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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

Whole No. 169.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

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GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yard for Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stags.

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THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he has leased the above hotel, and having fitted it up in the latest style travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house.

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GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other improvements have, at great expense, been made so as to make this House the largest and best north of Toronto.

Poetry.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

BY THE DEAF OF CANTERBURY.

Drifting away Like mole on the stream, To-day's disappointment

Yesterday's dream; Ever resolving— Never to mend:

Such is our progress: Where is the end?

Whirling away Like leaf in the wind, Points of attachment

Left daily behind, Fixed to no principle,

Fast to no friend; Such our fidelity:

Where is the end?

Floating away Like cloud on the hill, Pseuduous, tremulous,

Migrating still; Where to repose ourselves? Whither to tend?

Such our consistency: Where is the end?

Crystal pavement, Seen through the stream:

Firm the reality Under the dream:

We may not feel it, Still we may mend:

How we have conquered Not known, till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter, Sports of the wind,

Not stand to the winter The great tree behind:

Frost shall not wither it, Storms cannot bend:

Roots firmly clasping The Rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament Over the cloud:

Clear shine the stars, through The rifts of the shroud.

There our repose shall be, Thither we tend:

Spire of our wanderings Approved at the end.

Literature.

A Lady's Adventure on the Atlantic.

A SINGULAR adventure once befell me on the wild coast of the North of Ireland, where the Atlantic heaves its billows against the giant barrier of black rock which seems in stern defiance to the invader.

There is something in the retrospect of a storm at sea so terribly magnificent, that those who have ever witnessed such can imagine what a strange sublimity was added, by such a visible commentary, of words in themselves so sublime.

Never did I at all fully conceive the weight of those expressions until, while our mortal life seemed almost the plaything of the raging ocean, I heard that quiet old widow saying: 'Fearful in praises; doing wonders. He holdeth our soul in life.'

That our strange boatman was now thoroughly terrified, and indeed at his wits' end (which, I believe, it was not very hard to reach,) became quite evident; and his exclamation, after another survey of the dark horizon, gave us additional cause of fear, as we gathered from it his own apprehension that the steamer he had so madly come out to look for might have already passed on her way.

There was a short interval of deep silence. Evening was fast closing in; the sky was darkening and darkening. My old comforter was perhaps silently praying; for I could still see the hands clasped on her black dress. The eyes were now closed; but, after some minutes of such silence—whether it was the conclusion or not of her prayer, I do not know—she uttered the words: 'For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me, to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two rather young men and an old widow; they were all Scotch, and strangers like myself.

But singular, almost unlike reality, it seems, to add that almost simultaneously,—at least, before they were well ended—there was a cry from the boatman: 'There she is! Praised be the Lord!'

Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me, to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two rather young men and an old widow; they were all Scotch, and strangers like myself.

When we got 'round the corner,' the aspect of matters began to look strange. There was no steamer to be seen; but on went the boat out into the open sea; on and on it went; whither bound I knew not, nor do I believe the man himself did.

The men started up. In the twilight was seen a trail of smoke—then a white chimney—then the great dark hull; and soon the stamping paddles, walking through the clashing billows, in which for six hours we had been tossing, still spined, while still almost ready to perish. Now all our fears were that we should not be seen—be hidden in the trough of the sea just as our life-preserver passed us by.

On comes the great steamer; her noise is heard, her paddles are seen; but can she see us? Shout—shout louder still! We who cannot shout, cry to those who can. The shouts are not heard, the cries are blown away with the howling wind; the waves appear to roll over and bury them. But Mercy is around us. We are seen. The steamer stops; and amid and above the roar of wind and wave, comes the deep-toned voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet, in sailor fashion, demanding, with the usual expletive: 'Who the devil are you? and what are you doing there?'

Our boat nears the vessel, that looks a leviathan beside it; and a storm of furious objurgations is showered by the captain on our luckless boatman. A rope-ladder is hastily let down; the bulwarks are lined by all on board full of wonder and compassion; up jump our two male companions, and are the first eagerly to ascend the ladder of safety, leaving the two women to follow if they please. I determined to follow the Scotch widow; though she was not the first to rise, I made her go before me. The pitching of the boat alongside of the steamer was frightful. The firm voice of the captain and sailors above us, by offering safety, seemed to make each instant of danger more sensibly felt.

But lo! the calm, pious, steadfast heart of the old widow fails at the final moment; she has crept about half-way up the ladder, and there she sticks, flat against the side of the tossing steamer. In vain the captain commands, the mate entreals, the sailors encourage; there she sticks, as if fastened to the ship's side. Her hands have grasped, with a sort of death-clutch, to a step of the ladder of rope, and nothing can unclasp them, nor can she be moved up or down. In vain I urged her to let me save myself. There I am in the pitching boat, the unhappy boatman urging me from below, and the sailors urging her from above.

The men were wise to save themselves first; they are looking down on us now, perhaps, and thinking what foolish, helpless creatures women are.

'At last the words 'Haul up the ladder!' are pronounced by the captain; comfortable for me to hear, without knowing if it will ever be lowered again. The smiling good-natured sailors repeat the order, and I up goes the rope-ladder. 'Lay it flat on the deck' is the word, and ladder and clinging Scotchwoman are laid prostrate there—she on her face, with hands closed in that death-clasp round the rope, senseless and cold as if life had indeed departed. If they cut that step of the ladder away to which she clung, or found some other means of extricating it from her grasp, I know not, but just as I was believing myself abandoned, I hear a sailor's cheery voice: 'Another woman in the boat!'

Lower the ladder; and as soon as she puts a foot on it, haul up and lay it on deck,' says the mate. Now, I had a small basket and an umbrella in the boat, and I wished to save them with myself; so, when the hope of doing so revived, I took up my basket and umbrella, and before I got well on the ladder, I let the mate who gave those orders see that I had them in charge, and then said: 'Will you be so good as to let me go up by myself, if you please?'

They did so; and the captain himself gave me his hand and drew me up on deck, saying: 'You are a brave woman; your life is worth saving!'

'Ah, captain, you ought to be a good judge, but not half so brave am I as that good Scotchwoman whom you have just hauled up and laid on your deck, clinging to a morsel of rope.'

I did not say those words: undeserved praise perhaps overcame me, for I burst into tears, and showed the stout captain I was anything but a brave woman or a good sailor, or indeed, at all worth saving, though I could climb up a ladder of rope by the side of a steamer rolling heavily on the billows of the Atlantic.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months in the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighbouring parish church, and off we set, a careful of irrepressible youngsters. 'Calm was all nature as a resting wheel.' The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field-gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sunlight—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, 'sprinklings of blithe company'; the country-side seemed moving to one centre. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of Big Peter Bell—

He had a hardness in his eye, He had a hardness in his cheek. He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw him going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a 'big one of ourselves,' he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it one great object, not many. We shall never forget his smile! His genial benignity—how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forgot it, but its subject was, 'Death reigns.' He sated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible statement—was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words: 'Death is a tremendous necessity,' he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out: 'Behold a mightier—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling in the greatness of his strength, mightily to save.' Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon us all. Then

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Poor fellow! he was an Irishman, and half-witted as he must have been to have brought himself and us into such imminent peril, he uttered a thanksgiving not so often heard from more enlightened men among those who go down to the sea in ships.

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he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion.—We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunder look—exhausted—but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.—Spare Hours.

POISONOUS PROPERTIES OF BRINE. Brine, in which our meat or fish has been salted, is poisonous to domestic animals. If left to their own way, they will partake as freely of it as they will of pure salt, when it very often proves fatal. The Union Medicale, a French publication, gives an account of the researches of M. Reynal in regard to the poisonous properties of brine. From a series of experiments detailed he draws the following conclusions:

First, That three or four months after its preparation it acquires poisonous properties. Second, That the mean poisonous dose for a horse is about four pints; for a hog, one pint; and for a dog, four or five gallons. Third, That in less doses it produces vomiting in the dog and hog. Fourth, That the employment of this substance, mixed with the food, continues for a certain time, even in small quantities, may be fatal.

We know from experience, says the Valley Farmer, that brine, if swallowed by hogs and other animals, will prove fatal, yet we doubt if the subject is susceptible of the definite results as stated by M. Reynal, for the degree of the poisonous properties of brine depends upon various circumstances. We have known a much less quantity to prove fatal than that stated above.

CHARLES II. AND THE BISHOP.—On one occasion, Charles II. asked Bishop Stillingfleet 'how it was that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed that he always preached without a book elsewhere.' Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the King himself was very well contented. 'But, pray,' continued Stillingfleet, 'will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches, when you have none of the same reasons?' 'Why, truly, Doctor,' replied the King, 'your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.'

An Aristocratic 'Sell.'—This is the age of practical joking; and what are vulgarly termed 'sells,' seem to interest all alike. An amusing instance has lately been perpetrated by several of our West End jewellers. A rich maroccco case, of the size and form of an ordinary photographic miniature, is lettered outside in gold, 'portrait of the Gorilla.' It is laid carelessly upon the drawing-room table, with scrap-books, &c. The unlucky victim beholding it for the first time seizes it with impatience. 'Ah! I have not seen that—opens it with eager haste, and behold a portrait of himself reflected in a palpable piece of looking-glass. If bewildered and bearded, the joke tells amazingly—he drops it with speed and the gorilla tries to enjoy it.

Doctors and the Ladies.—The ladies have been always great admirers of the doctors, and have married two or three of the more fashionable ones, in spite of themselves. St. John Loag scarcely saved himself upon the plea of having a wife already; Sir John Elliott painted a death's head on the panels of his carriage to scare away his patronesses, in vain; and Dr. Cadogan was espoused to a lady he did not like. She was very jealous, of course, and entertained besides the agreeable idea that her husband would one day poison her. On one occasion, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of physical spasms, exclaiming: 'An! he has killed me—ee!' 'I am poisoned!' cried the lady friends, turning up the white of her eyes. 'Oh, gracious goodness!—you