

TREED BY WOLVES.

Why Hugh McDonald was not at the Charivari.

An Incident in the Early Settlement of Huron.

It must be nearly twenty years since Hugh McDonald, the hero of this sketch, was in the employ of my father, who was at that time in the lumber business in the township of Hay, County of Huron. Hugh was one of those tall, well-set, too-fond-of-the-bell-fellow, who never fail to win the friendship as well as the sympathies of all whom they come in contact with, particularly the young, and my recollections of him are tinged with a shade of sadness when I recall to memory how frequently and how disastrously he fell a victim to the flowing bowl. He was skilled in the woodman's arts, could "horse" shingles, saw timber, or drive oxen with any man in the settlement, and at that time, and for twenty years previous to it, these accomplishments went far towards qualifying a man to get along in Huron. Hugh's skill in making axe handles was known far and wide, and many a night after a day's work "hacking" timber to the saw-logging roads I have known him to work for hours whittling out helms for admiring comrades, who had come miles to employ his skill. Too frequently he was repaid with a glass of liquor, and so intense was his desire for it that the taste of spirits seemed to stir up a fever in his blood, and the craving—a sort of insane determination to have more—for the time took precedence of every other thought or impulse. After a period of careful stringency of my father's prohibition of liquor, and the efforts of his friends to keep him beyond temptation, he had not felt the taste of it, some hunter's flask, or perhaps some teamster whom Hugh had helped out of difficulty, would tempt him to "just a sup," and the evil would be accomplished. His team would be passed over to somebody to take home, and as long as his hard earnings lasted—and he spent them freely—he would be hopelessly, obviously drunk. On one occasion I met him about halfway between the mill and the village of Exeter, running as his future depended on the speed he made. I stopped my pony and enquired what was up. "Oh, nothing, nothing," was the reply as he posted past, scarcely halting. "I sent the team home, and I'm off to see the boys." Some one had put the bottle to his neighbor's lips, and Hugh had fallen. He took \$45 with him. On the third night after, we helped him out of a ditch in Francisville (now Exeter North) where the large-hearted publican had left him, and sick, penniless and pennitent, took him home to nurse him back to a condition of usefulness, unfortunately only to repeat the experience the next time he was tempted.

Hugh was tolerably well informed and had a wide acquaintance in the neighborhood, and many were the narratives of early settlement incidents with which he amused us.

There is nothing in the following calculated to offend the persons alluded to, or their friends, and there are many in Huron who will recall the early years there at the sound of the names mentioned. Hugh was resident on lot 8, con. 4, Hay, then known as the "Blind Line," and famous to this day for several "tunnels," or large sink holes, that were found along the rear of the lots on that concession. One of these holes is over 60 feet deep and fully 250 feet across at the top. The water of several small creeks runs into it and finds some antiterranean outlet. They are not yet accounted for. At the time of which I write the settlement was sparse, and the lack of roads rendered intercommunication somewhat difficult; but the hardy pioneers did not neglect to cultivate social intercourse, and frequently when listening to narrations of the "jollifications" and general felicity of the settlers' cabins I have longed, in my boyish enthusiasm, for the power to turn back the wheels of time to the days when we could shoot at bears instead of harmless pigeons from a trap, and when social ethics despised the iron-bound, poppy-cook conventionalities with which we are in this later day so much surrounded.

Exeter was not what it now is. James Pickard, now one of the solid men of the busy little place, was the only merchant, and his little store would not make an oil house for the handsome block he now occupies. Alex. McDonald, since dropped out of the history of the village, did business in what was Francisville, and the grain market was London, 30 miles distant. Wm. McConnell, who has gone over to the majority, kept a hostelry on the Sauble hill, and ran a line of stages between London and Goderich, and was at that time one of the most thrifty men in that part of the country. The road from London to Goderich, now the finest in the Dominion, was then a succession of swamps and crossways, and the parallel cross roads were blazed surveys or sawing tracks. The shorter road was always the best, if accessible.

There was to be a wedding at McConnell's, and as custom dictated, a charivari was in order. Charivaris were not then made up of a drunken mob armed with tin pans, horse-fiddles, circular saws and the other accompaniments that now render an afflicted bridal company miserable and make them wish they had no ears, but the young men took their guns (in those days they never travelled without them) and proceeded to the residence of the newly-wedded pair. After a few volleys and a few rounds of cheering, they were invited in, and a goodly number of the buxom lasses of the settlement were there to welcome them to the supper and subsequent dance. The charivari was not a mark of disapproval or disapprobation. On the contrary, great was the disappointment if by any reason it failed to follow the wedding. It was a testimonial, as it were, to the good feeling existing between the young couple and their associates, and filled the place now occupied by expensive wedding gifts, furnished too frequently at no little sacrifice by friends unable to afford them, and it never prevented a friend from wishing them God speed because he was unable to donate a silver cake basket or water pichette.

Hugh was going to the charivari. He was on the best of terms with the bride and groom, and in fact with everybody in the settlement. It is highly creditable to the early settlers that their intercourse was seldom disturbed by bickerings or jealousies. The distance was about four miles by the blazed line, but an angle across the woods, it could be reduced to three. Hugh had a pioneer's contempt for regular roads, so after his "chores" had been done up he strapped on his snow shoes, secured a goodly supply of powder, and pushing his pack on his shoulders, he started off through the woods in the direction of the village.

The night was calm and frosty, and the snow, though quite deep, had a heavy crust that rendered locomotion easy and perhaps the nature of his outing contributed to light heartedness and an artistic "pucker," for as he swung along at a rapid gait his "Rory O'Moore" and "Flowers of Edinburgh" resounded in clear frosty air. He had passed the second concession and was pretty well across the Murray property, when he stopped to listen if there were yet any sounds from the direction of the village.

There were none. He whistled along a little further. Surely that was a voice he heard. He stopped and listened intently. No. It must have been the clear frosty air. He had passed the second concession and was pretty well across the Murray property, when he stopped to listen if there were yet any sounds from the direction of the village. He had been long enough acquainted with the forest to know that it is the custom of wolves to hunt in packs and that, so cowardly as they are, a pack of wolves on a man's trail is a contingency to be dreaded, and calculated to make the bravest quail. He listened intently while he considered the situation. No use to hasten. If they were trailing him his chances were better in the bush than in the open clearing. Are they crossing his track? Or are they following him? Ha! there was another yelp—in a straight line—nearer, leader than the last, followed by a herd of yelps and snarls. They were within forty rods of where he stood. Taking off his snow shoes he sought a scraggy beech, and grasping one of the lower limbs swung himself up to a comfortable seat among its branches. On came the wolves. One three—five—down, and still they came, growling, yelping, and gnashing their teeth as they dashed up to the root of the tree—howled viciously, jumped upward in turn, rushed about in impatient rage, and finally squatting on their haunches formed a snarling circle about its base. Hugh was treed!

From his perch in the tree he took a survey of his captors—fully a score of them—furred demons, looking longingly upward, licking their lips and snarling viciously in their baffled fury. He chuckled as a huge and particularly demonstrative wolf sprang upward until it struck one of the stout lower limbs and fell back howling to the ground, to be set upon by the whole pack, evidently in the belief that their game had fallen. He was in no hurry to set. He rather enjoyed the fury that found vent in the yelling and contortions going on below him. He would secure a good position and bring his musket into use. He would have a whole shooting match all to himself. But no sooner did he begin to plan the slaughter than a revelation burst upon him. He had no bullets! Nearly a pound of powder—for he was going to a charivari—and only the single ball that was in his musket, while a score of hungry wolves took up their position around the tree as if conscious of their wolf's helplessness of their victim.

To say he was startled at the sudden discovery would be to put it mildly. He was horrified—but only for the moment. Placed in a similar situation with the thermometer at zero, such a sudden realization of apparent helplessness would have frozen the blood of many a naturally courageous man. But our hero was not of the despairing kind. He vigorously and with a plethora of epithets anathematized his torments, memory, and turned over in his mind the various methods of dealing with his assailants known to woodmen. But none of them seemed to be adapted to his particular case. The cold was rapidly chilling him, and the snarling and jumping of the ravenous animals exasperated him. He would try his single bullet anyway, come what would. He sized up the pack. The most ferocious one would rush under the tree, jump up savagely at the lower branches and retire snarling and growling into a streak of moonlight. That was his target. Bang! The wounded wolf sprang forward in agony. For some moments only a confused, struggling, yelling mass was visible and when they again turned their attention to their treed captive, only the bones of their leader remained. They had torn him limb from limb and devoured him! But the taste of blood, instead of appeasing them, seemed to add frenzy to their craving, and for some minutes Hugh hoped that the shot followed by the prolonged and demoniac howling would bring a response from the charivari party or from his friends on the farm. But he was doomed to disappointment. Again and again he loaded with a heavy charge of powder and fired, only to be rewarded by a burst of snarling followed by responsive stillness. Only the crash of a volley was borne to his ears followed by a burst of cheering. It was his comrades at the charivari. The wolves heard it too, and danced about the tree uneasily, with longling upward glances. Would they leave? A faint hope was inspired by their movements. Again it was heard, and again the gaunt pack manifested symptoms of indecision. Hugh fired an answering shot and awaited developments; but the echoes died away in the distance and not a sound disturbed the stillness save the snarling of his captors. His comrades were evidently congratulating the newly-wedded pair, and indulging in merry-making while he was perched in the branches of a beech tree and while the cold gradually congealed his blood, was the centre of attraction for a too-willing-to-be-intimate pack of wolves.

The situation maddened him. Something must be done. He could not freeze to death in helpless inactivity. He determined to get lower down in the tree and by leaning the heavy branches to jump upward, secure an opportunity of striking them with his clasp knife or the butt of his musket. It was a forlorn hope, but it was better than bemoaning and falling into their mouths. "Down forward he proceeded to put the plan into operation. He grappled a limb and prepared to descend, when he suddenly recollected his determination. The bush that he grasped was about the size of his finger and as this struck him, he jumped back, and in the same instant a few minutes afterward he was tumbling into his musket a four-inch pellet of frozen beech, as he manifested his satisfaction at the adoption of the happy expedient by a vigorous chuckle. A careful aim and an astounding report was followed by the dying yell of another ferocious brute, and the situation suddenly lost its terrors. He continued to fire bush plugs at the pack with varying success until five carcasses lay beneath him, and when a sixth wolf sprang up with an almost human scream of agony and sped away on the back track the others turned and followed him. Hugh lost no time in getting to the ground, and in a few minutes had a roaring fire in the open of a hollow tree. After getting warmed up and securing a supply of wooden missiles, he took the back track homeward to relate his startling adventure, and in the morning, taking one of his brothers with him he secured the sale of his musket. His explanation of why he did not put in an appearance at the charivari, it may be said, was considered quite satisfactory and his preparations for future journeys after that were characterized by a carefulness in securing a proper proportion of the tools of the trade. His explanation of the lesson learned the night he was treed by wolves.—(Masquette in Chatham Banner.)

A WITTY SPEECH.

A New Brunswick Member on the C. P. R. Grab.

The following is a selection from the humorous speech delivered in the House by Mr. Gillmor.— In the interest of the Maritime Provinces he protested against the proposal. He did not see any good reason for granting this additional subsidy to the road. The Company already had a magnificent subsidy, no less than 138 millions, calculating the lands at \$2 an acre, or more than twice as much as the whole public debt in Canada at the time of Confederation. If the Company had managed its affairs well, if they were in a good position, as was said they were, surely they could secure a loan from the capitalists of the world, who were always anxious to invest their money. He found fault with the spread-eagleism talked. It induced extravagance with the people's money. This money had to be paid, not by lawyers, according to the usual custom. Mr. Foster—Oh, oh. Mr. Gillmor—And temperance lecturers—(cheers and laughter)—and politicians and loafers and bummers—(cheers and laughter)—but by the people of the country. Mr. Farrow—Hear, hear. Mr. Gillmor—he believed the hon. gentleman was a man who favored the National Policy, because it would MAKE MEN LAZY LARGER EGGS. (Laughter.) His (Mr. Gillmor's) opinion was that the man who had to depend for his success on the increased size of hens' eggs caused by a high table, as soon as possible, (loud laughter.) Looking at the hon. gentleman opposite as they approached this vote he was reminded of the story of the man who once advertised in London that he would jump over St. Paul's Cathedral, and people assembled by tens of thousands to witness the feat. When the time came, however, he expressed unwillingness to jump until he was sure there was some straw on the other side. (Laughter.) He proceeded: Gentlemen, we are in the habit of knowing something of your troubles on that side. There is a great leap to be taken. I think a great many had rather there was some straw on the other side. (Renewed laughter.) I want to ask the hon. member if he would like to see any straw on the other side for them. (Cheers and laughter.) I would like to ask the New Brunswick members if there is ANY STRAW ON THE OTHER SIDE for them. (Renewed laughter.) The Quebec members have done well, they are wiser and better men than those who will jump without straw being ready for them. I want to know if they are determined to know that straw was there before they jumped. The speech of the Minister of Railways assures them that straw is there. (Loud laughter.) That straw was not there three days ago. (Uproarious laughter.) When the devil wants to catch anybody working he beats his book. (Cheers.) But Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Tories take in the naked hook, (prolonged laughter); but never mind, you've got to pay for it. (Hear, hear.) If you don't in this world you will in the next. (Shouts of laughter.) He pointed out that before the Confederation Nova Scotia had no public debt worth speaking of. Now it was fifteen millions. The tariff had also been increased, and the burdens of the people had grown enormously without any corresponding benefit. Referring to the fight between the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway, he said it reminded him of the story of the fight BETWEEN THE WOODCHUCK AND THE COON, when a bystander said it was the only fight he had ever seen in which he could not make a choice. (Laughter.) His advice to the people of Canada was to let their fight be with the tariff, and he would find that the railway companies would make up their quarrels and flee the public.

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Don't judge a man by his family relations, for Gain belonged to a good family. Don't judge him by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his speech, for a sword talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound. Don't judge a man by his failure in life, or many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

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From the many remarkable cures wrought by using McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Affection of the Liver, and from immense sale of it without any advertising, we have concluded to place it extensively on the market, so that those who suffer may have a perfect cure. Go to G. R. Ryne's drug store and get a trial bottle free, or the regular size at 50 cents and \$1.

On Friday evening last a carpenter named Matthew Vary, living about two miles from Streetsville, committed suicide by hanging. He was always considered an eccentric young man, and was subject to fits of depression. About ten years ago he attempted to cut his throat with a saw, but was prevented by one of his friends.

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Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months.

Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at J. Wilson's Drug Store. Large Bottles \$1.00.

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Send 10 cts. for postage, and we will mail you a trial, valuable box of superior goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. No capital required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. \$3 every evening. That all who want work may get the business, we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Particular directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STRINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1882.

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IF YOU WANT A Nobby Suit at a Reasonable Price, CALL ON HUGH DUNLOP.

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In Endless Variety.

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As at present. I have raised the Standard of Quality and Lowered the Price and it is a positive fact that no such value in foot wear can be got elsewhere.

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of every grade still receives my prompt and careful attention, and will be made up in the most approved styles by first-class workmen, and of the very best material obtainable.

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A full line of all the Leading Patent Medicines always kept on hand (Physicians Prescriptions a Specialty.)

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Big 2, announce to the Public that they have opened business in the above Store in the store lately occupied by Horace Newton. Having purchased a large and well assorted stock of Spring and Summer Goods at close figures, we are determined to give the Public the benefit.

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