

Robt Mank vs D Resor, again

Poetry.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The creaking wagon's in the shed;
The busy mill is heard no more;
The horse is littered down and fed;
The harness hangs above his head;
The whip behind the door.

Literature.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents doted me, their only child.

The York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISE R.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. II. No. 39.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1860.

Whole No. 91.

sed and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar above his right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with a prayer.

My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and I trust may call you friends. A new star has arisen and there is hope in the dark night that hangs like a pall of gloom over our country.

With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued: 'Oh, God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted upon which a drunkard can look and be healed.'

'Men and Christians! you have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here just to do good. Hear me, and be just.'

'No, my friends it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of household idols that once were mine; now mine no more.'

bright vision, his lips apart and his fingers extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.

'Do not be startled friends—I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who turns back to virtue and honor.'

'I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I wronged so deeply.'

'I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. For years I saw her cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children often went hungry for bread.'

'One New Year's night I returned late to the but where charity had given us a roof. She was still up, shivering over the coal, demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek.'

'That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me and—yes!—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clinched both hands in her hair.'

'God of mercy,' exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us, you will not harm Willie, as she sprung to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hauled her out into the darkness and the storm. With wild ha, ha, I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my oldest son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In agony of fear he called me by name I was no longer fit to bear,

and locked his little fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist!

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I have never since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

'It was morning when I awoke and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible night mare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread.'

As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow, and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—God how horrible! It was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy.'

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of low heartbroken pathos, the old man concluded:

'I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could equal those endured within my own bosom. Oh, God! no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But while I live let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my aged wife and children beyond this vale of tears.'

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him as he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink; a tear fell from the old man's eyes upon the paper.

'Sign it, young man, sign it.—Angels would sign it. I would write my name ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved ones.'

My father wrote 'Mortimer Hudson.'

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flashed with red and a death-like paleness.

'It is—no, it cannot be, yet how strange,' muttered the old man. 'Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own brave boy.'

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment into each others' eyes, both reeled and gasped—'My own injured boy!' 'My father!'

They fell upon each other till it seemed their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming around me. 'Let me thank God for his great blessing, which has gladdened my guilt burdened soul,' exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down, poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot. The old man is

dead, but the lesson he taught his grand-child on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism, his lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

MORAL CULTURE.

In books, conversation, in example, in the country walk, and by the fireside, a high morality, looking heaven-ward, but not always bringing religion into verbal expression, should be kept in view. Good and evil should each have its own fixed position, and the difference be accurately marked, so that even a child, as far as concerns his present condition, may distinguish between them. He should be beguiled, by leading questions, into forming a right judgment upon all the incidents containing in themselves examples of good for evil. The practice will improve the intellectual faculties, and lay a foundation for the establishment of moral principles; and as the mind is gradually expanded, more enlarged views should be submitted to it, until, at length, the reasons may be assigned why virtue is good and vice evil. To accomplish these great objects, a perfect confidence must subsist between parent and child. The mind of the one should open instinctively to the love of the other; for affection, and not severity, rules the heart. An austere parent will never know his child. This seems to me the most affecting of human thoughts and among the harvest of human afflictions. But it is a common case. A father, thinking he has a stern duty to perform, does it sternly. The child shrinks from an austere look, and pours his confidence into more inviting ears. I have seen a child tremble before a father in the narration of a simple and unimportant event, although it contained nothing which could offend, and was recommended by the truth. This arose for want of a clear preception, whether it was safe or unsafe to disclose it; or whether the account might be agreeable or offensive. This is, in every respect, a most lamentable state of things, but it is no uncommon one. But when the instinctive confidence which flows from the hallowed promptings of pure nature has free play, the opposite prevails. If the child be allowed to obey his inward impulses, his heart, like the flower expanding to receive the genial rays of the sun, will be opened to his parent. But the parent's love must be manifest to the child; he must be convinced that it warms his bosom; and then the sympathetic feeling will prompt him to rush into his parent's arms, to disclose every fear and hope, every thought that pains, and every sensation that delights the heart, with full confidence that his feelings will be reciprocated.

THE DECLINE OF NATIONS.—What has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, or earthquake shock, or volcano-flame? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every place and period of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fineness in art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather from our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners, gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners, bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble; while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and art in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable; but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod fall from the golden sceptre. Ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one practised in arts. Watch how the Lydian is overthrown by the Persian; the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth; and at the turning point of the middle ages, the liberty of

Europe first asserted, the virtues of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.—John Ruskin.

NOTHING FINISHED!—A writer in a popular periodical makes the following excellent observation on habits of procrastination, which may well be remembered as a hint to those who begin everything, but finish nothing: 'I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a bead purse, about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, 'I love,' but what she loved was left me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just above the little heel, and there it seemed to ope to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other partly finished, was marked, 'to my dear.' I need not, however, tell you all I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and, mute as they were, those half-finished forsaken things told me a sad tale about that little girl. They told me that with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great things we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but every body will open their eyes by-and-by to see what men and women and little children have done.'

That's So—Heaven help the man who thinks he can dodge 'clemencies' by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad to know it. Not going that we believe in a man's through the world trying to find a beam to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion; fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their own opinions, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wobble and shuffle, and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand his ground. So says the Schenectady Star, and so say we.

THE SILLY WOMAN.—This class of women belongs to the tribe of gossips; possessing no resources in herself, with insatiable craving after excitement, she must create for herself some interest to fill the vacant hours. The silly woman is the torment of her own family and the dread of others. She enters with an air of busy importance, which might induce one to whom she is unknown to believe that weighty matters bring her from her own home. Then follows the latest bit of scandal, told with the injunction, perhaps, not to breathe it to the world, as she would not be implicated as the author on any account. Such creatures remind me of the contemptible insect whose undermining labors saps the foundation of the noblest structures, and in time bring them to ruin. The silly woman, strange as it may seem, most often finds a congenial companion in the marriage lottery, for men of sense have power to hold them in check; and when a gossip of this stamp finds sympathy of taste in her partner—when he not unfrequently heightens the coloring she gives to her piquant stories, and aids her in disseminating them—it is but fair to place him in the same category. The children of this pair should be called Malice and Busybody, for they are the twins of Silliness and Gossip.

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, 'said, Don't pity me till she comes back again.'

THE WHEAT MIDGE.

(From the Globe.)

Sir,—Notwithstanding the immense loss we are suffering from the annual extension of the small, yet powerful enemy, the "midge," we hear of no attempt being made to arrest or even mitigate the ravages of this insidious little insect. "Prevention is better than cure," but what cannot now be prevented should, if possible, be cured.

The Minister of Agriculture, some three or four years ago, spent a considerable amount of the public funds for essays on the midge; but, of the recommendations made for its extermination, I do not remember hearing.

A recent article in the Daily Globe, under the head of "The Farmers' Insect Enemies," from an American paper, says:—"Taking all our crops the annual damage to them in the United States, from insignificant insects, must reach the sum of one hundred million dollars." How much Canada may be yearly suffering from a similar cause I shall not attempt to calculate. It is, however, a well ascertained fact that hundreds, nay, possibly thousands of our farmers, have lost in past years, and this very season will lose from five to twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre; while many have abandoned the cultivation of this important cereal altogether. It is also a fact that this insect is spreading rapidly into the interior, in this neighbourhood it is moving north rapidly; it has reached the township of Whitechurch, north of the Ridges, and I am informed that it has made its appearance in the township of West Gaittambury, South Simcoe.

Conceiving, as I do, the present to be a very suitable period for suggesting some mode of destroying this terrible little army; and, in doing so, I frankly admit that my suggestions are purely theoretical, and in offering them to the public may bring upon myself a good deal of rough handling, such as fell to the lot of the disputants about the "snow-rolling." At the same time, if these crude suggestions have the effect of exciting discussion with able and scientific agriculturists, entomologists, and agricultural chemists, and such discussions lead to any really beneficial results, I shall be amply repaid.

Before enumerating the plans I intend to submit for the destruction of this insect, it may be necessary to give my ideas of its habits.

Taking the insect in its present destructive stage of life, viz: the maggot having destroyed the grain, and attained to its full size, it is by the aid of high winds, reaping, raking, and binding, shocking up, and pitching on to the wagon, shaken out of its summer quarters, and finds a winter home in the earth near the surface. Long ere winter sets in it has undergone a partial transformation, viz: from the maggot to the chrysalis. In this state it remains until the genial influence of the sun in the ensuing spring brings it forth in the shape of a little golden spangled fly, just in time to multiply its species by adding thousands to thousands in the fresh deposits of larvae in the as yet but imperfectly formed car of wheat or other grain, and so on from year to year. Now for the remedy:— 1st. Immediately after harvest, scatter evenly as much straw as possible over the stubble field, and having taken every proper precaution to prevent accidents, burn off the straw and stubble.

2nd. Shortly after the burning, sow broadcast a good coating of strong Liverpool salt, or rock salt—say from 200 to 500 pounds per acre.

3rd. As soon after as possible, sow ten bushels or more per acre of newly slacked lime.

4th. Harrow the ground well, by which means should any of the larvae have escaped the first process, the effects of the second and third may be rendered certain.

The beneficial effects of these simple and cheap applications, supposing there was no insect to be destroyed, no one acquainted with the most ordinary operations of farming will, I hope, attempt to deny; but as I intend referring to these matters again, I shall close this communication.

Meantime, I am, Sir, Your most obt. servant. G. P. DICKSON. Richmond Hill, August 8, 1860.

Personal respectability is totally independent of a large income. Its greatest secret is self-respect. Poverty can never degrade those who never degrade themselves by pretence or duplicity.

A LITTLE DISCOVERY.—Observing Boy: "Ma, Aunt Dorra has been eating the honey."—Astonished Mother: "How do you know, my dear?—Son: "Cause I heard Mr. Slyboots say he wanted to sip the honey from her lips."

A steamboat passenger, missing his handkerchief, asked an Irishman if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterwards finding his pocket companion in his hat, he began to apologise. "Oh, don't be after making any apology it was a mere mistake, and on both sides too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman."