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R. H. Hall, Chemist & Druggist, RICHMOND HILL

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

LOOK AT THIS JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's BOOTS & SHOES, 38 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

LUMBERING! ABRAHAM EYER, BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL.

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

Railroad Hotel, Maple! GOOD accommodation for Travellers - Wine, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance. January 16, 1866.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &c. &c. &c. Residence - No 17 opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer, RESIDENCE - Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL, Residence - Lot 40 Yonge Street, Vaughan, January 16, 1866.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865.

Richmond Hill Bakery! W. S. POLLOCK, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER, BEGS leave to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of J. Hayward's establishment, and that he is prepared to furnish BREAD and FANCY CAKES to those who may honor him with their patronage.

DAVID McLEOD begs to announce that he has leased the above Hotel and fitted it up in a manner second to none on Yonge St. where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c.

Poetry. A DREAM OF HOME.

Pure as the silver wreath of snow That lies on yonder wintry hill, Are all the thoughts that peaceful flow, And with pure joy my bosom fill,

Then dread not, love, the clouds that lower Upon our happiness awhile, But patient wait the blissful hour

Literature. Adventure in the North-West Territory.

I reached the tree sooner than I expected; it lay along the ground, and its immense roots projected from the trunk, at right angles, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, their interstices being so filled with earth that it was impossible to see through them.

I sat down, and found the agitation gradually subside under the tranquillising influence of the scene. Not a breath of wind shook the trees, the leafless and delicately-fibred boughs of which, when viewed against the cloudless sky, seemed like a sable network spread overhead.

I remained there for some time, but did not perceive any one near, and thinking that I had been deceived by fancy, I resolved to return to my former station, and accordingly set out towards the great tree, but shortly became alarmed at neither reaching it or seeing it so soon as I expected.

My mind, by degrees, by degrees, became so calm that I dropped into a half slumber, during which I had a distinct perception where I was, but totally forgot the circumstances connected with my situation.

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main here or fly from Thakakawerente. It is impossible for me to reach home alone. 'Be patient,' returned Outalisso, 'and I will try to save you. Not far from hence, the roots of a large oak, which has been blown down by the wind, stretch high into the air, and may be seen at a great distance.

Outalisso motioned me to hurry away, and I departed with a palpitating heart, and plunged into the recesses of the forest, and regulated my course in the manner he directed.

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them striking their forefeet against its bank had aroused me. They stood gazing at me with aspect so meek and beautiful that they seemed almost to incorporate with the moonlight, but, after a little time, they started away, and disappeared among the mazes of the forest.

When I surveyed the Heavens, I perceived by the alteration which had taken place in their appearance that I had slept a considerable time. The moon had begun to descend towards the horizon; a new succession of stars glittered upon the sky; the respective positions of the different constellations were changed; and one of the planets which had been conspicuous from its dazzling lustre a few hours before, had set, and was no longer distinguishable.

I waited impatiently for the appearance of Outalisso, who had not informed me at what hour I might expect to see him. The stars now twinkled feebly amidst the faint glow of dawn that began to light the eastern horizon, and the setting moon appeared behind some pines, and threw a rich yellow radiance upon their dark green boughs.

I sat down, and found the agitation gradually subside under the tranquillising influence of the scene. Not a breath of wind shook the trees, the leafless and delicately-fibred boughs of which, when viewed against the cloudless sky, seemed like a sable network spread overhead.

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and covered my face with my hands, that I might avoid the mental distraction occasioned the sight of external objects. I began to reflect that I could not possibly have as yet wandered far from the great tree, and that if I called upon Outalisso at intervals, he might perhaps hear me and come to my relief.

I soon began to make the woods resound with the name of Outalisso; but in the course of the day a tempest of wind arose, and raged with so much noise that I could hardly hear my own voice. A dense mist filled the air, and involved everything in such obscurity that the sphere of my vision did not extend beyond five or six yards.

The fog was in continual agitation rolling along in voluminous, ascending and descending, bursting open and closing again, and assuming strange and transitory forms. Every time the blast received an accession of force, I heard a confused roaring and crashing at a distance, which gradually increased in strength and distinctness, till it reached the part of the forest that stretched around me.

A short time before sunset the wind had ceased, and the mists were dissipated, and a portion of the blue sky appeared directly above me. Encouraged by these favourable appearances, I ventured from my place of refuge, and began to think of making another attempt to regain the great tree, when I heard the report of a rifle. I was so petrified with joy and surprise that I had no power to call out till the firing was repeated. I then shouted 'Outalisso!' several times, and soon saw him advancing towards me.

'Why are you not at the place I appointed?' cried he; 'I feared you had lost yourself, and discharged my gun as a signal. But all danger is past. Thakakawerente is dead—I killed him! There was some blood on Outalisso's dress, but he looked so calm and careless that I hesitated to believe what he told me.'

'I do not deceive you,' said he, 'and I will tell you how Thakakawerente came by his death. He awakened soon after midnight, and not finding you in the camp, suspected that I had told you that he intended to kill you. He taxed me with having done so, and I scorned to deny it. His anger made him forget the truth, and he said I had betrayed my trust, and at the same time struck me on the face. Now, you know, an Indian never forgives a blow, or an accusation such as he uttered. I buried my tomahawk in his head. His friends lay a sleep in the wigwam, and I dragged away his body to some distance and covered it with leaves, and then concealed myself till I saw them set out on their journey, which they soon did, doubtless supposing that Thakakawerente and I had gone on before. I have been at the great tree since morning, but the mist and the tempest prevented me from seeking you till now. Be satisfied, you shall see the corpse of Thakakawerente. Follow me!'

Outalisso now began to proceed rapidly through the forest, and I walked behind him without uttering a word. We soon reached the spot where the Indians had slept the preceding night, and found the wigwam remaining, and likewise several embers of fire. My companion immediately fanned them into brightness, and then directed some

pieces of dry wood that lay around, and piled them upon the charcoal. The whole burst into a blaze, and we both sat down within its influence, Outalisso at the same time presenting me with a quantity of pemican, which proved very acceptable, as I had eaten nothing for more than twenty hours.

After we had reposed ourselves a little, Outalisso rose up and motioned that I should follow him. He conducted me to a small pile of brushwood and dry leaves, part of which he immediately removed, and I saw the corpse of Thakakawerente stretched beneath, I shrank back, shuddering with horror, but he pulled me forwards, and said I must assist him in conveying the body to the fire. Seeing me still unwilling he took it up in his arms, and, hurrying away, deposited it in the wigwam. I followed him, and asked what he meant by doing so. 'Are you ignorant of our customs?' said he. 'When an Indian dies, all his property must be buried with him. He who takes anything that belonged to a dead person, will receive a curse from the great Spirit in addition. After I had killed Thakakawerente, I took up his tomahawk by mistake, and carried it away with me. I must now restore it, and also cover him with earth lest his bones should whiten in the sun.'

Outalisso now proceeded to arrange the dress of the dead man, and likewise stuck the tomahawk in his girdle. He next went a little way into the forest for the purpose of collecting some bark to put in the bottom of the grave, and I was left alone.

The night was dark, dim and dreary, and the fire blazed feebly and irregularly. A superstitious awe stole over me, and I dared hardly to look around, though I sometimes cast an involuntary glance at the corpse, which had a wild and fearful appearance. Thakakawerente lay upon his back, and his long, lank, black hair was spread confusedly upon his neck and breast. His half open eyes still retained a gassy lustre, and his teeth were firmly set against each other. Large dashes of blood stained his vest, and his clenched hands and contracted limbs showed what struggles had preceded death. When the flickering light of the fire happened to fall upon him, I almost fancied that he began to move, and would have started away had not a depressing dread chained me to the spot; but the sound of Outalisso's axe in some degree dissipated the fears that chilled my heart, and I spent the time in listening to the regular recurrences of its strokes, until he came back with an awful bark.

I assisted him in burying Thakakawerente under the shade of a tall walnut tree; and when we had accomplished this, we returned to the fire and waited until moonlight would enable us to pursue our journey. Outalisso had willingly agreed to conduct me home, for he wished to change his abode for a season, lest Thakakawerente's relations should discover his guilt, and execute vengeance upon him.

We set out about an hour after midnight, and travelled through the woods until dawn, when we came in sight of the river, on the banks of which I had first fallen in with the Indians. In the course of the day Outalisso procured a canoe and we paddled up the stream, and next morning reached the trading-post on the opposite side of the lake.

ONE WAY OUT OF A DILEMMA.—I recollect when a boy seeing a strange couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Turberville, who were famed for their eccentricities. Mr. Turberville was related to Mr. Thomas Pictou, but did not possess the talent or discretion of the gallant general. Upon one occasion, at a dinner at Dunraven Castle, after the ladies had retired, Mr. Turberville observed to a gentleman present that the woman who sat at his right was the ugliest he had ever seen; upon which the gentleman said, 'I am sorry to hear that you think my wife so ill-looking.' 'Oh, no, sir, I have made a mistake; I meant the lady who sat on my left.' 'Well, sir, she is my sister.' 'It can't be helped, sir, then; for if what you have said is true, I must confess I never saw such an ugly family during the course of my life.—Grotto's Last Recollections.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—The Chinese have most strange and singular ideas in regard to thunder and lightning. Both are worshipped. There is a temple dedicated to the thunder god, near the east gate. Sometimes thunder is represented as being in shape and appearance much like a cock, having four claws to each foot, and two hands proceeding from under the wings. In one hand he holds a chisel, and in the other a mallet. Lightning is represented as a woman, having one or two mirrors in her hand. She, in picture, is sometimes made steady by both hands. Images of thunder and lightning are found in some temples. On the back of thunder there is said to be a golden thread. The mirror reflects the lightning.—Social Life of the Chinese.

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