

hunger, the wolves of Russia and Siberia have, for ages, been a perpetual terror to night travellers in the frigid and inhospitable countries referred to ; in the wild forests, and dangerous fastnesses of which, they are met with in such vast multitudes.

In a land where the humanizing influences of a refined civilization, are even yet in their extreme infancy, the dead and wounded, for hundreds of years, upon the battle-fields of intestine wars, were left to rot or be devoured by wild animals. Is it any wonder then, that the wolves of Russia have acquired a taste for human blood, and like the Bengal Tiger, have become man-eaters ?

In contradistinction to the habits of their European congeners, North American wolves, although comparatively bold under the pressure of hunger, commonly dread the presence of man, and flee from him in terror as do the deer and the black bear.

I remember a story current here in old times, about the fate of a gigantic indian named Clouthier—a rather Gallic designation for a pure Algonquin—who was well known to the late "Squire Wright," the original founder of the ancient village of Hull. My story may be true in every particular, for Clouthier was a man of herculean proportions, and almost superhuman strength.

Clouthier was a great hunter, and had a fine field for his prowess and skill in the neighborhood of Hull, which then abounded with bears, deer, moose, wapiti, otters and beaver. In one of his hunting excursions he was attacked and torn to pieces by a large pack of wolves. It was surmised by those who afterwards discovered his bones, and fragments of his clothing, that after he had shot one of his assailants with his single-barrelled flint-lock gun, he had drawn his tomahawk from his belt, and fought desperately for his life.

From the number of skulls and other portions of their bones found at the scene of the tragedy, it was calculated that the indian had killed fourteen of the wolves before he was overpowered. The dead wolves had all been devoured by their fellows, nothing of them being left but their bones. Like his scriptural prototype, the Algonquin Sampson did not fall unavenged.

If this story be correct—and it was considered quite authentic by the old inhabitants of Hull and Bytown—it is the only instance of