

Poetry.

THE OLD FRESIDE.

BY W. MARRIS.

I'm sitting by the old fire-side,
Where I've sat many a time.

Literature.

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

A THRILLING TALE.

It was towards night on the twenty-fifth day of September, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, that a small English man-of-war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the heavy monotonous swells, just off the Coast of Galway on the Irish coast—

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their murderous work.
'What!' exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lid, 'is there not one, even who can pity!'

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swaying at the yard-arm. He heard the passing rope and the cracking block, and he knew that he was fatherless!

Half an hour afterwards, the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped from his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom; but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge!

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out its deafening power.

'Oh, revenge! revenge!' he cried to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam erected waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearfully craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

'Light, ho!' shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power it set the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf bound shore of rocks and reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to lay the brig in to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm stay-sail, and the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that even should he succeed in keeping to the wind, she must eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the in-setting waves was greater than that of the wind.

'Boy, do you know what light that is?' asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep on his feet.

'Yes, sir,' replied Robert, 'it is Ballymore's flag.'

'What is it there for?'

'It marks the centre to a harbor, sir, which lies in the back of it.'

'Can it be entered by a vessel of this size?' asked the captain, while a gleam of hopes shot across his face.

'O, yes, sir; a large ship can enter there.'

'And do you know the passage?'

'Yes, sir, I have spent my whole life on this coast, and know every turn in it.'

'Can you take the brig in there in this storm?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, while a strange light shot from his eyes.

'And will you do it, eagerly asked the captain.'

'Yes, sir, on two conditions.'

'Name them quickly.'

'The first is that you let me go in peace; and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should you happen to find any there.'

'I promise,' said the captain.—

'And now set about the work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George, I'll shoot you on the spot.'

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kinlock stationed himself upon the starboard fore yard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the man at the helm. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the rugged crags, and the heart of the crew and the officers leaped with fearful thrills as they were swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

'Port!' shouted the boy.

'Port, it is.'

'Steady—so.'

'Steady, it is.'

'Starboard, quick?'

'Ay, ay, starboard it is.'
'Steady—so.'

'Steady it is.'
At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the life. In a moment he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap, he reached the projecting rock.

'Revenge! Revenge!' was all that the doomed men heard, as they swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

'Breakers! a reef!' screamed the man forward. 'Starboard—quick!'
'But 'twas too late!' Ere the helm was huff up, a low tremulous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the heavy masts went sweeping away to the leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them all for his own!

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered along the bruised and mutilated forms of the crew of the brig. Among that party was Robert Kinlock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses as though there were one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over one, upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes.

'Twas the captain of the brig—the murderer of my father!' The boy placed his foot on the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, as he muttered:—

'Father, you are fearfully revenged!'

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception, and fearful in its consummation, had been that young Pilot's REVENGE.

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.
'A pleasant day this, neighbor Gaskill,' said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop by means of a fan.

'Very fine day, friend Alton.— Any news?' returned the individual addressed.

'No, nothing of importance, I believe. I have called over to see if you won't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars and fifty cents a year.'

'Nothing is cheap that you don't want,' returned Gaskill, in a positive tone. 'I don't believe in newspapers. If an old stray one happens to get into my house, my girls are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them till it is read through. They wouldn't be good for a cent if a paper came every week. And besides, dollars ain't picked up in every cornhill.'

'But think, neighbor Gaskill, how much information your girls would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading it would be nothing to what they would gain.'

'And what would they gain, I wonder? Get their heads filled with nonsense and love stories. Look at Sally Black. Isn't she a fine specimen of newspaper reading gals? Not worth to her father three pumpkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising little bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally. She began to spruce up and look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting in. After that she must be sent off to school again, and that at the very time she began to be worth something about the house. And now she has got a forte piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music.'

'Then you won't join us neighbor? Mr. Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

'On no, that I will not. Money

thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your 'Herald,' in my opinion, is a dear bargain at that price.'

Mr. Alton changed the subject, and soon after left neighbor Gaskill to his own fancies. A wise man was found to make one of the proposed club, and by them the five dollars were sent on and papers procured.

One day about two months afterwards, they met, as they had done frequently during the intermediate time.

'Have you sold your wheat yet?' asked Mr. Alton.

'Yes, I sold it the day before yesterday.'

'How much did you get for it?'

'Eighty-five cents.'

'No more?'

'I don't know that I had any right to expect more. Wheat hasn't been above that for two months past.'

'But it is above that now?'

'How do you know?'

'Why I thought every one knew the price had advanced to ninety-two cents! To whom did you sell?'

'To Wakefield, the storekeeper in Ravenna. He met me the day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price, and I told him he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over the wagons and took it away.'

'That was hardly fair in Wakefield. He knew prices had advanced. He came to me also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But I had just received my newspaper in which I saw by the prices current that in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-two cents, which, after some higgling, he was quite willing to give.'

'Did he pay you ninety-two cents?' exclaimed Gaskill in surprise and chagrin.

'He certainly did.'

'Too bad! too bad! No better than downright cheating, to take such shameful advantage of another man's ignorance.'

'Certainly. Wakefield cannot be justified in his conduct,' replied Mr. Alton. 'It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve this to suffer who remains wilfully ignorant in a world where he knows there are always enough standing ready to abuse his ignorance. Had you been willing to spend two dollars and fifty cents for the newspaper a whole year, you would have saved in the single item of your wheat crop alone fourteen dollars. Just think of that. Wakefield takes the newspapers and watches them closely. He knew every week the exact state of the market, and is always prepared to make good bargains out of you and some others around here, who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only avenues of information on all subjects—the newspapers.'

'Have you sold your potatoes yet?' asked Gaskill, with some concern in his voice.

'Oh no. Not yet. Wakefield has been making me offers for the last ten days. But from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they must go over 30 cents here.'

'Above thirty! why, I sold mine to Wakefield for twenty-six cents.'

'A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly, neighbor Gaskill. It's only yesterday that he offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels. But I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty-one to day, and at that price I am going to sell.'

'Isn't it too bad?' ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently. 'There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk in the sea. That Wakefield has cheated me most outrageously.'

'And all because you were too close to spend \$2.50 for a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spite and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbor Gaskill.'

'I should think it was, indeed. This very day I'll send off money for the paper. And if any one gets ahead of me again, I'll have to be wide awake, I can tell him.'

'Have you heard about Sally

Black? Mr. Alton said, after a brief silence.

'No. What of her?'

'Her father takes the newspaper, you know.'

'Yes.'

'And has given her a good education?'

'So they say. But I never could see that it has done any thing for her except to make her good for nothing.'

'Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill.' But to proceed.

'Two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper, for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches, in the seminary at Ravenna. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally and went back again. The trustees of the Seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes.'

'You cannot surely be in earnest?' farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

'It is every word true,' replied Mr. Alton. And now you will hardly say the newspapers are dear at any price, or that the reading of them spoiled Sally Black?'

Gaskill looked on the ground for many minutes. Then raising his head, he half-ejaculated with a sigh:

'I haven't been a most confounded fool, I have come plaguy near! But I'll be a fool no longer. I'll subscribe for ten newspapers to-morrow—see if I don't!'

MODES OF SALUTATION.

Greenlanders have none, and laugh at the idea of one person's being inferior to another. Laplanders, and also the inhabitants of Otaheite, rub their noses very strongly against the person whom they wish to salute—not the most agreeable custom in the world, I should imagine, though it may be a convenient one where handkerchiefs are scarce. Some of the natives of Polynesia take a person's hand or foot, and rub it over the face. Two negro kings on the coast of Africa salute by snapping the middle finger three times. The people of Carimane, when they wish to show particular attachment, open a vein, and present the blood to each other as a beverage. The usual mode of salutation at Cairo is 'How do you sweat?' a dry skin being a sure indication of a destructive fever which prevails there. The salutations of the Chinese are varied, and they have a sort of 'academy of compliments,' by which they regulate the numbers of bows and words to be used on different occasions.—Ambassadors practise these forms for forty days before they are allowed to appear in court. In the southern part of China the salutation is 'Yan-fan?'

'Have you eaten your rice?'

'The Dutch, who are known to be great eaters, have one salutation common to all ranks, 'Snaakkelij ceten,' or 'How do you eat a hearty dinner?'

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way. He used to allot one month to a certain province, esteeming variety almost as refreshing as cessation from labor; at the end of which he would take up some other matter, and so on till he came round to his former courses.

Mezerai, the famous historian, used to study and write by candle-light, even at noonday in summer, and as if there had been no sun in the world, always waited upon his company to the door, with a candle in his hand.

The famous Mr. Brindley, when an extraordinary difficulty occurred to him, in the execution of his works, generally retired to bed, and has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had surmounted it. He would then get up, and execute his design, without any drawing or model, for he had a prodigious memory, and carried everything in his head.

THE POWER OF ONE GOOD BOY.

'When I took the school,' said a gentleman, speaking of a certain school he once taught, 'I soon saw there was one good boy in it. I saw it in his face. I saw it in my many unmistakable marks. If I stepped out and came suddenly back, that boy was always studying, just as if I had been there, while a general buzz and the roguish looks of the rest showed there was mischief in the wind. I learned he was a religious boy and a member of the church. Come what would, he would be for the right.'

There were two other boys who wanted to behave well, but were sometimes led astray. These two began to look up to Alfred, and I saw, were much strengthened by his example. Alfred was as lovely in disposition as firm in principle.— These three boys began now to create a sort of public opinion on the side of good order and the master. One boy, and then gradually another sided with them. The foolish pranks of idle and wicked boys began to lose their popularity. They did not win the laugh which they used to. A general obedience and attention to study prevailed.— At last, the public opinion of the school was fairly revolutionized; from being a school of ill-name, it became one of the best behaved schools anywhere about, and it was that boy Alfred who had the largest share in making the change. Only four or five boys held out, and these were finally expelled. Yes,' said the teacher, 'it is in the power of one right-minded, right-hearted boy to do that. He stuck to his principles like a man, and they stuck to him, and made a strong and splendid fellow of him.'

ENCOURAGING A NEWS-PAPER.

The following incident illustrates pretty forcibly the idea that some people appear to have of encouraging newspapers.

The editor and publisher of a paper of one of our inland cities, had a few years ago, among his subscribers, quite a prominent individual of the place, who had been a constant reader of the paper since the commencement of its publication, who had never paid a penny for subscription.

The collector of bills having returned that against the delinquent to his employer as one impossible to convert into cash, the editor resolved to give the party in question a broad hint as to his remissness the first time an opportunity should occur in public. He did not have to wait long, for in a few days he discovered his negligent patron seated in the office of a principal hotel, surrounded by quite a group of friends, and disposing of cigars and other little luxuries sufficient to have liquidated at least one year's subscription. When the laugh at the last joke had subsided, the editor approached the group, and after the usual salutation to his subscriber, remarked:—

'Colonel, you have had my paper now for five years, and never paid for it, although the bill has frequently been sent.— I should like my pay for it.'

'Pay?' ejaculated the Colonel, with genuine or well-feigned astonishment, 'did you say pay?'

'Certainly,' was the reply; 'you have had the paper and I want the pay for it.'

'Pay!' said the Colonel again, 'why it can't be you expect me to

pay anything for that; why, I only took the blamed thing to encourage you?'

The laugh from the circle of listeners to this dialogue came in here, like the bursting of a bomb-shell.

How MEN ARE MADE.—A man never knows what he is capable of until he has tried his power. There seems to be no bound to human capacity. Insight, energy and will produce astounding results. How often modest talent, driven by circumstances to undertake some formidable looking work, has felt its untold and hitherto unconscious powers rising to grapple and to master, and afterwards stood amazed at his unexpected success. Those circumstances, those people, enemies and friends, that provoke us to any great undertaking are our greatest benefactors. Opposition and persecution do more for a man than any seeming good fortune. The sneers of critics develop the latent fire of the young poet. The anathemas of the angry church inflame the zeal of the reformer. Tyranny, threats, faggots, raise up heroes, martyrs, who might otherwise have slept away slothful and thoughtless lives, never dreaming what splendid words and acts lay buried beneath their bosoms. And who knows but the wrongs of society are permitted, because of the fine gold which is beaten out of the crude ore of humanity. Here is truth worth considering. Are you in poverty? Have you suffered wrong? Are you beset by enemies? Now is your time! Never lie there depressed and melancholy. Spend no time in idle whining. Up like a lion. Make no complaint if difficulty fights you, but roar your defiance. You are at school—this is your necessary discipline; poverty and pain are your masters—but use the powers God has given you and you shall be master at last. Fear of failure is the most fruitful cause of failure. What seems failure at first is only discipline. Accept the lesson, trust and strike again, and you shall always gain, whatever the fortunes of to-day's or to-morrow's battle.

CATCHING HORSES.

There are few things more aggravating than to be in a hurry to go to some place, and have great trouble to catch a horse. I have sometimes made the assertion that a horse which I raise will never be hard to catch, unless somebody else spoils him. The way I manage is, to keep them gentle from colts, handling them as often as convenient. When young horses are running to grass give them salt occasionally, and let them fondle about you, making as little show of trying to get hold of them as possible. There is nothing surer to spoil a horse forever than to run as if trying to hem him in, and yelling at him authoritatively, or scolding, when he sees, just as well as you know, that he is out of your reach. To put on the cap sheaf, whip him severely for causing trouble, and my word for it the next time you want to catch him, he will not listen to the voice of your charming, charm you ever so wisely.

Horses learn a great deal by signs. In beginning to teach them to be caught, go towards them on the near side, slowly and cautiously, making no demonstration at all. If the animal begins to walk off, stop, and whistle or otherwise manifest indifference until he becomes quiet again, then approach as before. When you are so close as to be confident that he will not escape you, speak kindly and hold up one hand ready to touch him on the withers, and thence pass it along the neck until you can get hold of his head, but do not seize him with a grab, as this tends to excite fear afterwards. By practicing this course, using the sign, viz., holding up the hand when you are a little further away, each time, a horse may be taught to be caught, even when in considerable glee (playing), simply by holding up the hand and using some familiar phrase, such as *whoo boy*, &c. By way of caution, however, watch his actions and intentions closely during his tutoring, and if at any time or from any cause you see that he is going to run, do not by any means say anything or hold up your hand, as the sign given and disobeyed a few times will almost inevitably prevent your making anything out of it in future.

How to Propose.—A party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected and business-like manner. 'For instance,' he continued, addressing a lady present, 'Miss S.—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in receipt of about three hundred a year, which is on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most, indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife.' 'You flatter me by your preference,' good-humoredly replied Miss S.—, to the surprise of all present; 'I refer you to my father.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Well, I declare!' said the ladies in a chorus. The lady and gentleman were married soon after. Wasn't that a modest way of 'coming to the point,' and a lady-like method of taking a man at his word?'