

INCIDENTS

Relating to the History of the First Settlers in the Township of Hatley.

The Township of Hatley, as originally established, is bounded north by Ascot, east by Compton, south by Barnston and Stanstead, and west by Magog lake and river, and Little Magog. Some time about forty years ago, the newer township of Magog was formed, by taking a slice off the west side of Hatley and east side of Bolton. I do not know the exact date of the first settlement in Hatley, but suppose it to have been, some time in the last half of the last decade, of the 18th century. The first settlement was effected, chiefly, through the instrumentality of Capt. Ebenezer Hovey, who, conjointly, with Col. A. H. Cull received from the Crown, a grant of one fourth of the Township, in return for the fulfilment of certain conditions, in the way of bringing in, each, a certain number of settlers. Captain Hovey first settled near the eastern shore of Magog lake, a little more than half way, from the outlet to the present site of the village of Georgeville. But after a few years, he moved to the eastern part of Hatley, and settled on the "West Road," about two and a half miles north, from the present site of the Massawippi village; where he lived, until the time of his death, sometime, about fifty odd years since, at the advanced age of eighty odd years. Whether or no, any of Captain Hovey's children died in infancy or youth, I do not know. He raised a family of ten, four boys and six girls, who lived to be men and women, and most, if not all lived to be old people. One son, when a young man, settled somewhere in the far West, and how long he lived, or what he did, I do not know. One daughter settled in Kingsey, county of Drummond, Quebec. She was the wife of the late John Wadleigh, Sen., of Kingsey. The others all settled in Hatley. Not counting any for the son who went West, the grand children of Captain Hovey, who lived to be men and women numbered sixty-one,—Twenty-nine men and thirty-two women, most of them have lived to a good old age.

At the present time, from twenty to twenty-five of them are living. Of course, they are all pretty well along in years.

The youngest of them are near or quite fifty, and some of them are past eighty. The descendants of Captain Hovey, in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth generations, living at the present time, would, probably, count up well

in the hundreds.

They are scattered in Canada and the United States from Quebec to California, Oregon and Washington.
HORATIO WADLEIGH.

He was in the *hay-day* of his youth, and he heaved a long *sythe* productive of a *swathy* expression on the face of *Timothy Hay*, as he found himself unable to stand up against the impulsive movements of the sturdy Hibernian.

"You appear to be doing that by way of recreation," said a passer by.

"The devil a mooch, I am," said Pat "the rakeation 'll come afther I've had a game of pitchand toss wid Misther Timothy, beyant, and spread him out to d'hry, so it will," and he played a scythe stone accompaniment, as he whistled "The Green Fields of America."

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING
SMALL GAME.

BY MARION WILKERSON.

D ID you ever hunt and trap small animals, as well as the large ones? By the small ones I mean the fox, raccoon, skunk, opossum, mink, ground hog, wild cat, catamount, weasel, and others. In and among the spurs of the Cumberland Mts. they abound. Many a race does the mountaineer enjoy in pursuit of the same, while our English cousin can chase the fox over the unbroken moor, on horseback, only to be in at the death.

Here the mountaineer, with his gun and horn, on foot, follows his "pups" over the hills, fields and woods. You can see them almost any day during the winter season, trudging across the country, manifesting the most undignified pleasure in the occupation. If it has just rained and the hop weeds are wet, he will represent a forlorn looking specimen of manhood. But he is a jolly fellow and will not think the day a bad one, if night finds him without his having "skelpt" his game.

Then again when you have worked hard all day, having eaten your supper and sought your couch for a good night's repose. You gently doze in slumber, when "Bow," "How," "Yow," "Yow," you are awake in a moment. The house hog gets on the front door steps and his "Bow, wow!" is frequent. Next from some high hill close at hand, a horn sounds, you put your fingers in your ears and conclude that if the miller will only sound his whistle as loud on mill day, it will be heard. The bad part of the circus reaches the sensational point not mentioned on the bills, when the baby as clown, wakes up the family with one of Barnum's greatest lion's roars. You wish the botheration of a fox-hunter in bed, or some other warm place not mentioned on the list of hotel accommodations in an ambiguity of expression.

But this is all forgotten when the fox has made free use of poultry, or caught your best gang of young pigs. You then from a peculiar stand point bless the hunter.

While four different kinds of foxes are found here, two only at all times are found. First, the red fox, as he is known to the mountaineer, being of a pale red, or yellow. And second, the gray with the exception of the under part of his body which is colored like the red fox.

The red fox is the best runner, frequently running in circles for hours at a time. Then again he will take a straight course for a far away den, some twenty miles off. The gray one will soon seek a den if closely pursued.

While some run them for the sport, others trap them for their fur, which is sold to the fur-buyer. While Reynard is sly and hard to decoy, the trapper, who knows how, can easily obtain possession of his fur. A large steel trap covered in dirt and baited with rabbit, or bird, will usually succeed, especially if placed on his trail.

They have certain routes which they go.

Pflueger's Luminous Bait, once tried, always used. Try it.

Ex-Pres. Grover Cleveland recommends Pflueger's Luminous Bait. Try it.