

MAZED KATE OF CLOVELLY.

BY CAPERN, THE POET PORTMAN. [The author of this poem is an English penny postman, who spends his time in delivering letters, and composing poetry as he goes along.] Under the cliff by the western shore, Wauing ever she went, Looking for one she must never see more. In the little cove down by the sea: Where the rock-fowl dropp'd from their granite home, To prey on the "bits" below, As thick as the bees in their honey-comb, And white as the driven snow. And red-winged trawlers flew out of the bay, Like birds o'er the rainbow sea, To sport where the fluttering sea-gulls play None happier were than she. Weaving the nets by her storm-rocked home, With hands by the sun embrowned, And smiling upon the curling foam, That broke on the shell-strewn ground, She sat 'mid the wave-washed boulders bare, Thrown up by the tumbling main, Singing in song to an olden air, And this was its sweet refrain: "My Willy is out with his boat on the bay, To snare the bright herrings for me; And I with my arms in the "dinnit" of day, Will snare the bold son of the sea." Wearily wore one long dark night, Which followed a threatening ere; The men in the boat saw the tiny light That flickered near Kate's cave. Many and many a time she rose, And looked from her cabin door, But, grief of griefs and woes of woes, The fisher came home no more. That night, in lieu of the sweet refrain, There went forth a sorrowful wail—"My Willy! my Willy!" again and again She shrieked to the following gale. Long Katie, with looks all woo-begone, Was seen on the little pier, With a scarlet rag—and her monotone Fell sad on the stranger's ear, And when the season for fishing would come, She waved it down by the sea— A token of love he gave her, say some— 'The flag of his own "Bonny Bee."

PADDY MORGAN'S GHOST.

It was in the little village of Ballymaquinlan it happened, about twenty years ago, last Candlemas; in that time there was a farmer living there, and his name was Paddy Morgan, and by the same token, black Paddy was the name they christened an' him, for he was a rigger, an' a bad nigger all out—an' there was not a respectable man in the parish, barrin' three white rabbits he kept in a wire cage, along with the rest of the poultry, in the back-yard, it'd be seen speakin' to him, an' no wonder; but them was un-common fond iv him surely, an' to that degree it was commonly cov-ered among neighbours, that it wasn't rabbits at all, God bless us, but the spirits iv his three brothers that was in it; but at any rate, in the middle iv all his divilment he tuck the fever at last, on Monday mornin', an' before Thursday he was in glory, an' the divil one could deny he deserved it—the villain iv the world. Well, he was buried, in course, in the churchyard iv Bally-maquinlan, an' though he had but few relations, an' no friends, the w'e and the berrin' was as pleasant as if he had them to no end. Well, there was two boys in them days livin' in the town, an' divil seem a pair iv rogues was in the seven parishes; there was no sort of description iv schamin', an' plunderin' an' humbuggin', but they wore up to it. Nothin' was beyond them; begorra there wasn't the likes iv them in Ire-land's ground—an' they were sworn frinds into the bargain—an' comrades together, in all sorts of vil-lany. Whatever the one was for, the other never said agin' it. Larry, the miller, that owned the flour mills, was one iv them, and sportin' Terence, the dancin'-master, was the other; a rale pair iv schamers— Well, it happened on the night after black Paddy Morgan was buried, the two iv them had a plan laid out together. For sportin' Terence havin' a cousin by the mother's side, that was goin' to give a christenin', an' she bein' a favorite iv his own, he thought he could not do less than to give her a present—so havin' nothin' else iv his own convenient at the time, he thought the best thing he could do, was just to give her one iv the neighbour's sheep; an' when he told Larry, the miller, 'begorra,' says Larry, for he was a generous chap too, 'begorra,' says he, 'I don't mind if I give her black Paddy's three white rabbits into the bargain,' says he, an' so, without more to do, they planned to meet at the church door, where there was a little soart iv a shed goin' in, as soon as the sheep and the rabbits id be stole that night. Well, sure enough, Larry the miller, not havin' so far to go, nor such a troublesome job as sportin' Terence, was the first iv the two at the place iv meetin', an' down he sits on the bench, an' claps the cage with the rabbits in it, on the ground close opposite to where he was sittin' while he'd be takin a shough iv the pipe. 'Well, he was not there long, when who should be comin' up to

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the church, to get out the cushions as usual, to give them an air iv the fire, but the sexton, Tim Bryan, himself, thinkin' all the way iv nothin' in the worl but black Paddy Morgan, that he buried the same mornin', an' triabin' in his very skin every step—an' as he was comin' up to the porch, sure enough, what did he see, but black Paddy's three white rabbits in the cage, right at the step iv it, skip-pin' an' jumpin' about like mad; so wid that he steps short, an' he blesses himself as well as he could—an' before he half finished it, Larry, never thinkin' but all was quiet outside, let's a yawn inside, in the porch—and the sound he made, and the white look iv him—for he was dusted all over with flour—finished poor Tim all out intirely—to that degree, that begorra he tuck to his heels, as if the divil himself was after him; an' never tuck time to say as much as God bless us, till he ran fast iv little Phil Martin's kitchen. Well, Phil was the clerk in them days, an' an illegit-imate fine one he was—a rale great man iv book larin'; he'd talk alghray or Habbow-Greek for a week, without never drawin' breath—an' he had Latin enough to bother a priest—an' as many charms as id rise the roof of a chapel. The only thing agin him, at all, at all, was a soart iv sturber he had, an' his legs bein' crippled in under him—although that some god in a power iv help an' presents, one way or another, among the neighbours; but at any rate, he was a great man iv book larin' intirely; an' as soon as Tim the sexton kem to himself, 'oh, Phil,' says he, 'it's all over wid me—I seen myself,' says he, 'as sure as you're sittin' there—black Paddy Morgan, God rest his unorthodox soul,' says he, 'roarin' like mad wid the fair pains iv purgatory. Oh, by the hokey,' says he, 'the sound iv it's in my head this minute, sittin' in his windin' sheet in the church porch,' says he; 'nothing less id save him, an' the three white rabbits an' all, says he. "Oh, Phil, darlin', I never gev into spirits before," says he, 'but I seen one at last in earnest,' says he, 'an' I'll never do a day's good agin—an' that's the long and the short iv it,' says he. "Timothy Bryan," says the clerk, says he, 'you better take care what you're sayin', says he, 'for it's a serious thing to accuse any man,' says he, 'at laste behind his back, do ye mind, iv walkin' after he's decently buried,' says he; 'so consider in yourself, agin,' says he, 'an' think twice before you make sich a haious charge agin any man livin',' says he. "Well, wid that," says Tim Bryan, 'cursed his soul and his conscience, until he was fairly black in the face—and Phil Martin hadn't a word to say agin it any longer. "So," says Phil, says he, 'it astomishes me,' says he, 'you didn't thray him wid the Lord's Prayer backwards,' says he, 'standing on the left leg,' says he, 'for there never wuz a spirit vet,' says he, 'could stand that, as simple as it is,' says he. "Arra, God bless you," says Tim, 'for he was gettin' vexed on the head iv it; and what id be sayin' the spirit be doin' while id be sayin' the Lord's Prayer, like a duck on one leg, backwards,' says he; 'why, man, he'd have me swallowed, body and bones, before I'd be half way through with it, says he. "Why, you misherable middle," says Phil, makin' answer; 'what is it you'd be afraid iv; swally ve, ye b-sthoon, ye—begorra, I'd like to see him attempt the like. Who ever heard iv a spirit that id dar for to go ate a Christian, barrin' Joe Garvey, the tinkin', God bless us,' says he, 'that tuck a callap out iv the priest's boy,' says he. "An' the ghost iv Moll Doyle's black sow," says Tim, says he, 'the Lord be merciful to us all. "There' was that, surely,' says Phil, settin his wig—but there's no one will ever persuade me,' says he, 'that ever a spirit id dar to put a tooth in a sexton, or any other appointed minister iv divine service,' says he, 'an' in holy ground, more be token,' says he; 'an' be, the hokey, it surprises me, says he, 'you'd be sich a coward and a pagan,' says he, 'as to be feared iv the likes in your own church, Tim Bryno,' says he. "And what will I do at all?" says Tim. "Lay it, to be sure," says Phil;

'lay it on the spot—lay it, what else?' says he. 'Be the powers of Moll—I mane be the contents iv that book,' says he, 'aff I had but the use iv my limbs, I'd walk down myself, this instant minute,' says he, 'an' lay it in earnest, afore he'd have time to spit on the flure,' says he. "Never say it twice," says Tim Bryan, takin' him up and the word; 'for I'll carry you down on my back myself,' says he; 'for iv you're not afraid, neither an' I, says he; 'I've nothin' an' my conscience, it's aisy, thank God,' says he; 'so up wid you on my shoulders,' says he, 'an' we'll soon see who is the coward,' says he. "Well, begorra, as soon as he heard that, Phil Martin turned the color iv a bad pittayty—with the rale fright; but he would not have it to the sexton to say he was afraid to go along wid him, afther all he said an the head av it; so, be the powers, havin' nothin' for it but to see the job through, wid a heavy heart iv he gets an Tim's back, an' off wid the pair of them to the church. There was nothin' but starlight, an' the ould church looked twice as big an' as black as ever, opposite them out; and divil one word they said until they kem within seven or eight steps of the porch, an' begorra, there was three white rabbits sure enough; an' they could just see them, an' hear the wires jinglin' when they'd hop here an' there in the cage. "Stop—be aisy, can't you," says Phil, sittin' up an his back, an' diggin his heels into Tim's breast-bone like drumsticks, with the rale fright, all the while—"stop where you are, man, we're near enough I tell ye. "So wid that Tim stops where he was, an' they both wor freck-ened to that degree, they neither iv them spoke one word for as good as a minute, but sturin' the three rabbits for the bare life. At last says Phil Martin, says he, 'hrippin' down all the time wid the fair fright—'Tim,' says he, 'try an stand on the left leg,' says he, 'as well as you can,' says he; 'for it won't take an operation,' says he, 'unless you do it; for I'm goin' to begin at want, God bless us an' save us,' says he; 'an' keep steady, you villain,' says he, 'or I'll murder you; for if you fall, as sure as you do, be the powers we're both done for,' says he. "So wid that Tim Bryan elaps his elbow to the churchyard wall beside him, studyin' himself as well as he was able, an' he ups wid his left leg, like a gander asleep; an' seein' everything was ready, Phil Martin—giving himself up for lost—opens, as well as the fright id let him, wid the Lord's prayer backwards. Well, begorra, ye made sich a noise, that he was not half-way through wid it when Larry the miller, that was half asleep inside iv the porch, rises him-self up, thinkin' it was his com-rade callin' him; so up he gets, an' out he walks, an' seeing the man wid the bundle an his back, an' coorse who should he think it was but his frind the dancin' master, wid the sheep an his shoulders— Well, when the sexton, wid the clerk an his back, seen the white thing coming out iv the porch, an' makin' for them, the pair iv them a'most lost their senses on the spot. The sexton stood gapin' an his two legs, an' the divil a word the clerk could spake, but wid the fright he gripped the hair iv Tim Bryan's head wid both his hands, an held an for the bare life. 'Is he fat,' says the miller, whisperin, an comin to-wards them, still consavin' it was the sheep that was in it. "Fat or lain, says the sexton, gettin back his speech an the instant, wid the fair desperation, for he was freckened beyant all hearin; fat or lain, says he, screechin it out with the rale fright—tako him as he is, says he, pitchin the cripple right before him into the path, an away wid himself through the twon like the wind, as hard as he could peg, not darin as much as to look behind him; but the queerest thing about it was the cripple him-self; for, bebad, he was hardly an the ground when up he jumps an his leg, as nimble as if he never lost the use iv them for a day, an away wid him afther the sexton, roarin as if the life was lavin him.— But Tim, the sexton, had a long start av him; an bein in good wind, he never tuck time as much as to

say 'God bless us' until he was into his own house, an the door shut behind him; an a devil a word he could say, good, bad, or indifferent—walkin up an down the kitchen, wid the hat off his head, and scarce a taste iv the hair left in it, afther the wisp Phil Martin pulled out iv him; but 'oh, Phil Martin! Phil Martin! the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul—not ate a sexton! wouldn't he? On, bloody wars! it is not a sexton, sure enough, but the best clerk in Ireland's ground he has in his belly by this time,' says he. (To be concluded in our next.)

DISCOVERY OF A SUNKEN CITY.

A gentleman lately from Jamaica, viz Boston, gives some curious particulars in regard to the discovery made in the harbor of Port Royal, in reference to the ancient city of that name. The discoveries were said to have been made by a party of divers, but it was not stated who they were, or what they went for. It turns out, however, that they were sent from this country, to explore the wreck of the steamer *Opsey*, a small vessel of 800 tons, that used to trade between New York and South America, calling into Kingston, Jamaica, a few years ago. The *Opsey*, in 1856, was on her return voyage, with a rich cargo of india-rubber, and other valuables, when she called as usual into King-ston. On the very morning of her intended departure, shortly after midnight she caught fire, through one or two of her crew attempting to steal spirits, and she burnt to the water's edge, and then sunk. The divers have been very successful in getting out of the hull of the vessel a large quantity of india-rubber, and other articles. While thus en-gaged, the steamer *Valorous* entered Port Royal, and something being the matter with her bottom, the American divers were employed to search. They did so, and disco-versed that a portion of the copper had been stripped off, which they made all right. Having done this they were encouraged to explore the ruins of the old city, now lying in several fathoms of water, which they did, and reported that they found the streets of the submerged city entire, as they had been laid out, with the ruins of buildings on each side. This is a matter worthy of antiquarian research [if such a term may be used, as it maps in the New World]; and though the gold and silver there buried may never be discovered [and who shall say they will not?] it is really worth explor-ing the wreck of a place that was once—insignificant as it now is—one of the most ancient cities in America.—*N. Y. Express.*

WORK AND BONDAGE.

Work may be degrading and very un-fashionable, as well as tire-some, but it is a matter of necessity in this inhospitable world. Some-body must work, or all must suffer and perish; and justice demands that each should bear his own share of the burden. It is not necessary that men and women should make slaves of themselves, nor would they if it were not for the foolish estimate they set on riches. The homage paid to Mammon is what makes a great share of the misery that afflicts mankind. It causes strife, engenders hatred, and ends in the oppression of the many by the suc-cessful few. It makes masters and slaves, aristocrats and paupers—breeds diseases of excess and dis-eases of want—kills with gout and apoplexy, and with starvation and cold—raises up slaves of wealth and slaves of necessity—in short, fills the world with suffering and sorrow. The non-producers work as hard to rob the producers as the latter do to furnish the necessaries and luxuries of the world! What folly—what madness! Why cannot all labor at something useful, and make as great efforts to assist each other as they now do to over-reach each other? If they would, what a change there would be for the better! It is a simple and an easy thing to be honest, just and kind, and infinitely to the advantage of all to be so. Is it not strange, then, that mankind should be compelled, as it were, to go on as they do against their own moral convictions and interests? What stronger evidence could we have of a prompting good spirit than the fact that we see the evil and stand self-condemned for yielding to the Tempter? In a meeting in Florida, lately, a hymn was being sung which contained the words: 'There's no sorrow there!' At the close of the hymn, a lusty brother stood up, and in a voice of thunder shouted:— 'Yes, brethren there's no sorrow in heaven! And why not? Because, in the words of this heavenly hymn, there's no sorrow there!' 'There,' said the Doctor, 'that's what I call coming out of the same hole you went in at!'

ANTICIPATING EVILS.

Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a reckless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you should want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow—when your belly is full of to-day's dinner, to fear you should want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction! But to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the cares of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours—we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.—He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. 'Sufficient is the day,' said Christ, 'is the evil thereof,' sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is un-reasonable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CIVILITY IN FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself; for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Earlborough is a case in point. It is said of him by one cotemporary that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied by his grace than to receive a favour from other men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at the time when he was the most unpopu-lar man in the kingdom. The history of the country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experiences of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where con-ciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers and divines, politicians, merchants, and individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse, creates instan-taneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is in fact, what beauty is to a woman; it is a general passport to favour—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every stranger understands. The best men have often injured themselves by irrita-bility and consequent rudeness, as the greatest men have frequently succeeded by their plausible man-ners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

METHOD IS THE VERY KING OF BUSINESS.

Method is the very king of business; it is important, because it preserves the peace and good temper of a Family; the want of it not only infuses on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty.—This calmness of mind which produces another advantage of punctuality; a disorderly man is in a hurry; he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business; or he must hurry away before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character.

LOVE AND SUGAR.

'Do you believe in second love Mrs. McQuade?' 'Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buy a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that sweet, too? Truth, Murphy, I believe in second love.' A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, perhaps, and a very probable misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, apprehended. But when he runs in love, it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally, and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably and ruinously. The celebrated Dunkirk fisherman, John Beath, was elevated, on account of his courage and ability, to the rank of commodore in the French navy. When his promotion took place, Louis XIV, said to him, 'Beath, I have made you a commodore.' 'Quite right, sir,' replied the bluff seaman.

HOW TO FATTEN POULTRY.

From the American Agriculturist. THE TURKEY.—Being a rambling and insect-feeding bird, the young ones should run at large when old enough to do so with safety, until the frost has killed off the insects of the season, such as grasshoppers, beetles and grubs. If acorns, beech nuts and chestnuts, abound on or near your premises, they may still range on them until two or three weeks before they are required for market. Then they should be taken in, and confined in a roomy pen, clean, dry, comfortable and well ven-tilated, and darkened during the day so as to make a twilight—just enough for them to see to eat their food, yet prevent them from gob-bling, strutting, and fighting. Their proper food then is, any kind of grain ground into meal and thor-oughly cooked, or if fed whole also boiled until it becomes soft and will easily mash. With either the cooked meal or whole grain also cooked, should be mixed, say one-fourth in quantity, boiled potatoes, carrots, or beets—carrots and potatoes are best. These may be put into a common swill barrel, and if you have skimmed milk, or buttermilk instead of water to mix with them, so as to reduce the whole mass to the consistency of a thin mash, so much the better, as milk is very palatable and fatten-ing. If this mixture slightly ferments, all the better, provided it is not sour. Have some light troughs made of common six inch wide boards nailed together V fash-ion, setting in standards made of bits of board 8 or 10 inches wide, and 1 1/2 or 2 feet long, placed edge-wise on the ground, with V cut in them to receive the troughs—all well nailed together. Have also a trough of water, or milk if you have it to spare; also a box of small gravel at hand from which they can help themselves—as turkeys like gravel in their crops, let their food be what it may. A box of broken charcoal—broken into bits the size of acorns, of corn, or thereabouts—will be profitable to add to these, charcoal being healthy and palatable to them. You will be surprised to see the thrift of your birds thus treated, and they will fatten in half the time, and at half the expense as when fed on whole raw grain, and running at large. There is a choice in grains—Indian corn, barley, shrunken wheat (good wheat is too expensive) rye and buckwheat—and if all of these are mixed in about equal proportions, with a few oats, are the best. Oats are chaffy, and there is little fattening quality in them, especially when fed whole and dry. No salt, of course, is needed. It will hurt poultry, while it will benefit pigs, sheep and cattle. CHICKENS.—Serve these exactly according to the above directions, only that they require less room; but that room must be equally well ventilated, and perches must be also made for them to roost upon. There should be just light enough for a cock to crow by in the morning, and nothing more, an excessive crowing is as fatal to a young cock's fattening as is a turkey's strutting and gob-bling. A change of food by an occa-sional scattering of whole dry grains of some sort may be given to chickens, and also turkeys, but will alter a little time prior the mash, as above described, and to much greater advantage. We may also add that with both chickens and turkeys an occasional, say daily, ration of cabbage leaves, or turnip tops may be given them. They like these as a change of salad. They are also palatable, and although there is little fattening quality in them they promote digestion, and do them good, though not absolutely necessary. GEES.—Confine and feed them as with turkeys and chickens, but give them cabbage leaves, or turnip tops daily, and plenty of clean water in a large trough, well washed out every day. DUCKS.—Treat them like the geese exactly, with the daily addition of a small quantity of flesh, either raw or cooked. Tallow chan-dler's scraps are good, well chopped up, and cheaper than any other flesh, unless Butcher's offal can be obtained. Without ventilation and cleanli-ness so important in fattening, no perfect good poultry flesh can be obtained. We know it is quite com-mon with many people to cram their chickens and other poultry into nar-row and close boxes, or coops, throw whole grain in any quantity on the floor, with a saucer or little basin of water once a day, and think they will fatten well on that. We state the above methods as the best way of fattening poultry. Poultry may be fattened, we admit, and very well too, by letting them run at large, and giving them plenty of whole grains, but not half so cheaply or readily, as by our pro-cess; and when we consider the enormous quantity of poultry raised in the United States, both for mar-ket and home family consumption, and the great quantities of food ex-pended in the fattening process, the increased aggregate expense of the common loose way of doing it over ours, is millions of dollars annually.