

Birth - Mrs. M. M. Judson
Beattie - Mary Jane Harrison (W. M. Saughton)
Mr. Perry's Canvas

Poetry.

SISTER, I'LL REMEMBER THEE.
Childhood's home we shared together,
Hand in hand we plucked its flowers;
Sunny skies and stormy weather,
Shared our fleeting youthful hours.
All its cares as well as pleasures,
'Thou didst sweetly share with me—
'Twas the dearest of life's treasures,
Sister, I'll remember thee.

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THE THRIFTLESS FARMER.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the weather, but permits them to stand shivering by the side of the fence, or to lie in the snow, as best suits them.
He throws his fodder on the ground or in the mud, and not unfrequently in the highway, by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.
He grazes his meadows in fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.
His fences, old and poor, just such as to let his neighbor's cattle break into his field, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crops.
He neglects to keep the manure from around the silos of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.
He tills or skims over the surface of his land until it is exhausted, but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first he has no time, and for the last he "is not able."
He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe, or rake, or a hammer, or an augur, but knows not where to find them, and thus loses much time.
He loiters away stormy days and evenings, when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books or newspapers.
He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or in the "rum holes," complaining of hard times, and goes home in the evening "pretty well tore."
He has no shed for his firewood; consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.
He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroy them. He "has no luck in raising fruit."
One half of the little he raises is destroyed by his own or neighbor's cattle.
His plow, harrow, and other implements lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry the next season, his plow breaks, because it was not noused and properly cared for.
Somebody's hogs break in and destroy his garden, because he has not stopped a hole in the fence that he had been intending to stop for a week.
He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.
He has, of course, but little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way or other, by paying an enormous share, or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.
He is a year behind instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.
When he pays a debt it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.
He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost. He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on any terms.—The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.
The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning's food.
Manure lies in heaps in his stable, his horses are rough and uncurried, and his harness rot under the feet.
His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and the boards and shingles falling off—he has not time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped with rags and old hats.
He is a great borrower of thrifty neighbors' implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for, it can't be found.
He is in person a great sloven, and never attends public worship; or if he does occasionally do so, he comes sneaking in when service is half over.
He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbor calls to settle with him, he has something else to attend to.
Take him all in all, he is a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, and a poor Christian.—*Life Illustrated.*

EXCESSIVE MODESTY.—A young lady recently stepped into a fancy dry-goods store and called for a pair of stockings, addressing herself to a nice little specimen of imperial spot and mottled lip that stood behind the counter.
"Haven't any articles of that name miss, but we have beautiful hose of silk and Lamb's hair—which do you prefer, and what color do you admire?"
"Young gentleman, she replied, "I called for a pair of stockings! I mean what I say, and if this shocks your modesty, you will excuse me. I know a two-handed fellow over the way who will sell me a pair of stockings; and with this remark she left the young embodiment of starch, hair, and rancors, to recover at his leisure from the shock given to his modesty by this vulgar young lady."

rest. Gabriel shall deliver up his room unto thee, and sleep on the mat until morning.
"I will endeavor to find room for him in my apartment," I rejoined, feeling anxious to have him near me, so as to afford him assistance, for the words of the dark prophetess still rang in my ears, and I determined to preserve him even at the hazard of my life, for I felt myself as it were responsible for his safety.
"We may not think of it, strangely," returned the Elder with a meek expression of dissent—"I will see to his proper comfort, yea, even as I would to my own brother's. Trust unto me—he shall be well cared for."
The peddler nodded his approbation, and after I had cast an anxious and inquiring glance toward Agatha, who gave me one imploring look as she quitted the chamber, attended by the old crone and the young girl—I retired to my sleeping apartment to which I was conducted by the Elder, who, as he parted from me, raised his hands, and gave me a pious benediction.
The room allotted to me was one of small dimensions, with a low ceiling. The walls were composed of bare logs, the crevices of which were filled up with rags and paper, leaving here and there a chink through which I caught a glimpse of the kitchen, a momentous circumstance that the Elder and his sons were apparently aware of, inasmuch as they took immediate opportunity to stop them up. This fact caused me to suspect that they did not wish to be seen or heard. I therefore drew forth my dirk knife, and inserted it in the crevice that had last been closed up, in order that I might, at convenient or pressing opportunity, push back the rags and observe what was going on. There was a small window in the apartment, but the shutter had been closed and secured from the outside, either with a bar or bolt; yet sufficient moonlight streamed through one of its apertures to illuminate my dark room so as to render objects therein visible.—For I ought to have informed the reader that our host, the Elder, after escorting me to the door with the taper, and having by its light pointed out my bed, had left me in darkness to take possession of it as best I could.
For some moments I stood like one who had just awakened from a dream, for all power either to act or think seemed to have deserted me. I seated myself on one of my trunks and burying my face in my hands, endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts without avail. At length the image of Agatha arose before my imagination; and when I reflected that I had resigned her into the hands of lawless and desperate beings without a struggle, I arose, and in an agony of despair cursed my ignorance and folly. That we were in the trap of robbers and murderers I felt convinced, and that our lives would pay the forfeit of our thoughtlessness was certain. The prophecy of the dark pythoness still rang in my ears, and I considered myself and my companions were doomed by an inscrutable destiny to a terrible fate. That the old crone meditated evil toward Agatha could not be doubted, for the fiendish manner in which she had gazed with her eyes upon the hapless girls trinkets was strongly impressed upon my memory. Nor could I forget the treacherous glances of Ruth when her eyes were feasting on those glittering gewgaws, and I once more cursed the supineness that had induced me to resign her into the hands of those who thirsted for her life. And then my thoughts reverted to my friend and preserver, the kind-hearted peddler; whom I felt assured was doomed by fate to perish in my defence. I would have given worlds to save him, but under present circumstances, that was impossible.
I now began to think seriously of the dangers by which we were surrounded, and the probability that I should not only have to preserve my own life, but also assist in preserving those of Agatha and the peddler, if not of the driver and his companion. I drew forth my revolver, and, after examining the cap, placed it on one of the chests. My dirk knife I had, as previously stated, inserted into one of the crevices, and I could place my hand on it immediately, in case of need. I then examined the shutter once more, and endeavored to push it open, but without effect; it was securely fastened from the out-

side, and resisted my utmost efforts to move it. I then thought of the probability of my host and his sons gaining admission into the apartment through the door by which I had entered. To prevent this, I drew forth one of the heavy chests, which I placed before it, thus rendering their entrance impossible.
I had made up my mind not to sleep, but to pay attention to every sound, so that I might be prepared for the danger which I felt to be imminent. For this purpose I avoided my bed, and seated myself upon a chest, listening with a beating heart to the words which fell from the lips of those in the next apartment.
The conversation, whatever might be the purport, was carried on in a low tone, and I could, at times, distinguish the voices of the Elder and the peddler, but could not make out their import. I comprehended sufficient, however, to make out that the peddler not only refused to drink the brandy that was offered him, but also to quit his station at the fireside for the remainder of the night. Anxious to behold the movement of the parties, I gently removed the paper from between the crevices with my dirk-knife, and applying my eye to the aperture, I saw the Elder, with the demijohn and glass in his hand, standing before the peddler with a persuasive look, while Joshua, leaning upon the back of his chair, casting on him a demure frown. Gideon had thrust his hand into his bosom so as to grasp the protruding handle of a knife, while Gabriel, with seeming caution, grasped the threatening arm. Upon beholding the peddler in this imminent peril, the cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, for I expected every second to see the knife of Joshua buried in his heart; but Gabriel and the Elder evidently feared detection, for their eyes were continually cast with a suspicious glance toward the door of my room. Be this as it may, they appeared to comply with his humor, inasmuch as the Elder, seizing the taper from the table, bade him good night, and followed by his three sons, quitted the apartment, which was immediately shrouded in gloom, save where the light from the expiring embers on the hearth cast a red glare upon the form of the peddler seated in the old arm-chair.
For some moments there was a dead silence. I then perceived the peddler rise cautiously, and, in a stooping position, seem to listen. Finding everything silent, he approached the door of my apartment, and placing his hand upon the latch endeavored to enter, but was prevented by the chest I had placed there. He then knocked gently, and in a whisper said:
"Hist, friend, are you awake?"
I replied in the affirmative, and expressed a desire to admit him instantly, but he said that such a step would be imprudent, as his absence from the apartment would arouse suspicion should they return in the interim.
"It is my intention," he said, "to pretend that I am sound asleep in the chair yonder by the fire.—For God's sake see that you do not slumber, as the life of the young lady, as well as your own, will entirely depend upon your vigilance. We may find means to escape, but that hope is a forlorn hope. If you have arms, look to them, for you may rest assured that they intend to possess themselves of your chests. Ah! young man! it was very imprudent to mention what they contained; but it is now too late to remedy that indiscretion. Hark! I think I hear footsteps, and must return to my seat. We may meet again—if not, farewell, forever. Let us pray that the Lord may receive our souls with mercy and forgiveness."
He then quietly returned to his seat by the hearth, and once more all was silent.
For about half an hour, however, nothing disturbed the profound stillness that reigned in the hut, and I began to hope that we had misjudged the host and his family, when I perceived the glimmering of a light in the peddler's apartment. Applying my eye once more to the aperture, I saw the Elder approaching cautiously on tiptoe, holding the taper over his head. He was followed by his three sons, each of whom carried a large broad-bladed dirk-knife in his hand. The Elder walked gently toward the peddler, and holding the taper above his

head, surveyed his countenance with a cautious scrutiny. Finding him apparently in a sound sleep, he expressed his satisfaction to his sons by a smile and nod of approval.
Leaving Gabriel to guard the sleeping peddler, the three men advanced on tiptoe towards the door of my apartment, at which the Elder applied his hand to the latch for the purpose, as I presumed, of gaining an entrance, but finding that it would not yield—thanks to the chest I had placed before it—he for a moment appeared irresolute how to act. At length beckoning Joshua toward him, he said, in a whisper,
"The young fellow either suspects something, or has taken a common precaution to secure the door against intrusion. We must find an entrance by the shutter of his apartment. The business must be done without delay. Once in possession of the trunks, my lads, and our fortune is secured. Then, good bye to the white log hut, and hey for a city life! But have a care, Joshua," he continued, addressing that forbidding featured individual, "that you plunge your knife deep into his heart, so as to dispatch him without noise, we will then return and settle the old peddler there at our leisure."
"But why not kill him first?" said Joshua, in a surly mood. "What's the good of trusting to chance?"
"Because he cannot well be dispatched without creating a noise and that might awake the youngster and cause him to give an alarm, so as to bring to his assistance the two drivers," returned the sly-like Elder.
"Oh! don't trouble yourself about them," answered Gideon, with a hoarse chuckle. "I gave each of them a half-pint of brandy from the demijohn, and they will sleep until morning, if we ever suffer them to wake again; but I think it rather doubtful."
"The whole party must be dispatched," said the Elder, with a lowering brow; "even the maiden. But she is in the hands of Ruth and the old woman, and they will quietly dispose of her, if they have not done so already. But we are losing time. The peddler is fast asleep—let us leave him in darkness until we return. When we have put the youngster out of the way, we'll speedily finish him, and dispose of both bodies. Follow me, and see that you are cautious."
The party then quietly stole from the chamber, and all was darkness; yet, by the faint light emitted from the burning embers, I saw the peddler rise gently from his seat, and, with a noiseless step, follow the assassins.
I was then seized with an indescribable terror, and felt my limbs tremble under me. My tongue was parched and clove to the roof of my mouth. Cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore, and I felt a sickness at my heart. I prayed to God to sustain me and preserve Agatha; and, feeling that there was no time to be lost, I seized my dirk-knife, preferring that weapon to my revolver, which boasted but of a single barrel. Indeed, there was but little time allowed me to reflect, for I presently detected a rustling at the shutter, and heard the bar gently withdrawn; it was then slowly opened, and by the light of the illuminated sky, I beheld the dark figure of a man peering into my chamber. I quietly concealed myself behind one of the chests, and remained motionless. The dark figure—which I recognized to be Joshua's—then beckoned to his companions, and I saw two other men advance to the window. Suddenly, another figure rushed to the case-ment and, in a loud voice, which I immediately recognized as the peddler's, exclaimed: "Arise, young man, and defend yourself, for God's sake!—the bloodhounds are upon you!" I then saw a scuffle, and heard smothered imprecations as the three figures disappeared from the window. Stealing from my hiding-place, and looking out, I beheld the three men struggling, one of whom I made out to be the peddler. He defended himself bravely with his staff, and had already stricken one of the assassins to his feet, when the Elder came up behind him. I saw the murderer raise his arm, and, as it fell, beheld the broad blade of his glittering steel knife buried in the peddler's heart. The poor old man uttered a loud groan and fell heavily to the earth, at which Joshua, Gideon and Gabriel rushed upon him, and plung-

ed their knives into his writhing body. They then arose, and there was a pause for some moments.—The Elder then gave directions, and I saw the men Joshua and Gabriel bear off the dead body.
All this happened so rapidly that I had scarcely time to collect my scattered senses. Yet I knew that I would be the next victim, and, with a desperate energy, prepared myself accordingly. I suffered the shutter to remain open in order to deceive them with the belief that I had not observed what had transpired; and it was well that I did so, otherwise I would have perished under mere suspicion. I kept my eyes fixed upon the Elder and his son. They were evidently plotting in council. I saw the Elder point toward the case-ment and advance cautiously. I immediately concealed myself in the gloom beneath the window, and, with my dirk-knife firmly grasped, awaited the moment for him to enter the room.
When he arrived at the case-ment he stood motionless there for a moment, then shading his eyes with his hands, thrust in his head and peered about. Finding all quiet he placed his leg over the window sill and entered.
I cringed back, and creeping along on all fours, concealed myself in a dark nook toward which he was approaching, and seizing a favorable opportunity, as he stooped forward, groping with his hands stretched out before him, thrust my dirk-knife into his breast. The blow struck home, and he fell a corpse over one of the chests.
The window was now darkened by Gideon, who entered the apartment, and who, as he advanced, received the point of my faithful dirk-knife in his heart, and fell without a groan.
Panting with excitement and half blind with the blood that had spirted over my face, I remained in my place of concealment, anxiously looking for the arrival of the other two murderers. I was not kept long in suspense, for presently Joshua and Gabriel appeared at the window. Gabriel entered first, and received a well-aimed plunge from my dirk-knife, when he fell with a heavy groan to the floor. The bulky form of Joshua now advanced, darkening the apartment, and as he came within reach, I aimed, with all my strength, a blow at his head; but the knife glanced off, and I found myself in his terrific embrace. I closed with him, and we rolled over each other into the centre of the room. By main strength he quickly got me under him. He aimed a mortal blow at me with his broad knife, but I caught his arm with my left hand, and holding it aloof plunged my knife at his left breast; it once more glanced off, which cause I attributed to some accident that had occurred to the point. My readers will readily imagine that little time was spared me for reflection, especially as the huge bulk of my opponent was stretched across my body so as to threaten my instant suffocation. With an action quick as thought I ran my hand along the blade of my knife, and, as my fingers alighted on the point I felt it was bent. I rapidly turned the blade on the other side, and pressing it on the floor, contrived to bend it straight. At this critical moment I felt my strength begin to fail, and my strength begin to fail, and that he would speedily release his arm from my grasp unless I used immediate dispatch. I therefore once more, and with a last desperate effort, struck at him with my knife, and the blade entered his heart. The giant in his death agony, seized my left hand with his teeth, and mangled it dreadfully, but, as his life-blood flowed, his teeth relaxed their hold, and he rolled over a stiffened corpse at my feet.
Panting and weary from my desperate struggle, I arose. I would have lain rested my aching limbs, but the knowledge that Agatha was in danger, nerved me with desperate strength and fortitude. I therefore approached the window, and leaping from it into the broad moonlight, ran round the hut to the front door, which I found firmly barred. I then betwought me to arouse the driver and his companion.
I hastened to the stable, where I found them both in a profound slumber; and it was a considerable time before I could arouse them to a state of consciousness. I then informed them in hurried accents of what had occurred, and implored them to assist me in releasing Agatha from her

present danger. They were at first stricken with horror at perceiving me covered with blood; but, upon being assured that I was not hurt, they arose and followed me.
We had scarcely quitted the stable when we heard a scream proceeding from the hut. Fearing the worst, we hastened toward it, and seizing a huge log, we battered in the door. The screams still continued, and we rushed toward the spot whence they were heard, and, arriving at a low door, we burst it open, and discovered Agatha struggling on the bed with the old beldame and Ruth. She was pale and gasping, and her blue cloth travelling habit was half torn from her shoulders. Her ivory throat was disfigured by livid finger-marks, as though a desperate attempt had been made to strangle her. The gold chain had been pulled from her neck, and the rings from her fingers. In fact, we had just entered in time to save her, for the old hag had drawn a knife from her girdle, and was about to plunge it in her bosom when I reached forward and arrested her arm. My companions also advanced and seizing Ruth, who struggled desperately, and bit at them with her large white teeth, tied her hands behind her and fastened her to the bedstead. They then assisted me to bind the old beldame in the same manner; and I shall long remember the hideous scowl as she gazed upon me for the last time, and upon Agatha, who, on perceiving me covered with blood had fainted in my arms.
There was no time to be lost, for I was fearful that a party of the marauders' companions, whom we had not yet encountered, might return and avenge the death of their companions. I therefore inquired of the driver and his companion—both of whom had become penitent and expressed their sorrow for what had happened on the preceding day—how far we were from Pittsburg. They informed me that it was about ten miles distant. The driver and his companion promised to guide us safely.—They, however, first returned to the stables and brought forth the horses. Had we possessed a saddle, Agatha might have been accommodated; but as we had none, no other resource remained but for her to accompany us on foot. We therefore ascended the mountain-slope, and under the guidance of the driver and his companion, proceeded towards Pittsburg, where we arrived safely about ten o'clock on the following morning.
I lost no time in making the authorities acquainted with the facts of what had transpired, and a strong force was immediately dispatched, under the guidance of the driver and his companion, to the white hut in the mountain gorge. Upon their arrival, it was discovered that the old beldame and girl had found means to escape. Strict search was made for them throughout the valley, but without success. The body of the poor peddler was discovered, dreadfully mutilated, in an out-house near the stable, and was buried with due solemnity in the churchyard of a village hamlet close by, where I shortly afterward caused a monument to be erected to his memory. My property was all recovered, with the exception of the contents of one chest, which had doubtless been broken open by Ruth and the old beldame, and despoiled of its contents, which consisted of several rolls of silk and some trifling bank-bills.
Such was the agony and terror I had undergone on the preceding night, that on viewing myself in the looking-glass, I found that my hair had turned to a silvery white. This strange fact as might have been expected, materially altered my personal appearance; yet it affords me heartfelt pleasure to state that I found one individual who did not consider the white hairs of a young man six-and-twenty years of age as a deformity, and that individual, kind reader, was Agatha, who, with the consent and approbation of her friends and relatives, shortly afterward became my wife!

Literature.

THE DARK PROPHETESS; OR, THE WHITE HUT IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE BY J. HARRIETT.

Continued.
"I would also rather be executed," returned the peddler; "I am a temperance man, and drink nothing but water or light cordials, at all times."
"Thou must e'en please thyself, too, I suppose," said the Elder, rising from the table; "and, as ye all need rest, ye can retire when ye list."
We all arose, and the peddler, watching an opportunity, drew me aside, and whispering in my ear, said:
"Be on the alert—we are in bad company. God only knows how it will end!"
"Ruth," said the Elder, "convey the young damsel to her apartment. Where hast thou prepared it, lass?"
"In the papered chamber of the stove room," replied the girl.
"And where hast thou fixed the young gentleman's?" added the Elder.
"Oh, he can sleep in my apartment yonder," replied Joshua, pointing to a door near the recess.
"Can you not oblige me with an apartment near the young lady's?" I inquired, anxious to be close to Agatha, in case of need, as I now began to feel apprehensive for her safety.
"Hoity toity! you'll make a sorry lady's maid, I'm thinking, young sir! screamed the old beldame, glancing frowningly at me. "I fancy the pretty lady will do much better under the hands of me and of Ruth. Aye, much better, the dear little innocent, as she is!"
"The stranger will see at a glance that our hut is not over commodious," said the Elder, gazing vacantly with his cold grey eye, whilst he crossed his hands upon his breast; "and he will also see the necessity of submitting to our humble regulations for a few hours. The Lord hath delivered him and his friends into our hands, and we will provide for them accordingly." And here he exchanged a glance of intelligence with Joshua, Gideon and Gabriel.
"As regards myself," said the peddler, with apparent indifference, "I shall be perfectly satisfied to sleep in a chair here by the fireside."
"Thou wilt do nothing of the kind," said the Elder, turning sharply round and with a frowning brow; but as I suddenly recollecting myself, he added with a courteous manner and bland countenance, "Thou art even as I am, a man somewhat advanced in years, and thy poor bones need

THE LADY ELGIN DISASTER.—The Chicago Democrat says: According to the best authority the number of persons on board the Lady Elgin, when she left this port, was 393, including the crew. Of these 114 are reported as saved. This would leave 279 lost, of which the bodies of only 67 have been recovered up to this time.