

prairie fire. I do not believe that any animal in America could stand his ground and listen for two minutes to the Highland bagpipes.

So far as I am personally concerned, if accompanied by two thoroughbred bull terriers, and armed with a good Winchester repeating rifle, I shall be delighted at any time or place, in open daylight, to pay my respects to six of the largest wolves in America.

About twelve years ago, the hunting party to which I had the pleasure to belong, was encamped on the bank of Bearbrook, about twelve miles from Ottawa. It was during a cold time in the month of December, a fact which I distinctly remember, in consequence of having had to cut a large supply of birch stove-wood to keep the tent warm. During our stay in camp on one occasion about midnight, we were awakened by the howling of wolves near at hand, accompanied by a noise like that produced by a large animal jumping through the snow. Rifles were instantly grasped, but the noise suddenly ceased, and all again was still. By the tracks found in the snow next morning, we discovered that a large buck had galloped within less than one bound of the back end of our tent, and had then turned aside. Upon following the tracks of the deer a short distance, the fresh tracks of two wolves were found on the trail. We did not follow them far. Had we done so, we should, doubtless, soon have discovered the mangled remains of the deer. Had the buck made one more bound in the direction in which he was going, we should have had an immediate row in that tent of more than ordinary interest and excitement. I have often regretted that the deer and the wolves had not landed on top of us in the tent. In that case I could have given you a true story eclipsing in romantic interest the most florid imaginary efforts of the most ingenious newspaper reporter of the present day.

Wolves were very numerous in the Township of Gloucester up to a few years ago, and doubtless there are many still in the solitudes of the vast tamarac swamps still existing within less than twenty-five miles of the City of Ottawa.

During the winter of 1868, Doctor Bell, of New Edinburgh, was driving through the long swamp east of Eastman's Springs. At that time there were lots of wolves within even ten miles of the city of Ottawa. While jogging along at an ordinary gait, the Doctor's horse suddenly