

THE HUMAN SLAVE.

BY A. B. LOCKMAD.

The stream, it hath a course to run— The rock a bed, And room to hide itself within

The bird now carolling to me Knoweth that every tree To the horizon's rim

Belongs to him: He feels within his breast O'er every awaying limb As 'ar as he can see,

No creature so obscure, But hath a legacy assigned to— A sacred claim Signed with a name No hand can counterfeit—

The great Creator's signature. All living things that creep the plain, Or in the air or water swim, Have claim on one another;

The world for all— Meat, and a bed to rest For every guest But ere alone— Bread of earth, bed of stone,

No home, no kin, One being suffering and oppressed, To succeed it is sin: A crust of bread, a couch of rest From death to save,

The world for all but one alone, A friend, a kin, a home, A lowly cave, Dread of earth, or bed of stone,

Literature.

A MIDWINTER RIDE WITH A MADMAN.

BY FELIX FALCONER.

"I was frightened almost to death, I tell you, sir." "When was it, and how did it occur?" I asked of the young man, who was driving me in the hotel wagon home.

"I'll tell you how it was, sir. I've driven lots of strange men in my time, for I've had charge of a team since I was knee high to a grasshopper, but I never met with so ugly a customer as the fellow I drove over this road a year ago this night.

"I hadn't got half through eating when the boss called me and told me to put the horses to, as there was a man who wanted to go to M—— some fifteen miles back. You'd better believe I wished the man in Texas, and I told the boss it was no kind of weather to take the cattle out for such a long spell of riding, and over such roads too!"

"I went back to the kitchen very well pleased to think that I'd bluffed the fellow off, and I knew I had done right, for it was no sort of a night to take out the horses. The ground was hard frozen, so hard that one seemed to be walking upon ice points, and there wasn't a level piece of ground on the whole road, nothing but ruts and jogs, I told the bar-keeper I didn't like the looks of that fellow; and he said he wouldn't trust him farther than he could swing a cat by the tail.

"I finished my supper, and did little odd jobs about the house and stable until about seven o'clock when I went to bed. I was dreaming about being in a small room with the strange man. The door was locked and there was no way to escape; I was too weak to fight him, and I saw him approach with feelings of ter-

The New York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. II. No. 19.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1860.

Whole No. 71.

ror. He looked at me savagely, and made a spring towards me; he had got me by the throat and was about to swallow me, I suppose, when I was woken by a loud knocking at my door. I wasn't so drowsy but I could hear the boss say— "Get up, Tom, and put the brown mare to the covered wagon; and look sharp, for it's pretty late."

"Where's she going to, sir?" I asked. "To M——, with the man who's just got up, and says he must get there before morning, as his wife is dying." "I never found it harder to turn out in my life, and I grumbled a good deal, and cursed some, at the idea of leaving a good warm bed to drive thirty miles, and the weather cold enough to freeze your nose off. I didn't like the getting up, I didn't like the cold, and I didn't like the man I had to drive. I thought it might be curious that he should remember in the middle of the night when every body was to bed and asleep, that his wife was dying. It was a rum go any way I thought, and I didn't hurry myself much, for I was thinking so hard."

"As I went out of the back door to the stable, I heard some one walking up and down the front stoop, and every now and then stamping his foot as if he wanted to be off right away. Thinks I, old fellow, you'll have to wait for me this time. It took me a pretty good spell to harness up, for I didn't want to do it, and that's a fact, and I hoped to tire him either with the cold or the waiting. But it was of no use, and a loud hulloa from the boss, who was in a hurry to get to bed again, hurried me up, and there I was at the door at last."

"I guess you didn't want to come my man," said the stranger. "It isn't pleasant to be driven out of a comfortable bed to travel on a lonely road, to be frozen to death, or worse, in the middle of the night, eh?"

"That's so," said I; "but if you can stand it I can, so jump in." "Here, landlord," said the stranger, "give us a quart bottle of brandy to keep the cold out, and take for it and the wagon out of this X."

"He handed the boss a note, who soon brought the liquor and the change to the man. The boss said good night and shut the door, and the man got into the wagon, sat down alongside of me, and said, 'Now, boy, drive like——, for I would not have him catch me for a thousand dollars.'"

"He turned his head round as though he was looking for somebody, and said— 'Hurry up, boy, hurry up.' 'I started off at a pretty good rate, but it was awful bad going, and for some distance it is up hill and so steep that I could not go much over a walk. I began to talk to my fare and for a few moments he talked quite lively like; but he grew silent and sullen, and kept continually fidgeting in his seat, and looking round to the right and left and behind him. In about half an hour he took the cork from the bottle and took a good long drink of brandy."

"From that moment he seemed to grow more fidgety than ever. His excitement increased, and the great strong man shivered all over, but whether from cold or fear I did not know then, but now I think it was fear. He kept muttering to himself and looking out of the side of his eye at me in a manner which I did not like at all, but I pretended not to notice it. I was watching very closely everything he did; I kept one eye upon the road and the other upon him, and yet I almost jumped out of my seat when he suddenly said to me— 'Do you see him? Look! is he fair to off?' 'See him! who?' I said. 'What's that to you?—n you? Mind your own business or I'll wring your neck, and drive faster, or I'll throw you out and drive myself.' 'There's no doubt I was frightened, more frightened than I ever was before in my life. I tried to pacify him; urged on the mare and spoke to him, but he would not answer me a word. He took another pull at the brandy bottle, and then he began to laugh low to himself, and I heard every now and then when he muttered to himself— 'I don't want to kill him—but if I find he's betraying me, I'll have his life! I'll watch the scoundrel! I'll watch him close!'

"I tell you, sir, I began to get as fidgety as the man himself. I felt sure he was a madman, and was afraid of my life. I didn't know what to do. It was near one o'clock there was little chance of meeting any travellers on the road; everybody was asleep in the few houses we passed, and if I called out for assistance, even if they heard me, he could strangle me before any body could come to help me. I was a mere boy, and he was a great muscular and powerful man almost maddened by strong drink. I don't think I'm a coward, but I was afraid then and no mistake."

"He drank again, and then turned right around in the seat and looked steadily behind. He stood in that position several minutes, still muttering to himself. At last with a start that made the wagon tremble he said, 'There—there! I saw him dodge behind that big tree—I tell you he's after me close—drive on—drive faster, curse you! I believe you're in league with him; but by the Lord, if he catches me, you're in my clutches and I'll tear your heart out and throw it in his face. Drive on—drive faster,' he shouted, 'you sneaking son of the devil!'

"Cold as I was, the sweat burst out all over me. I could hardly hold the reins, but I whipped the mare into a faster trot, hoping to keep him quiet, or at least to pacify him. Another half hour was past, and I could see that one of his fits was coming on again, by the movement of his hands and by the quick but stealthy looks he every now and then cast behind him."

"I think we've gained upon him," I said, give me the reins. If we keep up this pace we shall leave him behind altogether. He's one foot, you know, he whispered, but he runs like a deer. So give me the reins."

"No, master, I said, it ain't no use. I know the mare's ways and can get her out of her than you could. I'll put her through. So I gave her the whip and started her a little, but I saw he wasn't satisfied. His wild manner had made me feel queer too for not only was I afraid of him, but I was terrified of the man who was following us. So I found myself constantly looking behind, and every time with increasing fear. This began to attract his attention and made him still more wild and fidgety in his manner, and he kept saying, 'He's looking for his accomplice—I'll have to do it—I'll have to do it!'

"We had now come to a pretty steep hill, and the mare was going up slowly, for the road was awful bad. The man was more excited than ever. He stood up and looked back, and shouted, 'Faster, faster, we're about sprung. I was in a perfect agony of terror—I dreaded the man behind more than ever—he was like the ghosts I had heard of when I was a child, and I could have screamed out with fear. I was watching me all the time with a horrible scowl upon his face. I'm sure he mistook mortal fear for anxiety to wait for that man, who was pursuing us like a bloodhound, to come up."

"We were almost up the hill, and I had whipped the mare into a pretty smart trot, when just as we had got on the top of the hill, he said, in a horrible whisper that made me cold all over. 'There—there he is again! I knew he was playing into his hands. It must be done—he shall not catch me!'

"He was now perfectly wild with excitement, and when he took up the brandy bottle once more, I felt that my time was come. 'Don't drink any more of that brandy; for God's sake, do not drink any more!'

"Don't speak to me you devil's imp he said, but drive on. I was desperate, mad with fear, I believe, for he put the bottle to his mouth, with a sudden blow I dashed it from his hands and it fell upon the hard road and broke to pieces. With a shout of rage he sprang to his feet, waving his arms in the air, and raving out— 'They said I should be a murderer! But God take witness! I do it in self-defence—he is pursuing me—thirst and I heard every now and then when he muttered to himself— 'I don't want to kill him—but if I find he's betraying me, I'll have his life! I'll watch the scoundrel! I'll watch him close!'

the moment had caused me to remember that I had an old pistol in my pocket, and in an instant I drew it out and pointed it at the madman. It was loaded, I knew, but I thought it might frighten him, and I said to him as quietly as I could, 'If you raise your hands to me, I'll shoot you dead. I don't know the man who is following us. You sit down and take the reins, drive like thunder, and I'll keep watch.'

"He sat down mechanically, took up the reins, which were lying entangled about my feet, and only said, 'That's right—you look out; look in the shadows—d——n him, that's where he hides and runs along. You look out, if I can only reach home I can give him the sip.'

"The mare was now thoroughly frightened, and the incessant shouts of the crazy man every moment added to her fear. She flew rather than galloped, and now another terror came upon me. Half a mile further on, after we had passed a bridge, there was a sharp and sudden descent in the road, so steep that if we attempted to go down at this mad speed, I was sure we should all be dashed to pieces. This immediate danger made me forget all other fears. I told him to pull in the mare, to drive slower, for it was not safe! But he was mad, mad—quite mad, and only urged the frightened animal to greater exertions. I did not know what to do. I cried and prayed and implored but it was all of no use! We were close upon the bridge and I was, I believe, as mad as the man was driving. All the combined fears came upon me at once, and as I turned round I fancied I saw the figure of a man close behind us. Bewildered with terror, I screamed out, 'O Lord! there he is! close at the wheels!'

"With a shout of terror more fearful than my own, he pulled up the mare so suddenly that it threw her back on her haunches, and pitched her head foremost into the road. On dashed the mare, the wheels of the wagon passed over me, and as I turned in great pain, I saw by the moonlight the man climb up the rail of the bridge and jump into the river."

"I fainted away and knew nothing more until I was recovered by a farming man, who was driving his team to Fiskill and who found me lying in the road. My right leg was broken, and I suffered horribly from the jolting of the wagon. 'I was six weeks in bed, and heard nothing more about the man. We got the mare back all right, but there was very little of the wagon to be found. The doctor said that the man was suffering from 'delirium tremens,' caused by drinking too much brandy."

"New Recipe for Sleep.—Our friend the Thakoor also visited us (says Dr. Russell in his Indian Diary) and he excused the non-appearance of his little son on the ground that he was asleep under his waterfall. I had almost omitted to mention the curious habit of the hill-people to which this phrase of the Thakoor relates. Whenever a woman wishes to put her child to sleep, she takes it to one of the numerous places for this purpose, which are all over the mountain sides wherever there is water. They consist of a shed or sheds in which there are stone-troughs filled from the running stream; and from those troughs are little pipes made of reeds or hollow stems of trees, which spout out water with a gentle trickling fall, under which the child's head is placed at the distance of a few inches. The effect is almost immediate. The child closes its eyes and mouth, and falls into a profound sweet, and peaceful sleep, which endures as long as it is left under the water-spouts. I have seen dozens of children thus laying fast asleep; and, as far as I could ascertain, no evil effect whatever can be attributed to the practice. It certainly seems an admirable preparation against colds to the head; and if a devoted mother would only make the experiment in this country, and it were found successful, she would be regarded as a blessing to her species in introducing such a delightful custom, pleasant to children and invaluable to parents."

"A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings that whatever he pays a visit, he always insists upon taking a receipt. 'What do you read?—It behoves the young of the present day to look well to their ways. The way to read, so as to derive benefit from reading, should especially receive their attention. The importance of attending to this subject is evident from two reasons. First, there is such a flood of worthless reading matter deluging the land, that the reader must use much discrimination also, he will receive positive harm; and, in the second place, reading exerts such a moulding influence over the whole mind and character, it is not necessary to bring statistics to show that the youth of our land,—saying nothing of any other class,—are, to an alarming extent, engaged in the perusal of trash—this fact comes under the observation of all. The literature designated by the term just used, includes not only what is frequently called 'yellow-covered,' but also the great mass of the fictitious productions placed before the public, in every form that can make it attractive. A few gain their support by thus attempting to pamper and amuse the popular taste. The effect of this literature is to fascinate the mind, give false views of life, and create a morbid appetite, which rejects the substantial material of a healthy mind craves. Can it be possible that all realize the effect their reading produces upon them, in the course of a life time! It acts upon the mind, just as the food taken in the system affects the body. The body cannot be healthy and vigorous if its wants are supplied by an unwholesome material; so, everything that is taken into the mental organism, becomes an inseparable part of it, and if it is of this meagre quality, its results are unavoidably lamentable. Then, let every one take heed, lest, when advancing years shall bring upon him its arduous duties, and place him in constant contact with the truly intelligent, he may have cause to lament, with shame, that he laid up a store of knowledge for the future so utterly worthless.—Rural New Yorker."

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Soaking Seeds Before Sowing.—This practice says the Country Gentleman, is not so extensively adopted in this country as it might be with advantage both for the farm and the garden. In this respect, we are far behind a people whom we are apt to regard with feelings nearly approaching to contempt. There are few, probably, either in England or this country, who are not disposed to think themselves much superior to the Chinese, and yet, in one respect at least, we think they are much in advance of most farmers in either England or America. Liebig states in his 'Letters on Modern Agriculture' that no Chinese farmer sows a seed before it has been soaked in liquid manure, diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and that experience has taught him that his operation tends not only to promote the more rapid and vigorous growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the ravages of worms and insects. There would be not only some trouble, but some inconvenience also in the adoption of this practice on an extensive scale; but we are pretty confident, notwithstanding that those who commence it on a small scale, will find it productive of advantage enough to induce them to extend their operations. We may suggest that we have, on more than one occasion, been informed by one of our correspondents, that he makes much use of hen manure in water, as a soak for his seeds."

A Cheap Fumigator.—The following will be found to be a cheap and pleasant fumigator for sick rooms, and diffusing a healthful, agreeable and highly penetrating disinfectant odor in those apartments, or wherever the air is deteriorated. Pour common vinegar on powdered chalk until effervescence ceases, is very agreeably pungent, and acts as a powerful purifier of vitiated air. Concentrated and reduced again to the liquid state, it constitutes aromatic vinegar of commerce.—Scientific Artisan."

Things bought as 'great bargains' are mostly parted with afterwards at 'a tremendous sacrifice.' The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it. If you have a friend whom you desire to remain a friend, get in debt to him. He'll never leave you—he'll haunt you; and 'in fond remembrance,' ever cherish your virtues and the amount of your indebtedness. Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one. Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for us."

One day as Mr. C. was limping down the High-street of Edinburgh, from the Court of Sessions, he overheard a young lady say to her companion rather loudly, 'That is Mr. C——, the lame lawyer.' Upon which he turned round, and with his usual force of expression, said, 'No, madame, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer.' Unpleasant Reception 'Bili, did you ever go to sea?—I guess I did; last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl, but I only called once.' 'Why so?'—'Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing boot-jacks and flat irons at people.'

An answer.—The Rev. Dr. Mason stopped to read a theatrical placard which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him, 'Good morning, sir, do ministers of the Gospel read such things?' 'Why not, sir?' said the doctor; 'ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks.'

A lady, on mercy bent, was making a visit to the Penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards. In one room she saw three women engaged in sewing, and turning to the keeper, who was showing her about, said to him, in an under tone, 'Dear me! the most vicious looking women I ever saw in my life! What are they put there for?' 'They are here,' he replied, 'because I am here; they are my wife and daughters, madam! Madam escaped as fast as possible.' Ducrow was once teaching a boy to go through a disquiet act of horsemanship in the character of a page, and the boy being timid, his master applied the whip to him unmercifully. Joseph Grimaldi was standing by, and looked very serious, considering his vocation.—'You see,' remarked Ducrow to Joey, 'it is quite unnecessary to make an impression on these young fellows.—Very likely,' answered Grimaldi, 'but it can hardly be necessary to make the whacks so hard.'

An Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction; and then the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at a portion of meat in the dish, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman with an inquiring look said—'Quack, quack, quack?'—The waiter, gratefully snaking his head, as much as to say 'No, replied, 'Bow, wow, wow.'

A French Witness.—In the course of a recent trial in a Vermont court, a French lady was called on to testify, and it was assumed that she was only acquainted with her native language, which neither the judge nor the clerk understood. In this emergency one of the counsel volunteered to administer the oath, which he did in the following terms:—'Vous jurez zat votre you here testify shall be ze true, zi whole true, and nassing but ze true.' For a moment the lady looked with astonishment at the clerk's non-appearance. The literal servant told him very simply, that the general order was to dinner, but that the general order was to dinner, but that the general order was to dinner, and if the major's brother should call in his absence, he was to be told that major B—— was gone to the general's to dinner. John, however, fearful of again making a mistake, rushed into the dining-room, some time after, where his master sat at table, at the general's, and, in an anxious voice, exclaimed, 'But major, what am I to say if your brother does not call at all?'

DURATION OF VITALITY IN SEEDS.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

That some seeds, under accidental circumstances, have an almost indefinite period of vitality, is evident from the fact that grains of wheat, taken from the hands or wrapping of Egyptian mummies, several thousand years old, have vegetated during the present century. But such things are exceptions to the general rule. How then may we ascertain with considerable certainty whether the seeds we purchase are worth the money? Many experiments have been tried, and reports made, but not always with great accuracy. The following account is the most reliable, we can present. It is understood, of course, that the seeds are kept under good circumstances—never in a hot, damp atmosphere. Cabbage seeds, cauliflower, broccoli, and savoy—good for four years. Lettuce, spinach, carrots, radish, onions, parsnips, peas, beans and other leguminous plants—good for one or two years. Beets, celery, cucumbers, melons, squash, pumpkins, gourds and the like—good for ten and more years. Turnips, mustard, endive, scakale, asparagus—good for three or four years. Tree-seeds—not to be depended on after the second year. Oats, wheat and barley—good for three or four years. Annual and perennial flower seeds—good for two or three years. Melon seeds have been known to vegetate when forty years old—Some careful gardeners prefer old seeds of the cucumber and melon tribe, because they think that new seed pump seeds produce plants which make a rampant growth of vines, but bear little fruit, and that late in the season. Rye has been known to vegetate when forty years old; kidney-beans, when one hundred; and raspberries when sixteen hundred (?); the Sensitive plant when sixty years old. And here, a word upon seed-sowing. It is of the greatest importance for the farmer and gardener to do this work well, as upon it his success greatly depends. It is with this, as with the breeding of valuable stock. He who gives his attention to it and becomes successful, will attract the attention of others—and his seeds will command abundant purchasers at the highest prices. To preserve seeds well, they should generally be gathered when fully ripe, be well cleaned, dried in the shade, (not by strong fire heat) and kept in a cool place, free from moisture. There are a few exceptions to this. Some seeds—as horse-chestnut, acorn, maple, evergreens, grapes, apples, etc.—should be planted before they become ripe, else they will not vegetate well. All seeds are liable to be attacked by insects, such as peas, turnips and radish should be occasionally examined, and passed through a sieve, to clean them from dust and other matter likely to attract vermin. It is of the greatest importance to table seeds carefully, at the time of gathering them. A number of sorts as of melons and squashes, are gathered at same time, and as they look much alike, they get mixed, or their distinctive names are forgotten. When planting comes around, what confusion! And if the mixed seeds are planted, what increased confusion at the fruiting season. Since writing the above, we see it stated that the seed trade of Boston amounts annually to three millions of dollars. Ten tons of turnip seed were sold there last year, and the same of the best seed. Of mignonette, 500 pounds only just supplies the market. The seed trade of New York and Philadelphia must be much larger—we have no statistics on hand. TRUE CONTENTMENT.—In this age of restlessness and wild speculation, when so many are searching eagerly for happiness, and sighing, after numerous disappointments, who will show us any good? It is refreshing to meet with a contented Christian heart which has found true peace by living in constant communion with God. In one of our exchanges we find the following:—'Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years old, to a relative who had lately visited him.—'I have lived on this farm for more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my father's with the same people for more than forty years. During this time I have really been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be happy I must have more religion.'

There is a lawyer in Plymouth so extensively honest that by puts all his boxes out at over night, so determined is he that everything shall have its due.