

pains. I was frantic. As they had fled southeasterly, I had a mind to follow them to get the scalp of a beast of prey like them—the Government offered a reward of \$6 for every wolf-scalp. Since, however, the sun was apparently near setting, I gave up the pursuit.

The Canadians maintain that the wolves of that country, when first sheep were introduced by the settlers, were so afraid of these new-comers that they would not come near them. With time, they became accustomed to the new and strange animals, and certainly very much to their disadvantage, for hardly had they got a bite of the first of them, than the flesh tasted to them extraordinarily good; and now they were occasioning no insignificant damage among the flocks.

Moreover, the accusation is made against the Canadian wolf—I do not know whether rightly or wrongly—that his bite is deadly, and that sheep or dogs which have been bitten are sure to die, although the wound in other respects would not be at all fatal.

During the day I had seen several deer, but was not in a position to creep up within gun-shot of any; and at last had to be satisfied with a rabbit which ran across the road.

There was no use thinking of a house this evening, as I found myself no longer even upon a path in the bush, but I was in the true sense of the words "all in the woods." Accordingly, before it became dark, I dragged together as much wood as I could find near by, cleared away the snow and kindled a fire under the pile, which soon blazed up pleasantly.

When I had warmed myself sufficiently, I got to work to clean my little rabbit and broil it. This I accomplished without much ceremony. I cleaned it out with snow as well as I could and stuck it on a twig immediately over the fire; while I laid a piece of bark below so as to catch the fat

which fried out; and I poured this fat over the roast again. It is true that I missed salt and bread very much, but hunger is a splendid cook. The hind legs I laid aside for breakfast; but the rest of the dish I finished. This over, I heaped up my fire, and with my hunting-bag under my head, my fur cap drawn over my eyes and feet toward the fire, I prepared to spend my first night in the open air in America.

I fell asleep very quickly and so soundly that I did not wake up till I was awakened by the sharp morning air. My fire was burned down; and my limbs were shivering with the cold. I trembled so that I could scarcely blow the fire up again; but at last I succeeded, and gradually my stiff limbs were quite thawed out. The morning sun found me buried in the contemplation of my two rabbit hams, which I inspected so long that I could see the very bones.

When I had cared sufficiently for my creature comforts, I renewed with new vigour my march toward the south, and at about 10 o'clock, the crowing of a domestic cock showed me that I was not far from a human residence. I marched in that direction with long strides; and soon was greeted by the barking of a pack of hounds.

The owner of the house was in the bush chopping wood and splitting fence-rails (the long poles which are laid upon each other to enclose the fields. The enclosure is itself called a "fence"). His wife, a tidy American, hospitably set before me bread and milk; she assured me that I was not more than twenty miles distant from the road to Buffalo, and that I would come across a good many farm-houses if I went somewhat farther to the south. She refused on any consideration to take money for the refreshments; and after heartily thanking her, I walked away through the legion of hounds and marched forward in such joyous mood that the Canadian