

of money. There were others in the note with him, who were in justice bound to pay most of the debt, and as they were also before "Tom's" name on the note, there was but little money to pay to clear up his indebtedness.

My wife was never tired of extolling my prudence, whereas in reality it was almost an accident that I had insured at all. Certainly nothing was due to my foresight.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

About the time of my wife's convalescence, and during the first winter following, wolves were very plentiful. I had, however, but little stock they could touch, having only two or three calves; but they very nearly "touched" me one night.

I remember well how and where it happened, and although now so many years since, I can hardly look back on the time without a shudder. I was returning home, and was about two miles from it; there was a path through the woods made by cattle coming and going to a stream about a mile distant. I was walking along the main road, looking out for the path where it turned off, forming a short cut to my place, when I heard the wolves beginning to give tongue. One would howl, then another, and so on, and it seemed to me that before I was aware they were all around me. I could, every now and then, see their white tails as they leaped logs, and in doing so threw up their hind quarters and exposed the lighter portions of the body. They were closing in all round me, and I was sure my time was come. However, I never was a coward, and determined to die hard. I made for a little conical hill close by; its formation was one of Nature's freaks, or the result of an eddy at the time of the deluge. There are several about my part of the country. I knew there was a hunter's cabin, built of open logs, on the very summit, and if I could reach it I was safe for the present; but to do so was the difficulty. The wolves were pressing nearer and nearer, and creeping round behind me, awaiting an opportunity or my running away, to make a spring. I had a bundle of cotton batting under my arm for my family's use, and a pipe well alight in my mouth. A few moments sufficed to set the bundle in a blaze. A forked stick enabled me to bear it aloft, and with it all ablaze I ran towards the hill, then but a few paces distant. This I fortunately reached, and rushed up the side and into the hut, and closed the door not a moment too soon. The blazing cotton lasted but a few minutes, and the moment the flame was deadened, excited by my running away, the wolves closed in in hot pursuit, rushing after me up the little hill in all directions, and five minutes later in reaching the hut would have seen me in the agonies of death. There were at least twenty of them—gaunt, thin, great brutes they were, their red tongues hanging out, and showing their gleaming white tusks.

The moon at that moment passed from under a cloud, and I could see through the logs the full extent of my danger. There were plenty of opportunities of doing so, as after a few moments the wolves began running round and round the hut, snarling and growling whenever they encountered each other, and putting their sharp noses between the logs smelling at me, apparently quite fearless of my presence. They were almost starving, as the snow that winter had been quite soft and deep, so that the deer could easily escape them; and had the crust on the snow been hard so as to have supported them, there would not have been so much danger, as food would have been plentiful. My fear now was for my poor wife. If she heard the wolves out she would be dreadfully frightened, and would not know I was comparatively safe. It seems my little dog, who always went with me, had run off home, and somehow escaped the attention of the wolves, and when he arrived had behaved so extraordinarily that suspicion was aroused, and consequently I was searched for. When they heard the wolves they surmised the fact, but supposed I was up a tree, and returning for torches made of cedar bark, and accompanied by all hands with guns, came on as fast as possible, and soon drove the wolves away.

That same drove of wolves hovered about the settlement where I was all that winter, and on moonlight nights I have more than once seen the yard alive with them; sometimes as many as ten were seen. The ox shed and cow stable, mere open sheds, were on one side of the yard, and on one night in particular I remember they attacked my calves, and would have killed them but they were kept at bay by the oxen, who, whilst close to human aid, charged them again and again, each time backing up to the house door. The discharge of a rifle laid one dead, and the rest all left for that night.

These little episodes, so constantly occurring in frontier life, that any one relating his history, and that of his farm and "beginnings," naturally mixes them up with other matters. Indeed, my host was full of such anecdotes, and it was with some difficulty I could draw his attention back to the rest of his farm operations.

WOOL STATISTICS.—The value of sheep and lambs' wool imported into the United Kingdom, says the *Farmers' Gazette*, now considerably exceeds £1,000,000 per month. In the three months ending March 31st this year the aggregate value of the imports effected was no less than £3,598,720, as compared with £3,782,558 in the corresponding three months of 1870, and £2,969,632 in the corresponding three months of 1869. The Australian wool imported figured in these totals for £2,799,650, £3,087,534, and £2,133,453, and £2,133,937 respectively.

REPORT OF THE CANADIAN DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—We have received a copy of this publication, which embraces the transactions of the Association during the years 1869 and 1870, with a full report of the two public meetings held at Ingersoll, and a copy of the more important papers read at each of those conventions. In addition to this valuable matter, some of the most interesting and instructive papers read before the American Dairymen's Convention at Utica, are included in this official compilation.

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