

Poetry.

A WATER DRINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

The following pleasant lines were communicated by J. Martin, an English chalk-digger, to the British Workman. We take them from the October number of that very beautiful and excellent sheet:

I've work'd in the heat, and I've worked in the cold,
I've work'd with the young, and I've worked with the old,
I've work'd very late, and I've worked very soon,
I've work'd by the sun, and I've worked by the moon,
But I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.
I've work'd far from home, and I've worked rather high,
I've work'd in the wet, and I've work'd in the dry,
I've work'd amongst corn, and I've worked amongst hay,
I've work'd by the piece, and I've worked by the day,
And I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
I can work very well without any beer.
I've work'd amongst lime, and I've work'd amongst chalk,
I've work'd amongst still folks, and those that could talk,
I've work'd amongst iron, and I've work'd amongst wood,
I've work'd amongst bad, and I've work'd amongst good,
But wherever I go, there's nothing I fear,
So much as the foolish, made foolish by beer.
I've work'd and I've read, I've sum'd and I've talk'd,
I've been out on pleasure, with friends I have walk'd,
But never, no never, no use could I see,
Of taking strong drink, so harmful to me;
Thus I'm sure I can tell you without any fear,
These things can be managed without any beer.

THE PLACE WHERE MEN SHOULD DIE.

How little reck it where men die,
When once the moment's past,
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath its sculptured urn
The coffin form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness return
Back to its mother's breast,
Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold;
And all its summons each must go—
The timid and the bold!
But when the spirit, free and warm,
Deserts it as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?
The soldier falls, 'mid corpses piled,
Upon the battle plain,
Where restless war steeds gallop wild
Among the mangled slain;
But though his corse be grim to see
Hoof trampled on the sod;
What rocks it, when the spirit free,
Has soared aloft to God.
The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er them spread;
But ye, who slum the bloody fray,
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go—strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave.

Literature.

AN INDIAN TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY "SOUL."

CHAPTER I.

The red men of America are rapidly becoming extinct. The grand old forests whose solemn stillness once echoed their tread now resound with the strokes of the woodman's axe, or have given place to cities and villages, whose spires and domes reared heavenward, mark the advent of another race. The streams, whose waters were cleft by their birchen canoes—the brooks, whose crystal drops slaked their thirst, are now navigated by winged and spirit-driven boats, or flow through cropped fields and cattle-haunted pastures. Those children of the forest whose places we have usurped, are passing away; but they leave behind them many a history and tradition of self-sacrificing generosity and thrilling romance, which may fitly serve to point a moral or adorn a tale.

It was near the close of the Revolutionary War that a party of Oneida Indians were encamped on the banks of the beautiful Oriskany, within sight of the range of hills, on one of which was the famous "Council Rock," that has within a few years been removed from the spot where for ages it had lain, and now rests in the cemetery at Utica, New York. Their wigwams, which were about twenty in number, were grouped together; and at the entrance of each were stacked three or four muskets, as if in readiness against a surprise.

It was just at even, and the setting sun, streaming up from behind the hills, with a thousand golden rays threw to the furthest eastern cloud a warm "Good-night." Seated together upon the ground, apart from the rest, were the old men of the tribe, gravely smoking their pipes, and conversing in low guttural tones.

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Although they preserved that social indifference to the things around them, which is a marked characteristic of the red man, yet it was evident, from the fierce glancing of eyes towards the western horizon, and the studiousness with which each avoided the other's look, that some deep emotion agitated their minds and occupied their thoughts.

Some rods from these old chiefs were assembled the young warriors, to the number of about forty, gayly adorned with paint and feathers, and their belts hung about with scalps. They were collected around their chosen leader, Tisha Mingo, whose noble form towered above the rest with an air of majesty that bespoke his lofty soul and generous spirit. Like the others, his head was shaved, save the long scalp-lock; and that was gray. His eyes were deeply set in their sockets, and glowed with extreme brilliancy; and his features, which, unlike the rest, were not painted, were remarkably handsome. Around his neck, he wore a gold chain, to which was attached a jet cross; and over his left shoulder hung a black ostrich feather, or plume. These few peculiarities in the dress of Tisha-Mingo, though trifling in themselves, would not have been allowed to another than the remarkable personage who wore them; but a respect and admiration for his singular bravery, and perhaps too, fear of his terrible power, prevented any who might have borne him envious hatred from interfering with his pleasure.

On the present occasion, however, as Tisha-Mingo harangued his brother warriors, threatening scowls were upon their faces; and occasional grunts of dissatisfaction, as he proceeded, told that his words were received with displeasure. Proudly defiant of their murmurs, the dusky orator continued his fiery discourse, until his Indian eloquence held every heart vibrating on the chord of sympathy that grew from out their hearts into his own. Strained forward was each neck; and eager ears drank in the music of his tongue, until the rich tones of his voice fell upon the still evening air, as if uttered harmoniously with something from above. The aged chieftans had drawn near to listen; and the Indian mothers and maidens cautiously approached, and hung upon his words in awe. So motionless were all, that like a picture was it into which the artist was breathing life. The speaker ceased; and every voice proclaimed: "He shall go free!"

A single warrior darted from the crowd, and entered a wigwam which stood apart from the others. The next instant, reappearing, he led forth a youth, whose arms were closely pinioned, and brought him into their midst. With his dagger, Tisha-Mingo severed the cords that bound him; while others took from their own dress feathers, and beads, and a tomakawk, and placed them upon the youth they had freed. And, as the gentle blood of France that flowed in his veins mantled his cheek and tears of gratitude filled his eyes, the pale-faced youth spoke out of his heart among them, and warmly pressed each extended hand; while, with a swelling breast, Tisha-Mingo looked on, and smiled mournfully. What thoughts were passing in his mind at that moment, let the cross he wore and the grief-stricken look upon his head hint at, while we relate a portion of his former life.

CHAPTER II.

Six years prior to the occurrences which we have just related, there lived, in a newly formed settlement on the Mohawk River, a French gentleman of rank, whose political misfortunes had driven him from his native country to seek a home in the land of the homeless. Here he cultivated a little patch of ground, and devoted his leisure hours to books and to the education of his two motherless children, a boy and girl. In the education of these children, he was exceedingly careful; and, indeed, this seemed to be the single purpose and aim of his life. All the enthusiasm of his nature to have been pressed into the service of this end, and all the affections of his heart centered in these two objects of his care. Early in the morning, he might have been seen busily at work cultivating his little patch of land, so that the remainder of the day might be spent with his children; while, during the day, sitting under the wide-spreading oak that stretched its arms protectingly over his

humble cottage, he taught them in their various studies—more by his own words than from books; or, taking them to the banks of the river, or into the woods, he joined with them in sports, teaching them to guide the light canoe, or to use the rifle without fear; and, in the evening, taught them to read the golden lines upon the sky, calling the stars by name; or repeated to their attentive ears wild legends of Germanic lore, and choice morceaux from those olden bards whose songs came floating down to us upon the billows of time, until the hour for them to part came, when a song of prayer was said, and the three, in one embrace, bade each other "Good-night."

Four years passed thus peacefully and happily in their humble home, had attached these two children to their father, and him to them, so strongly and so closely, that their lives, as it were, beat in one pulse; their hearts flowed back and forth into each other; while their neighbors, few in number, loved and respected them, regarding the father with a certain awe which the mystery of his former rank and station inspired.

Emilie Granger was now seventeen years old, and her brother Adolphe thirteen. The education they had received placed them far above others of their own age, and unfitted them for companionship with those among whom they were thrown; and it is caused them to seclude themselves in a measure, and to be almost constantly together. The taste of Emilie led her to seek its gratification in the wild beauties of scenery about her home; and her lively imagination turned every rock into a castle, every bird into a fairy, and made the winds sing serenades and dirges at pleasure. Her physical training had been such that she knew not fear; and she plied the paddle, or pointed the rifle, with skill and pleasure; and when, in her wanderings in the thick woods, she met any of the dusky sons of the forest, whose friendly footsteps not unfrequently brought them even to her father's door, she delighted to sound their untutored minds, and unlock the secrets of their simple hearts.

One day, she had wandered further than usual, having paddled up the river alone in her canoe, and, leaving it, strayed into the woods in search of wild flowers, when the low mutterings of thunder announced the approach of a storm. Hastily springing from the mossy seat where she had been arranging her flowers, she hastened to regain her canoe, and paddle down the stream to her home. But the clouds gathered quickly; and hardly had she pushed from the shore when the tornado fell across her path with terrific force. The fragile canoe was lifted on the swollen tide, and the next instant dashed against the limb of a tree which had been whirled into the river, and split asunder; while the paddle which she held was snatched from her hands by the violence of the wind, and she herself hurled into the water. Stunned by the shock, the poor girl would have sunk, when a dark form darted through the trees that overhung the banks of the river, and plunged into the foamy waves with a wild yell that outspoke the storm. He grasps the sinking maid, and, throwing her senseless form across his shoulder, bullets the rising tide, and, straining every nerve, reaches the opposite bank in safety with his precious burden. Placing her upon the ground, he sustains her, still senseless, with one arm, and shields her from the storm with his own body. Half terrified by her pale beauty, he dares not speak to her, or even remove the hair that partly veils her face; but, motionless and breathing subduedly through his dilated nostrils, his black eyes gazed upon her transparent lids until they part, with a sigh, and the lustrous monitors beneath return his gaze. Once more they close, as if she would return to the dream of her happy home from which she waked; and her strange preserver waits, breathless, till they open again. This time, she recovers her senses, and starts back as she meets the half-averted look of the timid savage, whose arm still supports her. And now the young warrior stands up, raising his tall form erect, and, folding his arms across his breast, waits for the maiden to speak, for the storm has passed.

Her scattered thoughts returning, Emilie thanks her preserver with tears of gratitude, and, taking from her own neck a chain and cross, bids him stoop while she puts it upon his. The young brave kneels at her feet to receive the gift. Alas for the warriors' happiness, the unconscious girl has won his simple heart, and, with broken utterance he lays it at her feet! It was at this moment that Emilie's father, seeking her with frantic grief, having started in pursuit of her at the first indications of the storm, perceived his daughter with hair dishevelled and face yet pale from exhaustion, sitting on the ground, while a dusky figure knelt by her side. The river lay between them; and upon the impulse of the moment, seeing only his daughter's pale face, and the wild-looking savage so near her, he raised his rifle and fired. The report caused Emilie to look up; and, seeing her father rushing towards the river, she cried out: "Here, father—here I am!" Then, turning to her dark friend, she was about to ask him to help her father to cross the river, when she perceived blood trickling down his shoulder, and saw that his right arm hung powerless at his side. "Oh, Heavens!" she cried; "it is my father's bullet! Oh, father, what have you done?" And, throwing herself upon her knees before the warrior, as he had just now knelt to her, implored him, with clasped hands, to forgive her father for her sake. The White Fawn has won the heart of Tisha-Mingo. His life is hers; and he will forgive her father; and she will forgive her father; and she will be the noble answer.

By this time the excited parent had succeeded in crossing the river, and Emilie ran to meet him. In a few words she told him all, keeping back only the confession of the brave warrior, and the unhappy man, stung with self-reproach, hastened towards the wounded chief, who still stood motionless, and, having received from him assurances that his unfortunate rashness was forgiven, embraced him with true French warmth of heart, overwhining him with thanks and grateful protestations for having saved his daughter's life.

With all his other accomplishments, Mr. Granger was a skillful surgeon, and, having probed the wound, he found to his sorrow that the ball had shattered the bone, so that it would be necessary to convey the wounded man to his house before he could properly dress it. The chief hesitated to accept Mr. Granger's proposal to go home with him, but an imploring look from Emilie decided him, and the three took the shortest path through the woods to their house, where they arrived in about an hour.

When they had reached the house, Tisha-Mingo was faint from loss of blood and pain. Some blankets were thrown over the low settee under the old oak-tree, and the sufferer reclined upon them, while Emilie having sent her brother for some water, stanching the blood that oozed from his wound, and spoke words of comfort and cheer that caused him to forget his pain. As evening crept on, and the lord of day cast his rays upon the forest trees, this little family of father, son and daughter sat around the wounded warrior as he lay under the dreamy influence of a powerful narcotic. Mr. Granger had been rendered truly unhappy at the unfortunate occurrence which had stretched the warrior upon a bed of pain, and he sat near him, watching his very breath, and fearing the setting in of fever. He constantly moistened his lips, and felt his pulse, while the concerned expression on his face conveyed his fears to the anxious Emilie, who sat near watching the countenance of her preserver and of her father alternately.

Towards the latter part of the evening, the chief was in a high fever, and his mind wandered deliriously as he tossed to and fro upon his couch. Now, he was leading on his braves to the fight, and he sounded the fearful war-whoop; anon, he joined in the councils of his tribe; and again, the more recent scenes of that afternoon flitted before his disordered imagination, and he was struggling in the water, bearing Emilie up the bank, asking the Great Father to unseal her eyes, confessing to her his simple heart, and his fingers sought the chain and cross, turning the latter over and over; now, a shudder passed over his frame, and his lips were compressed as if to subdue a terrible pain, and again

those words, "The White Fawn has won the heart of Tisha Mingo—he will forgive her father," while a smile passed like a gleam of sunshine over his dark features. (To be concluded in our next.)

HOTEL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

How great was the contrast between the American hotel life into which we were now thrown and the quiet domestic life at home!—The ladies were certainly relieved almost entirely from household cares. There was no marketing, no anxiety about providing for dinner, no troubles about servants, no 'washing day.' Our meals were served to suit our convenience. Breakfast might be obtained from half-past six till eleven, and on a scale of which even our neighbours north of the Tweed have no conception. I was totally unable to do justice to the good things which surrounded me, and my waiter consequently manifested a good deal of anxiety on my account. After I had partaken of a steak, potatoes, and fried oysters, and had assured him that I had made an excellent breakfast, he would gently remonstrate—"Sure you want something else?—A little boiled fowl, or an omelet? Well, you will have some hot cakes? Hot cakes are an American institution (every custom, I should remark, is termed an 'institution,' in America.) These hot cakes resemble crumpets, and are generally served in a pyramidal form, a large cake forming the base, and the small one the apex of the pile. A little butter is placed between each cake, and syrup (molasses) poured over the whole. An Englishman is filled with astonishment when he for the first time beholds an American taking breakfast at an ordinary hotel. Before him is placed an array of different dishes, according to the season. He will first despatch half a melon; this is merely to prepare the appetite for what is to follow. Next he will take snuff; then a steak, with a few 'fixings,' in the shape of potatoes 'boast, boiled, or stewed; followed by a dish of toast immersed in milk, some oyster fritters, and lastly by hot cakes. Luncheon is served from one till two for those who wish to partake of it. In a small dining-room dinner is served from two till five, and again from six till eight, the latter meal being intended for guests who arrive too late for the principal dinner, which is served in the large dining-hall at half-past five. Tea is on the table from six till nine, and supper from nine till twelve. The half-past five o'clock dinner at the Fifth-avenue Hotel is an imposing sight. The dining-hall is a very large and handsomely-furnished room, and, having no pillars, it presents a light and cheerful appearance. About 350 guests usually sit down, and a waiter is allotted to not more than five diners. The waiters are marshalled like a company of soldiers, under a 'colonel' or head waiter, and a 'lieutenant-colonel' or second head. Having asked each guest what soup he will take, and received his orders, the waiters take up a position. The head waiter, at the top of the centre table, calls 'attention' by the stroke of a bell; at a signal, every cover is lifted from over the side dishes, each man face about, and the whole march out in file. The same order and precision are observed in bringing in the tarts and dessert, in cleaning the tables of dishes, and in removing the cloth. Every delicacy of the season—without a figure of speech—is included in the bill of fare.—America as it is, by John Cassell.

The heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit to recover the island of Juan Fernandez, founding their claim upon the ground that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

An amiable enthusiast, a worshipper of nature after the manner of Rousseau, being melted into feelings of universal philanthropy by the softness and serenity of a spring morning, resolved that, for that day at least, no injured animal should pollute his board; and having recorded his vow, he walked six miles to a hamlet famous for fish dinners, where, without any idea of breaking his sentimental engagement, he regaled himself on a small matter of crimped cod and oyster sauce. This reminds one of a harmless piece of quizzing in a critic, stating that although the Pythagorean Sir Richard Phillips would not eat animal food, he was addicted to gravy over his potatoes.

AN HOUR IN A PORK PACKING HOUSE. Yesterday morning we spent an hour in the packing house of Messrs. Flint & Stearns, on South Clark St., near Twelfth. It is not generally understood to how great an extent the pork packing business has entered into the trade and capital of Chicago. There are several of these houses in this city and its environs, employing an immense capital. This being the case, those who know nothing of the *modus operandi* by which one packing house can dispose of a thousand hogs in a day, will doubtless be pleased to accompany us in our savory visit. Upon the outside of a large and substantial brick building, the eye discovers a winding track, leading from the hog yard to the upper part of the building. Up this inclined plane a stream of live hogs are lazily groping their way. Arriving at the top they enter the slaughter house—a pen ten or fifteen feet square. In this stands a man swinging with his muscular arms a ponderous sledge-hammer. At each blow a hog falls senseless. Two men armed with hog knives follow him and finish the work of butchery by severing the arteries of the neck. This done, the poor hog is slid through a trap door into a vat of scalding water, kept constantly at almost boiling heat by steam pipes passing through the bottom. The hog is floated along to the opposite end of the tank, where a pair of tongs, (what else shall I call them?) operated by a lever, picks him up and deposits him upon a table, upon each side of which is arranged a long row of men, (scrapers,) who turn out the hog at the far end of the table in a state of nudity. There are not far from 25 of these scrapers, not one of whom is idle for a single moment. As soon as a hog emerges from the vat, the one that preceded him is passed to the next scraper, continuing his journey from one end to another as each successive porker follows after.

At the end of the table he is suspended upon a revolving crane. A paillful of water dexterously applied, gives his carcass a sleek and cleanly appearance. Meanwhile he swings around in front of a savage looking man, armed with a terrible knife, sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, and besmeared with blood from head to foot. At one sweep of that knife the hog is opened and the inward waters removed. Another paillful of water prepares the carcass for the cutting block. A truck, having projecting arms, is then trundled up to the crane, and by simply raising the hands, the person in charge receives the carcass upon the extreme end of the arms, and it is then easily transferred to the hooks, where it is left to cool. This entire operation is so simple and yet so complete, that a hand touches his porkship during the operation of being transferred. The hogs are usually allowed to cool off during the night, when they are taken to the cutting block, where two men with cleavers proceed to prepare them for salting down. Fourteen blows generally suffice for each hog, when the several parts are thrown into a hopper, and passed through the floor to the next story below, where the packers and salters put the pork in barrels, and the coopers finish the job by heading them up. After the pork has had time to settle and dry, the brine is poured in from a vat in which it is manufactured. The packing season usually lasts about three months. Since the commencement of the present season, about the middle of November, Messrs. Flint & Stearns have killed and packed about 13,000 hogs. The average net weight of these have been 230 lbs., an increase of 100 lbs. per head upon the average of last year. About 75 men are employed in this establishment at from one to three dollars per day. We should enjoy our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity. Love should be disinterested and uncalculating. That love which hath ends will have an end. Women in the olden time were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and hence they were called spinsters until they were married.

Excision of the Tongue.

There was great excitement the other day in the surgical ward and operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, resulting from the expectation of a very formidable surgical operation taking place that morning. The patient had for a long period suffered from cancer of the tongue, and Professor Syme had determined upon removing the organ botily. Shortly after twelve o'clock the man was led into the theatre, placed upon the table, and quickly rendered powerless through the influence of chloroform. Mr. Syme commenced by making a vertical incision through the integument covering the chin, and then sawed through the lower jaw at the symphysis. The division being made, he next proceeded to cut away the tongue at the very root, close to the hyoid bone. The arteries were quickly tied, and the hemorrhage was comparatively little, the man having lost only a few ounces of blood. The jaw was again placed together, and the integument sewed up. The patient was able to walk out of the room. At the close of the operation, Professor Syme remarked that the removal of the tongue botily had been successfully performed in Italy, but the mode of operating was of a different nature, the incisions having been made entirely in the throat; but he considered that mode was attended with more danger than the one he had chosen to adopt.

Stock Pays All the Time.

The heading of this article, says the Valley Farmer, 'was the remark of an old farmer the other day while deploring the failure of his wheat crop. One year the wheat failed; another year the oats fail; another year the corn; but, says he, 'Stock pays all the time.' He moreover remarked, that the farmers who early give their attention to stock-raising had gone right along without set-backs, and had outstripped the grain-growers. There is no doubt much truth in the old man's remarks. Stock is the surest and most remunerative; but in thickly settled regions it is better and safer to divide the interest between the two. The two assist each other and improve the farm. Waste straw and offal of the grain crop will go far to feed the stock, while the waste and offal of the stock will go far in fertilizing the soil and improving its capacity for productiveness. The strength of the soil is a greater desideratum with the farmer. The soil is the mine of wealth, his treasury, his bank of deposit.—He must keep it good, or his paper is protested; his reputation as a farmer is dishonored. It is well to keep a variety of stock, as well as to raise a variety of grain crops.—The general profits of each year are thus kept nearly equal. Farming may be done closer, less wasted, and more made.

Apple-Tree Borer.

This insect seldom attacks young trees kept constantly growing. They rarely disturb the nursery when the soil is kept loose and the trees suffer no check—hence the importance of transplanting with care, and allowing no drawback to their progress. Trees, allowed to spread low, (and where the soil is not used for the cultivation of crops this is a good way of raising them,) seldom suffer from the attacks of this insect on account of the shade produced about the stem of the tree. The Barrie Spirit says:—"The water of Lake Simcoe is much higher this year than has been known by the oldest inhabitant, being as much as thirty inches above the ordinary level. The marsh at Holland is a complete lake, and the road to Holland Landing completely submerged. In contrast, the waters of Lake Huron are lower than usual. It would therefore lead to the supposition that the outlet by way of the Severn river is in some way interfered with.

The Benefits of Life Insurance.

We learn from Mr. Maddox, Secretary of the Scottish Provincial Insurance Company, that the late Mr. Stoker, a conductor who was killed by the late accident on the Welland railway had his life insured in that office for £300 sterling. He had been but a short time insured and his family will now receive the full amount.—Leader.

A nephew of Mr. Bagges, in explaining the mysteries of a teakettle, descibes the benefits of application of steam to useful purposes. "For all which," remarked Mr. Bagges, "we have principally to thank—what was his name?" "What was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy. What is commonly called absence of mind has never been considered incompatible with the presence of a vigorous intellect. The late distinguished mathematician, Professor H—, of Aardecen, was notorious for his absence of mind. Emerging hastily one day from the archway at King's College, he stumbled against a cow, which chanced to be passing. In the confusion of the moment, the Professor raised his hat, exclaiming, "I beg your pardon, madam." Walking in Union Street, a few days afterwards, he did accidentally stumble against a lady who was walking in the opposite direction. In sudden recollection of his former adventure, called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"