

GRANDMAMMA.

With reverend love I call to mind,
And picture, o'er again,
The feeble hand which used to rest
Upon that polished cane.
Things bright and fair dissolve in air,
And strong wax weak—but ah!
I see thee, clear as yesterday,
My long-lost Grandmamma!

I mind me how my young round hand
Did love to clear away
The small fir-cones and pebble stones
That in her pathway lay;
Scarce wetting half the patient love
That strove, with soft caress,
To sweep the thorns from off the path
Of childhood motherless!

Alas! the step on gravelled walk
Grew rare—and yet more rare;
And then—instead of staff and shoe,
The slow-paced wheeling chair;
And then—ah me! they folded up
The out-of-doors attire,
And placed the padded elbow chair
Beside the chamber fire.

I mind me [how should I forget?]
My footstool at her knee;
The quiet talk—the dainty cup
From which she sipped her tea.
The listening ear—the ready tear
For others' grief or pain:
But whose face for memory's pearls
Adown life's troubled main?

There was a sound of startled feet,
Fast hurrying to and fro,
And then a hush of quietness,
And movements dull and slow;
And then—ah, me, in darkened rooms
Our tears-drops fell like rain;
And then they placed aside the chair,
And put away the cane!

THE CROPPY'S FINGERS.

"Lady McBeth—Here's the smell
Of blood still; all the perfumes of
Arabia will not sweeten this
hand."—SHAKESPEARE.

During the year 1822, and for a considerable period subsequently, the vast County of Cork reeled to its centre with the convulsions of an agrarian *emute* called 'Whiteboyism.' The origin of this nomenclature is ascribed to the insurgents having, at first, worn their shirts outside their clothes, for the purpose of avoiding identification and detection. The actors themselves were in general, of the lowest class, being composed of farmer's boys' chiefly, and the idle hangerson about every country establishment—fellows who with the cleverness of being able to turn their hands to any employment marked out for them to do, hated labour above all things and loved with equal fervour a fair, or pattern, or a wake, or wedding, or, in short, any scene that brought together a numerous assemblage. Under the tutelage of some leader, recommended to them by his physical energies, they scoured the country in quest of fire arms; and, whithersoever they went mandates were issued, under the quasi names of 'Captain Rock,' or 'Captain Starlight,' or some such designation, denouncing vengeance, in most instances, ratified by awful deeds.

I was one of a party of six, during these fearful scenes, at the hospitable table of Mr. Hugh Norton, a Doneraile gentleman, who resided within two miles of the town of that name. Mr. Norton was a county magistrate—an efficient but humane one. He sought at all times to draw the line of demarcation between the agent and the tool in the outrages he was required to investigate. He was aware of the many ignorant peasants who were entrapped into this evil combination, and held them by the thrall of fear; and he laboured zealously so to protect even the weakest and meekest, that none might say he had joined the conspiracy save of his own free will. But while he pitied the victim, he was uncompromising in his hostility to the fomenter of disturbance. With clear-headed discretion, with untiring vigilance, he tracked out the leader and punished him; and his knowledge was so extensive and varied that the guilty in every locality were arrested almost on the instant of their breaking the law, and often even prior to the commission of their offence. By the loyal and peaceable he was regarded as a very pillar of their support; and more than once the Executive had written to thank him for his exertions. But, on the other hand, the dislike of the rebellious rose almost to fiendish malignity. Letters reached him in various modes, and sometimes by the post itself, declaring to him that his doom was sealed; and more than one attempt made on his life, which was repelled only by his own calm heroism proved the intensity of the Whiteboys' hatred to this firm administrator of the law.

Norton was a brave, but not a rash man. Disdaining to leave his house for threatening's sake, he removed the female members of his family to Cork, and having strengthened his mansion so that it might stand a siege, and garrisoned it with some of his tenantry on whom he could rely, he determined to defy his intended assassins. His friends, in admiration of his heroism seldom

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left him without their protection likewise; and his official character bringing him much into contact with the military, he either dined at the Doneraile mess continually, or had the officers for his own guests at home. The dinner party of which I am speaking was of this kind, being modified by out-of-door events. Unblessed with female society, we sat down but half a dozen in number, and of them four were 'men of war.' The room itself showed tokens of the times. The shutters were sheeted with iron, so as to be ball proof; the side-table had pistols and daggers laid among the rich array of plate; the guests moreover, had come armed to the teeth, and in this very guise sat down to the cheer laid before them.

The dinner was plain and good, and the wines excellent; but good things themselves must come to a close, and the bringing in of coffee afforded a welcome conclusion.—Young Harry Meslop, one of the military men, proposed an adjournment to the porch for the enjoyment of cigars, and hummed some fragmentary verses to the moon, which he declared was looking graciously from heaven upon us. We agreed, and mine host, who averred that he alone was acquainted with the mysteries of the bars and locks of the half-door, proceeded, in anticipation of our going out, to make a free passage for us. We heard him removing bolt after bolt, and shooting back manifold locks, until at last he stepped through the entrance, and to the grave outside. Just then came a thundering explosion, and a yell of pain from the far distance, and as we tumultuously arose, with no other expectation than that of finding our murdered friend's remains, his cheery voice greeted us—

"No harm done. The gun burst, I think, with the villain."

An unfeigned thanksgiving burst from every lip.

"On my coming outside," Mr. Norton continued, "the whole lawn looked so peaceful in the moonlight that I half forgot the danger of exposing myself unprotected. Something I thought, soon after stirred in the midst of the clump of trees yonder; but the underwood is so thick that I could not tell whether it was not an animal grazing. I stood, however, marking the place intently, and in a few seconds a man disguised with a veil of crape emerged from the thicket, looked at me, hesitated, and then presented his piece and fired. I could have shot him before he pulled his trigger, and actually had him covered; but his aim was so wild and unsteady that I knew he must miss me; and—unless I greatly err—the unfortunate wretch has had his own punishment. Heard you not his agonizing screams?"

A very few seconds brought the whole party into the shrubbery, which we subjected to a close scrutiny. In the place pointed out by Mr. Norton we found traces of the assassin's hiding. The grass was trampled on, and the bushes had been set aside so as to form a kind of recess; and there were found further on, more evident tokens. We picked up the shattered stock of a blunderbuss, and fragments of its lock and barrel; a track of gore led on to a stone fence, over which the fellow had fled, but the stains suddenly ceased on the other side. As we were engaged in this exploration, the smart trot of cavalry was heard; a passing patrol filed into the avenue, and the officer and attending magistrate instantly joined our small party. They warmly congratulated Norton on his escape, adding that the flash had been seen by them from the top of Scargannon hill and they had pushed on to give assistance as speedily as possible. A scouring of all the contiguous fields was recommended, as in some of them the wounded Rockite was in all probability hiding; and a search to be made at the same time of the suspected houses in the neighbourhood whither he might have betaken himself for shelter.

Meslop was the last lingerer in the grove. He seemed to quit it with reluctance, and once or twice called the party back on the plea that we had not sufficiently examined all its retirements. At last he expressed himself satisfied that there was no corner where further evidence of the criminal might be looked for. He was lightly stepping forward from the trees, when he in that instant found he trode on something that slipped with his step. He

stooped, and among the long meadow-grass found—a portion of a man's left hand! Begrimed with gun-powder, and blood, and clay, where the first two fingers and thumb of a human hand connected merely by a long strip of skin.—His exclamation drew us all around him; and once more we paused and deliberated on ulterior proceedings. And here [for I am narrating a true story] the providence of the Lord in heaven, that we see so constantly displayed in the detection of every Cain, was abundantly manifested. Mr. Norton gazed for a while on the ghastly relics; and then a gleam of discovery crossed his features.—He washed the mutilated fragments in a pool of rain water, formed where carts had been crossing, and, holding them up in the silvery light of the moon, exclaimed—

"They are his: they are Hickey's fingers!"

He bade us examine them carefully. They were portions of a hand of huge dimensions, and were remarkable for the bushy patches of red hair growing on the back of the large middle finger especially. The hand itself must have received extensive, if not fatal, injury; and from our knowledge that it was the left hand, we had important help towards the detection of the criminal. Norton's countenance fell again. He seemed struggling with intense mental feeling. Doubt or hesitation there was none; but there was manifested an incredulity, an unwillingness to believe that which his eyesight proclaimed a fact.

"They are Hickey's," again he repeated with almost mechanical precision; "yet if this they be, then is there no faith in human nature?"

Hickey was his steward, his valued and trusted humble friend. He had often entreated his master to be on his guard; and had proved his fidelity by several times revealing plots of which he had obtained knowledge. He had lived with him more than twenty years, and during that whole period he had devoted himself exclusively to his interests; and now that it should have been he who had made this murderous attempt seemed incredible. There was no reason in the range of possibility for his doing so. No; it could not have been he.

But the fingers were in his grasp, and the red clumps of hair on them asserted it was none else.

That very day Hickey had given in to his master a pay sheet of the labourers, in which were some items disputed by them. In explaining the accounts and justifying his entries, he had held the sheet for nearly half an hour in his left hand; and his master's eye in traversing the columns, casually rested on this list of an Esau, attracted by his hirsute furnishing. And the wisdom of God, in so directing him, seemed now apparent for a fragment of that same hand was before him palpably—that hand which had been raised to shed his blood.

"We must away to my steward's house," at length said Mr. Norton; "if the assassin is to be found he is there. At all events, I shall acquit myself of this harrowing suspicion."

The men moved on in silence, and so far was reconciled to his doom. The scene of the outrage is by the side of one of the chief entrances to Doneraile; and the passing tourist is yet pointed out with a wide spread lawn of meadow land overhanging the Awbeg, which is now known among the peasantry by no other name than that of "The Croppy's Fingers."

The fastenings were undone, and the woman, who was no other than Hickey's wife, who, dropping a curtsy, apologized for the delay. She averred that her husband and herself had been asleep, and that they were afraid of the Whiteboys to open the door. But that now, sure, all was right, and his honour was welcome to his own house.

"I must go in and see Hickey," interrupted Mr. Norton; "so light a candle, and show me the way to his room."

The candle was got, after a protracted delay, but had to be lighted at a neighbouring house, as the fire had dwindled down into ashes at Hickey's. Taking Meslop and myself with him, and bidding the rest to be on the alert, Norton ascended the narrow stairs to the upper chamber. We advanced to the bed, in which lay Hickey, apparently asleep. "He's worried after the labours of the day, your honour," exclaimed

the woman, who had followed us, "and 'tis a cruel ease to brack his rest; but you know best, I'm sure."

"Silence, woman. Hailo, Hickey awoken!"

The steward turned to his side, yawning, and seemed puzzled with our presence. But his master straightway said—

"Come, Hickey, stretch out your hand."

"He obeyed, but gave his right hand."

"I want the other you cannot hide it."

It had not escaped us from the commencement that all this while the apparent slumberer had studiously thrown into the shadow his left side, and now when he exposed it the reasons was evident—his left arm was an unsightly heap of bandages.

"Why, what has happened to you?"

You were quite well at the office to-day," said Mr. Norton.

"After that, Sir," replied Hickey, "I went down to the limestone quarry to see how the men were getting on, and, not minding myself, a rock fell on my hand and crushed it; and when I came home I took to the bed, as I felt weak with the loss of blood."

The fellow's countenance contradicted each word of the statement. There was guilt in every line, and shame, and sorrow; and there was sorrow also in his master's voice, as he indignantly looked upon the mutilated hand, saying—

"You have lost some of your fingers—see I have found them for you."

I was present at Hickey's execution, which followed six weeks after. There was no doubt about his guilt, nor did he himself question the justice of his sentence. His master supplicated that his life should be spared; but under the circumstances of the country, it was impossible that his prayer could be granted, although he professed it in person at Dublin Castle. The unhappy culprit was hanged in a field on the opposite side of the road from that where he committed his crime, as it was considered that cases of peculiar atrocity should be avenged in their own immediate neighbourhood. There a scaffold was erected, and so apprehensive were the authorities of an attempt to rescue the prisoner that two full regiments were drawn up around the gallows. He died finally, and with penitence, asserting his happiness in the ill success of his attempted deed of blood. With his dying breath he warned the bystanders against the secret system, which had brought himself to that disgraceful end. He loved his master, he said, and would have died for him, but having, through cowardice, permitted himself to be initiated into the agrarian league, he had taken their oath of fellowship and obedience. When it had been decided that Mr. Norton should be assassinated, the lot to shoot him had, either justly or unjustly, fallen to him, and accordingly he had made the attempt. But he declared that the only drop of sweetness in his cup was the reflection on the failure of his enterprise. He was innocent in act, though not in intention, and so far was reconciled to his doom.

The scene of the outrage is by the side of one of the chief entrances to Doneraile; and the passing tourist is yet pointed out with a wide spread lawn of meadow land overhanging the Awbeg, which is now known among the peasantry by no other name than that of "The Croppy's Fingers."

Beer Sold by the Pound.—A man who kept a beer-shop near a pound or enclosure for cattle, was summoned by the Excise for having his sign, Beer sold by the pound. "Do you sell beer by the pound, sir?" said the Judge.—"I do and I do not, sir," said he.—"Then how do you do, sir?" "Very well I thank you, sir," he replied.

Not at Home.—Le-sing, the German philosopher, being absent-minded, knocking at the door one evening, when the servant, looking out of the window, and not recognising him, said—"The Professor is not at home."—"Oh, very well," said Le-sing, composedly, walking away, "I shall call another time."

A young lady travelling from Dorchester to Hulfax, about eight years ago, had her pocket picked of a purse containing £4, 12s. A few days since she received a letter inclosing a £5 note in restitution.

YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

"Mother, mother," said Mary Jane, running into her mother's room. "I believe I've found out what makes Clinton sick every day. I saw him just now, out in the garden, behind the lilac bushes, with big Fred Saunders, and Fred was smoking a cigar."

"Did Clinton have a cigar?" asked her mother.

"No, I didn't see any; I just saw them a minute. I guess they didn't see me."

"I will go and see myself."

Saying this, Clinton's mother put on her bonnet, and walked out into the garden. There the children stood, in a shady corner, each with a cigar in his mouth, and Clinton with a bundle of matches in his hand.

The two boys who were with him ran when they saw her; but his mother called Clinton in a loud voice to stop, so he stood still. He knew he had been doing wrong, and his first impulse was to get rid of the cigar.

"What do you suppose he did with it?"

It is very strange, but it is true, that people who are caught doing wrong, never act as they thought they would, if found out.—It is as true of grown-up people as of children. It is very easy for persons to make up their minds what they will do if caught in a crime; but strange to say, they seldom do the thing they planned, and most often do the thing that proves them guilty.

Clinton might have thrown away his cigar, I suppose, before his mother reached him; but instead of that, he thrust it under his apron, and pushed it under his belt. He did not do this because he thought it the best plan, or because he thought at all; it was what was called an impulse.

"Clinton," said his mother, "have you a cigar?"

"No," said the little boy. "One sin always leads to another."

"Clinton," said his mother solemnly, "is this the truth?"

"No, ma'am. I haven't got any; persisted he; "Fred and Benny had though."

Just at that moment a little blue smoke came curling from under Clinton's apron, just above his belt. He turned pale as he saw a hole burning in his apron, and there was the burnt end of a cigar under it!

"Ah, Clinton, your sin has found you out!"

I will only tell you that Clinton was punished, and you may know he did not smoke any more cigars.

I think he was a silly fellow to put a lighted cigar under his apron! some child says. "I would have hid it better than that!"

"No, you wouldn't. You do not know what you would have done. Unless you have been a great while learning to deceive, and grown cunning, you would not have been any wiser."

When a child or man, who is generally honest, commits some sin and wishes to hide it, the very thing he does to hide it quite often becomes the means of being discovered. It is quite remarkable how often this is the case. It is one of God's ways of detecting crime. He made the mind so, that when the conscience is guilty it cannot act as when it is clear. It is never safe to say, "I shan't be found out. Yes, you will; and most likely you will tell of yourself, as Clinton did."

When you want to sin in safety, go where God is not. But since God is in every place, you may be sure your sin will be found out!

THE SACRED VOLUME.—Some writer gives the following analysis of the Book of Books, the Bible.

It is a book of laws; it shows the right and wrong.

It is a book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise.

It is a Book of Truth, which detects all human errors.

It is a Book of Life, and shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

At Manchester, the gentlemen of the 'press' are organising a rifle volunteer company.

Dr. Vires has been sentenced, at Paris, to imprisonment for 15 months, and fined 500fr. for swindling and for the illegal practice of medicine.

"INCLINED TO BE QUARRELSOME."

There was once a little, slim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, and independent as the devil, riding along a highway in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs by the help of a big, rawboned, six-foot-two specimen of humanity. Stopping the last named individual, he accosted him—

"I say, are those your hogs?"

"No, sir; I'm to work by the month."

"What pay might you be getting, friend?"

"Ten dollars a month and whiskey thrown in," was the reply.

"Well, look here, I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, d'ye see. Now, I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," said Mr. Gardner. "But," he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on the fight?"

"Never been licked in my life," rejoined the six-footer.

"Just the man I want. It's a bargain?" queried Gardner.

Six-footer ruminated. Twenty-five dollars—double wages—nothing to do but to ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally when he's sassy.

Six-footer accepted.

They rode along till, just at night they reached a village inn.—Dismounting at the door, they went in. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest man in the room, and picked a fuss with him. After promiscuous jawing, Gardner turned to his fighting friend, and intimated that the licking of that man had become a sad necessity. Six-footer peered, went in, and came out first best.

The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was reenacted—Gardner getting into a row with the biggest man in the place, and six-footer doing the fighting.

At last, on the third day, they came to a ferry kept by a huge double-fisted man, who had never been licked in his life. Whilst crossing the river, Gardner, as usual, began to find fault and "blow." The ferryman naturally got mad, threw things around, and told him his opinion of their kind—Gardner turned to his friend and gently broke the intelligence to him, "that he was sorry, but that it was absolutely necessary to thrash that ferryman."

Six-footer nodded his head, but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job, by the way he shrugged his shoulders, but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore, both stripped and at it they went. Up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water they fought, scratched, gouged, bit and rolled till, at the end of an hour, the ferryman gave in. Six-footer was triumphant, but it had been tough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:

"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary suits mighty well, but I'm—of—the-opinion—that you are inclined to be quarrelsome. Here I've only been with you three days, and I have licked the three biggest men in the country! I think this firm had better dissolve, for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon I'll draw!"

DR. HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, OR THE WAY TO CURE A COLD.—Hall's Journal of Health says, the moment a man is satisfied that he had taken a cold, let him do three things:—1st, eat nothing; 2nd, go to bed, cover up warm, in a warm room; 3rd, drink as much cold water as he can, and as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four he will be almost well in thirty-six hours. If he does nothing for his cold for thirty-eight hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow that will, by any possibility, do him any good; for the cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime in the way of physic, is a hindrance, and not a good. "Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never beginning to get well until the fever subsides; but every mouthful swallowed is

that much more fuel to feed the fever, and but for the fact that as soon as a cold is fairly seated, nature, in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed, by very serious results, and in frail people would be almost fatal.—These things being so, the very fact of waiting forty-eight hours, gives time for the cold to fix itself in the system; for a cold does not usually cause cough until a day or two has passed, and then waiting two days longer gives it the fullest chance to do its work before anything at all is done.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUOR.—Dr. Hiram Cox, official Inspector of liquors in Cincinnati, in a recent report on the adulteration of liquors relates the following:—

"I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor also is kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there and called for some whiskey, and the first drank, and the moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while he at the same time caught his breath like one suffocated or strangling. When he could speak, he says to his companion—'Och, Michael, but this is warm!' to the stomach! Michael drank and went through like contortions, with the remark, 'Wouldn't it be foine in a cold frosty morning?' After they had drank I asked the landlord to pour me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments and examined it. I found it had 17 per cent, alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 40 per cent to be proof, and the difference in per centage made up by Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Peltitory, Caustic, Potassa and Brucine, one of the salts of Nux Vomica, commonly called Nux Vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man."

It is pleasant to think in what gentle heart one's fancies may be folded, what bright eyes will rest upon the words in which one's thoughts are born—admiringly, lovingly, tearfully. It is pleasant to make paths for such eyes to move in; they seem like some garden walk that Spring has taken in her northward stroll, for how it blossoms with beauty behind them! But pleasanter than all, is it, to think that our thoughts may live a day or two after the mirror to the lip fails to reveal the dimmest cloud of life.

INDEFINITE engagements seldom lead to happy marriages; and young maidens should never enter upon an engagement for life without consulting their parents, if they are still living. Those do not honor father and mother who neglect this duty.

"Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant.—"Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant; "I was too good-looking; and when I opened the door, folks took me for the missus."

Lord Kenyon's housekeeping was not liberal, nor his temper good, and Jekyll summed up both facts by saying, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion week in his parlour."

"Please take a half of this poor apple?" said a pretty dancer to a witty swain the other evening.—"No, I thank you; I would like a better half!"—Amelia blushed, and referred him to "papa."

Military Rations.—Does my son William, that's in the army, get plenty to eat? asked an old lady of a recruiting sergeant, the other day.—"He sees plenty," was the laconic reply.—"Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

The Height of Extravagance.—A chap who went to California poor, and subsequently came back rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice cream.