

"GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER."

BY MRS. A. M. EDWARDS, BROOKLIN.

[The above words were the last words of an Irish lad to his mother, as he was dying of starvation. She found three grains in a corner of his ragged jacket and gave them to him, it was all he had, the whole family were perishing from famine.]

Give me three grains of corn, mother, Only three grains of corn, It will keep the little life I have 'Till the coming of the morn. I am dying of hunger and cold, mother, Dying of hunger and cold, And half the agony of such a death, My lips have never told. It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart mother, A wolf that is fierce for blood, All the livelong day, and the night beside, Grieving for lack of food. I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother, And the sight was heaven to see; I woke with an eager famishing lip, But you had no bread for me, How could I look to you, mother, How could I look to you, For bread to give your starving boy, When you are starving too? For I read the famine in your cheek, And in your eye so wild, And I felt it on your bonny hand As you laid it on your child. The Queen has had and gold, mother, The Queen has had and gold, While you are forced to your empty breast A skeleton child to hold— A babe that is dying of want, mother, As I am dying now With a ghastly look in its sunken eye, And famine upon its brow. What has poor Ireland done, mother, What has poor Ireland done, That the world looks on and sees us starve, Perishing one by one? Do the men of England care not, mother, The great men and the high, For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle, Whether they live or die? There is many a brave heart there, mother, Dying of want and cold, While only across the channel, mother, Are many that rolled in gold. There are rich and proud men there, mother, With wondrous wealth to view, And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night, Would give me life and you! Come nearer to my side mother, mother, Come nearer to my side, And hold me fondly as you held My father when he died. Quick, for I cannot see your mother, My breath is almost gone, Mother! dear mother! ere I die, Give me three grains of corn!

Literature.

AN ILL-MENED DREAM WORKED OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

Continued.

A middle-sized comfortable room in a country house was growing dusk and dim in the Autumn twilight. The large blazing fire had faded down to red embers, having rendered the atmosphere unpleasantly warm, and a lady seated in a lounging chair had pushed it quite back, so that she was in the shade both from the light and the fire. A look of perplexity, of care, sat on her face, young and lovely thought it was, and even in her hands, as they lay listless on her lap, there was an air of abandonment. Her thoughts were buried in a painful retrospect; the retrospect of only the two months past: they had brought grief to her—as the Summer did to the unhappy girl told of in the 'Banks of Allen Waters.' You cannot have forgotten her. It was Clara Lake, and this paper will close her history. The world, in its hard, matter-of-fact reality, laughs at such histories, but it has to witness such from its nooks and corners, laugh or not laugh. Had any one told her, the previous August, when she came over to Guild Farm for a two days' visit that the visit would not be one of days but of months, she would have disbelieved them. Nevertheless, things had so turned out, all easily and naturally, as it seemed to look back upon it as seemed to her, now she was tracing its events. The two days visit had passed delightfully, and Mrs. Chester pressed them to remain to the end of the week. A happyden for the contrary; the reader must judge) came to Mr. Lake before it was over. They had contemplated making alterations in their house at Katterley: two of the rooms were to be enlarged, and the whole repaired, painted and embellished. Mr. Lake proposed that it should be set about then instead of deferred till Spring, and that they should remain his sisters guests while it was done, paying of course, sub rosa, for Mrs. Chester had a difficulty in making both ends meet.—They would not be above a month about the alterations, if they worked well, was Mr. Lake's opinion; and his wife acquiesced, for Mrs. Chester pressed it eagerly. He knew nothing of workmen; builders,

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carpenters, decorators: the old saying: "If once you get them into a house, you never get them out," seemed to hold true in this instance, for here was October come, and Katterley Lodge was as far off being ready for their reception as ever.

It would have been a very slight grievance indeed, under ordinary circumstances; but there was one inhabiting it with them, who was rendering it insupportable to Clara Lake. It was Angelina, Lady Ellis. Young, good-looking, exacting, living but in admiration, and not scrupulous how she obtained it provided she got it, she had cast her basilisk eyes, the first hour she met him on the careless, attractive Frederick Lake; one of those men, wife or no wife, who are ever ready to meet such admiration more than half way. A flirtation was plucked into, pretty deep on both sides, and for a while's mouth it never gave Mrs. Lake a care or a thought, for she was accustomed to see her husband's admiration given to others, but never yet had a possibility crossed her mind that he could give more than admiration, for she believed his love was hers; hers only; to be hers for ever.

Imperceptibly, she could not remember when it first arose a shade of annoyance of vexation stole upon her, for the flirtation (we have to call it that, for want of a better name) grew into sentiment, if not to passion; and also to concealment—a bad sign, the latter. And now that October has come in, and passing, Clara Lake's whole inward life was one scene of pain, of wild jealousy, preying upon her very heart-strings. She had loved her husband with all fervor of a deeply imaginative nature, and she had believed in him with the perfect trustings of a refined suspicious English girl.

She sat in her chair there, drawn away from the heat of the fire; but what was that heat, compared to the heat, the inward fever that raged within her! "If it could but end," she murmured, "if we could but go to our home at Katterley!" Mr. Lake had gone over by the train, that afternoon, to see how it was progressing and she wondered he was not back. Lady Ellis had disappeared after dinner; Mrs. Chester was in the nursery, where she had a dressmaker at work, making frocks for her children; for she had to practice various little ins and outs of economy; so that Mrs. Lake had the room to herself.

A young girl came in, Fanny Chester, and Mrs. Lake roused herself, glad perhaps of the interruption to her thoughts. "Is mamma in the nursery still dear?" "Uncle Fred is not back yet Fanny."

"Yes he is. I saw him from the window with Lady Ellis, ever so long ago. They were going towards the shrubbery. Will you please reach me one of those old newspapers up there? Mamma sent me for it; she wants to cut a pattern."

Giving the child the newspaper she asked for, and watched her from the room, Mrs. Lake drew to the window and looked out, her heart beating rebelliously. So! he was back, ever so long ago, and solacing himself with the sweet companionship of Lady Ellis! An impulse, a wild impulse which she could not restrain, led her to open the glass doors and step out into the dusky twilight, willing to see with her own eyes whether the child's information was true. Had she given herself a moment's time for reflection she probably would not have gone, for she was of a highly honourable nature, and the very idea of being a spy, even upon her recreant husband, is abhorrent to such. Had she ever followed them before? No, though she knew there had been stolen interview upon interview.

It was a raw, foggy evening, and the air struck upon her with a chill as she came out of the heated room. What cared she? Had she been plunged into a bath of ice, she would not have felt it then. Well, what did she find or see? Nothing very dreadful, taking in the abstract, but quite enough to fan the jealous indignation of a wife. The shrubbery appeared to be empty, and she had glided half way down it, when, from a cross opening, she caught the sound of advancing footsteps and voices. Retreat was not expedient, for she must pass the opening, and might encounter them and she darted into an alcove, behind the bench which rang along its front. She had not bargained to get so near them, and almost hoped the earth

might open and bury her alive, rather than she should be seen.

He was toying with one of her hands; they were close enough to Mrs. Lake to see that in the dark; and his tones were low and tender—the same tones which had been given to her before their marriage, and which had won her heart for ever. What he was saying, she could not in her agitation tell, but as they were passing her, going from the house, not to it, Lady Ellis spoke.

"Frederick, it is getting dark and cold." Frederick! And his wife listening! It might have made no difference had Lady Ellis known that. "The dark won't hurt you," he softly said. "Are you not with me?" "But it is damp also. Indeed, since I returned from India, I feel both the cold and the damp very much."

She spoke in a timid gentle tone; as different from her natural tones, as different from those she used to any one but him, as can well be imagined. That she had set herself out to gain his love, to trample upon his wife's feelings, to outrage her affections, was a sure fact. How far Lady Ellis contemplated going, or Mr. Lake either, and what they may have anticipated would be the final upshot, how or where it was to end, was best known to themselves; let it lie with them.

"There's a shawl of yours, I think Angelina, in the summer-house. Sit you here while I get it."

He actually placed her on the bench close to where his wife was standing; they touched each other within an inch or two. Clara drew in her breath, and wished the earth would open.

He came swinging back with it; a warm, grey woolen shawl. "All right, Angelina. Don't you remember throwing it off last evening when we were there? I noticed that you left it. Now be quiet.—I'll wrap you up."

She had risen, and he put the shawl upon her, carrying it over her head, and making her sit down again while he fixed it, so that only her face was visible, pinning it under her chin; with such care—oh! with such care.

"You are taking as much trouble as though we were going to stop out till midnight," laughed Lady Ellis. "What will you or wife think?"

"She doesn't know I am back. And if she did; what then? There; you can't feel the cold now?"

"No, I don't think I can." "But what am I to have for my pains?"

She did not answer. And Frederick Lake, lifting the handsome face to his, kissed it passionately.—"My dearest!" he softly whispered.

They moved away. He with his arm round her; possibly to keep the shawl in its place. And Mrs. Lake stole from her hiding corner and hastened to the farm; had any one been near, they might have heard a low wail, as of a breaking heart, that came forth and mingled with the incoherent evening air.

Some writer remarks—and I think it is Bulwer, in his 'Student'—that to the vulgar there is but one infidelity in love. It is perfectly true; but I think the word 'vulgar' is there misplaced; unless we may apply it to all, whether inmates of the palace or the cottage, whose temperament is not of the ultra-refined. Ultra-refined, mind! they of the sensitive, proud, impassionate nature, whose inward life, its thoughts, its workings, can never be betrayed to the world, any more than they themselves can be understood by it. They are hardly fit to dwell on this earth to battle with its sins and its cares; for their spirit is more exalted than is well; it may be said, more etherealized; the gold too highly refined, is not adapted for general use. That the broad, vulgar idea conveyed by the world infidelity is not their infidelity, is very certain. It is the unfaithfulness of the spirit, the wandering of the heart's truth to another, that constitutes infidelity for them; and where such comes, it shatters the heart's life, as effectually as a blast of lightning shatters the tree it falls on. This was the infidelity that wrought the misery of Clara Lake; that other infidelity, whether it was, or was not to have place, she barely glanced at; her husband's love had left her for another, and what mattered ought else?

She returned, shivering, to the house, entered by the glass doors. The fire was nearly out; it wanted stirring and replenishing; she never saw it, never noticed it, but crept up stairs to her own room. We cannot follow her; for you may not doubt that the quarter of an hour she stopped in it, she had need to be alone, away from the prying eyes of man. The warm light came out from the open nursery door as she emerged again, and she went in. Mrs. Chester was running the slate colored linen to the skirt of a black frock, and Miss Cooper sat at the same table, equally busy. She was the sister of the young man who had driven the train the night of the accident in August; was like him, steady and well-conducted, and many ladies employed her at their houses by day. "Is it you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "I shall be down in an instant. Is tea on the table?" "I—I don't know. I have been in my room," replied Mrs. Lake, sitting in a low chair close to the fire. A light quick footstep was heard on the stairs, and Frederick Lake dashed in, a gay smile on his handsome face. "Pretty housekeepers, you are! the fire's out, down stairs." "The fire out!" uttered Mrs. Chester, in consternation. "Clara, dear, what have you been thinking of! you should have rung. Where's Lady Ellis! what will she say of my housekeeping! Fanny, run and tell one of them to see to it. So you have got back Fred," she added to her brother.

"Safe and sound," was his response. "And how are you by this time, Clara?" cried he, as, standing between her and the table, he bent down to the low chair where she sat, and kissed her forehead. "It was a cold kiss—a careless matter-of-course sort of a kiss, a la matronomy. She made no answering response, but the hot crimson dyed her cheeks, as she contrasted it with certain other kisses bestowed by him on somebody else not long before; they were passionate enough: rather too much so. Had he noticed he might have seen his wife press her hand sharply on her bosom; as if she might be trying to hide its tumultuous throbbing.

"And how does the house get on Fred?" asked Mrs. Chester. "Slower than ever. You'll have us till Christmas, Penelope, according to the present look-out." "I hope I shall; although Clara"—turning towards her—"does seem in a fidget to get back."

Clara seemed in a fidget about nothing, just then; she was sitting perfectly still, her face, and her eyes cast down. Frederick Lake rattled out his own fashion, beginning upon the dressmaker now.

"What's that you are cutting out? a pair of pantaloons for me?" "It's a pair of sleeves, sir."

"Oh, sleeves; I feared they'd hardly be large enough. By the way, nothing has been done yet about your brother, one way or the other."

"No, sir. It is very hard." "It is very strange," returned Mr. Lake—"strange there should be this contradiction about the lights.—Each side is so positive."

"I am quite certain, sir, that Matthew would not say what was untrue, even to save himself; therefore, when he says it was only the green light that was up, I know it was the green."

"Precisely the same thing that I tell everybody. I have unlimited faith in Cooper."

"And there's Colonel West to bear out what he says, sir, you know. The colonel would not say the green light was up, if it was not."

"No. But then, again, Oliver Jupp and the station people maintained it was red. For my part, I think there must have been a little conjuring going on.—Have you been out for a walk to-day, Clara?"

"No."

"You might have come back and taken her, put in Mrs. Chester. Lady Ellis did not have her walk to-day, failing you. Have you but just got back? Why, no, of course not; the train must have been in more than an hour ago; and there's no other till eight o'clock."

"Oh, they put a special on for me," returned Mr. Lake.

"Don't be stupid, Fred," retorted Mrs. Chester.—"You must have been back some time."

"Have it your own way, Penelope, and perhaps you'll live the

longer." "Uncle Fred, you know you were back a long while ago. You stopped in the shrubbery with Lady Ellis."

He looked over the table at the little speaker, caught hold of her by the waist, and swung her round. "That's the way you see ghosts, is it, Miss Fanny? Take care you don't see them when you are in bed at night. How could you see me in the shrubbery, if I was not there?"

"Be quiet, uncle Fred: put me down.—Miss Cooper, the tea is ready in the kitchen, and they are waiting for you. And, mamma, the fire's burning up in the parlor, and the tea's carried in."

In a few moments the only occupants of the nursery were Frederick Lake and his wife. He began speaking of the progress of their house; or rather the non-progress.—Mrs. Lake—the one dreadful certainty giving rise to other suspicions—wondered whether he had bribed the men to retard it.

"Seriously speaking, Clara, I do think we shan't get back before Christmas."

She had determined upon saying something: what she hardly knew. But when she tried to speak, she could not; the violent agitation she was in impeded her utterance. She looked up at him, and opened her lips, but no words came; her throat was heaving, her breath panting.

To be continued.

TRAITS OF SONG BIRDS.

A gentleman of my acquaintance had an American mocking-bird in such health and vigor, that it was constantly singing, or else imitating the various sounds it heard. In order to try the powers of this bird, the owner purchased a fine sky-lark. When placed in the same room with the mocking-bird, the song of the former was heard to echo through the house, as if it were chanting "on fluttering wing" its well known welcome to the rising sun. The mocking-bird was silent for some time, but at last broke forth in the strains of the aerial songster, but louder and clearer, as if mounting and stretching its wings towards heaven. The lark was silent that moment, nor was a joyous note ever heard afterward. Willing to test the powers of the mocking-bird still further, an unusually large price was given for a black bird, celebrated for its vocal powers. It was placed in the same room with the mocking-bird. Early on the second morning its song was resumed, and its charming notes were warbled forth with all the sweetness and modulation which may be heard in its native "thorny brakes." The mocking-bird listened and was silent for a time, when all at once its notes were heard to issue forth, but louder and sweeter than those of the woodland songster. The poor black bird heard them, felt that it was conquered, remained silent, drooped, pined, and died. From the above facts, emulation would seem to be one of the exciting causes of the songs of the birds. When their powers are excited, they appear to feel disgrace at being conquered, and to lose all inclinations to renew their former efforts.—'Jesus' Country Life.

THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.

—That it is the mother who moulds the man is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer:—When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their principal men, in regard to their progress in the arts of civilized life: and among other things he informed me that at the start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children; and now, said he, 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we would choose the girls, for when they become mothers they educate their sons.'—This is the point, and it is true.—No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education.

Dice.—The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.

GRATUITOUS CONCERT.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Translated from Le Semour Canadien of 11th inst. by MRS. W. G. FALCONER, for the "York Herald."

There will be a gratuitous concert in every village of Vermont, during the summer, at the rising of the sun; it will last about an hour. All persons, old or young, supposed capable of enjoying the amusement, are cordially invited to assist, and to give ear to the magnificent concert which we propose to give them.

All that we demand as an acknowledgment of our services, is that they leave us in the peaceable possession of our premises, and that they do not trouble us in the exercise of our art. The little boy who threw a stone at Mr. Robin Redbreast, and came near breaking his neck, "had better stop" at home; we do not desire to see him at our concert. The big boy who, on the other day, robbed Mrs. Linnet of her eggs and nest, had better not come, but help his mother to sweep out the kitchen; he will only be regarded as a troublesome guest. The man who threw a stick at Mrs. Swallow, who was picking up some worms in her garden for her young ones, had better mind that his vegetables are not destroyed by caterpillars and worms; this will cause us more pleasure than his presence at the concert. The little girl who got into bad temper the other day, and looked sulky at her mother because the latter wished her to wash her face, had better be obstreperous at home; our concert was not made to amuse her. The large girl who passes the greater part of her time in making and re-making dresses, for the purpose of displaying at balls, and other pleasure-parties, while her poor sick mother wastes away her life for the sustenance of her family, and not to see her children scattered, may rest assured that her absence will cause us no pain; our concert would not be suited to her nature, and it would prove no pleasure to her to listen to the simple harmony of melody without art. Also, the man who spends two dollars a-week to procure tobacco, rum, and other useless articles, and neglects to pay that which he legitimately ought the odor of his fetid breath would fatigue us exceedingly, and we respectfully beg that he will keep at a little distance. The man who subscribes for papers, and never pays for them, had better seek for music where he is able to find it; we neither wish to sing for him, nor for gold, nor silver. The young man who the other day did not wish to untie his purse strings for a poor woman, who had five little children, and a drunken husband to maintain, had better stop in bed, go a-fishing, or do something else which will bring him pleasure, we will not seek his company. If he is only willing to pay a little less attention to his own comfort, and a little more to the wants and sufferings of humanity, we will receive him at our concerts with the greatest joy.

There will be reserved seats for those who live in such a manner that the cries of a culpable conscience may not be able to disturb in them the harmony of the song.—The public are requested to remember that the first ray of the dawning day is announced by our most melodious strains. The subscribers figure in the choir:—Mr. Redbreast, Mrs. Linnet, Mrs. Swallow, Mr. Jav.

STATISTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Well grounded statistics prove that the number of persons who succumb annually to the effects of alcohol amounts in England to 50,000, in Russia 10,000; the life of those unfortunate beings is one of aggravated suffering. Spirituous liquors powerfully affect the glands of the mouth and of the stomach, their secretions becoming exceedingly abundant.—Sensibility is finally blunted, and the taste so much injured that it is a frequent occurrence, to see a man pass from the use of weak to strong drinks, and ultimately distinguish no taste in pure alcohol and in bitters.

Under the action of those fatal liquors, the mucous membrane hardens, the tissues, the brain and the never system, so wonderfully ramified over the whole body become disorganized, and the individual

contracts a morbid habit which soon assumes a chronic form. At this period all the effects of this disease become visible; there is a trembling of the limbs, loss of vital power, impotence; the body loses its erect form, the head turns grey, and at forty all the traces of age appear. "Alcohol," says Liebig, 'by its action on the nerves, is like a note drawn on the health of the labourer, and which he must always renew in default of means to pay it. He thus inevitably brings on the bankruptcy of his health.'

One of the most ordinary results of the abuse of alcohol is paralysis.

I have somewhere read that a carpenter, enjoying excellent health and of a robust frame, but who had contracted the fatal habit of drinking large quantities of brandy, was attacked at the age of thirty-five years with a paralysis of the tongue; the words he pronounced were unintelligible. A few months after this first accident he lost the use of his right arm, and death finally followed on paralysis of the brain.

Such are the consequences of the abuse of alcoholic liquors. To those above described, and which attack the body, are to be added in a parallel line, those which attack the mind. It is there that may be seen, and may be figured so to express it, the intimate relations which unite the body to the soul, the organs to the intellect.

All the faculties of the individual disappear one after another. The memory fails, hebetude supervenes, and soon madness takes the place of the intellectual powers the man had possessed. The propensity to all crimes, to suicide becomes developed, and what should strike terror is this, that all the evils the individual entails upon himself, by the abuse of liquors, he transmits as inheritance to his children, who suffer for the faults of the parent; fatal consequence, and which affords much matter for reflection.—'Courrier du Canada.'

HOW THE EYE IS SWEET AND WASHED.—For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it was necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears) which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such glands can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelid there are a great number of little tubes or glands from which flow an oily substance, which flows over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye, which enables us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eyes, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object. Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion, as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects, yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globes, and by placing their eyes in front of their heads, so that these little insects can see all around them without turning their heads. A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly, says that the two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an object. Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, and placed it before the microscope, and then looked through both, in the manner of the telescope, at a steeple which was 229 feet high, and 750 feet distant, he says he could plainly see through every little hemisphere, the whole steeply inverted or turned upside down.

"Dennis, darling, oh, Dennis, what is you're doing?" "Whist, Billy, I'm trying an experiment!" "Murder! what is it?" "What is it, did you say? Why, it's giving hot water to the chickens I am, so they'll be after laying bailed eggs!"

Not French.—A facetious Scotchman some time ago took a trip over to France, and astonished the natives there in no small degree. In the hotel where he put up, in Boulogne, the servants were all newly imported cockneys, and Mr. M., who is a sterling wag mystified them not a little by his broad Scotch. Getting up one morning, rather earlier than usual, he called a waiting-maid, and accosted her with:—

"Fetch me ma shoon, lassie."

"Ah, sir, said she, "I don't understand French."