

Poetry.

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

There was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying... From o'er her battlements, glorious and gay...

Literature.

MY DONKEY EXPERIMENT. AND WHAT IT GAINED ME.

Dear child! I chided in mamma. 'Poor old sis!' echoed Fred. 'Do you think you could endure to go up Newport and go up country for a short time?'

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And then my chamber—oh! but you should have seen that not a set, in any affair, with velvet carpet, luxurious hangings, and elegant furniture, a place where the very air would oppress one, but a cool, spacious room with walls of delicate green, curtains of sooty whiteness, and a fresh sanded floor.

I have always remarked that there are plenty enough ways to accomplish mischief where one's mind is bent on finding them; so as a matter of course, I did not long wait for an opportunity to put my boyish scheme into execution.

Woodbridge. I thought of my hat, crushed and soiled. I thought of my coat, torn and mud-stained, and in a moment the smile forsook my lip, and the hot blood rushed directly to cheek, neck and brow.

I buried my face in my clasped hands and sobbed outright. 'Too severe with you, my poor little Charley,' continued the same measured tones; then, raising me from my lowly position, he drew me to a seat by his side, laid my head against his shoulder, unclasped my fingers, and caressed me as one might caress a troubled child.

husband, to be sure! for, had it never occurred, I might now have written my name Mrs. C. G. Fitz-follen, or 'Charlotte Barnett, spinster.'

At first I hardly thought to reveal the reason of my visit to my relatives, but their kindness made me ashamed to keep such a secret from them, and at length, one warm moonlight evening, sitting out in the front porch with the entire family, I frankly told them my story.

'Oh, now, that's too bad! Tomorrow's baking-day, and not a drop of molasses for the Sunday's beans and pudding.'

All that long dark night I remained alone, more unhappy than I had ever been in all my life before; but with the coming of the dawn a gentle step sounded just outside the threshold, and directly Aunt Rachel entered the chamber.

There was one, but I had not the assurance to breath his name, and again he questioned.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and still already in the chill of dissolution?

For two months I was as perfectly happy as I should wish to be. Happy in the long, condescending letters which came each week from my amiable relatives at Newport; happy in my daily life, and happy in my donkey. Oh! but he was 'a great institution,' that donkey was!

'Yes, sir,' promptly responded the boy, who stood before a rough trough near the well-sweep, washing his face.

Half an hour sufficed for the arrangement of my toilette, and then I went down to the parlor to meet Luke Woodbridge. Here I expected to encounter a storm of reproaches, but in that I was vastly mistaken.

'Yes, and be proud and glad to do it.' I answered finally, for my bitter tears were stayed, and I felt that he would not take a hesitating reply.

CINCINNATI, April 16, 1870. Captains S. Neal. To Fred Schmidt,

At first his manners were most abominable; he was a regular excent but a few applications of a supple birch rod (I would never advise people to resort to 'moral suasion' in the training of donkeys) brought him to his senses, and he came to behave decently—when he couldn't help himself. A considerable portion of my time was spent upon his back, and many were the expeditions we undertook together.

'Well, well, mother,' returned her husband, advancing towards the door, 'don't let that trouble you. For Jock can take the pony and go down for some in a twinkling.—You hear, Jock?'

But the hurricane which was snothered in one direction raged furiously in another—and the latter part of the following week reached me in the form of three letters from home—said letters being penned by mamma, Heloise and Geraldine. They had heard of my ridiculous conduct, they said, and were completely horrified by it!

There was a world of tenderness in the manly voice as it pronounced this solemn benison; and for the first time during our acquaintance Luke Woodbridge's lips touched my brow. And this was our betrothal.

On the bill being presented to the clerk, he stared with astonishment, and well he might, at the charge for four chairs, calling Schmidt not only a rascal for charging the boat with four chairs, but a fool in not being able to add up the total correctly.

My uncle had a pony—not a sleek, shining little creature, gentle and careful, but a regular rough-and-ready Canadian, with a coat so shaggy that it was really a distress to look at it; a tangled mane, and a most villainous temper. What he could want of such an animal was a mystery to us all; but what him he did, and so there was no use to discuss the matter farther.

'I never knew before that donkeys had a propensity for butting; but if they have not mine must have been an exception, for no sooner had he accomplished his downfall, than, gathering his forces, he made a plunge towards the exquisite Claudius Gustave, and with one well-directed blow levelled him to the ground.'

I read these amiable communications one morning in the family sitting-room, when only Mr. Woodbridge and myself were present. I had expected reproach, and was prepared to meet it, but this keen reproach was so untreacherous, and so unfeeling for that, in spite of myself, the tears would come into my eyes.

But very few years have sped into Eternity since then, and they have brought but comparatively few changes. Claudius Gustave Fitzgibbon has espoused a lady as laughing and accomplished as himself, and buried the little feud which once raged between us. Geraldine and Heloise are both mistresses of fine up-town establishments, mamma, haughty and stately as ever, often refers with every perceptible pride to 'our dear daughter, Mrs. Luke Woodbridge.'

There's always room up-stairs.—A young man who was thinking of studying law, said to Daniel Webster:—'Mr. Webster, I understand the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more lawyers than are needed; do you think there is any chance for me?'

There was but one person on the farm that could manage this compound of oddity and fierceness, and that was an Indian boy, Jock by name, whom Uncle John had taken out of pity. He was a wild, fearless lad, and very ill-looking, but keen and sensible, and very amicable; glowing in danger, and remarkably skilful in that petty handicraft for which his race is so distinguished; and so of considerable service, both in the house and field.

'Come here, Miss Barnette!' called a quiet voice from the front window. Without a word I rose and obeyed.

Without a word I rose and obeyed. 'Shall I see what disturbs you so?' he questioned.

And to this day we have not forgotten to allude to 'My Donkey Experiment, and what it gained me.' What did it gain me? My present

A commercial traveller, passing through Weston, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over a door with this one word, 'Agorsiders,' he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that 'Agues were cured here.'

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE WITH A PANTHER.

'The animal had already been wounded by a rifle ball. Having warned the village shikaree to keep close behind me with the heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to follow the wounded panther; but had scarcely gone twenty-five yards, when one of the beaters, who was on high ground, beckoned to me, and pointed a little below him, and in front of me. There was the large panther sitting out, unconcealed between two bushes, a dozen yards before me. I could not, however, see his head; and whilst I was thus delayed, he came out with a roar straight at me. I fired at his chest with a ball; and, as he sprang upon me, the shot barrel was aimed at his head. In the next moment he seized my left arm and the gun.— Thus, not being able to use the gun as a club, I forced it, crosswise, into his mouth. He bit the stock through in one place; and whilst his upper fangs lacerated my arm and hand, the lower fangs went into the gun. His hind claws pierced my left thigh. He tried very hard to throw me over. In the meanwhile the shikaree, who had kept the spear before him, might have stopped the charge of the panther, had retreated some paces to the left. He now, instead of spearing the panther, scooped out and struck him, using the spear as a club. In a moment the animal was upon him, stripping him of my shikar bag, his turban, my revolving rifle, and the spear.— The man passed by me holding his wounded arm. The panther quietly crouched five paces in front of me. I knew my only chance was to keep my eye upon him. He sat with all my deposited property, stripped from the shikaree, around and under him. The first step I moved backwards, keeping my eye on the panther, I felt on my back into a thorn bush, having slipped upon the rock. Here I was still within one spring of the animal, who appeared, as far as I could see, to be not at all disabled by the light. Nothing could have saved me had he again attacked.— I repeated step by step, my face still towards the foe, till I got to my horse, and to the other beaters, who were all collected some forty yards from the fight. I immediately loaded the gun with a charge of shot, and a bullet that I perceived found; and, taking my revolver pistol out of the holster, and sticking it in my belt, determined to carry on the affair to its issue, knowing how rarely men recover from such wounds as mine. I was bleeding profusely from large tooth-wounds in the arm; the tendons of my left hand were torn open, and I had five claw-wounds in thigh. The poor shikaree's left arm was somewhat clawed up, and if the panther was not killed, the superstition of the natives would go far to kill this man. Terribly frightened as he was, his wounds were not so bad as mine. I persuaded my horse-keeper to come with me; and taking the hog-spear he had in his hand, we went to the spot where lay the weapons stripped from the shikaree. A few yards beyond them was crouched the huge panther. Again, I could not see his head very distinctly, but fired deliberately behind his shoulder. In one moment he was again upon me. I gave him the charge of shot, as I supposed, in his face, but had not time to take aim. The horse-keeper, instead of spearing, fell upon his back. In the next instant the panther got hold of my left foot in his teeth, and threw me on my back. I struck him with the empty gun, and he seized the barrels in his mouth. This was his first effort. I sprang up, and seized the spear from the horse-keeper, drove it with both hands through his side and thus killed him. I immediately had my boot pulled off. My foot bled profusely. Fortunately, the wound was in the thin part of my foot, and not in my instep or ankle, but the teeth had met.'

THE DUTCHMAN'S LITTLE BILL.—The following is a correct transcript of a bill presented a short time since to the captain of an Ohio river steamer. The copy was taken by one of her passengers and handed to us as a curiosity. We assure our mercantile readers who may puzzle their brains over it, that the bill is correct in every particular; nothing is omitted and the 'balance due' was promptly paid. Here is the bill verbatim et literatim:—

CINCINNATI, April 16, 1870. Captains S. Neal. To Fred Schmidt,

To 2 Iron Chairs a \$7, . . . \$14 00  
1 Wooden do. . . . . 7 00  
1 Wood . . . . . 7 00  
balance due, . . . . . \$28 00

On the bill being presented to the clerk, he stared with astonishment, and well he might, at the charge for four chairs, calling Schmidt not only a rascal for charging the boat with four chairs, but a fool in not being able to add up the total correctly. Words grew warm, when the captain was called in.

The Baron de Beranger relates, that having detected a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honor of being singled out for such an attempt.—'Why, sir, said the fellow, your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a thief.'