

A FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR

A Story of Thrilling Interest

BY

GEORGE G. SPURR

AUTHOR OF

"THE LAND OF GOLD," "BEN HIDDEN'S DREAM," ETC., ETC.



BOSTON

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TO THE READER.

THE Stories comprising the "West End Series" will contain reminiscences of a personal character, embracing a variety of themes of an interesting nature, and will be founded upon facts. The present effort—the fruit of enforced idleness—may be regarded by the reader as typical of the succeeding numbers.

It is hoped that this puny aspirant for public favor will meet with a kind reception and create good impressions upon the minds of its readers, which may ripen into sympathy, and thus pave the way for its kinsmen still in the womb of thought, so that their birth may be hailed with pride and satisfaction by both readers and

THE AUTHOR.

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A FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE ROOST.

AT the West End, in a respectable neighborhood, is a genteel house in which is a large square room, two flights from the street, and so situated that its western window commands a fine view of the Charles River Valley, while from the window fronting on Blossom Street the eye rests upon the charming grounds of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and notes with delight its well-kept lawn dotted with shade-trees, and made fragrant with beautiful flowers. There, too, in the long summer days can be seen the convalescent as he passes the weary hours, forgetting for a while his sufferings and the ills to which man is heir; and as the day wears on, the sprightly nurse, with jaunty cap and white apron, as she skips lightly over the graveled malls and casts furtive glances at the young doctor basking serenely in the shade. With the dying day twilight brings its shad-

owy spectres to the front, and against the darkening sky the sombre walls of the hospital and the outlines of the Charles Street Jail unite, and, pointing their fingers at the old Medical College, rehearse in solemn silence its tragic history. From this window, in the long summer nights, you may hear the suppressed moan coming up through the gloom and the trees, or the wail of anguish, cutting the air with its sharp, bitter cry of distress. Here, also, breaking in upon the sleepy stillness of midnight, you listen with awe to the rumbling ambulance or the stealthy hearse, followed by the sharp clang of the hospital gate as it receives or discharges its dead and living freight.

And yet, notwithstanding these frowning walls and the sickening details which cluster about them, there are still left to the locality sufficient attractions to make the West End a desirable place in which to live. When I first saw this room, a couple of years ago, it was fairly furnished and kept scrupulously neat and clean. In addition to the furniture and the usual make-up found in lodging-houses kept exclusively for gentlemen, it contained a number of singular attractions, grouped gracefully together, and so artistically arranged as to give to the room a picturesque appearance. That which

particularly drew my attention, and for some moments held me an interested spectator, consisted of a collection of arms and equipments which at first I supposed had belonged to a departed outlaw, whose deeds at some remote period had created a profound sensation, as the leading figure was a long-barreled rifle with a half-inch bore. This weapon, resting upon heavy brackets, was stretched across the broad chimney, while beneath it and hanging by the guards was a brace of pistols with silver mountings. In the centre of all these swung a powder-horn, suspended by a leathern thong, which was looped over the hilt of a long-bladed bowie-knife, sheathed in a morocco case, and supported by a hook in the wall. The collection was old and much worn, and belonged to a period that dated back some fifty years, to the time when the country west of the Mississippi was practically unknown beyond the limits of the daring frontiersman. It belonged, as I afterwards learned, to that romantic period of our national history when the venturous spirits of '49, armed to the teeth, penetrated the golden slopes of the Pacific, and opened up that magnificent country to civilization and to fame.

To the survivors of that intensely interesting period these groupings must always remain a

source of profound interest, and revive a poetic season but imperfectly understood by the present generation.

On the opposite wall was another collection of a similar nature, although of a different class and design, which produced a still greater impression on my mind. Its history, so full of ghastly details, comes back even now at times, and lingers about me like some hideous dream.

These groupings, the relics of an Indian raid, consisting of an Indian bow and a quiver of arrows, a raw-hide girdle and a broken knife-blade, to which must be added a child's shoe and a human scalp, were barbarous trophies of quite an unsavory nature, which carried with them thoughts of torture and death, a sequence that I believe has forever followed the path-finder's trail.

It is true that time has smoothed the rough edges of these deeds of violence, and the valleys, through which the cries of distress mingled in the night-winds, have long since been filled with busy life; yet when looked upon, these trophies must recall with horror the stealthy tread, the wail of anguish, the massacre, and the mutilated dead.

Besides these prominent articles there were a number of others of lesser note, which were arranged in less conspicuous places, but still

possessing a certain degree of interest; among these were a deer's antlers hung over the entrance, a pair of superb horns that once belonged to a Western steer, a buckskin kilt, moccasins, stuffed birds, whales' teeth, the wing of an albatross, and a variety of sea-shells.

I made this call on Christmas Eve. The night was cold and dark, and the air filled with snow; hence the cheerful fire which greeted my entrance was especially gratifying, inasmuch as I had become chilled, and was shivering with the cold.

Some show of respect to the night in question was marked by bits of holly and evergreens distributed in various parts of the room; occasionally a bird twittered from a cage, and an eight-day clock ticked from a mantelpiece well supplied with ornaments and articles of social comfort, while a few flowers bloomed in a glass of sparkling water, and a basket of grapes stood invitingly upon a neighboring table.

In one corner of the room, near a heavily-curtained window, stood an old-fashioned bedstead. The bed was broad and deep, with variegated wrappings, neatly made up, and between its sheets of snowy whiteness a rosy-cheeked boy, with pearly teeth, lay soundly sleeping.

There was a sort of novelty in the make-up of

the room that pleased me; a significance and taste, as I thought, in the method of displaying such a variety of articles, representing, as they did, both land and sea. The room was large and cheerful, easy of access, possessing an air of comfort, and was alike dramatic and characteristic, with just enough of cloud and sunshine to give it a poetical bearing, and having sufficient warmth and solid merit to make it captivating and unique.

Such was "The Roost," as it was familiarly known to the habitués of the West End, and such was the home of Charlie Locksley, the California pioneer. Locksley, a one-armed man of varied attainments, prepossessing appearance, pleasing manners, and endowed with strong, religious convictions, is of medium height, squarely built, — a strong, vigorous man, possessing an iron constitution.

He lost his arm — so goes the story — in an encounter with a grizzly bear, which occurred in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the early settlement of the State. The arms and equipments upon the wall were those worn by him in his pilgrimage through the land of gold, and notwithstanding the rough usage to which they had been exposed, were found to be, like their owner, still in a good state of preservation.

The Indian relics were trophies of an Indian raid, in which Locksley had taken an active part, and the motherless boy was his Benjamin of a large grown-up family.

In years Locksley apparently has crossed the line, and is now drifting towards the lee shore that awaits us all. His life has been one of peculiar hardships, evidently sustained by great recuperative powers; and having traveled extensively, he has been a close observer of men and things. These advantages, coupled with the air of romance attached to his checkered career, have drawn about him a large circle of warm personal friends.

If I understand reading human character at all, and I think I do, Locksley's face is the index of the man, and proclaims for him many generous impulses. Be that as it may, it is a matter of fact that he is a warm-hearted man and a zealous friend. He is fond of company, proud of his exploits, a most captivating companion, and withal one of the best of story-tellers. To the old school of merchants now living, who commenced building their fortunes thirty years ago, Locksley is not a stranger; and to the grocery trade especially, both in Boston and vicinity, he has been long and favorably known.

On this occasion I had called, with a number

of other personal friends of Locksley, to spend the evening with him. During a lull in the conversation, which had covered a variety of topics, his attention was called to a claw of a grizzly bear hanging against the wall; a very singular relic, we thought, for an ornament, and we judged rightly when we assumed it to be the missing link to a tragic story. It was quite a formidable affair, some five inches in length, black as jet, and under great provocation must have been a terrible weapon of defense; but its present use was that of an ornament to a bunch of keys, and was assigned a place on the mantel-piece near the clock.

As a rule it required but little persuasion to start Locksley on one of his stories. If the conditions were all right and the company earnest and sincere, Locksley yielded without excuse, and soon became enthusiastically engaged in his theme. In response, therefore, to a generally expressed wish that he give the company a brief history of that curious trophy, he began with slight reluctance, and told the following

TRAGIC TALE.

That claw, boys (he began, laying aside his pipe and settling back in his chair), belonged to a grizzly bear that I slew, as David slew Go-

liath, with a stone. We were unequally matched, yet each rose superior to the occasion. Here, however, the similarity ends; for while David, armed, stood before the foe of his own free will and struck his antagonist on the head, I, without a moment's warning, was required to face a savage brute, far more cruel than Goliath, and in defense hurl my missile into its throat.

Again, boys, David fought his duel, as we are told, in an open plain, surrounded by an army of spectators; mine, on the contrary, was fought on the edge of a precipice, with only one spectator — the ever-present God. In each case the results were the same, differing only in the fact that, while David came out of the conflict without injury, I was badly hurt, and my garments were literally torn to shreds.

To my mind both stones were hurled by the same invisible power and directed by the same unseen hand, while both of us were saved by divine interposition for some good and beneficent purpose.

David's mission was a success, and the history of his triumphs comes down to us from time immemorial, while mine is not yet written. When it shall be, I trust future generations will find the stories quite as agreeable reading, though shorn of many splendors so captivating to the Israelites of old.

Well, boys, this bear scrape occurred in '49, some two years before I lost my arm, and while following the trail that led from the Yuba to Feather River, *en route* for the post office, which was located at Bidwell's Bar. Now the distance between the two rivers was only four miles as the crow flies; but the precipitous hills we had to climb and the craggy cliffs we had to scale increased the distance to twice that number of miles, so the boys decided to fetch the mails by turns. Accordingly when it fell to my lot to pass those dangerous canyons alone, I left our cabin, so to speak, in light marching order, — that is, I wore a sheath-knife in my belt and a tin cup fastened to my girdle.

Although I had started early in the morning, by the time I had reached the ridge the sun was perhaps an hour high; so after a few moments' rest I plunged boldly into the forest, with only some landmarks for guides. After crossing Langley's Gulch in safety, and scaling without trouble the opposite cliff, I halted beneath the spreading branches of a lofty pine, allured to that spot by the advantages it offered, both for rest and observation; and there all alone, in the sleepy calmness of Nature's chamber, lulled by the singing waters below, I fell into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

Now it is right here, boys, that I wish to stop for a moment to describe to you this neck of land. I do this because it was on this very spot that I passed through the greatest peril of my life, and became a witness of one of the most appalling spectacles on record.

This point of land, therefore, on which I had stopped to cool and rest, in shape resembled a flat-iron, and was both narrow and rocky. Crested by a group of trees, it was a cool and slightly spot, and sloping as it did to a precipice of frightful dimensions, it commanded a view of almost bewildering grandeur. It was the terminus of a range of mountains extending back for miles, and the *divide*, so called, which separated Feather River from Langley's Gulch. These two streams for centuries had flowed along, deepening their channels year by year, until at that time they were a thousand feet below their original beds. From singing brooks they had become noisy rivers, before whose floods rocks trembled and the earth melted away as snow, and after running for miles in parallel lines, their waters met at the foot of this point on which I sat; then, together, they rolled along through mountains fringed with forests whose summits were covered with eternal snows.

I have said this point was shaped like a

flat-iron; that it was covered by rocks, and shaded by a cluster of stunted pines; that its crown overlooked a yawning abyss a thousand feet in depth, at whose brink the head grew dizzy and the senses chilled with horror. Let me add one other fact and then proceed. The distance from where I sat to the trail was less than fifty feet, and with the exception of the brambles and briars beyond the trail, there was nothing to obstruct the view until the eye rested upon the heavy belts of timber some distance away; therefore the scene before me was one of dazzling beauty, by far the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld. There are many wild and picturesque scenes to be found in the Sierra Nevadas; but for a combination of all that is grand and beautiful the view from this point must forever surpass them all.

Well, boys, it was while resting amid these dazzling splendors and dreaming in the centre of one of God's stupendous wonders that I was startled from my slumber by the crackling of the bushes in the rear of where I sat. Alarmed, I instantly sprang to my feet, and, turning my eyes in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, I judged, from the violent agitation of the undergrowth, that some huge monster was breaking cover and coming out in the neighborhood of where I stood.

A moment later a large grizzly bear, followed by her cub, stepped out upon the trail and confronted me. They saw me at once, and both recoiled,—yes, recoiled, from the gaze of a human eye, probably the first they had ever seen. For a while neither retreated a hair's-breadth, nor relaxed a muscle, but stood fixedly in their tracks and gazed upon me in wonder and alarm. Boys, I was struck with horror; I could neither move nor speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my limbs trembled beneath me. Drops of sweat, cold as the ice upon the hills, followed each other down my blanched cheeks, and the roots of my hair stung as if from the sting of a bee. Chilled by fear and gasping for breath, I knew not what to do; so I stood overwhelmed by my situation, and gazed into the eyes of this terrible brute.

By the formation of the ground just described you cannot fail to comprehend either the magnitude of the dangers with which I was surrounded, or the obstacles which seemed to close up every avenue of escape. My position, therefore, was one of extreme peril, and my reason began to stagger with fright, as I realized that I was hemmed in and cut off from all possibility of reaching the trail, which was the only door of escape. To fall back was but to plunge over

the precipice and be dashed to pieces a thousand feet below, while the slightest attempt to flank the monster was but to invite an attack ; so my only hope now rested in the brute following her cub, which a moment before had taken to the woods. This she did not do ; hence I was lost and my death was inevitable. I could see it staring me in the face as plainly as the soldier sentenced to be shot, who, standing before the concentrated fire, sees his doom in the signal that riddles his body with bullets. I could feel it in the air, in every pulsation of my heart, and there I stood, a living statue, horrified at my impending doom. Look which way I would, not a ray of hope presented itself ; there was not a habitation in sight, not a human being to be seen. Alone, unarmed, I looked death in the face. I must meet it, and meet it like a man ; it was useless to bemoan my fate ; it seemed like folly to resist ; better, far better, for me to submit with fortitude, and with Christian resignation meet this wretched death, which could not be otherwise than brief, sharp, and decisive. But how was I to die ? that was the question. How should I be destroyed ? Would this brute strike and fell me to the ground, deadening the sensibilities, thus relieving me of the pangs and tortures which precede death ? Would she rip

me open, cutting me through as with a knife, and disembowel me, leaving behind her a mass of quivering flesh? or would she gather me up into her powerful arms, crush out my poor life, and leave my body a mangled corpse?

Wild with emotions and crazed by fear, I watched her poise her body in the air and spring to the attack. It was then and there, in the supremest moment of my life, when the sky grew dark, and the earth swam like a ball in the air, that the first and only cry escaped my lips, — a long, piercing cry that came up from the very depths of my soul, and rolled heavily away over the chasm like the wail of a lost spirit.

During the brief time which elapsed between our meeting and the moment she made the assault, my whole life seemed to pass in review. Every event from my earliest childhood to the hour of leaving our camp upon the Yuba that morning came and went with lightning rapidity.

My recollection of the closing scene is at best but imperfect, — so helpless, indeed, so utterly lost had I become to everything beyond the fact that the savage monster was gradually but surely closing in upon me. But if my memory serves me at all, it recalls a brief, but sincere, prayer, uttered before what seemed an impending death, and addressed to the only Being who has ever

responded to the cry of distress in moments of deadly peril. It came up from the bottom of my heart—from a soul standing upon the brink of eternity expecting a speedy dissolution.

When she made her final attack, boys, she approached me on her hind feet. Her mouth was wide open, and the tone of her voice was between that of a deep bellow and a prolonged grunt. Raising herself to her full height, she towered above me as the pine towers above the cedar, her huge body completely shadowing the space between us, and her eyes gleaming like coals of living fire. When she threw up her arms to strike, I stood calmly awaiting my death; and, leaning for support against a large rock with a crumbling surface, my arm rested upon some detached pieces, from which, in the frenzy of the moment, I instinctively grasped a fragment, and as the blow fell, hurled the missile into her throat. I threw it, I know not why; but I threw it as one falling from a staging to his death clutches the air. At the same moment that it lodged in her throat she struck me, cutting away my belt and clothing, and scarifying my body badly; but the effect of the stroke proved less fatal than intended, as the force of the blow was materially lessened by the sudden shock produced by the stone. Instantly and

simultaneously she dropped her head and gagged. That gag, which was the first and last effort of the kind that I heard, proved by subsequent events to be the expiring gasp that followed the closing up of the windpipe and the beginning of a struggle fierce and terrible before which all others of a similar nature pale in significance.

It is said that in moments of extreme danger the mind expands, the senses become more acute, and that perils of the most deadly character are often averted by its instantaneous activity and power.

Such, boys, proved to be the fact in my case, as the sequel shows ; for not realizing the extent of the injury inflicted by the stone, but feeling that a crisis had arrived when the possibility of escape lay in some sudden effort of my own, I seized the opportune moment to make a leap for life. Springing upon the bear's back and thence into the air, I caught hold of an overhanging twig and clung to it with the tenacity of death. Lifting my body hand over hand until I firmly grasped the limb hitherto beyond my reach, I threw over my leg, and after twisting my body up and over, I came down firmly seated across it. It was from this limb, this grateful shelf of safety, that I witnessed the tragedy referred to, and became a spectator of one of the most terrible sights on record.

But this story, boys, has already become as long as Deacon Wilbur's sermon and twice as tedious. It is a trifle longer than I intended; but I have gone on the principle that a story, if good for anything, is better when well told. To my mind there are both stories and scenes following man's career through life. While one may be rehearsed and the other sketched, neither can be reproduced. The anguish of the heart is one and the agony of death another. Prepare your subject and infuse into it all the exactness which art can add or genius inspire, and it will be imperfect. It will still need the master's stroke, the finish,—an art which Nature alone possesses to perfection. Boys, I shall fail in both attempts for the same reasons. I may repeat the story and describe the scene, but I can never do justice to either; that is impossible.

The anguish I experienced when that monster sprang upon me, crazing me by her noise and driving me wild with horror, may be imagined but never described, and to be appreciated must be endured.

The agony that tossed a bear of half a ton weight ten feet into the air, and dashed its body again and again against the rocks till the very ground trembled beneath, can be spoken of, but never understood. To comprehend its fury, to

realize its terrors, to feel and be sensible of all its ghastly details, it must be seen, not heard.

Now let me proceed with my story: From the moment I threw the stone, boys, until I reached my place of safety, I was wholly unconscious of the bear's condition, supposing she had ejected the stone; for I mistook her frantic flights into the air as idle attempts to tear me down from the tree. So when I looked from where I sat and saw this monster plunging wildly among the rocks, her eyes bursting from their sockets, and the blood streaming from her nose and mouth, I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and almost struck dumb with horror, as I learned from her movements that all her efforts to dislodge the stone had proved unavailing. Desperately and wildly did she fight for her life. Slashing her neck with her claws, she cut deep gashes in her throat, from which the blood poured in streams. Leaping and plunging, she beat her head against the rocks, and dashing her body upon the ground, hugged the boulders with a grip which tore them from their beds; then springing up into the air like a rocket, she fell with a crash, driving her head deep into the briars till the ground trembled, and the dust came up in clouds. Boys, this bear was suffocating, actually choking to death. Now of all re-

corded deaths by slow torture that by strangulation is most agonizing and horrible. It is like that of a man suspended by the neck till dead, without the modernized appliances to alleviate his sufferings. Modernized murder, you know, adjusts the knot with scientific precision, so that the neck is broken by the fall, under which arrangements it is assumed that the victim escapes torture, as both life and pain cease at the same moment. But when modernized art fails in its work, the fewer the spectators to such a sight the better; and it is well for society that the ghastly details are concealed beneath the hangman's cap. I know the law provides that a man shall have half an hour in which to die, whether he wants it or not; and yet when its appliances work like a charm the man is dead in three minutes. It is the *bungling* process only which prolongs the agony to seven.

Just how long it took that grizzly to die I never knew. It may have been five minutes, perhaps less, but to me it seemed an eternity. Wondering how long she would continue to dash her body among the rocks, I watched every movement until she suddenly ceased, and lay so quiet that neither the movement of a muscle nor a tremor of her mangled frame betrayed her existence. Supposing that she had passed the

great crisis of her life and was dead, I drew a long breath, and began to make preparations for descending the tree, when suddenly her body began to tremble, and then to heave like an inflated balloon. Immediately she went into convulsions; and from that time until she disappeared from view the scene beggared description. Again my fears returned, and once more my life seemed in imminent peril. Clinging the tree with all the strength at my command, I sat there, icy cold, shivering and stupefied at her prodigious powers of endurance. Boys, the sight was shocking; indeed 't was too ghastly to look upon. It was the last scene of that eventful drama, and the curtain rose and fell upon a spectacle such as few men would care to behold; for it was a continuation of the most frantic plunges, interspersed with a variety of violent contortions which followed in quick succession,

Death is a terror under all circumstances, and the hardest part to be borne is the few expiring moments which precede dissolution; for 't is then that Nature grapples with its fell destroyer, and the conflict for supremacy becomes startling and severe. Its worst features are seen when the victim dies in the fullness of youthful manhood, at which time its horrors are increased by the resistance offered by his vigorous frame,

until exhausted Nature, forced to relax her hold, surrenders, and he falls back dead.

I have watched death in all its hideousness, but never without a shock. I have seen the drowning man clutch at bubbles, and have sat by the dying patient while he rose from his pillow, gazed for a moment into vacancy, and fell back a corpse. The pinioned felon, too, have I seen, dangling in the air, and have noted death's chilling effects as his muscles contracted and expanded under the barbarous torture. I have seen the soldier blown to pieces from the cannon's mouth, and the duelist, shot through the heart, leap ten feet into the air, and fall to the ground dead. In all these cases I have noticed that between the two extremes, life and death, there is a supreme period, very strongly marked and recognized, as the moment when life succumbs and Death grasps his prize. The struggle culminates when resistance stops; while the division is marked by the sudden collapse and the tumult which precedes the spirit's flight. The bear's struggles ended when she struck the tree on which I sat; and the division occurred when she stood erect and with her paws blindly sawed the air. But the collapse did not take place until she had made her final plunge, shooting, as she did, straight up into air, passing me

in her flight, and falling with a tremendous crash upon a sloping rock which formed the brink of the precipice; after which came the tumult produced by the falling rocks as the bear fell over the precipice and plunged head-first into the abyss below. I heard her body, as it went crashing down through the trees, and the loosened rocks as they plunged furiously after her; then silence, deep and profound as the grave, ensued. The earth and sky came back again to me, and, thanking God for his merciful interposition, I wept like a child.

A moment later, while once more preparing to descend, I was again startled by a slight disturbance in the bushes beyond the trail, which presently revealed itself in the figure of the cub, as she peered through the undergrowth in search of her dam, venturing out as far as the scene of conflict. She smelt each pool of blood, from which she recoiled with dread, and then gazing wistfully around, caught sight of me, which so frightened her that she quickly turned about and fled into the woods, and I saw her no more.

Humbled and awed by the solemnity of the scene and the tragic events which had just transpired, I became deeply impressed by the mysterious power that had so singularly snatched me from the very jaws of death, and with a grate-

ful heart dropped from the tree, and, after arranging my tattered garments as best I could, resumed my journey, which had been so startlingly interrupted.

On arriving at Bidwell's Bar I found a group of miners lounging about the post office, to whom I told my story, which, being fresh and exciting, culminated when the long scratches on my body were exhibited, showing the deadly peril to which I had but so recently been exposed. The news quickly spread over the flats and throughout the neighboring gulches; and shortly afterwards I found myself surrounded by a large number of anxious sympathizers. Every man present expressing a wish to see the grizzly, a party was soon organized and ready for the start, which was exceedingly gratifying to me, as I had a secret desire to know the fate of my late antagonist, and find out the exact facts which had brought about her death. Desiring very much to know this before returning to the Yuba, I was only too glad to form one of the party to go in search of her remains. Although the distance to the junction of the rivers was scarcely a mile, the route was found both difficult and dangerous. Hence it was high noon ere we had accomplished our purpose; but when found, the remains lay a quivering mass among a pile of rocks, and in

a direct line with the precipice over which she had plunged to her death. Her body was still warm, and the blood oozing from the gaping wounds in her side. As the head was flattened and badly disfigured, and the body torn and beaten to a jelly, the sight was ghastly and painful to look upon. To me the scene was impressive, and my heart moved in pity for the noble brute that had made such a heroic struggle for her life; for when viewed from a higher standpoint, with the love of God in my breast, I could not condemn her, but on the contrary I indulged a wish far more pronounced than pity that her death had been more immediate and her struggles less agonizing.

To my mind, boys, there has always been something touching about the devotion displayed by animals for their young, and there is a significance in that loyalty which gives up its life that another shall live. This characteristic I have found in subsequent years to be no less marked, for a female's love for her young dies only with her death. She will hunger and thirst, she will suffer and die, that her offspring may live. Hence, in attacking me this poor brute did but carry out the true instinct of her nature to shield and protect her cub, or die in the attempt.

Taking out my knife I made an incision in the

throat, and found that the stone was wedged in and across the windpipe, as I had supposed, thus effectively stopping the air-passage. So deeply, indeed, had the stone imbedded itself in the muscles that neither the immense weight of the body, nor the great force of the fall, had started it a hair's-breadth from the spot where it had first lodged. Therefore, my investigations proved the fact, which I had from the first believed, that the suffocation produced by the stone must have ended life independent of the fall, and that her death was clearly caused by strangulation.

Now, boys, that claw which hangs yonder against the wall was cut from one of her fore paws, which had been severed by the fall from the rest of the foot, and was found hanging by the skin. I carried it back to camp with me, and have kept it ever since, not as a trophy, — for I am no more entitled to it as a pledge of success than was David to Goliath's head, — but in the light of a souvenir to commemorate one of the most tragic events of my life. It is all that is now left of that once powerful brute, and the only reminder of that tremendous struggle for a breath of air that never came.

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CHAP. 4.—Among thieves. The arrest and conviction. Disastrous consequences. The midnight attack. Gem of the Bowery in flames. Singular escape.

CHAP. 5.—Sailing of ship Orpheus from New York. Mutiny off Cape Horn. The Golden Gate. Arrival at San Francisco.

CHAP. 6.—The path-finders. Start from Sutter's Fort. Surrounded by wolves. Camp at Horse-Shoe Bar. Strange visitor. Death of James Graham.

CHAP. 7.—Indian raid at the corral. A massacre averted. Death of Jesse Bryant. A white man's grave. Deserted camp. Farewell.

CHAP. 8.—Seeking wealth under difficulties. Eagle Roost. Source of the Yuba River. Fruitless search. Return. Lost in the snow-beds. Human sufferings. Left to his fate. "Good-by, Dave." Carter's death. A grave in the Sierras.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"The Land of Gold." A well written sketch, and characters seldom overdrawn. To those who went through the campaign as the writer did, the book recalls many pleasant pictures to which time and distance lend an additional enchantment. Just such another era will never be again witnessed upon this earth, and the history of the period, embellished with a little romance, will be found very interesting to the young men whose fathers dug for gold amid the wilds of California.

From the Boston Sunday Courier.

Capturing the grizzly bear alive, where the author loses his arm and narrowly escapes with his life, is a novelty which the reader will follow with more than ordinary interest. In fact the whole book abounds in perilous adventures, so tragic and fascinating as to create for its hero the profoundest sympathy.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

"The Land of Gold" by one of the Argonauts of '49. A lively picture of pioneer life, especially interesting to Forty-niners to whom it is dedicated, and agreeable reading to all lovers of adventure.

From the Daily Press, Santa Barbara, Cal.

"The Land of Gold" is the author's experience. There is so much romance interwoven with the book that it reads like a novel, and yet the romance is merely the fiction of real California life. All was unreal, dazzling, incomprehensible. The work treats of an era which will soon be forgotten, except as occasional glimpses are perpetuated in the pages of just such books.

From the San Jose Herald, Cal.

"The Land of Gold" is a story of suffering and death in the early settlement of this State. The story is indeed interesting and will repay perusal on its own merits. As a picture of life in the early history of the State it is almost invaluable to the people of California.

From the San Jose Mercury, Cal.

"The Land of Gold." This story is one of unusual excellence, and will doubtless meet with what it deserves — a hearty and extended welcome by the public.

From the Boston Advertiser.

"The Land of Gold." An interesting story of pioneer life in California. Interesting from the nature of the subject, and the fact that its details are a relation of the author's own experiences. To the friends and relatives of the early pioneers the book will have an especial charm.

From the Boston Sunday Budget.

It is a story apparently true to facts, painfully sad, but enlivened by the womanly affections which cling to him through all his misfortunes. As a reminiscence of the trials of '49 the volume is interesting and even valuable.

From the Lynn City Item.

The author has given us quite a romantic tale of California days. The style being easy, the story not impossible, and the reader cannot fail to extract much pleasure from the perusal. It must be conceded a literary success, and it is to be hoped that we shall have more of the fruits of his pen.

From the Berkshire County Eagle.

Much has been written about the adventures and perils, the successes and failures, of the "Forty-niners" of California, but the present story in "The Land of Gold" has a perennial interest and will be sure of a large circle of readers.

From the Boston Sunday Herald.

"The Land of Gold" presents some very graphic pictures of early pioneer life, when, inspired by the love of money, a tide of emigrants set in from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The writer wields a very facile pen from first to last, his narrative never flags, and it may be described as the very romance of history.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

"The Land of Gold." A narrative covering the period of excitement in the flush times, when facts similar to those given in "A Tale of '49" were an every-day occurrence. There is little question that any one who came out to this coast in the early days will fail to be interested in this simple recital of the vicissitudes of pioneer life, as it reproduces with almost photographic accuracy the singular life of the Forty-niner.

From the Chicago Evening Journal.

. . . Older readers, "Forty-niners" especially — and there are many of the hardy pioneers yet living — will enjoy the book for the recollections it brings to mind of scenes memorable for their pluck and endurance.

From The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

A descriptive tale of pioneer life in early days. Exceedingly interesting and merits a wide circulation.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

It is dedicated to the California Pioneers, and contains more of fact than romance. The eventful life of young Graham runs through the story, which is one of uncommon interest and well told.

CHAP. 9. — Ripple Spring House, a Wayside Inn. Arrival of Major Winchester. Suspicious guests. Startling discovery. Arrest and conviction. Judge Lynch. Condemned to death. The escape.

CHAP. 10. — Downie House, Rough and Ready. Charlie Downie's singular story. The Rescue. A miner's welcome. Two years after. The grizzly bear fight. Its fatal consequences. The meeting of old friends. Wonderful recognition. "Tit for Tat."

CHAP. 11. — State Hospital. Goliath and the Gladiator. Shocking sight. A painful discovery. A maniac's death. A dreadful revelation.

CHAP. 12. — The storm at Hartwell's Crossing. A miner's hospitality. The bill of fare. The vote and its character. The Crib and its contents. A smoke all round. Col. Hartwell speaks.

CHAP. 13. — Mammon, God of Money. Grotto in the Sierras. Magnificent spectacle. The temptation. The sacrifice. Sentenced to be hurled from a precipice. Saved from a horrible death.

CHAP. 14. — Deadman's Bar. The bogus parson. A thief in the night. Detectives. Caught. A miner's tribunal. Conviction and sentence. Respite and escape. Singular meeting upon the "trail." A life and death struggle. Frightful end. Death of "Father McQuaid."

CHAP. 15. — Fire and flood. Destruction of Sacramento City. Hearts that beat under ragged shirts. Schooner Eliza Downs. Disaster and ruin.

CHAP. 16. — Poor Man's Creek. Stage-coach. Painful review. Departure from San Francisco. A fascinating scene. Dream on.

CHAP. 17. — Home again. Annihilation complete. The old miller. Surprise and grief. Death and disaster. Grave-yard upon the hill. Married and lost. Overwhelmed. Crushed to earth.

CHAP. 18. — Thanksgiving week in Boston. Quincy Market. Old Bite Tavern. A huckster's consolation. A dead Chelsea man. Preordination infallible.

CHAP. 19. — City of Witches. Woman's little game. Thanksgiving Dinner. The Ipswich school-marm. Sudden illness. A physician's singular fitness. The Surprise. A Startling disclosure. Preordination confirmed. The lump of gold and its value. Lost and found.

The "Land of Gold" can be purchased only from the Author direct, to whom all letters must be addressed. A copy will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any address on receipt of \$1.25.

GEORGE G. SPURR,

69 COMMERCIAL STREET, BOSTON.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It had been my purpose for years to contribute to literature a few mementos of early life in California, desiring thereby to perpetuate the remarkable achievements of her brave pioneers and thus show to future generations how much it has cost to add what was once a wild and unbroken solitude to civilization and fame.

THE LAND OF GOLD, A Tale of '49, it is believed will meet a want long since felt by the relatives and friends of the "pathfinders" to the "land of sunshine and flowers." The story contains a tragic history, and is replete with thrilling adventures. It covers one of the most interesting periods of our national history (from 1848 to 1856); years which all future generations will regard as being pivotal and unique.

In thus reviving scenes now half forgotten, and in reproducing characters buried in eternal sleep, I was actuated by a desire to commemorate the deeds of these pioneers and to leave to their posterity a memorial, humble as it is, in respectful remembrance of the bravery and persistent endurance which marked their tracks through the wildest regions of the Sierra Nevadas.

The book has been edited with care. It is suited to the purest and most refined tastes. It is an appropriate book for any gentleman's library, and will be found a pleasing fireside companion.

Respectfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

June, 1886.

