

ABSENT FRIENDS.

The night has flown w' sangs and glees,
The minutes hae like moments been—
There's friendship's spark in ilka ee.

Literature.

MARY MORRIS;

Leaves from a Gentleman's Diary.

Concluded.

"I have no such thought," said he.
"Nevertheless I would not have my
daughter go dowdless to her hus-
band's arms. It shall be thus. If
my opponent falls—which, it must
be taken into consideration, is but
a matter of chance—my risk being
equal to his—but if it be his fate
to perish, half of my wealth shall be
yours."

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should meet. We did meet—and
oh! the feelings of that moment!
She shrieked—sunk at my feet, and
clasped at my tottering knees—ask-
ed prayed and implored me to for-
give her. 'Forgive me only forgive
me; I ask for no more!' she cried.

"But your wife?"
"She never recovered from the
effects of that meeting, but declined
into a deep consumption; and in less
than two years breathed her last
in the village where I had refused
a reconciliation. The tidings of her
death were forwarded to me and I
attended her obsequies."

"I did wrong! I did wrong!" he
next exclaimed. "Twas cruelty in
me to act as I did. I should have
curbed my stubborn feelings at that
moment. I should have pardoned
her; it was my duty as a Chris-
tian."

"No; nor did she request that;
she only desired me to say that I
pardoned her crime. Passions, dark
passions, though, swayed my bosom;
I spurned her prayers, her tears, her
agony! 'No! never!' those words
that I then pronounced whilst she
knelt at my feet—those words have
echoed back upon my heart unceas-
ingly since that hour."

Here there was a pause of emo-
tion. In a few minutes, however,
he resumed his intensely interesting
narration.
"By my time," said he, was now de-
voted entirely to the education of
my daughter, who was twelve years
old, and who was favored with all
her mother's beauty, and resembled
her in face and figure very much.
Here hangs a portrait of that moth-
er. You have noticed it before, I
presume?"

"I have. Is it a correct likeness,
sir?"
"Indeed it is."
"Mary told me that it was a por-
trait of her mother."
"Poor girl! many tears has it
caused her to shed."

"If I survive, do you and Mary
come to England as soon as practi-
cable—will you?"
"Yes."
"Farwell! I must get ready to
start. Mr. Vaux is my second in
this affair. Would it were over! If
I live I will write to you from New
York. Be silent, breathe not a
word of it to Mary till the result is
known."

I promised. We then descended
to the parlor where Mr. Vaux and
Mary were in conversation. Mary
and I were directly left alone. I
tried to be lively, but the effort was
painful, and in spite of my endeav-
ours I was so dull that she remarked
it. She played and sang, whilst I
lay abstractedly at length upon the
sofa, vainly conjecturing as to the
probable result of the meeting that
was to take place between her father
and my brother-in-law.

"What is the matter, Guy? Why
this sadness?" she asked, as she
seated herself upon the sofa, and
bending over me with an affection-
ate regard, rested my head upon her
lap. "Say, love, are you not well?"
she inquired, whilst her lips touched
mine, and her sweet breath fanned
my cheeks.

At that moment her father opened
the door and announced to us that
he was about to start.
"Farwell, Mary," he said mourn-
fully; but, luckily, the deep intona-
tion of his voice was not observed
by her. She extended her hand,
and as he pressed her to his heart,
upon her forehead he sealed a paren-
tal kiss—perhaps the last kiss she
should ever receive from him.
"Farwell, Guy," he continued,
taking me by the hand, "you'll not
let my daughter be lonesome during
my absence—will you?"

"No, sir."
We then walked out to the door,
where stood a carriage and horses
and Mr. Vaux walking to and fro;
he was dressed in a suit of black.
Lemuel was busy putting a couple
of portmanteaux into the vehicle,
and another servant, whip in hand
was mounted upon the drivers seat.
Mr. Vaux bade us good-bye; and
they drove off. Mary and I stood
upon the piazza gazing after them
till they disappeared from sight,
and then returned to the parlor. I
again threw myself upon the sofa,
and again Mary bent over me with
woman's affectionate interest in
the welfare of those they love; and
repeatedly did she demand the cause
of my melancholy. Tell her I dar-
ed not—I had promised her father
—and was consequently obliged to
evade her inquiries by equivocal
answers.

When I reached the hotel that
evening I was met upon the colon-
nade by Euphrasia, who inform-
ed me that her husband had left during
the afternoon in company with another.
I asked where he had gone to? "In-
to the State of Maryland upon busi-
ness," was the answer.
I retired early to my chamber,
but not to sleep. I lay awake toss-
ing upon my pillow till morning.
The narration of Mr. Morris was
especially vivid to my memory.
The shriek of Mary at the theatre
upon the night of The Stranger was
now explained. The similarity of
her mother's fate with that of Mrs.
Haller in the play was indeed re-
markable. Nor is it to be wonder-
ed at, that upon a mind so suscepti-
ble as Mary's the coincidence should
act with such an electrical-like shock.

inquiring tone and a look that pierc-
ed to the heart, for it told how much
sorrow she had endured.
"You are," I replied; "you are
now a widow and free again."
"Thank God!" she fervently
ejaculated—not because she rejoiced
at his death, but the thought flashed
across her mind that she was no longer
doomed to live with a man she had
never loved.

I did not wait till morning to re-
turn to the cottage, but hurried back
as expeditiously as my horse would
carry me at that dead hour of the
night. After I had knocked loudly,
the old servant raised a window in
the second story and gruffly ask-
ed:
"Who's there? What's want-
ed?"

"I have important tidings to com-
municate," said I, and must see Miss
Morris immediately, notwithstanding
the lateness of the hour.
"O! it's you Mr. Allen, he re-
plied, recognizing my voice. "Wait
a little; I'll tell my young mistress,
and come down to let you in direct-
ly."

So saying, he closed the window
and retired. Presently the door was
opened to me, and I walked into the
parlor, where Lemuel had already
placed a light upon the table. Mary
immediately joined me in a rose
wrapper or robe de chambre drawn
on hastily over her night-dresses. I
drew her to my arms on the sofa,
and begged her to be calm as I re-
ceived her alarm at the unusual hour
of my visit. I then told her all—of
the meeting between Fairfax and
her father—who Fairfax was—of
the meeting had been brought about
in consequence of the encounter in
the wood—of Fairfax's death—
and—

"Dead!" she exclaimed, inter-
rupting me. "Fairfax—he—who
lured my mother from the path of
virtue and of peace—is he the same
Fairfax that is your brother-in-
law?"
"He is."
"And he is dead, you say?"
"Yes; less than an hour since I
saw him as he was brought to the
hotel, cold, pale and still in death."
"Fallen by my father's hand, you
say?"
"Yes; he has met the reward of
his crimes."

She replied not, but sunk into my
arms. Her emotions at first were
powerful, but I succeeded in alling
them, and then informed her that
her father had so arranged that
his return to the cottage need not
be expected, as he should hasten to
New York and from thence to Eng-
land—and also that I should re-
ceive a letter from him the next day
or one. Still she spoke not. She
sobbed upon my shoulders, and (as
it peeped in through the lids,
still found us within each other's
arms.

his remains were interred with suit-
able obsequies in the graveyard of
Christ Church, where a plain mar-
ble slab covers him, on which is in-
scribed his name and the date of his
birth and death.
Eight weeks after the departure
of Mr. Morris we received a very
gratifying letter from him, dated at
London, announcing his safe arrival.
In a day or two after receiving this,
(we had remained at the cottage to-
gether two months,) Mary and I left
for Philadelphia, where we put up
at the Mansion House, in Third
Street. That evening Mary came
to me in the sitting-room dressed in
white, with a single rose in her hair.
I gently placed over her shoulders
the cloak that she handed me, (for
the weather was now cool,) and arm-
in-arm we walked to the residence
of the venerable Bishop White—
since dead. Without bridesmaid or
groomsmen, we were married; and
that night Mary pillowed her head
upon my bosom—my beautiful, my
affectionate wife.

Ere the honeymoon had passed,
agreeable to my promise, Mary and
I sailed for England and joined her
father in London, who proposed that
the three of us should visit the con-
tinent of Europe, which we did, re-
siding in several of the Italian cities,
nor returned to England until after
Mary had given birth to a son, born
at Rome on the 4th of September,
1834. The year following was
spent in London—Mr. Morris deeply
engaged in politics—but Mary
longed for the cottage on the Brandy-
wine, and I felt a yearning towards
home.

With our child, after an absence
of more than two years, my wife
and I again crossed the Atlantic,
and early in the spring of 1836 we
once more located ourselves in the
cottage ornee, of which Lemuel had
been the faithful attendant since our
departure. Perhaps "I doat in my
own comforts," but ineffable is the
happiness that I experience whilst I
now pen these pages—my firstborn
is gambling over the carpet of that
parlor which is sacred to so many
delicious memories; and my sweet
wife is seated at my side, with the
joy of maternal affection glistening
in her bright eyes, and caressing her
second babe.

THE END.
NOBLE ACT OF GENEROSITY.—
The record of an act of generosity is
always pleasing. The late Colonel
D—, who died in Cornwall,
bequeathed £1,000 in various leg-
acies, giving the remaining part
of his fortune, amounting to up-
wards of £40,000, to a neighbour-
ing gentleman, Mr. C—, who, it
is generally understood, is no re-
lation, leaving a son and three
daughters, without even mention-
ing their names in his will. On
hearing of his death, Mr. C—
repaired to the house, taking with
him two gentlemen to witness the
transactions of the day. On read-
ing the will in presence of the sons
and daughters, for whom no provi-
sion had been made, Mr. C—,
with a degree of honorable gener-
osity, which many of our readers
will fear but few to imitate, freely
relinquished the whole of that prop-
erty which, on legal grounds, he had
a right to claim. The equitable dis-
tribution of his property he submitted
to a gentleman of integrity and hon-
or, from whose decision there
should be no appeal. An act of ad-
ditional honor throws, if possible,
more lustre on his conduct. When
Mr. C— first became acquainted
with the contents of the Colonel's
will, he was on the Western circuit.
He then instantly formed his resolu-
tion to return to the children of his
strange benefactor the property he
had so widely bestowed, and to pro-
vide for any accident which might
arise in case of his own death, he
altered a codicil to his own will, di-
recting his executors to return that
property which he had the pleasure
thus nobly to accept. It is said that
her Majesty was so gratified when
informed of this trait in Mr. C—'s
character, that she caused an intima-
tion to be conveyed to him that
she was willing to confer the honor
of Knighthood upon him if he would
accept it; and it is therefore, not
improbable that Mr. C— will be
so rewarded at the next levee.—
Court Circular.

Late upon the third day ab-
solut to the duel, I received the fol-
lowing brief letter from Mr. Mor-
ris:—
"NEW YORK September 1848:33
DEAR SIR:—You have doubt-
less been apprised by the daily papers
of the termination of our meti-
cious Fairfax is dead. He courted his
ruin. I waited on the ground: I
breathed his last; and may I have
mercy on his soul! Farwell! I
leave to-morrow for England, al-
though I have made arrangements with
H—, who will put you in pos-
session of funds to a considerable
amount, with which I request you
to follow me as soon as you are ar-
rived to Mary. Give my love to
—a father's love. I remain,
yours,
JAMES MOIS.

The packet sailed from New-York
on the 20th, with Mr. Mois on
board. Our family left the brig
with the body of Fairfax to be
after it was brought to the hol, and
if misfortune comes into your house,
be patient and smile pleasantly, and it
will stalk out again, for it can't bear cheer-
ful company.

A COOL MARRIAGE.

The extreme coolness of our West-
ern cousins is worthy of admiration.
They see everything in a practical
point of view, and as a general
thing, they manage to get the best
in matters of bargains by the cool
assumption of simple, unsophistic-
ated manners. Our friend John-
athan was one of these 'green'
ones.—
A minister settled in one of our
Western villages, in which the pri-
mitive manners of pioneer life had
not been smoothed by refinement
and cultivation, was sitting in his
study one day, endeavouring to ar-
range the heads of to-morrow's dis-
course, when his attention was
called by a loud knock at the front
door.

The visitor proved to be a tall,
gawky shuffling countryman, evi-
dently arrayed in his Sunday suit,
and a stout girl attired in a dress of
red calico, which, from the frequent
and complacent glances towards it
by the fair owner, was considered
quite a magnificent affair.
"Won't you walk in?" asked the
minister, politely.
"Much obliged, squire, I don't
know but we will, I say you're a
minister, ain't you?"
"Ye'.

"I reckoned so. Betsey and me
—that's Betsey; a fust rate sort of
gal—anyhow—
"O, Jotham, s'impere'd the bashful
Betsey.
"Ye are now, and you needn't go
for to deny it. Well, Betsey and
me have concluded to hitch teams,
and we wanted you to do it."
"Ye wish to be married?"
"Ye, I believe that's what they
call it—I say, though, Mister, be-
fore we begin, let's know what's go-
ing to be the damages, as I reckon
it isn't best to go it blind."
"O, I never set any price, I
take what they give me."
"Well, that's all right; go ahead,
minister, if you please, we are in a
hurry; as Joe's got to finish a
plantin' the later patch afore night,
and Betsey, she's got to fetch the
butter."

Thus adjured, the minister com-
menced the ceremony, which occu-
pied but a few minutes.
"Kiss me, Betsey," said the do-
lighted bridegroom. "Ye are my
old woman now, ain't it nice?"
"First rate!" was the satisfactory
reply.
"Hold on a jerk, said Jotham, as
he left his wife abruptly and darted
out of the gate to where the wagon
was left.
"Wha's your husband gone out
for?" asked the minister somewhat
surprised.
"I expect it's for the sassaiges,"
was the confused reply.
Just then Jotham made his appoar-
ance, dangling in his hand a painful
of sassaiges, which he handed to the
minister, with the grin of one con-
ferring a favor.
"Ye hain't got much money, and
we tho't we'd pay you in sassaiges.
Mam made them, and I reckon they
are good; if they ain't you just send
them back, and we'll send you some
more."

MRS. MARTINEAU ON COOKERY.—
What is to be done?—for cooking
does not come by nature, nor even
ordering a table by observation. The
art must be learned like other arts,
by proper instruction. We want,
and must have, schools of domestic
management now that every home
is not such a school. Mothers can
at least teach their daughters to know
one sort of meat from another, and
one joint from another, and, in a
rougher or more thorough way, what
to order to the every day way and
for guests. Thus, such, then, every
girl should know, from childhood up-
wards. A little practice of obser-
vation in the markets would soon
teach a willing learner to distinguish
prime articles from inferior kinds,
and to know what fish, flesh and
fowl are in season every month in
the year. We have seen ladies buy-
ing pork under a sweeter summer
sun, inquiring for geese in June and
July, and letting the season of mack-
erel, herrings, salmon, and all man-
ner of fish, passed unused.—Once a
Week.

A COMMON ORNAMENT.—"Ah,
Charley, said one little fellow to another,
'Ye are going to have a cupola on our
house.'—'Pooh! that's nothing,' rejoined
the other; 'Papa's going to get a mort-
gage on ours.'"

TRIAL OF WHITWORTH'S

RIFLED CANNON.

This great incentive given to the in-
ventive faculties of our countrymen by
the introduction of the Armstrong gun into an
ordnance, and the rifle cannon of his Ma-
jesty the Emperor of the French into the
army, is manifesting itself daily to a degree
little known to the public generally. In-
vention succeeds invention, and the testing
of the strength of metals is practised so
systematically that one wonders to what
amount of perfection we shall ultimately
arrive in our weapons of war. In fact,
we can scarcely walk through the shops of
our large iron-founders without seeing some
traces of cannon constructing mania. Here
snuggly placed in some little frequented part
of the works, kept from public gaze, is the
last invention—not sufficiently developed
to be patented, but hidden to prevent piracy,
while efforts of less pretensions are
thrown open to the inspection of the curi-
ous. In this our quiet old town, we know
of one concern where there are some half-
dozen different descriptions of cannon now
being constructed—two or three of im-
mense size—all experiments. It is only a
few months ago that our townsman, Mr.
Clay, patented the process of making pud-
dled steel. Doubtless the inventor was
prompted in his labors to procure so useful
and comparatively cheap an article by the
fact that it would be a great commercial
boon in iron-ship building, etc., but the
patentee has followed the example of hun-
dreds of others, and he has been testing the
strength of this new description of metal
by manufacturing cannon of it, which have
been found to be of extraordinary strength.
In a few weeks we shall, perhaps, have to
record the trial of a gun made of this
metal, which is upwards of ten tons in
weight, perhaps the largest piece of steel
in the world. Amongst the number of in-
ventors of cannon, three or four stand pre-
eminently forward, and one among the num-
ber, Mr. J. Whitworth, the great machine
manufacturer, of Manchester. We were
yesterday invited to witness the trial of
another invention of his in rifled cannon.
Though the day was cold and cheerless, a
goodly number of gentlemen were present
at the practising ground, on the sands,
about three miles south of Southport.
Amongst the company were Sir John Bur-
goyne, Captain Campbell, and an artillery
officer who represented the Government,
Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, Mr. W. Brooks,
Mr. Reid of the Bank of England, Mr.
Pender, and Mr. W. Entwistle, late M.
P. for South Lancashire, and a gunner
from her Majesty's ship Hastings. At a
short distance off, well covered by the
sand hills, were some 50 or 60 inhabitants
of the neighborhood, who appeared to take
the precaution of keeping out of "harm's
way." The practice of testing commen-
ced shortly after one o'clock with a 3 lb.
light field piece at a range of 7,000 yards.
The distance reached at a slight elevation
was 9,680 yards with a charge of 14 lb.
of powder. As far as we could ascertain,
all Whitworth's guns are breech-loading.
The field-pieces are neat-looking instru-
ments tapering slightly from the breech to
the muzzle, and are made of a solid bar
of iron. They are constructed of homogene-
ous iron—a new metal, and manufactured
by the tilt hammer. The first tested were
mounted on gun carriages, and consisted
of two three-pounders and one twelve-
pounder. They are very much lighter
than the ordinary field-piece, and are evi-
dently easily handled, from the ready way
in which the workmen moved them about.
Whitworth's gun possesses these special
advantages—the metal, the breech-loading
and the rifling. The nature of the metal
we have stated; the breech consists of a
large iron cap, fitted by means of a double-
threaded screw hung on a hinge, which
is said from its peculiar construction, to be
much stronger than the solid part of the
instrument. The process of screwing and
unscrewing is performed by means of a
crank handle fastened to the cap. By
having a clear breach from end to end the
process of rifling can be performed to the
nicest accuracy—the rifling being in the
smaller ordnance of one turn in 60 inches.
The shot tapers slightly at both ends, and
is made of common cast iron, though polished.
It is grooved and made to fit the
gun. By this means Mr. Whitworth says
he gains one mile in distance. In addition
to the other advantages possessed by the
gun, the charge is made up in a tin can-
ister, also grooved to fit the gun, at the
end of which is a composition of tallow and
beeswax, which lubricates it at every
charge, and prevents fouling. Should
anything happen to the breech, the gun
can be loaded through the muzzle, as the
ordinary gun is. The touch-hole of the
gun is at the extreme end or cap, and the
facility of charging and firing is very great.
Mr. Whitworth is of opinion that a ball
from one of his large guns could penetrate
an iron-cased vessel at 600 yards distance.
At the close of the day several shots were
fired from the 68 pounder, and with a
charge of 12 lbs. of powder grazed at a
distance of 4,000 yards, and rebounded at
between 5,000 and 6,000 yards. The
bore of this instrument is a fraction over
five inches. Sir John Burgoyne and his
staff were much pleased with the accuracy
of the firing, as well as the immense dis-
tance to which the shots were hurled. On
Tuesday target practice was made with
one of the 3 pounders at 1,000 yards,
when eight shots out of ten hit the target,
which appears only the breadth of a man,
at that distance. "The firing was contin-
ued till after four o'clock, and, though a
keen north wind was blowing during the
day, every one appeared greatly interested
in the result of the experiment. A Govern-
ment official present said the small guns
are better in every respect than the Arm-
strong gun, especially as to accuracy of
aim, and the distance carried. The
Whitworth gun certainly possesses one
great advantage over its rival in not bar-
ring the shot caused with any material. A
few days only will be required to bring
this new instrument of warfare more pro-
minently before the public. The Govern-
ment examiners have to make their report
to the Government, and until then we shall
patiently wait the opinion of men of sci-
ence on the Whitworth invention.