

## ALL, ALL ARE GONE.

My mother died when I was young,  
Too young to know my loss—  
Thus early I was left alone,  
On life's wild waves to toss;  
For no one in the wide, wide world,  
Can fill a mother's place,  
And, though we live a hundred years,  
We miss that loving face.

Then from her home my sister passed,—  
The only one I had,  
And though I still was young in years,  
My heart grew sick and sad;  
For always she spoke kind to me,  
Though wayward I would get,  
Ah, yes! her loving tenderness  
I well remember yet.

Then my brother next from earth was called,  
My playmate and my friend;  
Oh, how I thought that parting would  
My very spirit rend.  
I begged them but to bury me,  
And let him live again,  
I knew not, for I was too young,  
That all such thoughts were vain.

At last death took my only friend,  
My father, dear and kind,  
And then I wonder where on earth  
Such friends again I'd find;  
Then, then, my grief knew no restraint,  
Hot tears bedewed my face,  
For well I knew that no one could  
Their loss to me replace.

Years have passed o'er my head since then,  
But oh! I miss them still;  
In vain I've sought among mankind  
For some their place to fill—  
And, though I meet with dear kind friends,  
There's something wanting yet;  
The shrine's still vacant they once filled,  
Whom I can ne'er forget.

When twilight gather o'er the world,  
I leave the haunts of men,  
And in the silence and the gloom  
Commune with them again;  
Then memories of the long, long past,  
Swell up in my sad soul,  
And tears flow fast for they o'er whom  
The Lethian waters pall.

## THE BOX TUNNEL.

## A FACT.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change colour, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth, her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending greyish dress, buttoned to the throat with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of colour. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted; and there she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with a book in her hand and a *soupeon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbour was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation, that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one, not one of those sub-nasal pig-tails, on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the colour of tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none; in a word, he was what one often hears of than meets, a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his vis-à-vis and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, [the truth must be told] the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he was going with us to Bath and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!" Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised, should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but, "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and, the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Doligan fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a "Times" and a "Punch," the latter was full of steel-pen thrusts

# The York Herald,

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and wood-cuts. Valor and beauty! deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by punch. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Doligan he handed them out—he souped them—toughed chickened them—he branded and couched one, and he branded and burnt sugared the other; on their return to their carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have saved with us, till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hands, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragon—so venus remained in *tele-a-tele* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how expressed, how expressive he becomes; such was Doligan after Swindon, and to do the dog justice he got handsomer and handsomer, and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream, such was Miss Haythorn; she became demure.

Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed, this elicited an enquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" inquired the lady. "Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it's a gentleman's joke."

"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly if it makes me laugh."

Captain Doligan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:—A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel. There was one gentleman opposite, and it was pitch dark. After the Tunnel had been passed through, the lady said, "George, how absurd to salute me going through the Tunnel." "I did no such thing!" "You didn't?"

"No! why?" "Why, because somehow I thought you did?"

Here Captain Doligan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done.

The train entered the tunnel. Miss Haythorn, "Ah!"

Doligan, "What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn, "I am frightened."

Doligan, [moving to her side] Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you."

Miss Haythorn, "You are near me, very near me, indeed, Captain Doligan."

Doligan, "You know my name?"

Miss Haythorn, "I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Doligan, "I could be content to spend hours here reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss Haythorn, "Nonsense."

Doligan—Pweep!

[Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty girl you meet or you will understand what this means.]

"Miss Haythorn, 'Ee! Ee! Oh! Friend, 'What's the matter, dear?"

Miss Haythorn, "Open the door! Open the door!"

"There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness."

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present, "Hit boys as big as yourself, bigger pernapas, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will."

Miss Haythorn's scream lost a part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door,—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side,—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted [Latin for kisses] deposited somewhere at his foot a look of gentle

blushing reproach; the other whom he had not insulted, darted red hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Doligan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linestocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action, as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Doligan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coolly answered, that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing: "That is nothing," continued the Major, "but unfortunately he deserves to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the young man's temples and his senior added, "I mean to say he is thirty-five; you, I presume, are twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3 that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard when I won it!"

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbeliever in human perfectibility know that this dragon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance and this; was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking, in vain, for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Doligan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look; "It can't be! Yes it is!" Miss Haythorn! [not that he knew her name!] but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen radiant and dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost a sight of her. He found her again. She was lovely, she made him ill, and he, alone, must not dance with her, nor speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way it might have ended in kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him, it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Doligan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Doligan at last found himself injured; "who was this man?"

"And what right had he to go on so?"

"He had never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolly Doligan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated the ugly success.

He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—the never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way; a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway carriage.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however was at last revealed by this untoward intep; and the same day our crest-fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon, she issued quite naturally as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest parade—Doligan did the same; he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time besought permission to address her.—She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed

ed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are." Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

She did "not know!"

She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent where everybody was to be. They parted, and Doligan determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That evening, for the first time, Doligan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident, when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, when our dragon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of his one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Captain Doligan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R.N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting out expedition: he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced with a total change of voice that "it was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth, this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter—our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Doligan saw his divinity glide into the drawing room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepened into confusion; she tried to laugh, she cried instead and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George, and Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays) these two were very happy, they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Doligan was dressed just as before, ducklike, and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from under her long eyelashes. "Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all.—Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—to—"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Well, then! you remember the Box Tunnel," (this was the first allusion he had ventured it.) "I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10, with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic externally chuckled within.

"I knew that, George; I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me! impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet, how singular? What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know, but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but; say then you could not have been so very angry with me? I love; why dearest, who brought that action against me?"

Mrs Doligan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me!"

"Sweet angel, why here is the Box Tunnel!"

"Now reader, fie! no! no such thing. You can't expect to be indulged in this way, every time we come to a dark place; besides it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people, no such phenomenon, I assure you took place.—No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!"

## NERVOUSNESS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Surely, says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for the present month, there is a respect in which the more refined and cultivated portion of the human race in Britain is suffering a rapid deterioration, and getting into a morbid state. I mean in the matter of nervous irritability or excitability. Surely people are far more nervous now than they used to be some generations back. The mental cultivation and the mental wear which we have to go through, tends to make that strange and inexplicable portion of our physical constitution a very great deal too sensitive for the work and trial of daily life. Is it not a dear price we pay for our superior education, this morbid sensitiveness which makes us so keenly alive to influences which are painful and distressing? I have known very highly educated people who were positively trembling with anxiety and undefined fear every day before the post came in. Yet they had no reason to anticipate bad news; they could conjure up indeed a hundred gloomy forebodings of evil, but no one knew better than themselves how vain and weak were their fears. The morbid nervousness of the present day appears in several ways. It brings a man sometimes to that startled state that the sudden opening of a door, the clash of falling fire-arms, or any little accident, puts him in a flutter.

How nervous the late Sir Robert Peel must have been when, a few weeks before his death, he went to the Zoological Gardens, and when a monkey suddenly sprang upon his arm, the great and worthy man fainted! Another phase of nervousness is when a man is brought to that state that the least noise, or cross-occurrence, seems to jar through the entire nervous system to upset him, as we say; when he cannot command his mental powers except in perfect stillness, or in the chamber and at the writing-table to which he is accustomed; when, in short, he gets fidgety, easily worried, full of whims and fancies which must be indulged and considered, or he is quite out of sorts. Another phase of the same morbid condition is, when a human being is always oppressed with vague undefined fears that things are going wrong; that his income will not meet the demands upon it, that his child's lungs are affected, that his mental powers are leaving him—a state of feeling which shades rapidly off into positive insanity. Indeed, when matter remain long in any of the fashions which have been described, I suppose the natural termination must be disease of the heart, or a shock of paralysis, or insanity in the form either of mania or idiocy. Numbers of commonplace people who could feel very acutely but who could not tell what they felt, have been worried into fatal heart-disease by prolonged anxiety and misery. Every one knows how paralysis laid its hand upon Sir Walter Scott, always great, lastly heroic. Protracted anxiety how to make ends meet with a large family and an uncertain income, drove Southey's first wife into the lunatic asylum; and there is hardly a more touching story than that of her fears and forebodings through nervousness, year after year. Not less sad was the end of her overwrought husband, in blank vacuity; nor the like end of Thomas Moore. And perhaps the saddest instance of the result of an over driven nervous system, in recent days, was the end of that honest, wonderful genius, H. Millar.

Women are often poor judges of men. If a man is simply agreeable to a woman, she is apt to invest him with attributes which belong more to herself than to him. An inexperienced and generous minded girl who is all sympathy and affection herself is a great danger of attributing to every man that approaches her with a show of tenderness and love, the natural truth and sincerity of her own heart.

## AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB.

From the New York Tribune.

MONDAY, DEC. 19, 1859.

BARN-YARD MANURE.—The Secretary read a letter that goes to show that "Barn-yard manures do not suffer by exposure upon the surface, when hauled to the field in the winter, and spread broadcast."

COMPOSTING MUCK IN WATER.—A. W. Harlow, of Windsor, VT., asks our opinion "as to the best manner of composting muck with stable manures. The larger shares of these is made in cold weather, and often thrown into an open yard, and hence is frozen. When should the muck be dug—how preserved—how and when applied to the manure?" Should it be mixed with the manure daily, as it comes from the stables?" Important questions these, and, as he says, doubtless are interesting to a great many persons beside him. I answer that the best way is to so arrange his farming that he can get one year ahead with his manure, and then compost it in the Summer; because, in such a cold climate, he cannot work to advantage except he has a manure cellar, with his muck stored up, when the work of composting can go on in freezing weather.

It is no matter when muck is dug; though I think it will decompose faster if piled in warm weather.

Andrew S. Fuller recommended that the writer should purchase Davies's Muck Manual; that will give him an abundance of information upon the subject of muck.

THOMLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE.—The agent of this English quack nostrum came prepared to use the Club for a very extensive advertisement; but in the course of his harangue he proved that the substance called food is not food, but is used as a stimulant, just as the jockey uses arsenic, antimony, et cetera; and as the toper uses whisky.

Solon Robinson objected to this nostrum, because the vendors of it had falsified what was said here at a former meeting, so as to make it appear that the Club indorsed it as worthy of confidence.

Wm. Lawton stated that a person had had a sample of the above-named food analyzed, and it proved to contain a large proportion of arsenic. Comment is unnecessary. But as it is advertised in the *Tribune*, and what has been said here is falsified stated, it is well for farmers to be on their guard, for no good article needs to be sustained by falsehood.

Dr. Percy—I look upon this stuff just as I do upon any quack medicine, the component parts of which are kept secret. I want the vendors of this quack stuff for dairy cattle, to give the analysis of it before I can recommend farmers or others to use it.

ROMANCE AND ROBBERY AT A HOTEL.—NARROW ESCAPE FROM MATRIMONY.—A young lady whose name we suppress, who is living with some friends in Oakland County was arrested on Saturday under quite peculiar circumstances. It seems that she was for a while in Montreal, where she became acquainted with a young man, the son of wealthy parents, who was taken ill at his hotel. She attended and cared for him while he was sick, and he became quite enamored of her, and quite seriously resolved thoughts of matrimonial engagements in his mind. But just at this point his fair friend disappeared, not only from the hotel but from the city, and it was ascertained that she had taken with her her watch and chain worth \$150, a diamond pin worth \$75 and \$400 in money. She was finally traced to Toronto, London and this city, and at length discovered and arrested. The twin was brought face to face, when the young lady confessed and returned the watch and pin, but the money was spent. In consideration of his narrow escape from a closer alliance, the young man concluded to let his money go as a thank-offering for deliverance, and the young lady was allowed to depart.—*Detroit Tribune*.

"Who's afraid?" said a young man to himself, in order to screw his courage to the sticking place.—Why, you are, said the object of his affection, "or you would have taken courage six months ago." "Say yes, Pussy."

It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our unmet, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts as to the chance of forgiveness.

It is said, but we do not believe it, that in Devonshire there is a miller's maid so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lover alone suffice to turn the sails of the mill!

## THE JEWS IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

"The Jews in this neighborhood are of a very poor class. I met with but few men at home, as might be expected, they having to get their living abroad by various kinds of traffic. The women are not communicative with an English-speaking visitor; they understood my inquiries but little, and I as little their replies; yet some interpreted for others, and the common answer I received, was, 'My husband is not at home.' They are in general poorly lodged, but others are fond of display alike in their persons and houses. The large floating ribbons for the head attire appear indispensable as a rest-day's ornament, both for young and old. I believe they bestow much care on their children; I have been often pleased with the appearance and vivacity of the little ones, and thought of the promise, 'And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.' I consider it due to the people of this quarter to say that in no instance have I received an uncivil reception, nor had the door slammed in my face without an answer, as is too frequently the case elsewhere. Perhaps the most interesting interview I had was with a Jewess, who I saw was very intelligent, and she told me that if I gave my Bibles to the Jews, they would the next moment sell them, for they cared nothing about them, and would not read them. I was to tell my friends that she, a Dutch Jewess, told me so in kindness. The Jews know that they had the truth, and were not like ignorant Christians, bowing down to images of wood and stone, and kissing them, &c. I attempted an explanation, but I fear she knew not how to distinguish between those professing the name of Christ, and those who worship Him in spirit and in truth without such symbols."

ONE SOURCE OF PEERAGES.—In olden times, the wealth and commerce of London, conducted as it was by energetic and enterprising men, was a prolific source of peerages. Thus, the Earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper; and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from "the Kingmaker," but from William Greville, the woolstapler; whilst the modern Earls of Northumberland find their head not in the Percies, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary. The founders of the families of Drimouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret, were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant; whilst the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer, and Coventry were merecers. The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewellers; and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the Dukedom of Leeds, was apprentice to William Hewet, a rich clothworker on London-bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning, by leaping into the Thames after her, and eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trade are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darpley, Hill, and Carrington. The founders of the house of Foley and Normandy were remarkable men in many respects, and, as furnishing striking examples of energy of character, the story of their lives is especially worthy of preservation.—*Self Help, by S. Smiles*.

A SUPPOSED MURDER CASE.—On Monday it was reported in the *Globe* that a man, named Michel Moran, had been found dead on the ice on the Don on Saturday morning. An inquest was opened the same day before Coroner Cotter, which was postponed till yesterday, and a post mortem examination ordered to be made. The inquest was resumed yesterday at Lee's tavern, corner of Sunnyside and King-street. The jury, after hearing the evidence of Dr. Ross, who made the post mortem examination, returned a verdict to the effect that Michel Moran came to his death by violence; but no evidence had been brought before them to implicate any person. The police authorities will, in all likelihood, investigate the matter.

He who owes all his good nature to the pot and the pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good nature over-night, but then he will sleep it tal away again before the morning.

It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our unmet, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts as to the chance of forgiveness.

It is said, but we do not believe it, that in Devonshire there is a miller's maid so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lover alone suffice to turn the sails of the mill!