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Caskets, Coffins, Burial Robes,

And all kinds of Funeral Furnishings kept in stock, and supplied on the shortest notice.

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JOHN SPEIGHT.
Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

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ONLY AN EMIGRANT.

Only an emigrant lying there,
On the rock-bound coast of Halifax bay,
With the salt sea damp on his yellow hair,
And his face aghast in death's dismay!
Only an emigrant! one of five hundred;
Hurled to his doom when some one blundered.

When the rich goes down we may reckon the cost,
And value their lives for what they are worth;
But who will keep for the emigrant lost—
This clod of clay which cumbered the earth?
Drive the nails in his coffin lid,
And let his corpse from our sight be hid.

But list, I pray. Leagues on leagues away,
In a turf-thatched hut on the Irish shore,
There are human hearts which are breaking to-day,
And bright hopes dashed for evermore,
And eyes half blinded with passionate tears,
And the dreary outlook of desolate years.

Only an emigrant lying there,
Lifeless and mute in Halifax bay;
But his soul was strong, and his skies were fair,
When he left his home—a month to-day.
He fondled his child and kissed his wife,
Ere he sought new scenes in the battle of life.

Brawny his hands and brave his heart,
And firm his belief that the hour would come
When those with whom he dreaded to part
Should join him again in a Western home,
Hopeful and happy, rich and free,
In a better land beyond the sea.

Only an emigrant's family there,
In the Irish home where the news had sped;
But the terrible look of utter despair
Makes the face of the living as sad as the dead;
For the light of their lives went out that day,
When the ship struck the rocks in Halifax bay.

Only an emigrant lying here,
With his parted lips grown ashen grey,
With the sea damp on his yellow hair,
And his face aghast in death's dismay.
O merciful God! take his soul to Thee,
In the better land beyond the sea!

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES

—IN THE—

Canadian Wilderness.

The Counties of Halton and Wellington between 1820 and 1840.

BY "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

"There is no doubt but I have seen something of the Canadian Wilderness. But I suppose, like you, I must begin with my youth. My father's farm, on which I lived until I was about sixteen, is on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, within about thirteen miles of the gay and beautiful city of Montreal. During my boyhood I was surrounded with romantic scenery and an abundance of game. Montreal was the centre of the Canadian fur trade, and consequently at certain seasons of the year the general rendezvous of hunters, trappers, &c. I often heard of their adventures, and as I was very skilful in the use of the rifle, I longed to be one of their number. This desire was greatly increased by the appearance of a traveller at my father's one evening. He asked for lodging, and as he appeared to be a sociable honest, respectable person, his request was readily granted. During the evening, in true farmer style, my father inquired respecting his home and his calling. "His home, he said, was the forest, his calling that of a hunter." He has just escaped from Hudson's Bay, and after unheard of perils succeeded in reaching Canada. He was one of those persons, who, by the mismanagement of the British Government had been sent out to Red River, were, being cut off from all communication with the world, they were placed at the mercy of a heartless company. They had been basely deceived, being compelled to subsist by hunting in a country that was too cold for agriculture. There was but one market for their valuable furs, which, as a natural consequence, they were compelled to sell at a tithe of their real value. The company had command of all their supplies. Salt was a dollar a quart, and other things in proportion. The settlers were too poor to be able to pay the exorbitant fares which were asked for a passage to Britain, Canada, or the United States, and were, therefore, in a desperate position. By their utmost exertions they were scarcely able to obtain a scanty subsistence; the fruits of all their perils and privations going to fill the coffers of the traders.

Such was the descripton which my father's guest gave of the settlement which he had left. He informed us that he was now on his way to the Grand River, in Western Canada, where he intended to spend the autumn and winter in hunting and trapping.

He had not been successful in finding a suitable companion, and was therefore going alone. Here, thought I, is an opportunity for me. He was an experienced hunter; I liked his appearance; the trapping season was not far advanced; my father would readily consent; everything was favorable with one exception, my mother. She would never allow me to peril my life by such a mad cap adventure. She loved me with "a mother's own love." I left, however, without her knowledge, and in less than two weeks, landed with my Hudson Bay friend at a shanty called Dundas. Here we met with three others who were going to trap on the same ground as ourselves. Concluding however, that there would be plenty of game we entered into a partnership and took an Indian trail for the Grand River. Our course at first led us directly over the mountain; it then continued for several miles through a rough, rocky country, and lastly entered upon a beautiful hardwood forest, which continued until we reached our destination. We camped the first night beside a beautiful fall which occurs about thirty miles from the source of the river. In the morning I strolled about three hundred yards down the left bank of the stream. I was delighted with the scenery. The forest which consisted principally of mighty maples and elms, was so free from underwood and fallen timber, that I could see distinctly for more than half a mile. The river, which was only about two feet deep, flowed majestically onward over its rocky bottom like some never ending serpent. Its channel seemed like some huge canal with walls of solid and perpendicular masonry, varying from twenty to eighty or one hundred feet in height. At the opposite side from where I stood a large branch with a similar channel joined the main stream at a slight angle. A large triangle was thus enclosed on two sides by lofty and perpendicular precipices, which seemed to defy the passage of either man or animals.

I was surveying this picturesque spot when a loud whistle summoned me to the camp, where I was informed that our party was about to attempt to surround a number of deer which had been observed on the opposite side of the river. Two of us were directed to ascend the stream until we found a crossing, and then to proceed to the point of the angle described by the beds of the rivers, and there lie in ambush until our companions drove the deer into the trap. Ere half an hour we had the pleasure of seeing a herd of eight or ten trotting gaily towards us. We fired and two fine bucks dropped dead in their tracks. Imagining that we would make them all an easy prey we proceeded to charge our rifles. We were, however, a little disappointed, for on looking again our intended victims were nowhere to be seen. We afterwards discovered that they had escaped down the precipice on some half-hidden paths which had previously remained unobserved. This hunt, you will perceive, was conducted on the same principal as the one which you mentioned as having taken place between Lakes George and Champlain. But to resume my story. Our companions having arrived we dressed our venison and proceeded up the river, setting traps and deadfalls wherever we saw any signs of the fur-bearing family.

We continued in this way for several days, by which time our last piece of venison had either been eaten or used for bait. We were now within eight miles of the source of the river, the woods seemed open, game plentiful, although early in the season some snow had fallen, and, therefore, we determined to spend the next day in search of deer. As I was the best marksman in the gang, and expected to be the hero of the day, I was up and off as soon as I could see the sight of my rifle, determined not to be outdone by any of my companions. I had scarcely gone a hundred paces from our camp when I started several deer. Having examined their tracks, I followed the trail of a large buck, which I thought I would know among a hundred, but I had scarcely gone a mile when it entered a dense and almost impenetrable swamp. I continued the pursuit for several hours but still the same monotonous succession of stunted cedars and tamaracks continued. These shrubs were covered with snow, which was continually falling and melting upon me, so that my clothes were soaked with the accumulated water. I determined however to proceed. Several times I caught sight of the deer though only for a second. I redoubled my energy, and at length imagining that I saw its shoulder moving in the distance I raised my rifle and fired. As it did not move I loaded and was again raising my rifle when, what I had thought to be a deer spring forward, and there, before me, stood my faithful Hudson Bay friend, pale as death and trembling like a leaf. He had heard the discharge of my rifle, and not knowing what had been my object, had remained standing, fearing to disturb my game, but seeing me levelling the weapon, in his direction, he had by a timely spring prevented me from taking his life. I shudder yet when I think of that awful moment. I had nearly shed the blood of a fellow creature. Yes, of a true and generous friend. I would hunt no more. My comrade soon laughed me out of what he called a whim, and induced me to continue the chase, which I did with little better success until nearly sundown. The weather had now entirely changed, the sky was clear, the air cutting cold, the tamaracks covered with icicles, my clothes frozen and my limbs weary. I had not tasted food since morning. I must endeavor to get back to camp. While I was thus revolving my condition in my mind I came upon a small beaver meadow, where I resolved to continue the hunt no longer. In such a place I was certain to find a stream, which if followed would lead to the river, if I proceeded further I might not have such an opportunity. After resting a few minutes I attempted to cross the dam, but I had scarcely reached the centre when the ice gave way and I was plunged to the neck in the chilling flood. At length, however, with the loss of a glove and a moccasin I succeeded in gaining the shore. I was now in a desperate position.—I might be miles from the camp.—I was already weak with hunger, weary and disheartened.—I had one consolation, however.—I had succeeded in keeping both my rifle and powder out of the water. I had also flint, steel and a hatchet, and therefore I determined to start a fire. This proved a more difficult task than I had imagined, for my tinder being wet every effort only ended in disastrous and discouraging failure. At length I gathered some dry cedar bark, cut a few limbs, made some shavings, and finally discharged my rifle, expecting to be able to gather the wadding before the fire would be extinguished, I was doomed, however, to disappointment, for having a heavy charge in my gun, the wadding was driven, I know not where. Once more having loaded with a much lighter charge, and a handful of paper, but no ball, I drew the trigger and awaited the result. Again disappointment awaited me, for there being no ball in the gun to counteract the force of the powder, the charge, though much lighter, scattered the paper in every direction, leaving me almost distracted. I made another trial with a still smaller allowance of powder, and this time to insure success directed my rifle towards a large tree. I fired, sprang forward, dropping the weapon as I ran, expecting to see the wished for sparks glittering in the darkness with which the wilderness was by this time envolved. But, alas, no fire was anywhere to be seen. Where had it gone? I must try again. I found, however, to my consternation that this was impossible for on examining my rifle I perceived that the wadding was firmly wedged into the barrel about eighteen inches from the muzzle. As I could not get the wadding out, all possibility of being able to kindle a fire was destroyed; it being impossible for me to reload. In my desperation I cast my rifle into the snow and screeched and jumped as if a thousand scorpions were piercing me with their venemous stings, my frozen clothes breaking and rattling all the time in a very disheartened and ominous manner. I sat down, thinking that upon due reflection some means of escape might present itself to my mind. I could not compose myself, however. I thought of my mother, of my father's home, and lastly of the horrible death which awaited me, and which I now considered almost inevitable. I was sixty miles from the nearest settlement, wet, hungry, nearly frozen, and already exhausted with the exertions which I had made. None but those who have been in a similar position can fully realize the meaning of the word lost. Yes, lost! lost! I repeated to myself. Oh mother, dear mother, if I could have but your forgiveness, your blessing, and your parting kiss, I could resign myself to my fate. My feet, which by this time were nearly frozen, became so painful that I was induced to take off my flannel undershirt and wrapped it around them. Soon after this I repeated the "Lord's Prayer," became more composed, resigned myself to my fate, and finally began to look more upon death as not half the monster which I had previously supposed.

Feeling drowsy I lay down and had nearly fallen asleep when I was seized with a violent shivering caused, as I supposed, by the removal of the flannel next my skin. (To this circumstance I afterwards attributed my preservation.) I sprang to my feet, resumed my shirt which was now cold and wet marked a circle in the snow, and resolved to make another effort to save my life by following the same monotonous and revolving path until daylight would enable me to effect my escape. I had continued the never varying rounds for three or four hours when I think my mind must have become a little deranged, for I suddenly left the beaten track and rushed into the wilderness, determined either to reach the camp or lose my life in the attempt. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards when I began to regret that I had not followed the creek, which would have been an excellent guide. I retraced my steps as nearly as possible, and in less than twenty minutes succeeded in finding the frozen stream. I broke a hole in the ice, held my head in the water to find the direction in which it was flowing, and then attempted to follow the downward course of the current. This was no easy task. I climbed over piles of fallen timber until my clothes were torn to ribbons, and my limbs bleeding in every direction. Small beaver meadows appeared at intervals, in or about which I was certain to get a dip by my heedless haste. I had continued in this way for several hours when to my delight I observed that the stream had left the swamp and was rapidly descending. I now redoubled my efforts, thinking that in a short time I might be able to reach the river. While pressing forward with all my energy I had the misfortune to fall and bruise my side in such a manner that I was unable to proceed. The hope and excitement which had hitherto nerved me in my course being destroyed, I once more laid myself down to die. I had lain about fifteen or twenty minutes when I was startled by hearing some animal bounding through the woods directly towards me. Though, perhaps it was only a rabbit or squirrel, yet as I imagined it to be a wolf or a lynx, it had the effect of making me spring to my feet forgetting the injuries which a few minutes before had rendered me entirely helpless. For although I scarcely expected to live till morning, yet I must confess that I did not relish the idea of having my bones picked by a pack of ravenous, unmerciful wolves. To be hurried out of the world by such unmanerly and ferocious butchers seemed ten times more dreadful than the death which I had previously been contemblating, and to which I had almost been reconciled. I was listening attentively for the approach of the supposed wolf when I imagined that I heard the distant report of a rifle. I a few minutes it came again louder and more distinctly. Yes, it was my companions signalling the direction of the camp. A ray of hope shot through the cloud which envolved my heart. I could not be more than two miles from my companions. Could I not accomplish the journey? I would at least make the attempt and at least place my body in some place where they might find it and give it a christian burial. My wounds and bruises had by this time become so stiff and cold that to my utter dismay after using my utmost exertions for more than half an hour I had not been able to proceed more than a few yards. I however advanced for about three hundred paces on my hands and knees, by which time I had become so warm and supple that I rose to my feet and with the aid of a stick continued my journey. I was continually cheered and encouraged by the sound of the rifle, which regularly at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes echoed through the woods. I had been shouting from time to time, but received no reply. At length, however, three welcome answering cheers repaid my diligence and perseverence. In a few minutes afterwards I saw two of our little band approaching. I threw up my arms, shouted a welcome, and fell senseless to the ground. They bore me to the camp; I was attended to with the greatest care until I was completely restored. My own particular comrade, the rough, hardy Hudson Bay adventurer, watching and nursing me all the time with the tenderness of a careful and painstaking mother. By the time that I was able to walk around the the snow had all disappeared, the sky was clear, the air balmy and pleasant, and the solitary leafless Canadian Wilderness much more invigorating and entertaining than I had previously imagined.

(To be Continued.)

His Recollection Of It.

"Now Leander, my dear, I want you to be sure and not forget to bring these few things when you come down to-night," said the young wife, just before the kiss and "good-by" at the summer hotel, in the morning, as the gentlemen were starting for the city.

"Certainly not, my love."

And this is the way the list ran:

1. Two yards of blue barege.
2. Three yards of Hamburg edgings.
3. My new braid from the hair store.
4. Half a dollar's worth of nainsook.
5. Box pearl powder from my upper drawer.
6. "Modern Minister" from Loring's Library.

Arriving in town, he forgot all about the list till late in the afternoon, and then he couldn't find it in any of his pockets; but hadn't he read it over, and didn't he recollect it all? Of course he did, and this is what he brought home to his expectant wife:

1. Two heads of blue cabbage.
2. Three yards of handsome netting (mosquito).
3. Some blue braid.
4. Half a dollar's worth of canned soup.
5. Box of sedlitz powder.
6. Loring said he hadn't got any such book as "The Mug and Canister" in the library.

Exclamation on receiving the above: "O, Leander, Leander, you must have been dining at that horrid club again or you could not have made such a mistake.

Kiss Me.

A very funny incident occurred a few days since at a certain store in a Western city. It is too good to be lost: One of our composers had written a pretty song, entitled "Kiss me," A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, stepped into the music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady throw back her vail, saying, "I want 'Rock Me to Sleep'" The clerk got her the song and put it before her. "Now," said the young lady, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee.'" "Yes, ma'am," said the clerk, bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the 'Refugee.' "Now, 'Kiss Me,' said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned. The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware of the fact that a song of that name had been published. "Wh—what did you say Miss?" "'Kiss Me,'" said she. "I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk. And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, the clerk felt sick, and the dealer lost the sale of some music.

A Marriage-Maker.

When Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell hem my proposals yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Ayton had asked her to become his wife—She added:

"Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then" said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply, and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady retuned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words:

"With the author's compliments."

Lockjaw is one of the most terrible diseases to which mortals are exposed. A California paper asserts that no one need be in danger of such an attack from wounds caused by rusty iron, as the worst cases of inflamed wounds may be cured by smoking the injured part with burning wool or woolen cloth. Anything that produces safety from such a fatal disease is worth mentioning.

Beat the Thermometer.

Wednesday when the toiling, perspiring masses discovered that the thermometers down town marked plump 100 degrees in the shade, they wiped off their chins and congratulated each other on having lived to see such a period. About the time that everybody was happiest, along came a small boy whose face was as red as a beet and whose eyes shone like glass.

"Where's a docter?" he called out as he entered a crowd.

"Here, boy—whats the matter?" replied one of the men as he reached out to detain the lad.

"Ma's—" [illegible] to death at the house!" he explained. "Dad is in the down stair bedroom shakin' and chatterin' and callin' on me to bring him red hot tea and put bricks to his feet. Mam she's up stairs, with four quilts and a carpet over her, but I heard her shiver clean down to the corner. My sister she's got her feet in the cook-stove oven, and is writing an ode to winter, and bruther Bill he's lyin' in the sun on the sidewalk an' axin' everybody to lend him some Kyann pepper to help start a cirtulation."

"Is—that—so?" slowly queried a citizen.

"Course it is! Hain't I down town after a docter and some soft coal? I wish some of you fellers would tell me if the weather reports predict a change to warmer weather."

The thermometer still marked a plump hundred, but as the crowd again turned to the figures there seemed to be a goneness somewhere—a sort of aching void which figures couldn't fill.

The Household.

APPLE JELLY.—Apples make an excellent jelly. The process is as follows:—They are pared, quartered, and the core completely removed, and are then put into a pot without water, closely covered, and put into an oven or over a fire. When pretty well stewed the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, after which a little white of eggs is added, and then the sugar. Skim it previous to boiling, then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be the product.

TO CAN CORN.—Cut off the corn as for drying; pack very closely with the potato masher, into quart tin cans; put on the covers. Have a wooden frame to fit the bottom of the wash-boiler; let the frame be about five inches high; put in the cans; lay a smooth board over them with a weight on top. Let them boil four hours, being careful not to let the water boil over the cans, and renewing it as it wastes with boiling water. Take out one can at a time, wipe dry, and seal as other fruit.

RED MITES ON CANARIES.—"Shamus" writes:—"I have three valuable birds which are covered with red mites, for which I cannot account, as I am very particular about keeping my birds and cages perfectly clean." Put a small piece of flannel in the cage to-over night. Then scald it to kill the mites which have collected on it, and put it back. Do this as long as red mites can be found upon it.

He took Notes.

The other day a boy of thirteen, who looked very innocent and childlike as he reposed under a shade tree on Beech street, roused up when joined by another lad of his ownage and confidentially inquired:

"Well, did you make observashuns?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And we kin hook the apples and not git cotched, kin we?"

"You wait a minute," commanded the other as he held an old shingle up to the light to enable him to read the following "notes" in pencil:

"Went down in frunt of house; saw old woman with club: saw dog layin' low for us; saw red-headed girl reddy to ring cow-bell and give alarm; saw man inside breathin' hard and achin' to kill a boy; hull family looked me in eye; pressure too heavy, and I backed off; nice appuls, them, but under the circumstances I guess we'd better keep on chewin' ole lemons."

"Nother disappointment added to our burden," sighed the first, and they loafed on.

A "Down East" Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powder-snuff. The animal jerks his head off at the third sneeze.

Mr. Ross says he spent $80,000 in looking for the lost Charley. He recently declined to receive subscription for his relief that had been sent to a New York paper.