

home. He brought his axe with him; and the hooroosh of the dogs, with our shouts as the bear fell, at once brought him to the spot. The bear had now got Cribb firmly clutched in his arms, and they were dancing a merry waltz at the foot of the tree, when Mingo cried that his dog was being killed. We all with one accord now rushed forward, and Paddy gave the first swing with his axe on the occasion. With both of his hands thrown high over his head, and a seeming leap off the ground of a yard at least, Paddy brought the back of his axe down on the shoulders of Bruin with such force as to compel him to loose his hold of Cribb. "Stand till him," said Paddy, again raising his axe, and laying about him. My own trusty tomahawk was not idle, any more than Mingo's, and we fought well, under the circumstances. The foaming brute was not yet half overcome, and finding us too many for him, he struck the dogs out of the way, and again took to the tree.

"Now, wait till we kindle the fire on him, be the powdherers," said Paddy, eyeing him some twenty feet above.

"I will save you that trouble," said Mingo, loading his rifle, hurriedly; "I see his head."

"And I will reserve my fire," said I, being now morally certain that he was this time in our power.

Mingo raised his gun steadily, and getting his head between his eye and the moon, he brought him again to the ground with a heavy fall. He attempted to raise himself, but I levelled him lifeless with a brace of bullets under the ear. The dogs rushed in again, followed by Paddy, who danced on his carcase with right good will, swinging his axe. "Hurra! the day's our own! Be d—d to the bit, but he's done for!" cried Paddy; and so in sooth he was, and high time, too, one would think. He furnished a tolerable sleigh-robe, and afforded some delectable hams, which were done good justice to, after about a fortnight's drying. He was weighed in the balance, and was not found wanting of six hundred weight.

This is a most blood-thirsty adventure for the readers of Miss Maggy, and it is doubtful if I do right in forcing it upon them; but they have been *plomosed* with such nice things all along, that it is well for them to know some of the realities of a life in the woods. Think of the many women (I beg pardon!—*ladies!*) and little children who may have been frightened by this monster, or by the very mention of his name. Perhaps he may have devoured some of them (in imagination) while they were out picking raspberries in the fallows. "Oh! dear! that horrid bear! I thought I saw him; or at least heard him! I am sure something stirred behind the gooseberry bush!" No doubt—and therefore, did we not do right to make his tough, grisly hide into a sleigh-robe, and to dispose of his hams in a way so satisfactory to all parties concerned!