

out of the section of country lying between the High Falls and the Keminiskeek Lake, a distance of sixty miles in length, and ten miles from each side of the river. The deer began gradually to reappear there in 1844, and when they returned to their old haunts along "The Hidden River," the wolves followed them to their ancient habitat. For many years deer have been abundant in the Madawaska region.

The old "Stony Swamp," west of Bell's Corners on the Richmond Road, was at one time, much infested by wolves, on account of its having been a famous fastness for deer. The wolves of that section did considerable damage to the flocks of farmers in the neighborhood.

In connection with this well known old road, I remember an incident which took place in the year 1830. It may not be known to everyone that at that early period in the history of the County of Carleton, oxen were chiefly used for all purposes of draught and travel by the farmers of that day, simply because they had no horses. Farm produce was then drawn to Bytown Market on ox sleighs, and then, as now, the journey to the market was performed partly in the night.

One clear moonlight night a farmer from the westerly part of the Township of Nepean, was driving his oxen through the lonely windings of the road in the Stony Swamp. The season was winter. He had a small dog with him which was running along a short distance in front of the team. Suddenly he heard a piteous howl, and on looking in the direction of the sound, he saw an enormous wolf darting away through the trees with the struggling dog in his mouth.

During the first few years of the early settlement of Hull, wolves were very numerous and destructive in that neighborhood. They had killed many sheep, and had also very much disturbed the minds of timid people. Something decisive had to be done to abate the nuisance. A hunter set a trap and succeeded in catching one of the offenders. He skinned part of his head and sides, and fastened a broad red collar, to which was attached a bell, around his neck. The rather cruelly treated wolf was then liberated, and according to the story, wolves became scarce in the neighborhood of Hull for a number of years.

In the year 1839, in the beautiful month of October, when the maple trees, the gorgeous sentinels of earth, seem to wear the elegant livery of heaven, I was out one morning duck shooting on the River