large grizzly had been there before us and dragged the entire carcass (weighing at least six or seven hundred pounds) some considerable distance, and buried it up with earth like an immense grave, with nothing but the end of the nose and the antlers exposed to view.

This I afterwards learned was a common practice with them. They hide the meat in this manner until it becomes sufficiently gamey to suit their palates, and in this respect they assimilate very closely to the epicure who prefers tainted meat to fresh.

On examining this elk we discovered to our surprise that the meat already showed evidence of incipient putrefaction, although the previous night had been frosty and the carcass was only exposed a few hours, which I subsequently ascertained was not unusual even with the thermometer far below the freezing point.

To provide against such contingencies it is necessary to disembowel the quarry as soon as killed, and raise it from the ground so the air can circulate under and cool the meat.

The rapid tainting doubtless results from the animal heat evolved from the entrails while in the body.

As the skin of the bear adheres very tenaciously to the carcass it should be taken off immediately after the animal is killed, as it comes off much easier then than after it gets cold, besides it is diffi-

cult to scrape away all the fatty tissue after it cools, and wherever any remains it rots the pelt.

We once left a bear out over night, as it was too late when killed to skin it, and the next morning it was so much injured by the fat adhering to the skin that the taxidermist could do nothing with it.

Every particle of fat should be carefully scraped off with a sharp knife and the pelt thoroughly dried in the sun as soon after killing as possible. My old guide, Black Beaver, who during his protracted career in the mountains had seen and shot many grizzlies, and was thoroughly posted regarding their habits, assured me that he had never known an instance of a she bear having been killed during the period of gestation. The only solution to this mystery that I can conceive of, is that the animal must remain concealed in a hibernating condition, until after she has been delivered of her cubs.

Beaver gave some other items upon the bear question which were equally curious.

He said when a bear has been traveling against the wind, and wishes to lie down, he invariably turns and goes some distance with the wind before taking to his bed.

Then if he is followed by an enemy his

acute olfactories will apprise him of the fact.

He also asserts with a good deal of confidence that when a bear has been driven into a cavern and a fire made at the mouth to smoke him out, he will come to the fire and stamp it out with his paws, then retreat into the cave again.

At one time when in a canoe pursuing a bear that was swimming the Missouri River, he fired a shot which only grazed his scalp, when the bear made for the canoe and attempted to get in. But as Beaver was not inclined to take in another passenger he hit him over the head several times with the butt of his rifle—but this only served to infuriate and make him more persistent in his efforts to embark in the dug-out, and compelled Beaver to resort to an expedient he had heard of but never before put in practice. It was to place his paddle across upon the top of the bear's neck, which caused him to let go his hold upon the gunwale of the canoe and seize the paddle on each side with his paws, which he held onto until he sank to the bottom and was drowned.

From the foregoing statements it would appear that bruin is endowed with some reasoning faculties beyond the ordinary instincts of the brute creation.



"THE SOLDIERS SUCCEEDED IN KILLING THE GRIZZLY."

Nevertheless, he occasionally shows himself to be very stupid, as, for instance, when he remains in a cavern and the hunter enters with a torch and rifle, instead of springing upon and devouring him he sits up upon his haunches, covers his eyes with his paws so as to exclude the light, and allows the hunter to place the gun directly at his head and blow out his brains.

#### MY FIRST GRIZZLY BEAR.

While hunting one day near the "Manitou Springs" of Colorado, in 1838, when there was not a white man living within 100 miles of the place, I discovered at about 800 yards off a grizzly bear that was walking slowly toward me.

As it was evident that the animal had not observed me, and as I was quite eager to get a shot at this first one of the species I had ever seen, I quickly dismounted, and, securing my horse out of sight, carefully advanced with my rifle and revolver ready for instant combat in case the beast came suddenly upon me in the brush. But when I reached the spot where I first espied him, he had disappeared, having probably taken the scent from me and run away.

The next one of these animals I saw was of the cinnamon variety, on Medicine-Bow River, some account of which I have before given.

Shortly after this I observed some fresh buffalo tracks, which I followed until I came in sight of a cow and calf quietly grazing upon the prairie about a mile away.

They had the wind of me and immediately started off at a spanking pace, the calf all the time keeping close up with the mother.

As this was the first time I had seen buffaloes in that part of the country, and as my horse was tolerably fleet and fresh, I started in pursuit, but did not gain much upon them for some time.

At length, however, the interval began to diminish until I was almost near enough for a shot, when the calf became weary and dropped a little behind, which caused the dam to resort to an expedient that was wonderfully sagacious.

Seeing that her calf could no longer keep up she rushed through a large clump of brush, leaving the calf therein, and on emerging therefrom resumed the chase with increased vigor, and as my horse was a little exhausted I abandoned her, but the

calf was found with his head upon the ground hiding himself in the thickest part of the bushes.

After resting my horse a few minutes I went on, and had not gone far when I saw in the distance three black objects, which, upon examination with my field glass, I took to be buffaloes lying quietly in the grass upon the prairie.

As the wind was blowing from me directly toward them I was obliged to make along detour to get upon the opposite side, when I met one of my Mexican hunters, who had discovered and was going for the same animals I was in pursuit of.

We united our forces and advanced within rifle range, when the animals jumped up, and to our astonishment proved to be a large grizzly bear with two well-grown cubs.

The instant they discovered us they all started off rapidly, and we after them, at a speed which soon brought us near enough to give shots, but owing to the frantic plunging and surging of our frightened horses, to say nothing of our own perturbation, neither of our shots took effect, and I doubt if even Buffalo Bill, with all his masterly equestrian adroitness, and his skill in rifle shooting, could, under the circumstances, have made much better shots than ours.

As we were obliged to stop and recharge our long muzzle-loading rifles, this gave the bears time to get considerably the start of us. We, however, soon closed the gap, and gave another shot that inflicted a slight flesh wound upon the dam, at which she set up a vociferous growl and plunged ahead, leaving her cubs behind. Giving a hasty direction for the Mexican to attend to the cubs, I pushed on after the old one, which was at this time a good deal in advance, and going at her best speed, while the panic-stricken whelps were giving utterance to the most plaintive cries, which were heard by the mother, but she continued on, and my horse put forth his utmost efforts for at least two miles before we came up with her.

In the meantime the cubs continued their incessant cries, at which the dam would occasionally turn round, sit up and look back, but as soon as she saw me coming she resumed her running, and this was repeated several times, until I came near her, and galloped along for some distance by her side, but even this close proximity did not induce her to turn

upon me, or to make the slightest demonstration of hostility.

Her sole purpose was to escape, and to effect this she deserted her offspring in the most cowardly manner. When I had satisfied my curiosity regarding her aggressive proclivities I gave her a shot back of the shoulder, which caused her to turn around and walk slowly back with her head down, severely wounded, but another shot in the head brought her to the ground, and after taking off one of her paws, as a trophy, I returned to camp, where I found the Mexican who had lassoed the two cubs, and driven them before his horse nearly

commenced eating berries from bushes upon the brink of a deep gully, into which I forced my horse.

We were here perfectly screened from the view of the bear, but by raising my head above the crest of the gully I could see him distinctly.

My horse at this juncture was a little out of breath from the gallop I had just given him, nevertheless I put the rifle to my shoulder, and rising well in the stirrups shouted a view halloo to the stalwart beast, causing him to turn suddenly around, and sitting up upon his haunches he gave me a scrutinizing look, at which



"THE BEAR TOOK CARYER TO PIECES."

five miles, while they continued their piercing screams all the way. Indeed, they kept up their cries during the entire night, so that the men got but little sleep and obliged us to have them killed the next morning.

After crossing the Platte River the next day, I rode in advance of the troops for something like two hours, when I discovered about a mile ahead of me a very large grizzly bear passing around a hill out of sight, whereupon I galloped on toward the hill, and as I approached he turned and with his back toward me

instant I fired, but the heavy breathing of the horse so disturbed my aim that it proved a failure, and the bear started rapidly off over the hills, which were so abrupt and irregular that I was apprehensive if I stopped to reload I might lose sight of him altogether.

I, therefore, on seeing the troops advancing in the distance, rode around the bear, turned him in the right direction and drove him as I would a cow all the way back to the command, when some of the soldiers rode out and killed him.

Another instance of a somewhat similar

character occurred while I was at Fort Missoula, Montana, in 1885, which was as follows:

While Lieutenant Derlach, of the Army, was riding over the prairie, about two miles from the fort, he encountered a full grown bear, which he drove all the way to the fort, when he was killed upon the parade ground. One of the paws, which the Lieutenant kindly gave me, now hangs in my trophy room at Orange, N. J.

Quite an unexpected but amusing rencontre occurred at one time while our party was traveling out from the railroad depot at Rock Creek towards our hunting grounds, in 1879.

Our half-breed guide, "Little Bat," who had joined us that day, and was continually upon the look-out for game, suddenly discovered far off upon the prairie four grizzly bears that were busily engaged in digging roots, about half a mile from the only woodland in that vicinity.

The guide suggested, as it was probable the bears would endeavor to make their escape into the woods if they saw the party, that all the mounted men (five or six) should follow him around under cover of the hills, so as to cut them off from the timber, which would give a clear open field for a chase.

This was agreed to, and they all reached the desired position without disturbing the bears, when, at a given signal, all put spurs to their horses, and away they dashed forward toward the bears, that soon discovered their approach, and started off at full speed into the prairie. But as soon as the horses came in sight of the strange looking beasts they became terrified to such an extent that their riders were for some time unable to control them. At length, however, they managed to get the most of them into the chase, and by free application of the rowels and vociferous encouraging shouts they overtook the fleeing animals, and galloping helter skelter into their midst discharged numerous shots, which in their competitive anxiety to outrive their companions in drawing the first blood, caused them at first to fire wildly. But they soon recovered their self-possession, and at length, after continuing the chase for a great distance, and consuming many cartridges, they succeeded in killing three of the grizzlies, and brought their carcasses to the camp. Almost every one who had participated in the chase claiming, and really believing, I think, that he had

killed one or more of the animals,

#### TRAPPING BEARS.

That gigantic monarch of the mountains called the Grizzly Bear wages an incessant and relentless warfare upon the entire animal kingdom, and his atrocities perpetrated for the gratification of his insatiable appetite are made in the nighttime when his victims are asleep and incapable of defense.

Not only does he destroy large numbers of unprotected young fawns and other helpless quadrupeds, but he does not hesitate in cases of emergency to burglariously break into corrals, sheepfolds and other inclosures, and indiscriminately slaughter the harmless animals therein, after which he sneaks back to his lair and does not generally come out again until the following night.

In view of these and other facts previously adduced, is it not evident that this puissant pillager, however expert he may be as a marauder among animals, yet when brought in contact with man shows himself to be an arrant coward that deserves to be exterminated by trapping or any other effectual means? Nevertheless some capricious amateur sportsmen object to the trap as an auxiliary in hunting bears, regarding it as a cruel, timid and unsportsmanlike practice. Yet these same men do not oppose this method of exterminating wolves and other carnivorous wild animals.

A companion of mine once while we were visiting our bear traps, remarked, that it did not in his opinion seem in exact accord with fair play to shoot a bear while confined in a trap, and asked if I did not think it would be more sportsmanlike to let the fellow loose from the trap and give him a running chance for his life before shooting him. "Certainly," I replied, "that is a capital suggestion, and the very next bear we catch, you may let him out of the trap, and I will do the shooting." He did not, however, seem inclined to accede to the proposition.

As for myself, the fact that I have used bear traps for nine different seasons and have caught a greater number of grizzlies than I have killed by the ordinary method of hunting them, is sufficient proof that I entertain no scruples in regard to it.

As to the relative amount of courage required in the practice of the two methods, there is no doubt in my mind but that trapping is decidedly the more hazardous.



I saw some remarks upon this subject the other day from an old trapper and hunter which evince a most thorough knowledge of the matter and which coincide in every particular with my own personal experience.

He says: "I have hunted and trapped the grizzly bear scores of times, and if any one thinks there isn't peril as well as excitement in the sport let him go out in the grizzly's country and try it.

"I know that the grizzly bear next to the Indian was the ugliest customer thirty years ago that the hunter had to deal with.

"In those days we used to think there was more danger in trapping the grizzly bear than there was in chasing him with the rifle.

"There have been times when trappers have come up with the bear at the very moment he has succeeded in tearing loose from the trap. I know one man, James Carver by name, who happened to reach his grizzly at such a time.

"The bear made one rush, and before the companion who was with Carver realized the situation the bear had torn Carver to pieces.

"I heard some one say once that when you have trapped a thousand-pound grizzly you haven't caught a bear at all, but simply the devil incarnate, and I tell you that's pretty near the truth."

Of the many grizzlies I have trapped, I remember an uncommonly large one that we caught near the head of Deer Creek, Wyoming.

We set our traps on Saturday evening and did not revisit them until Monday morning, when we ascertained that a bear had been caught in one and had dragged the trap and clog away, leaving a plain trail at first, but he soon gnawed off and dropped the clog, after which his track became more difficult to follow; however, by a careful scrutiny of the ground, brush and logs over which he passed, and by finding here and there an occasional drop or two of blood, or a few hairs, we at length succeeded in keeping the track until we got near the border of a dense thicket of small pines, when a soldier with me touched me on the shoulder, and pointing to the thicket, whispered in my ear: "General, look out! I hear him growling awfully in there."

I could not hear the growl, but directed the man to return to where we left our horses and bring up one of my com-

panions who wished to shoot the bear.

As soon as they arrived we entered the thicket into which the bear in his frantic efforts to extricate himself from the trap had succeeded by cutting down small trees and brush with his powerful teeth, and in dragging the trap over roots and other obstructions, in making quite a road to the spot where we discovered him, and as we approached he made a tremendous leap as far toward us as his trap chain permitted, and at the same time continued his growling, while he tugged at the chain in the most furious and savage manner, until my friend gave him a shot in the head which finished him.

He proved to be a male grizzly of enormous proportions.

Upon examination we discovered that he had broken several of his formidable teeth and lacerated his mouth severely in cutting trees and grappling with the iron trap.

He had been caught by the forefoot, but in his struggles to clear himself of the trap, had so nearly accomplished his purpose, that the jaws of the trap only held him by the end of one toe, and if he had not been killed at the opportune moment he was it is quite likely his next effort would have extricated him entirely. In which event he might have created some unpleasantness in our little party.

The proper method of setting a trap in the woods for bears is to place it at the foot of a tree near a trail where the bears are accustomed to pass. Then hang a piece of any kind of meat, excepting that of the bear, against the tree, directly over the trap, and so high that the bear can only reach it by standing upon his hind feet. He then cannot get the bait without stepping into the trap.

Good bear traps are made at the Oneida Community Works, New York, and are sold for about thirteen dollars each, with five screws for setting, costing about a dollar a pair, which enable one man to do the work that without the screws requires three men.

After the trap is set the pan and jaws should be lightly covered with dry leaves, and if there is any blood upon the meat it is well to sprinkle a little upon the trap, after which every object not pertaining to the locality should be removed, and all tracks obliterated by brushing or covering with dirt or leaves.

In concluding this paper it has occurred to me that a few pertinent remarks derived



"COME INTO MY PARLOR," SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY."

from authentic sources upon the subject of bear-hunting as practiced in Europe might not be devoid of interest to the reader.

The *Brown Bear* is very common in many parts of Russia, and is hunted in different ways according to the character of the country where he is found. In the winter when he has occupied his hibernating lair, the hunters do not venture to attack him at once, but cut paths, on both sides of his bed, which they line on each side with small brush and withes, as the bear when pursued will pursue the paths rather than attempt to break through the hedge. Then after a part of the hunters have been stationed at one of the ends of each path, they send others to start out the bear by making great noises at the other ends, when the bear in his efforts to escape rushes through the paths towards the ambushed hunters who soon dispatch him.

The hibernation of the European bear seldom renders him perfectly torpid, and occasionally, as is the case with our American bears when the weather moderates, they wake up and prowl about in search of food, and can then easily be tracked to their beds; when the hunter who discovers his hiding place goes for assistance, as it is considered hazardous for less than two or three men to attack him, as he will sometimes fatally wound his assailants after he has been shot by several bullets. There are, however,

some Russians who single handed will attack when armed with their *couteau-de-chasse*. Thus armed a regular bear hunter will often court an attack, and when the bear rushes up and extends his huge paws to strike or clasp him, he plunges his *couteau-de-chasse* into his chest with the most fatal certainty.

Mr. Lloyd, in his "Northern Field Sports," says, snowshoes or skidas are universally used for winter hunting in Russia, Sweden and Denmark.

Those snowshoes, however, tire very different from the Canadian Raekette, (snowshoe), being made of very thin boards, only two or three inches wide, and of different lengths, the left foot being four or five feet longer than the right. If the left foot is nine, ten or twelve feet long, which is often the case, the right foot would be only five, six or eight feet long.

The bear is not so common in either Sweden or Norway as formerly, yet they are still occasionally met with, and are mostly of the brown variety. The hibernating propensity of the bear seems to depend a good deal upon its geographical distribution. In southern Russia and Germany the period is intermittent, from a quiescent to a torpid state, and he occasionally goes out to seek food, whereas in colder climates he remains in his den several consecutive months, which is the case in Denmark and Sweden.

The Scandinavian bear is said to attain five or six hundred pounds weight, a great part of which he loses before he rouses from his prolonged slumber.

It is stated that in a single year in the province of Dalsland alone more than 1,000 head of stock were destroyed by bears. So destructive did they become at one time that bear hunting was forced upon the Norwegians by the ravages committed upon their cattle. "Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke," in his travels states that a short time before his visit to Norway, three bears were killed which were almost as large as the small horses that drew his carriage.

For the purpose of destroying them the peasants were assembled in large numbers and extending themselves in line, beat through the part of the forest where the bears resorted, uttering loud shouts and firing an occasional gun, which alarmed the bears that heard the unusual

sounds so much that they sometimes crowded together in considerable numbers and enabled the hunters to surround them and open a simultaneous firing upon their pestiferous foes.

This kind of hunting, says Sir Arthur, "is attended to those who pursue it singly with considerable danger, as if the first shot miss or any other part than the head be wounded" the enraged animal rushes on the aggressor, whose only dependence must then be upon his speed or his courage and address in the use of his *couteau-de-chasse*. In Norway, however, and in northern Sweden, the peasant undaunted goes thus in pursuit of the bear unattended, relying upon his own skill and activity, and generally returns triumphant."

"I beg leave to differ from Sir Arthur, regarding the most vulnerable part of a bear for a deadly shot, as I believe it more certain to be fatal when aimed directly back of the shoulder, as it will then penetrate the vitals and soon produce death.—[R. B. M.]

## AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

[Our Special Correspondent.]

THROUGH CHINA.

### XXVIII.

PLACE: Canton; and the time, Wednesday, October 13th. The voyage from Calcutta on the opium steamer *Wing-Sang* is over, and after several days' delay, my Chinese passport is duly obtained from the Viceroy. It grants me permission to journey through the provinces of Quang-tung and Kiang-tsi to Kin-Kiang, stipulating, however, that it does not include leave to visit "districts infested by robbers, nomadic tribes or lawless characters."

The British Consul considerably hopes that I will be fortunate enough to get beyond the boundary of his own jurisdiction before getting murdered; Ah Kum, the affable guide who pilots Fankwae tourists about Canton, smirks and bows politely, and hopes I won't get murdered at all; the boat-woman takes me up stream beyond the outskirts of the famous boat-population of Canton and sets me down at a village.

Pointing out a squatty Celestial, with a

pig-tail that well nigh sweeps the ground, she utters the one word "Fat shan" and leaves me to my own resources. The man with the long queue is bound for Fat-shan, and by pointing him out, the woman means that my surest way of finding that city is to follow behind him. It is a wise precaution; for the whole rich valley of the Pearl River is traversed by a maze of narrow foot-ways, leading hither and thither from village to village, and yet, seemingly, nowhere in particular. It is a bewildering task for a stranger to attempt to follow in any particular direction.

Fat-shan is reached at length, a large walled city, the centre of important porcelain manufactures. Hours are spent in threading the narrow, alley-like streets, in a vain endeavor to discover the proper outlet on the other side. During that time, I am, it is needless to say, almost crushed in the surging masses of Celestials that gather about me. I escape at last,

<sup>1</sup>The first article of this series appeared in *Outrigger* for April, 1885.