

to follow me any farther, but with one blow of a heavy stick which I carried for the purpose, I laid him out, as doubtless in his time he had laid out many a beautiful deer preparatory to devouring him.

The three wolves I had killed formed part of a pack which had, a few weeks before their tragical departure for "the happy hunting grounds," committed serious depredations. I put the succeeding two, each of which was equal in size to the first, through a like process of investigation, but failed to elicit anything new.

I had frequently heard the pack in full cry at night. Had it been close at hand, the sound might have proved terrifying to persons not gifted with an ear capable of appreciating nature's majestic harmonies. To me, however, the nocturnal chorus of those wolves, seemed the clearest and most melodious musical effort I had ever listened to. Since then I have heard wolves frequently, but nothing in their tones has caused me to change my opinion.

The Madawaska River, so far as unrivalled natural beauty could make it so, was once the foaming Queen of the Ottawa's magnificent tributaries—has along its turbulent course many rapids and chutes of marvellous grandeur and beauty. One of these chutes, situated about one hundred miles from Ottawa, is called "Wolf Portage." It was so named on account of deer being chased by wolves into the constantly open water at that point. In winter time the hunted deer were in the habit of plunging into the rapids to escape the fangs of their sanguinary pursuers. In catching their prey at the foot of the portage the wolves displayed much cunning. When a deer took the water at the head of the chute, it was quickly carried over the rough rapid into the gradually narrowing ice-enclosed glade or channel at the foot. Just at the spot where the current drove it against the ice, under which it would immediately be whirled, a number of wolves stood on the ice, and the instant the deer touched its edge, it was seized, dragged out on the ice and devoured.

On the Madawaska River, in the early lumbering times, the skeletons of wolves could always be seen in winter lying on the ice at the foot of the Wolf Portage.

So numerous were the wolves in the woods on the Madawaska, that during the years 1840 and 1841, the deer were driven completely