

"LET US GO HOME."

[Neander, the German theologian, died of a kind of cholera. After his seizure, he suffered a day or two's pain, which was followed by a quiet interval, when his physicians hoped for his recovery. During this interval he dictated a page in his "Church History," and then said to his sister, "Let us go home!" These were his last words.]

"Linger upon this earth I would not stay; My pulse beats low; And angel forms, too, beckon me away— 'E'en let me go!

Shadows pass over me, like a summer's dream, And they too vanish, yet clear— Come, now I stand by Jordan's welcome stream, My drooping soul to cheer: Let me go home!

"Why pray that I may live? I shall not die, But only sleep. Nay, dearest sister, no more tear-drops dry: Oh, do not weep!

A few short moments, and my race is run: Then, like a child at rest, I'll lay my weary head, when all is done, Upon my Saviour's breast! Let me go home!

"If I, with joy, the birds in yon blue sky Their strains admire, How—with what rapture shall I join on high The heavenly choir? Or you, who gaze with rapture true, How in that world so bright, Shall I rejoice, when God's King I view?— The Lamb that eates the Light! Let me go home!

"How calm the dying taper's flick'ring light, So gently soft The ransomed soul prepares to wing its flight And soar aloft! I know, within those glowing realms above, A mansion waits me there— All purchased for me by redeeming love— And joys without compare! Let me go home!

"Mine eyes are dull; yet o'er yon hills afar, Once dear to me, The last gleam of Apollo's golden car Methinks I see My sun, too, now setting; but 'twill rise Again, but far more bright; Eshamed, for aye, when you star-lit skies In never-ending light! Let me go home!

"Say—what was that? Methought I heard a voice So soft and sweet: 'Attune your harp! He comes! Rejoice! Rejoice! His spirit greet!"

"I see—I hear them come—yon seraphs bright— My soul to bear away! All hail! ye messengers of eternal light— Of everlasting day! Let me go home!"

"These speak the great Neander, as a smile All radiant played, So heaven-like, o'er his peaceful features, while He death surveyed!"

"As, lock'd in fond embrace, the hour drew nigh When heaven must claim its own, He softly whispered, with expiring sigh: 'Jesus! A crown! A throne!— Let us go home!"

"What blessed end! What could we more desire Than such a dream! To have within us such a heaven's fire— Such parting bliss!"

"When before God we all shall stand, Beyond you stars shone, Oh! may we all so had exultation— My soul, let me go home!— Let me go home!"

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

Concluded from our last.

"What a pity to confine such splendid hair! Only look Celia, did you ever see anything half so beautiful?" and beautiful indeed did she look to the delighted Emily, when an arrangement was tastefully completed.

"Ah, now," said Emily, "you look sweetly," and with an air of condescension she for the first time kissed her, adding, "I shall be quite proud of you," and then, as if a new idea had occurred to her, although in reality she had been pondering it all the morning, she exclaimed, "Oh, Celia, if we could only dress alike, and indeed we can, for there are my true blue dresses, exactly alike, only one is silk and the other casimere. Go, bring them immediately. 'Tis quite a romantic idea."

As Celia departed, Louisa, who had been twisting her hair before the mirror, turned round and in a dissatisfied voice said, "What a batch Celia has made of my hair—I did not like to say it to her, for she took such pains; but I've no notion of wearing it, not I."

In vain Emily expostulated.—With provoking gravity, and quite a show of impatience, she gathered it up in its former style, mounted her big comb and artificial curls, and arranged her fillet and bow.

"There now," said she, "don't you think it looks better, and much more becoming?" "I am sure it does," carefully replied Emily, while a tear of vexation filled her eyes, "it is ridiculous in the extreme; nothing like style about it."

"Who cares for style!" said Louisa, contemptuously; "nobody

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but fools, who cover their faces with their hair till they look like monkeys, cramp up their feet, squeeze their sides out, tie a lump of cotton wool on their backs, and, because it is fashionable, think they look first-rate, and really despise a lady from the country, who had sufficient impudence to wear what becomes her, without regard to fashion."

Co vindiced how vain her attempts at modernising her were, Emily cast an angry look at her, and left the room, shutting the door violently.

"I do believe, dear uncle," said Louisa, as she encountered him in the garden, that Emily is sufficiently punished. She is really very unhappy at my obstinacy, and my heart aches with pity, even while I torment her. I have forgiven her a thousand times for the tears her thoughtless remarks occasioned me."

"I appreciate the generosity of your motives," replied her uncle, "but this fault has gained too strong a hold upon Emily to be easily overcome. If I can but reclaim her from the influence of these silly Wilmoths, I shall be satisfied. I know it is painful to you as to me; but if you will bear a little longer, she must come to her senses."

In an hour after the conversation recorded in our last, Mr. Howard, Emily, and Louisa, started upon a shopping expedition—Emily fully determined to recognize none of her fashionable friends, if so unfortunate as to meet them.

"Oh, papa," cried she, earnestly, as they stopped before a spacious and elegant shop, "this is no place for us."

And why not, my daughter?—Have I not often heard you say you preferred it to any in the city—that Mr. Courtland and his clerks were gentlemanlike and accommodating, and do you not generally trade here?"

The fact was, Mr. Courtland had been charmed with the beauty of Emily, not less than her well-filled purse, and, always foremost in welcoming her, had delicately bestowed on her many of those flattering attentions so pleasing to the heart of woman.

As the party entered, Emily shrank behind her father, but Louisa pulled her sleeve, saying, "Only look, dear cousin, Emily, what lots of pretty things. Not much like the stores up where I live, I can tell you. Why, there they have pork, cheese, corn, molasses, and codfish, besides their calicoes, tapes, and what not; don't they, uncle Charles? But this is a much better way, all calicoes and turbelows. What an elegant lamp! Well, I never, why it's really worth twenty-five cents to come here, if it's only to look at the pretty things."

"Good evening, Miss Howard," said Mr. Courtland, bowing politely and affecting not to notice her embarrassment; "are there any goods I can show you this evening?" "No, she don't want any," replied Louisa, stepping forward, "but I'd like to buy a new gown."

The remarks of country rustics were not entirely new to the dealer, and experience had taught self-command; so without changing countenance, though secretly wondering that Emily Howard should have so vulgar a relation, he courteously asked,

"What shall I show you, madam, silk or calicoes?" "Calico! first rate, handsome calico," interrupted Louisa.

"I would like to look at some of your nice prints," chimed in the affected voice of a fashionably attired young lady, languishly seating herself on a stool by the side of Louisa, and unglowing her delicate maid.

The prints were produced, with the usual commendation of new styles, elegant patterns, last colors, unexceptionable prints, &c., &c., addressed alternately to the two inspectors.

"Prints, prints," said Louisa, "I asked for calico."

"This is the article, madam," gravely replied Mr. Courtland.

"Well, that's a funny name for calico; but these are not lively enough: why they look just like my old faded wash gown, and would do better for my grandmother than for a young girl like me. I like your real dashy calico, or prints as you call 'em."

The young lady cast a scornful look on the speaker, and gathered her wide-spread, costly garments

about her, as if she feared contamination. "Look here, cousin Emily," continued Louisa; "do tell me what to buy."

"Assist your cousin in a choice," said Mr. Howard, and Emily who had purposely kept at a distance, was forced to approach.

At the sound of Mr. Howard's voice, the lady on the stool raised her eyes, and Emily immediately discovered her to be the before-mentioned Mrs. Wilmoth's eldest daughter, and one of her most particular friends. With a formal bow for Mr. Howard, and a chilling smile for Emily, she turned to Mr. Courtland, and said, "I see nothing that quite pleases me," and then minced out of the store.

"O look, Emily," said Louisa, following her with her eyes, "what a widdle-waddle piece of work that girl makes of walking!"

"Why, Louisa," said Mr. Howard, smiling, "that is what they call graceful!"

"Just about as graceful as our ducks; you city folks know nothing of grace. I only wish you could see Mary Lee, the milk-maid, trip along; that's all grace—grace without effort—perfectly natural, too."

But it will not do for me to be thus minute, lest I might weary my readers. Each succeeding day brought new trials and mortifications to Emily, and it appeared to her as if her father's house had never been so thronged with the fashionable of the city.

Sir Edward Walton spent much time with them, and it was rumored that he was paying his addresses to Miss Howard. In vain did she look for confirmation of the report. She was certain he was deeply interested in her, and it is no less certain that for his sake she would have renounced an absent, but not less worthy lover—not that she loved Sir Edward better, but then he was the son of a marquis, and above all, one whom the high-headed Wilmoths were aspiring, or rather manoeuvring, to captivate. But alas! for their schemes; Sir Edward was not one to be entrapped by art, since his knowledge of the fashionable world had sickened him of intriguing mamma's or affected misses.

True, he was charmed with Emily's beauty and accomplishments; and, had she appeared a little, or rather more natural, there is no telling what might have happened. As it was, he had never thought of marrying her. So fastidious was he, that his most intimate friends already accounted him a bachelor; and he, despite his domestic tastes, and admiration of woman, sometimes feared lest he should never find the beau ideal of his imagination, in which case he would most assuredly fulfil his friends' predictions.

The anniversary of Emily's birth-day was approaching, and sincerely did she hope it at Louisa's visit would be completed before its arrival. Alas! the day came round, and Louisa was still there. In the early part of the day she had occasion to go to Emily's room, where she found her reclining on the sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Why, dear Emily," she exclaimed, "what can be the matter?" Emily rudely pushed her away, saying, "Leave me alone; I am so tired and unhappy I did not wish to see you."

"Tired and unhappy!" said Louisa, compassionately; "is there nothing I can do to relieve you?" "If you could, you would not," said Emily, pettishly, "you are so obstinate!"

Louisa was grieved, but not offended; and in tones of earnestness she sought to assure Emily of her mistake.

"Well, then, supposing I tell you that you are the cause of my trouble?" "I the cause of your trouble!—Why, Emily, what on earth can you mean?"

"But you will be angry, and will go to papa with it." "Indeed I will not. Who ever saw me angry?" "I am weeping simply because—because—my friends who come to celebrate this day, will laugh at you—your odd dress."

"But why cry for that? they can't make me cry: I don't care for them one cent."

"But you and I differ; and to know that my cousin must be laughed at, will make me miserable all day long."

"O cousin, what a strangely interested girl you are—but it shows how dearly you love me, and since it is your birth-day, you shall have your way, and I will promise to do everything just as you tell me."

That same night a large select company was assembled in the splendid illuminated halls of Mr. Howard. Sir Edward Walton was seated between the two Miss Wilmoths, when the elder remarked—

"I really hope that rustic cousin will be here, it will be so amusing to see her manoeuvre. And Emily too, why, she turned nineteen different colours when I happened to meet them at Courtland's."

At that moment Emily, who had spent many hours in dressing and drifting her cousin, presented her to her guests.

"What a charming woman!" said Sir Edward; "but bless me, 'tis the country girl metamorphosed truly. How sweetly she looks in that simple white muslin, and that white rose in her beautiful hair."

Louisa tried (or appeared to try) to make her entrance as she had been instructed, but after two or three awkward attempts, she sunk into the first empty chair, saying dependently— "There, I can't do it, Emily, and it's no use to try."

A half-suppressed titter ran through the apartment, and all eyes were turned scrutinizingly upon her—Sir Edward's in pity and admiration, for he saw, or imagined he saw, a painful blush overspread her cheek at her awkward situation.

"I thought you told me she was a gawky-looking country girl," said the younger Miss Wilmoth to her sister.

"And so she is, but Emily has been seeking to disguise the fact by rigging her up in her old cast-off clothes. How disgusting! But then what's the use, she has shewn out too soon."

"Why don't you play something or other?" asked Louisa, "Why up where I live—there it is again—pardon me, Emily, I forgot I was not to name the country; I only meant to say it was dreadful dull here, sitting stock still and staring at one another. It's what I call a quaker meeting—jist no celebration, at all."

"Why, Louisa," said Mr. Howard, "our friends are enjoying conversation."

"Well, then, I should think they would talk loud enough so I could hear them, for really I begin to think those two girls there, (pointing to the Wilmoths) are poking fun at me. If I'd worn my big illegant comb, which cost my mother twelve dollars, and striped gown, I should have expected to have been laughed at for Emily, here, told me so; but now I don't see what 'tis you find, seeing as how I am dressed as fashionable as any on you, though to be sure, I look a deal prettier in my own clothes. But there 'tis; I love my cousin, and I guess you'd thought she loved me too, if you'd seen how she cried and took on, for fear I'd be laughed at; and so I told her to rig me up just as she pleased, though I could hardly keep from crying to think how queer I should look!"

At that moment, Sir Edward, who really pitied Emily, who sat like a statue, proposed music, and prevailed on a young lady whom he knew to be well skilled to take her seat at the piano.

After the conclusion of her admirable performance, Miss Wilmoth was invited, who replied in Italian— "Take away that country nuisance, and I will."

"I will withdraw, and save him the trouble," said Louisa in the same language.

Miss Wilmoth started and reddened; while Sir Edward, almost confounded, gazed alternately at the two.

"Please, gentle lady, be a little more careful in future," said Louisa, dryly; "some apples are green when ripe."

"Quite discomfited, Miss Wilmoth seated herself, and wishing to show off, attempted a very beautiful, but difficult Italian piece, but not having practised sufficiently, and feeling a little disturbed at what had transpired, she failed entirely."

"Now," thought Louisa, "is my time," and stepping gaily forward, with a musical laugh, she resumed the seat which Miss Wilmoth had left.

As her delicate fingers swept the notes, every lover of music gathered round her, and when, without apparent effort, she had successfully

completed the music on which the now mortified Miss Wilmoth had failed, every voice was earnest in entreating her to continue.

"What a mysterious angel she is," thought Sir Edward, as he viewed her with rapturous devotion, what grace of form and movements—what splendid hair! and, above all, what accomplishments! I half—yes, quite—suspect a plot! Ay, I have it now, she is no rustic, but more than a match for the finest lady here."

At that moment she sang to a plaintive air, with her mellow, touching voice, and Sir Edward was completely subdued; not that good music was a new thing to him, by no means—but then the conquering little god had aimed a successful dart, that's all.

"Do not again assume your rustic manners," said Mr. Howard to Louisa, as she effected a polite escape from the importunities of her admirers; "for by this time Emily understands it all, and I am sure is quite disgusted with the Wilmoths."

While they were speaking, the smiling Emily advanced, and striking her finger at Louisa, affectionately said—

"You are caught at last, my precious cousin! When you perform your next comedy I advise you to take the stage, as I have no taste for such cruel theatricals. Do see those insulting Wilmoths, how mortified they are. You served them right—and the noble Sir Edward Walton is, I am sure, in love with their country nuisance." Oh, charming! charming! Now they will have a chance to envy instead of despise. But here he comes laughing right merrily."

"A delightful comedy, Miss Dalton," said he; "but I like the closing scene best; and, Miss Howard, judging from your happy face, our tastes are not entirely dissimilar."

"And only think, Sir Edward," exclaimed Emily, "how cruel to keep me in ignorance of the plot, even my own tender-hearted father enjoying my mortification—indeed I suspect him of conspiracy. But there it is; I half conceive their motive; I suppose I must feign a cure, for fear of another bitter dose. Oh, Louisa! that elegant chair and pianny."

By this time the whole company had learned that the country rustic was an assumed part, and were fast and loud in their expressions of their admiration of her superior grace and beauty. Some laughingly repeated— "There Emily, I can't do it, and it's no use to try;" and others— "Some apples are green when ripe; and others still—'Take away that country nuisance.' Some praised her well spoken Italian, and others her musical performance, while peals of merry laughter reverberated through the apartments. The humiliated Wilmoths, whose insulting remarks had not been at all private, now saw themselves objects of ridicule, and as early as possible made their escape.

The remainder of the evening was delightful to all, especially to Sir Edward, who bestowed an almost undivided attention upon Louisa, becoming more and more pleased with her grace of manners and conversation, so entirely devoid of the artificial, Emily felt no pang of envy at this monopoly, but rather triumphed in her cousin's success—ever and anon whispering to her happy father, "What a sweetly matched couple—how admirably adapted; how intelligent and how happy they look; the invincible Sir Edward is conquered at last. Oh, charming! charming! was her favourite expression of delight."

After the conclusion of the festivities she assured her father and cousin this had been the most joyous birth-day anniversary she had ever known. The tears in the morning, like showers in April, had been chased away by the beaming sun of happiness, and had left no impress.

On the following day she read with transport a letter from the before-mentioned absent lover, containing intelligence of the success of his expedition, and promise of his speedy return, and withal couched in such winning, affectionate terms as to awaken the slumbering, but not extinguished flame in her heart. Long she wept over her past ingratitude in having well nigh forgotten one who for her sake had forsaken home and friends, and nobly braved the perils of the ocean and dangers of a sickly foreign climate, in order to render his fortune equal to her own.

since his lofty soul shrunk from the grovelling fortune-hunters, who ever beset a beautiful heiress—and such was Emily Howard.

And here we leave such minute details, and trust to the imagination of the readers to pourtray the joyous return, the two happy brides which followed, the transports, of the parents, the travels on the continent, the still increasing affection of Sir Edward for his charming bride, and her flattering reception by his English friends; and, above all, the entire reform of the now happy Emily and the delightful seasons passed by the parties in pleasant, and often laughable reminiscences, among the quiet groves of Mr. Dalton's sweet country home.

THE PRESENCE OF ARSENIC IN PLANTS.

Some startling statements respecting the presence of arsenic in plants cultivated for food have been lately made by Dr. Edmund Davy, Professor of Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry to the R. Dublin Society, which the *Gardener's Chronicle* suggests, if they should be confirmed, will most seriously affect all medico-legal evidence in cases of suspected poisoning. It is well known that plants will absorb anything fluid that may be presented to their roots, and hence gardeners are always anxious that the soil in which their plants are growing should be perfectly free from contamination by poisonous substances. Solutions of lead, of zinc, of mercury, of copper, even in minute doses, are regarded with the utmost apprehension. Even lime itself is a notorious poison to some plants—such, for example, as Heaths, Rhododendrons, and their allies. It would however appear from Dr. Davy's statement that arsenic must be regarded as an exception. Knowing that sulphuric acid containing arsenic was so largely employed in making superphosphate and other artificial manures, and that they therefore must contain variable quantities of that substance, he had for some time thought that it was not improbable that plants grown with such manures might imbibe or take up from the soil where those substances had been employed, a certain quantity of arsenic, and in this way he rendered more or less unwholesome articles of food. Dr. Davy accordingly made experiments with plants of peas, watering them every second or third day with a saturated aqueous solution of arsenious acid. This treatment was continued for more than a week without its appearing to exercise any immediate injurious effects on the plants. This treatment having ceased for some months, it was found at the end of that period that the plants had grown to about their full size, had flowered, and produced seed, showing that arsenic, though so very destructive a substance to animal life, had not apparently exercised any decided injurious effects on those plants.

The plants were subsequently examined, and were found to have imbibed the arsenic, which was detected in every portion of them. By another experiment it was ascertained that the arsenic, as it existed in different artificial manures [such as superphosphate] would, in like manner, be taken up by the plants growing where those manures had been applied. This experiment was made with a cabbage plant, which, on being examined, was found to give the most distinct indications of the presence of arsenic, though only a very small amount of cabbage—viz., 113 grains was used in the experiment. His last experiments were to ascertain if the presence of arsenic could be detected in our crops grown with superphosphate in the ordinary way.

Turnips taken from fields in which superphosphate had been used were next examined, and still gave the unmistakable evidence of having been arseniated. The facts thus collected appear to Dr. Davy "to have some important bearings, for though the quantity of arsenic which occurs in such manures is not large when compared with their other constituents, and the proportion of that substance which is thus added to the soil must be small, still plants may, during their growth, as in the case of the alkaline and earthy salts, take up a considerable quantity of this substance, though its proportion in the soil may be but very small. Further, as arsenic is known to be

A TEA PARTY IN ST. GILES'S.

"It is a party given to the Bible subscribers by the subscribers to the St. Giles's Fund, who have been the readers of 'The Book and its Missions' during the last twelve months. Out of the 1,004 persons to whom 'Marian' had in that space of time delivered 'the Holy Word of God,' she, in conjunction with her superintending lady, had invited about forty to partake of a somewhat more bountiful repast in one of the large rooms at the Broad street Ragged School and Refuge, which was kindly and gratuitously lent for the purpose. Six o'clock was the hour named, and as the clock struck the guests began to arrive and seat themselves quietly on both sides of the long tables covered with white cloths, placed up each side of the room. They had themselves previously brought a voluntary contribution to embellish the feast—which though there are no gardens in St. Giles's, it was in their power to do, as a flower-selling people—jugs of stocks, roses, pinks, and pansies, which took our hearts out to country cottage-doors; and two glass vases of Marian's own were filled with regal white lilies, which might, among the Romanists, have done honour to 'Our Lady.' On the high window- ledges sparkled balsams, geraniums, and fuchsias, which were gladly lent for the occasion also by the partakers of the treat; and more lovely still, as a product of the spontaneous gratitude of the Seven Dials, on a small table, which connected the two long ones, lay half a dozen bouquets, which might have been the envy of Covent Garden, and which, we were told, were 'for the ladies who had been so kind to them.' When one thought of 'Church Lane,' and Marian told us these had been made there, and that no one would say who had made them—'it was the offering from all—our hearts were touched; and considering ourselves but as the local representatives of a far wider circle, we offer to our subscribers this testimony from the heart."

LORD CLYDE AND THE 93d HIGHLANDERS.—Lord Clyde arrived at Sabbath on the 7th October to see his own regiment, the 93d Highlanders. After minutely inspecting the regiment, his Lordship addressed the non-commissioned officers and men. He told them he was much gratified to see the high state of discipline they were in after all they had gone through; praised them for their cleanliness, general appearance, steadiness under arms, and their good behavior in quarters; and concluded by thanking Colonel Leith

[May for the order he had his regiment in. His Lordship dined at mess afterwards, and made a farewell speech, telling them to study, as war had become so much of a science now, and that it was not necessary for officers, "as of old," to lead on their men with swords waving, etc, but direct them; and finished by saying he would inform her Majesty and the Commander-in-Chief of the perfect state of discipline his regiment was in, and hoped soon to see it once more at home. On the road leading past the 93d barracks, the regiment, officers as well as men, was drawn up to give their old chief a farewell cheer, which was done with a hearty goodwill, so much so that, ironerved man as he is, he seemed deeply affected. The Commander-in-Chief expects to be finished in time to allow him to arrive in England by January.

an accumulative poison, by the by the continued use of vegetables containing even a minute proportion of arsenic, that substance may collect in the system, till its amount may exercise an injurious effect on the health of men and animals."

The *Chronicle* has the following remarks on this important question thus laid on the tapis:—

"That these statements deserve the name of startling will hardly be denied. They lead to the following important inferences:—1st, That plants, or at least peas or turnips, are not injured by arsenic in the soil; 2d, That they absorb this dangerous substance; 3d, That they detain in their tissues what they absorb; 4th, That arsenic may thus be introduced into the animal system with daily food; and 5th, It may accumulate there till dangerous consequences ensue. Is this really so? Is there no error in Dr. Davy's experiments, which are quite opposed in their results to the evidence obtained by others? It is known, indeed, that the potatoe crops near the smelting houses at Swansea remain healthy, although the atmosphere is said to be contaminated by arsenical fumes; but no exact experiments have been recorded on the subject; on the other hand, it is certain that vegetation perishes round the arsenic works of Cornwall. There remains the alarming fact, that food crops raised with manure containing minute doses of arsenic, may both directly and indirectly cause injurious effects upon the animal system; directly, as when vegetables are taken into the stomach; indirectly, when animals that have fed on such vegetables become the food of man. This seems to be a matter deserving—let us rather say, demanding—immediate and rigorous examination."