

Poetry.

EVENING.

Hush'd was the hour, the god of day— With many a quivering glorious ray— And gorgeous flush of crimson light,

Literature.

BLOWN OFF LAND.

Four summers ago I was storm-strayed at midnight on a barren islet off the coast of Antrim. Our place of refuge was sublimely grand; towering above and around our fire

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a wife and weans and morn a desperate and took to spoiling of the king's revenue, at peril of his life and name. I was grateful it was my syc in my house. Three sons and a winsome girl I had then living with my wife and me, near the White Well o' Camplay. They were braw men, and bonny; nobody ere saw them daunted to do the right and scorn the wrong; never their mither nor I had to check them for idleness or folly; the auld minister loved them well, and often blessed their labours as they cast loose frae shore; and I was proud, too proud of my strength and wealth stored in their hands and hearts. But oh, it was hard for a father to be less than proud of them the hale country prais'd; for when the great ship frae India was wrecked on Hanleam, and nae man was launch to save the drowning crew, they manned their boat, and I steered w' them thro' the ragin' waves again and over again, till all were safe on shore and the hale parish saw it, and cheered their name, and the women cried w' love o' them, and wished our bairns were theirs; and the auld master came frae' the castle in the rain and storm, and took their hands ane after ither in his, and said, w' big tears in his eyes, and swore that nae o' our blood and name should want a friend and a name while he held Camplay ground.

but o'er our ain name, slack! there lay a wreath o' dark red mist, fixed and blue, like an isle o' clouds anchored on the sea. I kent it was a sign; I hoped it might be me wha mither wad see the hancwalls again. I heard the thoughtless boys speak merrily. "See ye that speck o' white on Linneca, Atty?" speered Bryan; "dye ken wha lives there?" "And Atty's face burn'd red, and he held down his modest face aboon the line. Then kindly Jamie laugh'd, and said—" "Dinna be cast down, laddie; times will mend, and Edise will be the bonniest wife upon the green grass o' Camplay."

forth; worst of all, the lines were lost; we had eaten nothing since we left home; we could only look down into the hungry waves, and fight the burning rages o' cold and hunger. The sails hung straight amidships frae the gaff. The clouds stood under us, steady as some far islands, deep in the calm water, like fairy pictures spread over the ocean's floor. And night came. Like a ghost it glinted under us through the dark waves; and one by one, as passing hopes, the stars disappeared under the keel. Naie o' us spoke; words could not soften our distress. It was better to guess than hear what every tone would tell. But when the night was at the midst, I looked on my three sons. The could grip o' hunger clenched my heart, and trouble burned into my very brain; but it was nought when I saw their fair young faces pinched and thawed, and their eyes glowing sad and bloodshot in the moonlight. Nearer I saw the dreadful hour.

say 'amen' to such a stroke. I said fiercely within myself, 'It will not, it must not, it shall not be.' 'Father,' said his voice; 'father, be a man, be strong; think of God, and bow your heart. I am going, too. I ne'er shall see an earthly morn. Father, forgie me my rash words and thoughtless ways that vexed ye oft. Tell mither, tell Aie, God will provide. O try and say, teach them to say, 'The will be done.' I come, Atty—Jamie; yes—Amen.'

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security, a dead loss in both cases. If you invest money in books, and never read them, it is the same as putting your money into a Bank, but never drawing either principal or interest. If you invest money in fine stock, and not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work. If you invest your money in choice fruits, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into the field with poor tools to work with. If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife and so abusing and enslaving her as to crush her energies and to break her heart. If you invest your money in a fine house and do not so cultivate your mind and taste as to adorn it with intelligence and refinement, it is as if you were to wear broadcloth and a silk hat to milt. If you invest your money in fine clothes, and do not wear them with dignity and ease, it is as if a ploughman were to sit at a jeweller's table to make and adjust hair-springs. If you invest your money in strong drink, it is the same as turning hungry hogs into a growing corn field—ruin will follow in both cases. If you invest your money in every new wonder that flaming circulars proclaim, it is the same as buying tickets at a lottery office, where there are ten blanks to one prize. If you invest your money in the 'last novel,' it is the same as employing a tailor's dandy to dig your potatoes.—Valley Farmer.

SUN POWER.

The changes of the seasons are severe; and if they were instantaneous, few men would be able to endure the shock; but still they are working a good work for the benefit of the world. The frosts of winter shake up and pulverize the soil for the husbandman. The huge piles of snow protect the tender plants so that they live through the severe season. Winter has a wonderful tonic power over the most of men; they recuperate on frost, and come forth in the spring with increased vigor and strength. But continued winter would be an awful calamity, and would soon work the world's destruction. Sun power is demanded. A contest must transpire between heat and cold, and the sun gain the victory for the preservation of man. It is singular to witness this contest in the early spring. In the morning frost reigns. An hour or two after he begins to give up the contest; the ice softens, melts; pools of water stand by the wayside. Noon comes—as pleasant and tempting as a summer day.—The sun has triumphed for the day, only to lose his hold on the earth again when he retreats for the night. Day after day, and night after night, the contest is continued, until the sun finally triumphs for the season. What amazing power there is in the sun! It releases the monster icebergs of the northern regions, and bids them float to the tropical seas. It melts the last snow pile from the northern side of our New England mountains. It penetrates the earth, and brings up the frost from its lowest depths. It starts vegetation from its long winter sleep, sends the sap through the trunk and out into the branches of the largest and tallest trees, and clothes them with fruit at the appropriate season. It clothes the field with grass and flowers, and once agreeable to the eye, and furnishing food for the multitudinous inhabitants of the open air. All this power is good. God save it for good—a motive power in his vast laboratory—the world. But this sun power is an emblem—a type. There is a sun which mortals eyes see not, but which, nevertheless, drives away darkness and cold, which are often and deeply felt. The Sun of Righteousness bursts forth to break up the moral winter of the world.—Herald of Religious Liberty.

DISEASES NOW AND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

The destruction of life, remarks the Registrar-General, in the report he has just issued, like everything else in London, is upon a scale of grandeur; if its dead of a single year could be brought to life they would people a large city. Yet the rate of mortality in London is very different from what it was 200 years since. In 1660-1660, out of 100,000 persons, 357 died annually from small-pox; the deaths now are 42. The mortality then by fever and ague, with scarlatina, quinsy, and croup, was 759; it is now 227. A few (8) in the 100,000 die now of dysentery; then, out of the same number, 763 died annually of that disease; by diarrhoea, however, a milder form of disease, 120 die now, 11 died then. Women are not yet exempt from peril in child-bearing; the mortality is 17, but it was then 86. Consumption and diseases of the breathing organs were very fatal, the deaths were 1079; they are 611 now. Children were rapidly cut down; of convulsions and teething, 1175 died then, 130 now. Dropsy, a result and sign of scurvy and fever, was exceedingly fatal; 829 died then, 26 now. Scurvy and purpura bear testimony to the imperfect nutrition of the population; the annual death in 100,000 were 142 then, and are now 2. In addition, London was then ravaged by the terrible 'plague.' The returns show, on the other hand, that apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, affection of the brain, and suicide, are more fatal now—151 now to 57 then; and of the violent deaths some are now more frequent, as the forces by which they are occasioned are greater. Poison is more accessible, fires are probably more common, and dresses more inflammable, but drowning and suffocation were then twice as fatal (twenty-three and twenty) as they are in the present day. The Registrar-General reminds us that the diseases which revive if the same causes came again into action. The supply of food and particularly of vegetables and fresh meat, was defective in the winter, so that a large portion of the population became scorbutic. The houses were nearly as close and dirty as the houses in Constantinople and Cairo; the water supply was imperfect, and parasitic insects and diseases of the skin betrayed its impurity. The dirt of the houses struck foreigners. The sewers were defective, and the soil gave off marsh malarial in some parts, and in others was saturated with the filth of successive generations. One by one these evils have more or less disappeared, and along with this change step by step the health of London has improved. The nation, adds the Registrar-General, exults justly in the progress of its manufactures, but it is surpassed by the progress of the health of its capital; and further progress is in the hands of the people. They can work out their own salvation, with the blessing of Providence; and, as science succeeds in bringing to light the causes of unnatural diseases still existing, we may hope confidently that those diseases will be mitigated or averted.

SECESSION ANECDOTE.

James Jackson, of North Alabama, well known in New Orleans, particularly to the turtles thereabouts, volunteered as a private, and joined the 4th Alabama Regiment, which suffered so severely on the 21st. On the first charge of that gallant regiment, Jackson was shot through the lungs, and when the regiment was pressed back, he was left among the killed and wounded. Shortly after, a Yankee approached him and said— "Friend, you appear to be badly wounded; what can I do for you?" Jackson replied, "Some water, for God's sake!" "The Yankee, in giving him the water, noticed a fine fob chain hooked in his vest, and said, 'Young man, I see you cannot survive; give me your watch and I will send it to your mother.' Jim looked at him askant, and said—'Horse, that game is played out; I know you will take the watch from me, and I want to make a trade with you. If you will place me in the shade and fill my canteen with water, I will give you the watch.' The trade was struck in a minute, and after placing Jim in a shade and filling his canteen until it gurgled over, Jim told him to unhook her and draw her out; and before he left said to him, that if ever he should make a match race, and wished to know the speed of his horse, to time him with that watch, for he had given \$285 for it at Liverpool, and there never was a better one turned out from the manufactory.' Jim is getting well, having laid until Monday about 10 o'clock before he was found, and declared that his watch trade was the best he had made since he had arrived at man's estate.