

sec, within a few inches as near the mark at night, as in the day-light. I knew I had not missed him, for he gave a tremendous bounce as the cap broke, and uttered a description of growl such as a full sized pig gives when a dog sets upon him on the sudden. He hissed and groaned, and gave short leaps from the ground, and grasped the oats on either side, and hugged himself desperately, in a fanciful exhibition of what he might do were so and so the case, and had he me down "fornest" him—where I had no idea of being by any persuasion, by the bye, at that moment. Probably it would have taken a ten horse-power steam-engine to have drawn me from the stump at that precise minute; but, at the same time, I had an inward sense of the importance of speedy action in some way or manner, but what was to be done I did not know. The dogs were held fast in another part of the field. Was I to go down and meet him face to face?—was I to tomahawk the fellow, or scalp him, or try the grips with him, or pounce on him pell mell, and do all in my power to assuage his wrath, and bring him to terms? Self-preservation suggested that I could act quite as conspicuous a part by sitting still, and so I accordingly remained in full gaze, without even re-loading my gun, in a sort of dignified neutrality, or masterly inactive state.

Mingo, by this time, had come to the rescue. He said not a word, but came up blundering through the oats, almost head-foremost into the arena. He caught sight of the bear, and hugging his rifle for a brief period to his face, he discharged it full at him. The monster gave another tremendous bound when he felt the lead, and gnashing his teeth, so that you might have heard him one hundred yards away, and giving his indescribable growl, he stood on his hinder legs, and made at Mingo furiously.

"Back!—back!—for your life, run!" I cried, hoarsely; but little need was there for the admonition. Mingo, after discharging his gun, had instinctively made a backward motion, as if he were forming "four deep" in regular militia drill, and, in doing so, he fell. By the time, however, that the bear had commenced the forward movement towards him, he was in full retreat, luckily towards the dogs. By the way in which his head and shoulders arose and disappeared above and below the grain, I should say that his action was quite energetic in thus taking himself out of the way. The bear remained in possession of the ground, and now lay down, and commenced licking his side. I know that in consequence of their thick hair, this mode they adopt to staunch the blood. It is all nonsense about their stopping the wound with leaves—the leaves on which they lie being generally found adhering to the clotted blood, giving rise to the mistake.