

Keely's Division
Richmond Hill meeting - the Chairman in error!
"who has got the button?"

Poetry.

WILDWOOD BLOSSOMS.
The blossoms of the wild-wood,
Blooming on the hill-sides free,
How they take me back to childhood,
Days I never more shall see—
Happy days, when, tired of roaming,
With the butterfly and bee,
I came homeward in the gloaming,
And my mother welcomed me.
"Mother, I am tired of playing
All the long, long summer day!"
Then she smiled and kissed me, saying,
"Birds have ceased to sing and play:
Time my little one were resting
In her nest, too, for the day!"
Oh! those kisses! that caressing!
How it soothed each pain away!
Lips, whose words of cheering blessed me,
Ye were stilled long years ago!
Arms, that lovingly caressed me,
Many a year ye have lain low!
Oh! my mother, angel mother;
Orphaned through the world I go;
For, in all the world, no other
Can a mother's love bestow.
Never, now, when heavy-hearted,
Weary, home-sick, may I come,
As in days long since departed,
To the threshold of my home;
For the voice, whose words of cheering
Quickly scattered all my gloom—
Sweetest music to my hearing
Evermore on earth is dumb.
Oh! the blossoms of the wild-wood,
They are very fair to see,
Yet they cannot bring my childhood,
Nor my mother back to me;
But I know that, for my coming
Up in Heaven waits she,
Where immortal flowers are blooming,
There she waits to welcome me.

Literature.

THE WOMAN IN GREY.

A CRIMINAL EPISODE.

The barren plateau, on which the Allied armies were encamped before Sebastopol, was naturally suggestive of many superstitious fancies among the troops. The outlying sentinel, with his eye at the uttermost degree of tension, to detect some crawling spy, eventually saw imaginary forms around him, and the darkness became peopled with the phantasms of another world. Many stories of ghostly manifestations were current, very few of them possessing any other foundation than the imaginary fancies of the credulous soldier; but there are one or two authenticated stories of ghosts, one of which I will tell here, as I heard it from the lips of an officer of an Irish regiment, who was conversant with all the details.
A soldier, on being relieved from guard one winter's night, swore stoutly that he had been haunted during the whole period of duty by a woman in grey, who made signs to him, which he, good Roman Catholic as he was, declined to follow. He was laughed at; but when the sentry on duty the next night told the same story, the most incredulous began to believe. When a week had passed away, and each night the same occurrence happened, the regiment was so infected with alarm, that the captain of the day thought it high time to interfere. For this purpose he summoned to his counsel one Patrick Leary, a colour-sergeant, who was popularly supposed to fear neither man nor devil. The captain lent the non-commissioned officer a revolver, bidding him fire if he found it absolutely necessary, but to do his best to capture the woman alive. Mr. Pat took a heavy drain of rum and went on sentry-go, much to the relief of the men warned for that night's duty.
It was a dark, misty night when Pat commenced his duty round, and it was enough to make any man feel uncomfortable. The gallant Pat, however, so long as the effects of the rum lasted, whistled. The night before Leary was stretched *sol o voce*, and stamped his feet to restore the chilled circulation. Somehow or another though, he began to grow very lonely, and almost wished that the ghost would come, if only to bear him company. His wishes were soon fulfilled, for, hearing a slight sound, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, he saw a dusky form gibbering at him in the distance. Pat began rooping and mowing in reply, and the woman apparently encouraged by this, drew nearer. Pat laid his firelock on the ground, as if to encourage the other, but placed his hand carefully on his revolver. There was nothing like being prepared, but if it were a woman—the thought fairly turned the honest sergeant's mind. Ere long the figure approached so near that Pat was enabled to challenge.
"Who goes there?"
"A friend!" the stranger replied, in a musical, though foreign voice.
"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," the sergeant mechanically said.
Just as the figure approached Pat the moon broke out from behind a cloud, and enabled him to see the woman's features. The most astounding thing was the immense

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grey beard the figure wore. Pat as a traveller, was accustomed to strange sights, but this surpassed all. In a second thought, the truth flashed upon him, and he made ready for action.
"Come here, my darling," Pat said artfully, but the woman did not seem inclined to obey. The moonlight had evidently destroyed the stranger's calculations. She fell back a step or two, and then turned to fly. But it was too late; Pat was after her with a tiger's bound, and, impeded by her petticoats, she stumbled and nearly fell. In a second, however, she recovered, and turned on the sergeant with a most uncomfortable yagaghan.
"Tear an' 'ouns," shouted the sergeant, "the woman's the devil. I can stand nails, but these are rather too sharp!"
A low mocking laugh burst from the stranger's lips as he tried to get between Pat and his musket. But the sergeant was on his guard; pretending to fly, he managed to bear down within grasp of the woman, and caught at her capote. The next moment the yagaghan had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, but he did not relax his hold. He grappled with the stranger, but meeting with an unexpected resistance, he drew his revolver. The stranger clutched at it with frantic energy, and a terrific struggle ensued, which terminated by the pistol suddenly exploding and the stranger fell to the ground with a groan, while Pat, weakened by the loss of blood, followed the example. The quarter-guards, aroused by the shot, soon hurried up to the spot, and both were borne into the camp. The stranger was placed in a hut, and a surgeon fetched, and it was evident that the ghost in grey was a fine looking old man. He was, however, declared to be in a very dangerous state, for the ball he passed through his lungs. His condition was kindly explained to him, and he told his story readily enough.
His name was Constantine, and he was by birth a Pole. Having been engaged in the revolution of 1831, he was saved from the death that fell to the lot of his comrades to endure a worse fate. He and his family were transferred to Russia, and he was forced to perform the most degrading duties in the secret police. For twenty-three years he had endured the humiliation, for the sake of his wife and child, but he little reckoned what was in store for him. When the war with the allies became imminent, he was ordered, with his family, to Sebastopol, for he was a perfect French and Grammar scholar; and when the campaign commenced he was compelled to risk his life nightly, by going out to spy the progress the enemy made.—Death stared him in the face either way; if he refused, the sentence passed upon him at Warsaw still remained in force, which, if he obeyed, he was in hourly risk of detection. Why not desert? you will ask; but the Russian police were Machiavels. His daughter Eudoxia, a lovely girl of three-and-twenty, was taken into the Governor's house ostensibly to protect her from the horrors of the siege; but Constantine was given fully to understand that her life depended on his fidelity. The poor father was sorely distracted. His hatred of the Russians was counterbalanced by his love for his daughter, the only treasure he possessed in the world, for his wife had succumbed under the privations and exposure of a Winter journey across the steppe. Need I say that the father triumphed over the man? Constantine was a nightly visitor to our lines, and by the cleverness with which he played the French or English linesman, long escaped detection.
At length, a dreadful ordeal was offered him; he was told that if he could only induce an English soldier to desert, from whom some valuable information might be obtained, his sentence would be reversed and he would be free to go where he pleased with his daughter. Maddened by the thought of freedom, Constantine attired himself in feminine garb, hoping thus to attract some sentinel from his post. He would then wound him, though not dangerously, and drag him into the Russian lines. In fact, it grew a monomania with Constantine, that he must catch a British alive, but unfortunately, in Sergeant Leary, he caught a Tartar.
Such was the story he told, and which aroused considerable interest among his hearers. It reached the

ears of Lord Raglan himself who visited the prisoner, and bade him be of good cheer; no harm should befall him. But Constantine shook his head sadly; of what value was life in his own, when he was separated every kindness was shown to the poor fellow, and the doctors vied with each other in their attention to him. But there was little chance of saving him; the wretched comical ball was apparently embedded in his back bone, and there was no prospect of moving it.
"Pardon, reader, such a commonplace story, but the end is not yet."
Two days later, Sergeant Leary, who had bound his flesh-wound up, and laughed at it, was at work in the front parallel. He was sitting in the trench, smoking a very dirty short pipe, and growing inwardly when his wound gave him a twitch. It was a lovely night, and double caution had to be exercised, for the Russians were all alive, and seemed shooting for a wage at the men in the Trenches. Pat philosophically took off his shako, and placed it on the top of the earthwork. In five minutes he took it down again, and in half there were three minie balls clean through it.
"Whirrah!" said Pat, as he comically surveyed the damage, "here's a patent ventilator."
"Lucky for you, Sergeant Leary," a young ensign remarked, "that your head wasn't in it?"
"Arrah, your honour, and do you suppose that those dirty bullets would go through my shako, for we all know what that is made of; but an Irishman's head is made of stronger materials."
A suppressed laugh ran along the trenches, but Pat, was not at all put out.
"Boys!" he remarked, with solemn pathos, "since the unlucky day that I landed in this filthy country, not a night has passed that I haven't put at least a pint of bad spirits into this carcass of mine, and there's not a man among you can say he has seen me the worse for it. It wants a purty distant head to stand the raki we get up here, for it would take the roof off a house; so I think my head is safe against a ball sent by Russian powder. Hilloa! what's their game now, I wonder?"
The men jumped up involuntarily, for the firing from the Russian guns had grown tremendous. Forgetting all caution, they sprang on the breastwork, naturally supposing that the enemy meditated a sortie. They were in perfect safety, however; all the bullets were at present directed at a single figure, which was crossing the open at frantic speed. Our men cheered heartily, as the stranger pressed on, utterly reckless of the shower of lead, and some two or three fellows, Leary at their head, rushed out to rescue him. Great was the sergeant's surprise though, when he recognized in the stranger the woman in grey. But there was no time for inquiry. The Russian had opened all their batteries, as if disgusted at not bridging down their victim, and for an hour the very earth shook with the vibration. Suddenly the fire died away, as we did not condescend to reply to it; the moon retired behind a cloud in disgust, and there was silence for the rest of the night.
In the meanwhile Sergeant Leary had convinced himself that this Mr. Jones was not that Mr. Jones; the stranger, instead of wielding a yataghan, employed a far more dangerous weapon a pair of the most lovely eyes he ever seen. Then, in a most seductive voice (Leary swore afterwards that he understood every word, but don't believe him), she asked after her father's welfare. She spoke in French, and, at any rate, the officer of the watch comprehended her, and sent a party with her at once to head-quarters. Lord Raglan no sooner heard of the heroism she had displayed in order to join her father, than he gave directions that she should be treated with all possible kindness, and have free access to the prisoner.—Her presence was better than all the doctors' stuff to Constantine; he rapidly recovered, but Eudoxia's duties were not over then.—By some stupid mistake, Leary managed to run his renowned head against a Minnie ball, which sadly injured his personal appearance, and for some reason or another Eudoxia insisted on nursing him. It may be that his repeated visits to her father had touched her heart, but what do I know? All I

can say is, that I nursed Sergeant Leary's youngest girl the other day when I went in for an ounce of tobacco, at a shop not a hundred miles from Leicester Square, and was requested to wait and see Father Constantine, who has a very comfortable engagement as interpreter at one of our police courts. With him I smoked a refreshing pipe, and he confirmed all the details of the story I now lay before the reader.—Welcome Guest.

NIGHT AIR.—An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air.—What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within.—Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in towns during the day, than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without—every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in an hospital the better.—Florence Nightingale.

AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

A gentleman riding in an Eastern rail road car, which was rather scantily supplied with passengers, observed on the seat before him a lean, slabsided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a more "inquisitive mood." Before him, occupying an entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and manoeuvring to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.
"In affliction?"
"Yes, sir," responded the lady.
"Parent—father or mother?"
"No, sir."
"Child, perhaps?—boy or girl?"
"No, sir, not a child; I have no children."
"Husband, then, I expect?"
"Yes, he was the cut an' wuv."
"Hah! colery!—a trading man may he?"
"My husband was a sea-faring man, the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned."
"Oh, drowned eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for an instant.
"Saved his child?"
"Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.
"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his face brightening up. "Pious man?"
"He was a member of the Methodist church."
"The next question was a little delayed, but it came.
"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his child?"
"I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window.
The indefatigable pump changed his position, held the widow's his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat.
"Was you calkering to get married again?"
"Sic, said the widow, indignantly, "you are impudent." And she left her seat, and took another on the opposite side of the car.
"Pears to be a little huffy," said the inebriate, turning to our narrator behind him. "She needn't be mad; I don't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand. It's a real poony one."

OLD MAIDS.—Being an "old maid" implies decision of character; neither shyness, nor show, nor courtly manners, nor splendid person, have won them over; nor fair promises, nor shallow tears; they looked beyond the manner and the dress, and finding no cheering indication of depth of mind and sterling principles, they gave up the specious present for the chance of a more solid future, and determined in hope, and patience, and regulation, to "bide their time."

A CHINESE DINNER.—In the evening the mandarin entertained me at dinner. When the provisions had been placed on the table, every one sat down. My neighbor on the left offered me a portion of a kitten, and the third pressed on me the leg of a dog. The Chinese, to do honor to a guest, cram his plate with what they consider the most delicate morsels, so that he runs the risk of having a violent indigestion. In this country obesity is considered the highest beauty in man. The Chinese with whom I was at table had good appetites; they ate a good deal, and used their long transparent finger nails, which are as hard as iron, to separate their food into small portions. That was to me a new employment for human nails. Wine made from rice, tea, and different sorts of syrup were sent round the table. I confined myself to taking a few glasses of the latter, but it would be difficult for me to give the names or to describe the taste. This repast lasted three mortal hours, and when it was over a little girl ten years of age came in and offered us liqueurs. She was not ugly in European eyes, and in those of the Chinese was a perfect beauty. Her eyes were triangular, her nose thick, her teeth white, and her hair raised to a prodigious height. She poured out to each guest a glass of fermented liquor, which to me was detestable; I received gravely the allegorical compliments which everybody addressed to her, and then trotted off as if she had only wooden legs; her feet, in truth, were so small that they could scarcely be distinguished. Afterwards pipes were brought, and every one began smoking with gravity and in silence.—Letter in *Moniteur de l'Armee*.

SAVING.—There is something extremely pleasant, and even teaching—at least, of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such byplay aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A Queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye, that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings.—Metaphors it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied. And when the work falls in a woman's lap, of its own accord, and the needle involuntarily ceases to ply, it is a sign of trouble quite as trustworthy as the throb of the heart itself.—*Transformation; or, the Romance of Monte Beni. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

REFRESHING LEISURE.—Every man who has a right sense of business, whether his business be of the world or of himself, has a respect for all right things apart from it, because business with him is not a mindless and merely instinctive industry, like that of a beetle rolling its ball of clay, but an exercise of faculties congenial with the other powers of the human being, and all working to some social end.—Hence he approves of judicious and refreshing leisure—of domestic and social evenings—of suburban retreats—of gardens—of ultimate retirement 'for good'—of reading and reflective old age. Such retirements have been longer for, and in

A GREAT HARVEST AND A GOLDEN REAPER.

In an article on another page of the present number, in regard to the cheering prospects of the crops, it is stated that, during this season, Mr. McCormick has sold 4,000 reapers. This statement is no doubt true, and affords an insight into the immense profits which some inventors make out of their patented machines.—The McCormick reaper sells for \$140 and \$155—there are two sizes; it is safe, therefore, to calculate that the gross receipts of his sales this year will reach the enormous sum of \$600,000, out of which he will realize a moderate fortune, say \$100,000, the result of a single year's business! Unlike most inventors, McCormick is an energetic man of business; and he knows, just as well as any other shrewd person, on which side his bread is buttered. He is undoubtedly one of the wealthiest men in the Northwest; and he not only has an interest in reapers, but he is a liberal supporter of religion, having not long since given \$100,000 to endow the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at Chicago, under the charge of the learned and astute Dr. Rice. Apparently not satisfied with his profits as a manufacturer, and his zeal in the cause of religion, he is endeavoring to mix up with these secular and sacred affairs the influences of modern politics; for, according to a recent announcement, he hoped to run the race for the mayoralty at Chicago with the ac-

many instances realized, by wise and great men of all classes, from the Diocletians of old to the Foxes and Burks of our own days. Warren Hastings, who had ruled India, yearned for the scenes of his boyhood; and lived to be happy in them. The wish to possess a country-house, a retreat, a nest, a harbour of some kind from the storms, and even from the agitating pleasures of life, is as old as the sorrows and joys of civilization. The child feels it when he "plays at house;" the schoolboy, when he is reading in his corner; the lover when he thinks of his mistress.—Pippurus felt it in his garden; Horace and Virgil expressed their desire of it in passages which the sympathy of mankind has rendered immortal. It was the end of all the wisdom and experience of Shakespeare. He retired to his native town, and built himself a house in which he died.—Leigh Hunt.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.—The late Lord Mayor was but an official in the firm of which he is now the head. Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and proprietor of the *Illustrated News*, blackened the shoes of one of his constituents.—Mr. Anderson, of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and formerly M.P. for the Orkneys, rose in a similar manner. Sir Peter Laurie was originally in a humble position in life: so was Mr. Dillon, of the house of Dillon & Co. Our great Lord Chancellor, when employment was scarce and money ditto, held a post as reporter and theatrical critic on the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper. Mr. Chaplin, the late Salisbury M.P., was an extraordinary instance of a man rising from the humblest rank. Before railways were in operation Mr. Chaplin had succeeded in making himself one of the largest coach proprietors in the kingdom. His establishment, from small beginnings, grew till, just before the opening of the London and North-Western line, he was proprietor of sixty-four stage coaches, worked by fifteen hundred horses, and giving yearly returns of more than half-a-million sterling. Mr. Cobden began life in a very subordinate position in a London warehouse. Sir William Cubitt, when a lad, worked at his father's flour-mill. Michael Faraday, England's most eminent chemist, was the son of a poor blacksmith. Sir Samuel Morton Peto worked for seven years as a carpenter, bricklayer, and mason, under his uncle, Mr. Henry Peto.—The well-known Mr. Lindsay, M.P. for Sunderland, was a cabin boy. The editor of one morning paper rose quite from the ranks, and the editor of another well-known journal used to be an errand-boy in the office before, by gigantic industry and perseverance, he attained his present high position.—*About London, by J. E. Ritchie.*

THE BAROMETER.

We find that this instrument, which heretofore has been owned by but few, is being introduced into many families, and becoming a marked subject for observation where it is displayed. The observations of many years, has well established to our satisfaction the following:—*Indications of the Barometer.*—Changes of weather are indicated in the barometer, not by the actual height of the mercury, but by its general height. One of its most general though not absolutely invariable, rules is, that where the mercury is very low, and therefore the atmosphere very high, high winds and storm may be relied upon, at least to a certain extent:
1. Generally, the rise of the mercury indicates the approach of fair weather; the falling of it shows the approach of foul weather.
2. In sultry weather, the fall of the mercury indicates coming thunder; in winter the rise of the mercury indicates frost; in frost, its fall indicates thaw, and its rise indicates snow.
3. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows a change in the barometer, it may be expected to last but a short time. Thus, if fair weather follow immediately the rise of the mercury, there will be very little of it; and if foul weather follow suddenly the fall of the mercury, it will last but a short time.
4. If fair weather continue for several days during which the mercury continually falls, a long continuance of foul weather will probably ensue; and again, if foul weather continue for several days, while the mercury continually rises, a long succession of fair weather will probably succeed.
5. A fluctuating and unsettled state of the mercurial column indicates changeable weather.
COOKSREWS have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

completed "Long John" Wentworth," but owing to an unexpected shuffle on the boards, the great reaper-man was cut down, and a Frenchman, named Gurnee, was put on the track, only to be beaten in the race by the longer legs of "Long John." It is reported that McCormick did not quite like the manner in which he had been left out of the political race; and, forgetting the injunction which says "revenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath," he straightway bought out the *Chicago Herald* for \$5,000, and afterwards purchased up claims against the *Times*, of that city, amounting to \$23,000, whereby he obtained a summary control over it. Thus equipped with the power of two newspapers combined, and an exchequer overflowing with the profits of his valuable patents, there is no knowing to what heights of renown he may yet attain.—*Scientific American.*

PROPAGATION BY CUTTINGS MADE SIMPLE.

In one of our earliest numbers the secret was revealed, that there was no more difficulty in striking eyes of native than of foreign grapes, provided, after they were cut ready for planting, they were suffered to lie mixed with damp moss for two weeks in a place secure from drying.—Here they form a slight callosity, and when planted all grow. This hint we have reason to know has been extensively acted on, and thousands of dollars have been made through the information thus given. The hint, also, given by other of our correspondents, about leaving cuttings of such things as Cotonesters, Prunuses, &c., in dark cellars in dry moss, when they would push roots freely, the accounts of striking in Sphagnum moss, and many other details of practice and observation, have all pointed exclusively to one great principle, namely, that "callosity can be formed in any cutting before being put into the soil, and where that is effected, it can readily be made to root."

It is, in fact, now become well known to some—we may say many—of our most skilled propagators, that all cuttings can be made to callosity, and then be made to grow. Apples, peaches, cherries, and plums, are now freely struck by several in our immediate vicinity from cuttings, and many kinds of trees once thought impossible to propagate in that way, are now raised so very freely. In our own own experiments, we have found a common preserving bottle excellent for callosing hard cuttings. A sponge is pushed tightly into the bottom of the bottle, and water poured on. Then all the water is drained out that will go out by inverting the bottle, and the cuttings placed loosely in. No cork is placed in the bottle, and evaporation takes place slowly, and the cutting soon forms the desired callosity.

The whole secret, in fact, is in allowing free access of air to all parts of the cutting, at the same time taking care that evaporation shall not be so excessive as to dry up the cutting.—*Gardner's Monthly.*