

tomed is he to such a termination of the chase that he merely arises from his recumbent position, says, "*Mar-me-an-nar*," and, lighting his pipe, strolls off to look for another opportunity.

So is it with bear-hunting. While the bear is in the water, and the hunter follows him in a boat, there is little excitement in the sport; but when upon the ice, and the bear is seen before he knows that danger is near, then there is something feverish in the hasty and whispered preparations for the chase. The load is unceremoniously dumped upon the ice, and the hunters, seating themselves upon the sled, drive off in the direction of the bear. The dogs, relieved of the weighty load, imagine that something is about to happen, and dash ahead, their ears erect and turned forward, their eyes eagerly scanning their limited horizon. Presently they see the huge beast before them, or the wind brings a sniff of bear's grease to their hungry nostrils, and then they are off with a will. Nothing can exceed the impetuosity with which they now fly along, each one straining every nerve to reach the distant foe, the sled swinging from side to side, splashing through shallow pools in the ice, or bridging an ice-crack that tries the mettle of the best jumpers in the team, and compels the others to swim. Once in a while, the best efforts of the driver cannot prevent the front end of the sled coming in contact with a hummock that brings the vehicle to an abrupt stand, and sends the team sprawling in every direction. Again released from its arrest, the excitement increases when the majestic animal is seen more distinctly, as the sled draws nigher. It is not long now before instinct warns him of approaching danger, and, pausing in his leisurely walk in search of a sleeping seal, he turns around to survey the surface of the level ice. He soon recognizes an enemy, and away he goes at full speed, with a rocking, lumbering canter that impresses you more with his size and strength than with his grace.

Now the hunter leans forward, and with his knife severs the traces of the team, and follows them as fast as his sinewy legs can carry him, reckless of water-holes and ice-cracks, his whole soul bent upon coming up with the bear at bay, in time to get the first bullet into the body, in which case the carcass belongs to him. The dogs have now come up with Bruin, and, snapping at his heels, compel him to halt and defend himself. Turning around and growling angrily, he lowers his head, and with opened mouth

rushes at the most importunate of his foes, who eludes him with true canine dexterity. Occasionally he rises upon his haunches and strikes out furiously with his fore paws. Woe to the dog within reach of that terrible blow, for his fate is sealed. Sometimes an unfortunate brute comes near enough to be caught and squeezed in an embrace that nothing but death can loosen. And now the hunters come panting upon the scene of action, and have to use great care to avoid killing their faithful dogs, as I have known them to be killed, by the bullet passing entirely through the bear and striking the dog on the other side. A rifle, or pistol, is the favorite weapon in these days, when most of the hunters have fire-arms, but a few years ago they were not so well supplied, and relied upon the spear, with an iron barb, or one made of walrus tusk, worked to the proper shape and sharpened to the greatest possible extent. With such miserable weapons these brave Esquimaux do not hesitate to attack the polar bear, the largest and one of the most ferocious of his species. They rely upon the dogs engaging the attention of the animal while they come in to their support, but often the enraged beast turns from his little tormenters and attacks his still more dangerous foe, the hunter, who now needs all his coolness and skill to overcome his adversary. At Depot Island, in North Hudson Bay, during the summer of 1880, I met an old man named Noo-loo, the top of whose head had been bitten off in a contest with a bear. Few people can boast of such an experience as this. Had it been dragged off with a ponderous claw it would have seemed strange enough, but to have had it bitten off seems to indicate a proximity that must needs be decidedly unpleasant.

On the 3d of July,—the day we reached Cape Felix, the most northerly part of King William's Land,—Too-loo-ah, one of the best men I ever met in any land, chased a polar bear about ten miles out on the ice of Victoria Straits, in a nearly northerly direction. The chase is described in the foregoing paragraph, but when Too-loo-ah came up, and before he could get a chance for a shot, the bear, disregarding the dogs, made a rush for the active young hunter that almost brought his heart into his mouth. Recovering his composure in good season, he sent three bullets from his Winchester rifle, backed by a charge of seventy-five grains of powder behind each,