of stupor and unconsciousness. He was carried into Rome, and consigned to his friends and to the military hospital. In their wild intoxication, some of them had taken it into their heads that it was time to correct his boasting habit and foolhardiness, and that it would indeed be a good joke to leave him behind. The narrator of the story said that it was probable that the guides, who understood no French, and who had been drinking with the officers, did not miss him out of so large a company; but that it was equally probable that if the guides had missed him, they would have put themselves to no inconvenience on his account, but would have thought his rampant impiety, profligacy, and audacity, properly punished by a night's confinement in the catacombs. The joke was rued when too late. The young man suffered a brain fever of the most violent and worst kind. He raved on his sickbed, "Take away those skulls! remove those horrible bones! shut up those graves, or deprive me of sight!" Every object converted itself in his eye to a skeleton or a spectre; in his ear every sound was the tolling of that awful bell, or the more awful spoken words: "Caverns, show forth your dead! The muster-roll is calling! Let there be a death parade!"

The lancet, medicine, and skillful treatment, and assiduous care, slowly restored him to reason and to health; but from that time forward he was an altered, serious, reverential man. He had interred his last scoff and impious jest in the Roman catacomb. He could no longer laugh at death, or that which is beyond this brief and troublous life. The awe which had penetrated him, filled him, and overthrown his reason, did not all depart with the restoration of his reasoning faculties. He burned his *Système de la Nature*, and betook himself to the study of very different books. His comrades rallied him, but they could not change him. Some seven years after, when killed in battle in Calabria, a copy of the Evangelists was found in his pocket.

HUNTING ADVENTURES IN THE FORESTS OF LE MORVAN.

LE MORVAN is a charming and picturesque forest district of France, a region of verdure and wild sports, replete with resources both for health and adventure.

It is an extensive country, and possesses the most delightful climate of any in France. There is little rain; the sky is serene, and the temperature genial and bracing. In the woods occasional tempests occur, but they are succeeded by a delicious coolness and innumerable perfumes. The real wealth of the district, however, is its forests, which—thick and dark, and formed of ancient oaks, maple, and spreading beech—cover nearly 200,000 acres of ground.

These forests are full of game; and within their friendly shadows the sportsman may vary his pleasures as fancy dictates. The woods abound with deer; the plains with rabbits and the timid hare; and in the vineyards, during the merry season of the vintage, the red-legged partridges are bagged by bushels. Here the sportsman may watch, in the open glade, for the treacherous wild cat and the bounding roe-buck; or, plunging into the dark recesses of the glens, come face to face with the grizly boar, and fight, single-handed, the ferocious wolf. These forests, too, are dotted here and there with villages, inhabited by a simple peasantry, who cherish among them many of the primitive customs of their forefathers, and inherit also their industry and frugality. The productions of the plains are numerous; wheat, rye, hemp, oats, and flax, being the chief; the grape is cultivated on the mountain-sides, and around the forest homesteads many kine cluster, sweetening the morning air with their dairy smell, and forming a fit accompaniment to the songs of light-hearted and beautiful peasant-girls.

Here and there, in shady nooks of the forest, are large pools of water, the drainage of the hills above, or the aggregations of many little mountain streams, which tinkle along the green glades, and water innumerable flowers and waving ferns, as they hasten along on their mission of fertility. These pools are called *mares*, and are of such different dimensions, and so differently placed, as to be divisible into three kinds. Those which are situated in the deepest and most unfrequented tracts are the resort of deer, wolves, and wild boars, who come stealthily at midnight to slake their thirst in the water, which, shut in with a wall of verdure, and roofed over with innumerable green boughs, are never quite dried-up in the fiercest heat of summer. Those which are in more open parts of the forest are not visited by such large game, but are the resorts of thousands of little birds, which come to splash and play in the reeds, and awaken innumerable echoes as they thank heaven for each draught of drink. The third kind are those which lie on the skirts of villages, the banks of which get well trodden by the repeated visits of the pail and pitcher, and the thirsty cattle.

In the violent heats of July and August, when the herbage is parched and the creatures of the forest lie in their retreats overpowered with heat, or lie panting on the leaves in the sultry air, the larger *mares* are as silent as a woman at a keyhole; but no sooner has the sun gone down than these woody and leafy nooks are filled with strange noises, like those of an aviary, the thousand songs of a thousand different kinds of birds varying with the dull notes of the cuckoo, and the plaintive cooing of the doves. At first, hundreds of birds arrive to gossip, to bathe, and to drink; then hares and rabbits; then the graceful deer, their large, open eyes, watchful of every shadow, steal with noiseless tread to crop the fresh herbage and enjoy the cool water. The sportsman, concealing himself in the near thicket, may now bring down the noble buck, and send the troop, wild with affright, back into the black cover. But no! pull not the trigger; see how nature weaves the warp of one life with the woof of another. There are crowds of deer pressing to the water's edge; they prick their ears, and turn

to the wind; they smell danger, and would fly, but it is too late—they are chained in terror to the spot; the wolves have closed in upon them from behind, and with a sullen roar, rush in multitudes from every side of the forest upon them. All is blood and agony; the forest swells up with the hellish yells of the savage brutes, as each seizes his victim by the throat; and during a quarter of an hour nothing but carnage and horror possess the midnight woods. The slaughter over, the wretches vanish like demons across the turf, and silence reigns again ere morning dawns. Before the bluebell, heavy with dew, nods to the foxglove and the awakening woodlark, the young fawns, lost in the wild ravines, bleat for the mothers whom they will see no more; and the wild boar, leaving his lurking-place, trots in his turn to the scene of bloodshed, to plunge his heavy body in the waters, and luxuriate in the slimy mud.

These *mares* are the chosen haunts of the sportsman; they afford him every variety of game, and are as bewitching in their sylvan beauty and loneliness as they are attractive in their ample stocks of game. It is a forest rule, that upon the discovery of a *mare*, a shooting-hut is erected at its margin, and when once it becomes an established hunting-place, he who arrives at it first at night remains its possessor till morning; only one sportsman being allowed at one time, and the game being invariably trapped or shot after nightfall. To gain possession of one of these huts every stratagem is fair; once ensconced within, the hunter sits like Solomon upon his throne; and if another one arrives coolly pops out his head and asks him what's o'clock, or recommends him to travel another eight or ten miles to another very fine *mare*, where he arrives, perhaps, to find that occupied also.

Night has come, and the sportsman sits in his hunting-box. Hares and rabbits scuttle about; but his powder is for nobler victims. The roebucks are on their way; and the she-wolf is raising her head above the thicket. Every gust of wind brings tidings of some fresh arrival: a squirrel or a weasel crosses the path: the waving branches are full of mysterious sounds; and the heart thumps under the hunter's jacket with irrepressible excitement; he grasps his rifle with a firmer clutch, and he glances at his hunting-knife with anxiety. The branches yield to the weight of some animal: the moon rises; and the roebucks are heard in the distance; then the step of the wolves; and afterward the rush of the boar. The hunter, filled with a wild joy, threads with his keen eye the gloomy labyrinths of the thicket; and, surrounded with danger and wild romance, peers out from his lonely hut, and takes his choice of victims.

One of the most frequent objects of the sportsman's skill, is the woodcock, which haunts the forests of Le Morvan in vast numbers, and affords innumerable opportunities for the exercise of skill and patience. The woodcock is a lazy, melancholy, misanthropic bird, frequenting these forests during the whole of the year, and not, as in other European countries, performing tedious migrations at regular periods. In the months of May, June, July, and August, they are found in elevated spots, but at the first approach of cold weather they come down into the plains, conceal themselves in the high grass, or fern, and live an anti-social and selfish life, amid the shelter of the trees. The woodcock is a dainty morsel, and hence the sportsman is solicitous of its capture, both by snare and gun. Requiring no other elements of happiness than moonlight, rest, and a few worms, it seldom quits its retreat by daylight; but as soon as twilight comes, it sallies forth in all its simplicity, to poke its long beak into the grass, and falls into the first snare that lies in its way. The favorite mode of snaring them is, to choose a forest-path well covered with verdure, and lighted by a few stray moonbeams. The twigs and brambles are cut, and the path narrowed, so as to allow room for only two woodcocks to walk abreast. A hole, as large as a crown-piece, is then made in the ground, and a horsehair noose, fixed to a peg, laid across it. Into the hole is dropped a fine fat red worm, whose miserable contortions, as he writhes upon the point of a thorn, attract the woodcock. Several other snares are made, and each baited with an impaled worm, and concealed with a withered leaf, and twilight falling on the forest finds the sportsman covered up in warm skins, fifty paces from his traps. On come the long bills, pecking as they come, and looking now and then, with languid eyes, at the moon and stars. Presently a bird makes a bob at a writhing worm—gets his leg in a noose—totters—falls—rises again and kicks, and so makes the noose run up tight, and is inevitably trapped. Another and another follows; and the sportsman, repairing his traps as they are successively disordered, keeps up the game till dawn. In this way a single person may catch twenty or thirty woodcocks in one night; but it is a sport requiring consummate skill, patience, and an iron constitution. If suddenly surprised when feeding in the forest, the woodcock is the most helpless of birds; he falls down, literally panic-stricken, and without having the power of flight: he looks at his supposed enemy with rolling eyeballs and a beak opened, as if to cry for help, but emitting nothing but inarticulate sounds. Once relieved of his first fears, he takes to his heels, and finds refuge among the roots. In shooting woodcocks, considerable experience and tact is requisite for success. The woodcocks, though very obtuse, and subject to sudden fright, have vast adroitness in evading the sportsman's powder when they have the range of the forest before them. The young sportsman, not aware of its manœuvres, sees it rise in a straight flight above the bushes, and fires forthwith, seeing the bird—as he thinks—fall dead among the brakes. But no woodcock can he find; and, on raising his eyes, lo! he sees the provoking bird a hundred paces off, cleaving the air with sails full set; when, just as he is about to fire again, the bird has

again ducked down behind the bushes to avoid the second barrel: once on the ground, it runs with such celerity—working its wings like a couple of paddles—that it is inevitably lost to view. Woodcock shooting, however, is chiefly practiced in the month of April, when the woodcock shakes off his lethargic slumbers, and becomes animated, social, and actually has a voice with which to utter the pleasures and the pains of love. Under this spring passion of the world—which warms the hearts of all creatures, and gives even a woodcock the joyful gift of talking—the hunter's blood trips more freshly through his arteries, and the forest—a perfect copse of *millefleurs*—seems to nod welcome from its violet shades. When evening descends, and the humid atmosphere soddens the moss, and makes trickling threads of silver over the trunks of the trees, the sportsmen betake themselves to the forest, and each man takes his post in ambush. Strangely, just before the woodcocks commence their amorous flight, a little fly, about the size of a pea, wheels round the sportsman's head, and tickles his nose with its buzzing b-r-r-r-r-r-r-oo. The sportsman knows by this fly that the woodcocks have left the underwood (it is a signal that never fails), and every hand is at the trigger, and every eye on the look-out. A profound silence reigns for a few moments, and then, on come the birds through the glade—at first by twos and threes, then in a compact flight—with appealing cries of love, fluttering and pursuing each other from bush to bush. Bang—bang—bang; all is uproar and confusion: Parisian cockneys who happen to be there, shut both eyes, and fire without taking aim, and in half an hour all is over; the more expert gunners having bagged only two or three couple of birds, and never more than four couple. The brief sport over, the party returns by moonlight, shoulder to shoulder, singing snatches of hunting songs, the stars overhead, and the woodcocks on their backs.

Of the nobler game in these forests, the boar is at once the delight of experienced veterans and the terror of Parisian cockneys. He is a huge creature, lurking in his lair during the day, and venturing forth at midnight to drink and feed. If confronted in his path, or goaded on by dogs, his strength and ferocity are almost matchless. With his enormous tusks he rips open the bodies of the dogs, gores the hunter who comes unhappily within his reach, and never yields till overmatched by numbers, and pierced in the most mortal parts with many iron bullets.

Adolphe de M——, a Parisian dandy, on a visit to Le Morvan, determined to show his courage by shooting a boar; and Crignelle, to put his boasting to the proof, ordered out the head keeper and the *traquets* to find traces of one, in order that Adolphe might have the chance of a shot afforded him. Adolphe, in a tremor of anticipation, was by no means reassured by the stories told by the foresters of awful adventures with boars in the woods, and positively trembled with terror when an old hunter offered to show him where a deficiency in the calf of his leg, caused by the teeth of a boar, had been supplied by a slice from a friendly cork-tree. The *traquets* know exactly where to look for one, for they study their habits; the traces of the grisly rascal are seen by them immediately; they mark his favorite paths, and can tell, almost to a minute, when he will pass. The animal, therefore, having been traced, a day is fixed, and each man assigned a separate post. As for the game, you can not fail to see him, and it is a combat face to face, and his is adorned with two long, prominent teeth—unfortunate in a woman, and positively hideous in a boar. The excitement is grand; after the volley, every one is at him with his knife, and, with the exception of a few inexperienced dogs, the affair ends gloriously.

The day came; the *traquets* went forth to the forest; and Adolphe, in a state bordering on the crazy, followed his friend through the brakes, his face lacerated by brambles, and his clothes torn by contact with the thorns. The bugle gave the signal that the boar was found: the shouting of the beaters was heard, as they struck their poles against the trees, and sang the song of the boar. "Keep clear of him," said Serpolet to the cockney; "for he will make mincemeat of us, and if he comes within five-and-twenty paces of you, and charges, he will open you like an oyster." "Stand behind that oak," said Crignelle, as a crash was heard in the bushes, and two roebucks and a fox bounded through the cover. "Why, Adolphe, what the deuce is the matter with you?" Another blast from the horn announced that the boar was making right for the spot where the poor Parisian stood trembling, with a face as white as his cambric shirt. With the agility of a cat, Adolphe mounted the tree, and took up his lodging in the branches. On came the beaters, and then the panting beast burst from the thicket, his eyes glaring with concentrated rage, as bleeding and groaning, he gnawed his burning wounds. Crignelle, standing under Adolphe's oak, fired both barrels in his front, and gave him his death-blow. Summoning up his dying energies, he came on with a mighty rush; the Parisian's gun was at hand, and the charge stopped him in full career: he stood on his haunches, opened his monstrous mouth—all red with blood—gave one sharp groan, and stretched his massive frame upon the turf, in death. "Hurrah! Adolphe, you rascally acorn, give the death-whoop and come down." "Is he really dead?" simpered Adolphe, from his perch. "Dead! why, don't you see he is? Listen, you fire-eater, and I will make you a hero! There were four shots fired; now, take your gun, and remember that the two first—those ghastly holes in the chest—were your handiwork." "Yes, but what a horrible morning! What a savage country!" The secret was kept; and the joke played out: and the coward, Adolphe, related, in most vivid terms, to the ladies, how *he* had brought down the boar in a single-handed encounter. "And was he not frightened?" they asked. "Frightened, la-

dies," said Crignelle; "why, he was smoking a cigar all the time!"

The most terrible adventures are those which occur in hunting the wolf—that incarnation of ferocity, voracity, strength, and cunning. This is the most formidable pest of these districts of France. Provided by nature with an insatiable thirst for blood, he lives only upon rapine, and loves nothing but carnage. The aspect of the wolf has something sinister and terrible in its appearance, which his sanguinary and brutal disposition does not belie. His head is large, his eyes sparkle with a diabolical and cannibal look, and in the night seem to burn like two yellow flames. His muzzle is black, his cheeks are hollow, the upper lip and chin white; the jaws and teeth are of prodigious strength, the ears short and straight, the tail tufty, and the neck so short that he is obliged to move his whole body in order to look on one side. The color of his hair is black and red, mingled with white and gray, and forms a thick and rude fur, on which the showers and the severe cold of winter have no effect. His limbs are well set, his step so firm, and his muscular power such, that he can carry off a fat sheep in his mouth, and run with it faster than the shepherd who flies to its rescue. He scents his prey at immense distances, and fresh blood will attract him at least a league from the spot. The wolf has a great contempt of vegetable diet; and brings oxen, horses, goats, pigs, geese, fawns, roebucks, and the young of the wild boar, to his larder. He is the uncompromising enemy to every thing that has life; and man, not to be behindhand with him, is always on the alert to retaliate, and bring Mr. Lupus within the influence of tricks as clever as his own. One of the greatest cowards, usually, when pressed by hunger he fears nothing, and with the stealthy movements of a serpent, will throw himself into the greatest danger when hunger consumes his stomach, and fight bravely to the death when surrounded by his enemies. Unsociable and savage, with a heart harder than the iron ball which drills a ghastly hole in his side, he often falls a prey to man, who seeks him out in his own dark solitudes, and battles with him bravely in the bush.

The *battues* in which the wolf pays the tribute of his blood occur in May and December: the first season is that when the she-wolf is with young, the second when the savage crew are maddened by long fasting, and the unemployed peasantry relieve the tediousness of frozen fields by making up hunting-parties. In May, the head ranger gathers together all the people of the village—gentlemen, plowmen, doctors, conscripts, and schoolmasters—and these, armed with such domestic utensils as brooms, bludgeons, bells, saucepans, and fire-irons, sally forth, at the appointed time, to the ravines which are known to be the resort of wolves. The riflemen are then arranged in a semicircle, with their backs to the wind, along the roads which border the woods where the wolves are concealed. No one is allowed to fire in the rear; and to prevent accidents, marks are made on the trees for their guidance when the confusion of the *battue* commences. Every thing having been prepared in dead silence, the signal is at last given, and the peasants commence howling, roaring, beating, and banging; pots and kettles, stout lungs and iron-shod staves, all combining to produce a general uproar. Away fly the creatures: owls awakened from their sleep, deer startled from the cover, foxes and hares breaking and bounding as if panic-struck. Nothing, however, but wolves, are on these occasions allowed to be shot; and at last the wolves appear, like a tide, roaring as it goes; and as they pass the fatal path, every gun discharges its murderous volley, and the balls fly like hail into the thick of the yelling and howling crew, thirty or forty wolves being the frequent result of one day's sport. The government give a reward of twenty francs for each wolf, and twenty-five for every she-wolf, and these sums being divided among the peasantry, together with the value of the wolves themselves (or rather their skins and fur), renders this a most useful and profitable employment. After the *battue*, the peasants mount the heads of several wolves upon a pole, and beating drums, and singing the hunting songs of the county, march through the villages, and receive from the villagers presents of money, meal, grapes, and wine, and finish the day with joviality and song.

The *battues* of December are of a different description, and are participated in by the wealthy proprietors, who make them the occasions of considerable jollity and hardihood. Previous to the night of meeting, a number of carpenters repair to the woods, and choosing suitable ground, erect a large square hut, of undressed stems, strongly braced together, and with an interval between each tree of about four inches. This hut is left for several nights untouched, that the creatures may become accustomed to it, and a duck or two, a goose or a sheep, are tied up near it, as a bait for the wolves. Then the appointed evening having arrived, the huntsmen, and a long line of servants, start for the forest, taking with them four calves, a cask of cold meat, a hamper of wine, and a horse-load of pale cognac. Ensconced within their Gibraltar of wood, they eat, drink, and smoke; but not the least noise is allowed, not even a laugh, a cough, or a sneeze. Night fairly sets in, and the wolves begin to sniff the air. The calves are led out, and tied to stakes outside, and then —must we relate it?—each receives an incision in the neck, which sets him bleeding and bleating, by which, most unconsciously, the poor wretches attract the wolves, by appealing to two of their keen senses. Nine—ten—half-past: dead silence reigns, broken only by the occasional cry of an owl, or the crash of a branch which the wind has severed from the trunk. Suddenly the calves break out into a fresh fit of bleating; they bellow and groan, and tug at the ropes to escape. Out goes every cigar, and

the sportsmen pick up their rifles. Black spots are seen upon the snow: the wolves are on the scent; and, imagining the calves have come astray, attempt to carry them off for their own enjoyment. Four or five rush forward, and plunge their ravenous jaws into the flesh of the animals: their numbers increase; and just as this demon banquet is in full swing, the sportsmen open their fire. The wolves either fall or fly; but return again, and are met with another volley. Other wolves, attracted by the smell of their bleeding comrades, press to the scene, and are met with showers of fire and death; and for several hours this slaughter of malefactors continues. The survivors slink back to their dens, and the sportsmen, leaving their hut, form a huge fire on the turf, and eat and drink, and crack jokes till morning; when the peasantry assemble, and gather the dead wolves together, and form a procession to march through the villages, and add the contributions obtained in this way to the rewards given by the government.

Other modes of taking wolves are also devised; one of which is, the *traquenard*, a huge circular trap, with a fierce row of teeth, which is set in chosen parts of the forest, and baited with a savory slice from a sheep, which has been kept till nearly green. There is a melancholy incident on record, of a young man, who, going to the forest in the evening to obtain a pair of turtle doves, with rosy beaks, to present to his sweetheart, fell into a trap which had been set in an old footway, and, while fixed in the immovable jaws of this deadly machine, was devoured, piecemeal, by the wolves, not, however, until he had hacked three of them open with his hatchet, the mangled bodies of which, together with the leg, only, of the unhappy young man, were found upon the spot next morning. Another circumstance, of a similar nature, may suitably close this notice of the charms and dangers of these romantic forests: A farmer, living on the borders of the forest of La Madeleine, had determined to work a little mischief with the wolves; and the weather being intensely cold, his farm was frequently visited by them, troops appearing in the starlight, scratching under the walls, and demanding the alms of a horse, an ox, or a' man. Just at this time one of the farmer's colts died; and thinking it would serve as a capital bait for the wolves, he caused it to be laid in the middle of the court-yard, with weights attached, to prevent the wolves from dragging it away. The principal gate was set open, and so arranged with cords and pulleys that it could be closed on the instant when necessary. Night came; lights were extinguished, the dogs muzzled, and the gate set open. The wolves came, and hovered, distrustfully, around the open gate. At last one entered, tore away a portion of the colt, and set off with his booty in safety. Emboldened by example, eight wolves flew upon the carcass; the farmer whistled, and the men at the ropes closed the gate—the wolves were prisoners. Morning dawned, and ladders were raised against the wall of the yard, and the men commenced firing on the imprisoned wolves. Fear was converted into rage; and, wounded only by the unskillful firing of the men, they leaped up and tried to scale the walls and escape. Just at this juncture, a young man, finding his ladder too short to enable him to get a good shot at the wolves, sat astride the wall, with one leg dangling into the yard. A wolf flew up like a cat, and almost seized the proffered leg, and the young man, raising his leg to avoid the brute, lost his balance and fell into the yard! A scream, and the wolves flew like lightning on their victim; and a cry of horror was heard on every side. There was a pause of a moment only, and the farmer, prompted by dictates of courage and humanity, gun in hand, leaped into the yard, all the men following his heroic example. The scene which followed defies both description and imagination. The howling of the wolves, the groans of the dying youth, the imprecations of the men, and the roaring of the bulls in the stables, and the shrieks of women in the house, formed a fearful chorus—such as we hope may never be heard again. The farmer's wife—a woman of resolute daring—unmuzzled the dogs, and flung them from a window into the yard, and in twenty minutes the eight wolves were dead, and half the dogs. The unfortunate lad—his throat torn open—was dead; and his courageous, though unsuccessful defenders, all more or less wounded. Such is one of the frightful tragedies but too frequently enacted in the meetings which take place between man and this savage brute, which, in spite of the repeated attacks upon it, the snares invented to destroy, and the united assent of mankind for its extermination, seems to be as abundant as ever in these wild and almost untrodden solitudes of Le Morvan. Still it is a land of beauty, and under the open sky of summer, a rich garden of perpetual flowers, the home of innumerable beautiful creatures, and one of the few spots left in Europe where Nature may yet be studied in the primeval simplicity of her strength and youth.

INSECT WINGS.

ANIMALS possess the power of feeling, and of effecting certain movements, by the exercise of a muscular apparatus with which their bodies are furnished. They are distinguished from the organizations of the vegetable kingdom by the presence of these attributes. Every one is aware, that when the child sees some strange and unknown object he is observing start suddenly into motion, he will exclaim: "It is alive!" By this exclamation, he means to express his conviction that the object is endowed with *animal* life. Power of voluntary and independent motion and animal organization are associated together, as inseparable and essentially connected ideas, by even the earliest experience in the economy and ways of nature.

The animal faculty of voluntary motion, in almost every case, confers upon the creature the ability to transfer its body from place to place. In some animals, the weight of the body is sus-