

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The long, long summer twilight
No'er deepened into dark,
With morning's early tremor
Uprose the quivering lark;

Literature.

THE MOORISH SONGSTRESS; OR, THE FALL OF GRANADA.

The camp of Ferdinand and Isabella
Of Arragon spread itself out to a vast extent
before the walls of Granada.

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As the mass was ended, Isabella
went to the chamber of Donna Maria,
the prioress, and inquired about
the strange singer.

'Will you, O queen!' said Donna Maria,
'call to mind that for a month past,
whilst Donna Aguillar has sought
to overthrow the outworks and conquer Granada,

'At first she yielded entirely to her
inconsolable grief; but soon wild and mournful music was heard,
and then heart-touching romances,
which filled the whole convent,

'I marked well that the Spirit of the Lord,
in mild, confined tones, spoke to her in music,
and that her heart was open to His grace.'

The queen now understood what passed
in Aguillar's mind, when he yielded
to Father Agostino's remonstrance,
and did not send Zulema back to Granada,

nesses of this holy act. One would
have believed that Julia's song would
even have risen higher and truer,
in proclaiming the glory of her faith;

It happened one day, that the queen,
accompanied by the noble generals of the camp,
went towards the church, to hear as usual the mass.

The halberdiers removed the loathsome apparition, saying,
'The wretch is a prisoner, a frantic Moor,
who, by his mad jokes, and his wonderful
cithern-playing, amuses the soldiers in the camp.'

'What wouldst thou do?' asked Emanuela.
'Oh!' said Julia, 'hearest thou not the mighty tone of the master?
there by him, with him, must I sing!'
and she turned towards the door.

At Emanuela's words, as if struck by lightning,
Julia sank to the floor. As the nuns were assembled at night-time
to sing the Ora, a thick smoke suddenly filled the whole church.

The Moor, in full confidence that the misfortunes of the Christians
would give them the victory, ventured with a considerable force
upon an attack. But never was there a more brilliant repulse than that of the Spaniards,

Moors in Granada that the siege would never be raised.

The Moors did not cease annoying the Spaniards, in manifold ways, during the building of the city;
despair drove them to acts of astonishing boldness, and the contest went on more earnestly than ever.

It happened one day, that the queen, accompanied by the noble generals of the camp, went towards the church, to hear as usual the mass.

'Wretch!' exclaimed he, 'what name did you utter?'
'Strike!' cried the Moor, 'you kill one who has sworn death and destruction to you. Yes! know, traitorous Christian, know that it is Hitechem, the last of the race of Alhamar, from whom you stole Zulema.'

'Yes, she lives!' said the Moor, with fiend-like scorn, 'but your bleeding, thorn-crowned idol has with execrable magic surrounded her, and all the fragrant, glowing bloom of life is enveloped in the pall of the frantic woman that you call the brides of your Deity.'

Quickly Hitechem seized his sword and target, and when Aguillar released his hold, he staggered back, roaring aloud, then threw himself upon his horse, which had remained standing near him, and rode away

at a full gallop. Aguillar knew not how to understand it, but in a moment the worthy old man, Agostino Sanchez, stood behind him, and said, with a smile, 'Did I frighten Hitechem, or the Lord who dwells in me, and whose love he scorns?'

Aguillar repeated to him all that he had heard concerning Julia, and they both recalled the prophetic words of Emanuela, as Julia, seduced by Hitechem's cithern, all devotion dying within her, left the church during the Sanctus.

As Aguillar, at the head of a division of foot, marched along the highway, towards the cathedral, where the mass had already commenced, he felt himself suddenly wounded in the left shoulder by an arrow.

At this moment the door opened, and Julia, in the dress of the Benedictine nuns, stepped forth, singing with strong voice, Sanctus—Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth! Behind her followed the Moors, in a bending attitude, with their hands crossed upon their breasts.

Involutionarily, as when an angel descended from Heaven to announce the blessings of the Lord, all the people bowed the knee. Stepping quickly, with clear eyes directed to Heaven, Julia stood before the high altar between Ferdinand and Isabella, singing the mass, and performing the holy ceremonies with fervent devotion.

When the course of time had somewhat softened the memory of these terrible events, the image of the noble and generous Aguillar began gradually to supersede in the heart of Julia that of the impetuous and vindictive Hitechem.

RAT IMMIGRATION.

The rapid spread of the rat arises from the fearlessness with which he follows man and his commissariat wherever he goes. The ship leaving port for a distant voyage, usually takes in its complement of rats, as regular as its passengers; and so these little creatures pass from one country to another, and are distributed over the globe.

In former times, rats frequented the knackers' yards at Montaucon. If the carcasses of dead horses were thrown, during the day in a corner, the next morning they would be found stripped of their flesh. An old proprietor of one of the slaughter-houses had a certain space entirely surrounded by walls, with holes only large enough for the ingress and egress of rats.

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE.

A young French officer thus writes of his first experience in battle: 'Our officers kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was, moreover, most prudent, for this murderous fire—so fatal to the white coats—did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated their dense masses, while those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons.'

'But, the tribute paid, if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like the whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes blood shot, and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.'

'Everybody who has tried it testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in a battle. There is an intoxicating influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes—from women, sometimes, to monsters. None can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence, but those who have been engaged in the fray themselves.'

No law against taking snuff.—A Medical man asked his legal advisor how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. 'I am not aware of any act,' said the lawyer, 'that makes it penal to take snuff.'

A Scotch soldier served under General Moore being asked if he met with much hospitality abroad, replied, 'Oo' deed did I, for I was i' the hospital a' the time.'

CONFLICT WITH A TIGRESS.

Whilst Maccoma was going through his performance with the Bengal tigers, at Mauder's Menagerie, Liverpool, recently, a tigress caught his hand in her mouth, planting his knees on the small of the tigress' back, and pressing her against the bars of the cage, then seizing her lower jaw with the right hand, he held her powerless to do more than retain the left hand in her mouth. So cool was Maccoma in this trying position, that lookers-on thought it part of his performance; but when Maccoma called to one of the keepers, 'she has got my hand fast in her mouth; get a bar of hot iron,' the truth of his dangerous position flashed through the minds of those present, and caused the greatest excitement, one lady fainting away, others running from the painful sight. Four or five minutes elapsed before the iron rod was ready, during which time Maccoma stood as a piece of statuary, not a quiver of lip to show the pain he was enduring. When ready, the hot iron was applied quickly and surely by one of the keepers, to one of the large teeth in the upper jaw, and, as though she had been electrified, her mouth sprang open. Maccoma, quick as lightning, drew his hand away, caught hold of a thick stick, struck the animal a terrific blow on the skull brought her down, and forced her to finish her part of the performance before he left the cage. When Maccoma came out of the cage, his bleeding hand testified to the frightful struggle which had been going on between man and beast.

WHAT A FARMER SHOULD KNOW.

Professor Mapes, in the Working Farmer, gives capital advice to the would-be agriculturist; and it will astonish many innocent people to hear what is necessary to the attainment of 'plow-boy science.' Hear him: 'Merely walking about a farm and handling tools, and performing the ordinary labor of that particular farm, will not enable a student to become versed in agriculture so as to compete with the race of farmers now coming into action. In the first place, he requires at least a good English education, and with it a knowledge of physics, embracing a full appreciation of those natural laws which appear in the investigations of agriculture as a science. The student should know enough of physics to ensure a clear understanding of all the questions which may arise in practice. He should also know enough of chemistry to read understandingly the writings of others. He need not be capable of performing analyses of either soils or plants, but he should comprehend an analysis after it is made. He should be capable of conceiving clearly the difference between proximates and their properties, and primaries and their properties, so that the functions of each, as compared with the other, may be accurately observed by him. Indeed, a certain familiarity with natural law is indispensable, and should be acquired before he commences farming operations, even as a student of operative agriculture.' This, from a man who, without capital to aid him, hired a small farm in New Jersey, the clear minimum profit of which is now \$6,000 a year, is not to be regarded as 'chimerical theory,' for he states that his convictions on this point are balanced by his ledger.

LICE ON CATTLE.

One of the troubles of keeping stock is the vermin that oftentimes infests them. And what makes this trouble worse, is the fact that they are more abundant on lean cattle than on fat ones, and, as cattle grow poorer, the more abundant the vermin become. Some have an idea that fat cattle will not be infested at all with lice. This is a mistake. If you put fat cattle into a lousy barn; that is, into a barn where lousy cattle have been kept, they will get upon them; for the vermin will live a long time on the stanchions and around the cribs and mangers. These vermin infest cattle more while they are housed than when they run out in the summer, and it requires much care and attention to destroy them. Various expedients are resorted to for this purpose. Oils, or grease of any kind, will kill lice whenever it touches them. It will also prevent the nits from hatching, but it sticks the hair together, collects dirt, and makes the cattle look shabby. A wash of tobacco, boiled in water, if applied, will kill them, but caution should be used in its application. We once knew a fine cow being killed by being washed with a strong decoction of tobacco; and calves are more liable to be killed in this way than any other cattle. It is a bad, soppy job to wash them, and in winter cattle will sometimes take cold by the operation. The best application that we have found for killing these vermin, and also ticks on sheep, is tobacco smoke. It is dry, cleanly, and perfectly safe.—Maine Farmer.

A JOKE BY THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR.—Somebody is reported to have said to Lord Westbury, on Roundell Palmer's appointment as Solicitor-General, 'I was quite sure Palmerston would not have put anybody over Altherton's head.' 'Ah,' drawled the new Chancellor, 'I was not aware before that Sir William Altherton had a head.'