

North York election
good

Literature.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis the dead of the night, and the city
Lies silent and dark as the tomb ;
While the murmuring waters of Seine
Rush on thro' the mist and the gloom.
All is still, not a sound to be heard,
Not a light, over head or below ;
The town seems deserted by all
Save the sentries who pace to and fro.
Have that of their long measured tread
No sound do the echoes repeat,
And they grasp their sword-hilts and converse
In the midst of the desolate street.
" Good even, my comrade ! Hast heard
The glorious news that is come ?
Of the feast that our king hath prepared,
Of the dance to the beat of the drum.
" To which we are soon to lead forth
The Calvanist daughters of France ?
They will not refuse us ?" he laughed,
As he eyed the sharp point of his lance.
" Sleep, husband ! sleep on while ye may,
Secure by the side of your wives ;
Such a waking ere long you will see
As but once in a lifetime arrives.
" O mothers of heroic babes !
Go forth, then, once more in your arms ;
And, lovers, across while ye may
The beauties that yield you their charms.
" For 'en now," saith a wild sound
Smote dread on the ear of the night
" T'was so like the last trumpet of doom,
That the spectators gaped with affright.
And the soul of the damned found their way
For a season to earth, and became
The leaders of sport for the night,
And cheer'd on the honours to the game.
The call of Religion is heard,
And the soldiers of Jesus arise,
And rush to the slaughter with hate
In their hearts, and with lust in their eyes
Who babble of mercy ! Behold,
This night 'tis forbidden to spare :
For the hour is come, long appointed,
The sword of Jehovah is here.
The angels shall weep as they see
How our Catholic choir greet
The women that kneel in their anguish,
And helpless for mercy entreat.
And the scent of the blood and the burning
Like incense shall elish to the stars
That ride in the vault of the heaven,
Remote from this earth and its wars.
For to night is the Lord's, and his vengeance
Shall rend the waters of Seine ;
Let the reapers go forth to the harvest,
And gather the Huguenot grain.
—Quee a Week.

A JOURNEYMAN GENTLEMAN.
BY GEORGE ANSOLD.

Joe Conway was an oddity.
He especially delighted in mys-
teries, disguises, unexpected denou-
gements, intrigues, and romance gen-
erally.
Consequently he was always get-
ting into very bad scrapes, and—
superfluous assertion—there was
always sure to be a lady in the
case.
This made him a bit of a miso-
gamist—an amateur woman hater.
Yet, for all that, he could not let
the sex alone !
A profound love of nature and dis-
sipation attracted Joe and myself to
the little village of D., on the banks
of that charming stream the Erewhon.
We went to fish, to sketch,
to see the scenery, and drink, for,
as Joe remarked the waters of the
Erewhon possess peculiarly refresh-
ing qualities—when mixed with a
little cognac.
The afternoon of the second day
of our sojourn found us seated
upon a flower spangled slope,
skirted by willows, whose garbled
rocks were bathed in the pellucid
waters of the Erewhon. We had
sought the spot to smoke, converse,
and digest our somewhat elaborate
dinner in peace and quiet with the
beauties of nature before our eyes.
As it is very apt to be the case
when two young men get together,
our talk was about women.
" Women ! what an inexhaustible
subject for contemplation, conversa-
tion, writing, oratory, painting,
sculpture, and matrimony !
" It's all gammon," said Joe
Conway, women don't appreciate
cultivation, intellect, nor good fel-
lowship. All they look for is
wealth, and position, when they love.
If they don't find these amiable
qualities, they won't love, and if a
fellow hasn't got them, he had bet-
ter let the sex alone. It takes a
gilded key to unlock their precious
little hearts ! That's so !
" You are sadly mistaken, Joe,"
said I, " and the worst of it is that
you know it. You are angry with
the husband hunters who have given
you chase, and revenge yourself by
damning the whole institution of
fimity. You are wrong. A man like
you, young, rich, and—well, yes,
without flatterer, I think I
may say, tolerably good looking,
has no chance. You see only the
degrading ones who are bound to
marry your bank account in spite
of yourself, and then play off their
charms upon you, ad nauseum.
" But where are the artless ones
who don't want money, who are
willing to sacrifice themselves, and
all that for the sake of the tender
passion ?

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They are modest; the brazen
faced fortune hunters crowd about
you, and accustom you to being
sought. The really good girls re-
quire seeking, and as that isn't in
your line you never know how
many nice women there are in the
world.
" I'll tell you what I'll do," cried
Joe—starting up suddenly and half
choking himself with a mouthful of
cigar smoke, " I'll test that question.
I'll do it here in this very place.—
I'll turn mechanic, ignore my
money and my family, make up to
the prettiest, proudest girl in the
village, and show you that she
won't marry a poor mechanic.—
Then I'll come out in my colors,
and show you that my cash is puis-
sant to do that which my conversa-
tion and acquirements cannot begin
to do !"
" What, marry her ?"
" Not that much—make her ask
me to, and then laugh at her."
I confess that I secretly hoped
that Joe would not test the question.
He was a capital fellow, as
rich in accomplishments and culti-
vation as in money. Now I knew
very well that D. contained some
very charming girls, daughters of
retired sea captains, merchants,
etc., who, however much they love
a mechanic, would see him hanged
before they would marry him. Au-
 contraire, a young gentleman of
wealth and position would prove
probably very acceptable.
But he was determined, and when
I returned to the city, in a few
days, I left Joe arranging a chest of
carpenter's tools, and getting him-
self up a pair of blue overalls and a
paper cap !
Joe had a wonderful talent for
doing everything tolerably well.—
He played upon a dozen instru-
ments, could survey, had dabbled in
the fine arts, understood short hand,
a little surgery and medicine, was a
finished jockey, a fair gardener,
had built a stone bridge, written an
epic, and half soiled a pair of boots !
With these somewhat varied ac-
complishments, he had no fear, of
course, but what he could get on
very well as a carpenter. No
one knew him at D., and when he
introduced himself to the boss
carpenter of the village, he suc-
ceeded in persuading him that he
was a journeyman of unusual
talent.
He received several commissions
during the first fortnight of his ex-
periments, but on the whole it is
rather lucky that he was not com-
pelled to subsist on the proceeds
of his labors; otherwise, he might
have found it difficult to pay his
board—especially as his commis-
sioned me to send him some five
dollars worth of cigars every week.
One day, after having nearly ex-
hausted his patience, and done no
end of plotting and planning in vain,
the village carpenter asked him to
undertake the restoration of a corn-
ice on one of the oldest and most
aristocratic houses in D.
Joe agreed, and in a short time
he was mounted on a scaffold, about
on a level with the third story win-
dows of the mansion of old Com-
modore Huklington, dextrously
making his measurement and plans
for the new cornice.
It was not an easy task, for the
work was elaborate and the weather
warm. Two days elapsed,
and Joe had only got ready to com-
mence putting up the brackets,
which sustained the heavy mould-
ings. Lunch time came, and the
amateur carpenter, getting into the
shade, unpacked his little dinner
pail, and began a repast at once
simple and nourishing, when he
saw that the window nearest him
was open, and that some papers ly-
ing on an escutcheon inside were
disposed to blow away.
" I know it's trespass," meditated
he, " but it's for the proprietor's
good—I'll step into the room, and
save, perhaps, some valuable docu-
ments."
A little gymnastic exercise
brought him down from the scaf-
fold, through the window and into
a very elegant chamber.
" Hum," said he, " a woman's room."
There were paintings, statues, or-
nate ornaments, and forty other
luxurious nothings, such as women
of fast love do gather around them.
A guitar reposed upon the bed, with
some books in French and Italian.
The couch itself bore the impress
of a form, as if the tiding deity of
the chamber had been lying down,
and passed her time with music and

literature. There was a portfolio
open on the table, with a very pretty
sketch, half finished; a well stocked
library in the corner bore evidence
of the cultivated mind of the occu-
pant, and everything about the
chamber, from the bed with its
shower of curtains falling from a
massive gilt ring, to the canary bird
in the window, bespoke a refine-
ment and delicacy on the part of
whoever had arranged the apart-
ments, seldom found except in
young and beautiful women, who
aspire to have their surroundings
like themselves.
" Some elegance about this," said
Joe gathering up the scattered pa-
pers and placing them beneath a
paper weight on the escutcheon. " I
must investigate this—here's an
opening for a splendid bit of ro-
mance—poor, young carpenter,
and rich and lovely woman, eh? Lord
bless me, there have been bushels
of novels written on the same plot !"
After a hurried examination of
the room, he regained his scaffold,
and consuming his lunch, set once
more about his labour, a little more
hopeful than before.
Thus passed a week, Joe got into
a very impudent habit of entering
the chamber almost daily, in hopes
of meeting the occupant of so
charming a temple.
He became familiar with all the
books and music, whistled the can-
ary into convulsion of song, and
drove himself half crazy with specu-
lations upon the fair unknown.
He had heard her sing very
sweetly one morning, when she
opened the window, and just caught
a glimpse of her form; but she see-
ing him, had withdrawn suddenly,
and he had not been able to dis-
cover whether she was beautiful
as a rose, or ugly as a camel.
He had found upon a half fin-
ished sonnet upon the table, several
long fine brown hairs, apparently
plucked out in a fit of abstracted
meditation.
Evidently, this girl was a blonde.
He had found gaiters of delicate
colors and wonderful smallness—
gloves of corresponding delicacy—
lustrous and artistic dresses and
sacques.
What will you say, oh, my mat-
ter of fact and partial reader,
when I tell you that my friend,
Joe Conway, fell in love with a
woman whom he had not seen—of
whom he knew next to nothing ?
Yes, he did.
Quite naturally the erection of
the cornice proceeded but slowly.—
The master carpenter wondered
at it, but Joe assured him it would
only take him a day or two longer.
One fine afternoon, Joe found
lying on the escutcheon, an essay
on music, written in the same beau-
tiful hand which he had so often
seen and admired on the margins of
books and papers in the chamber.—
Grown impatient to an alarming de-
gree, he laid down the saw with
him, and perused the essay care-
fully.
It was well written and power-
ful, but there was an error in phi-
losophy. It would be dull here for
me to explain the mistake which
Joe saw at once. It was enough
that the fair writer had confused
the laws that govern melody and
harmony, and Joe devoutly wished
an opportunity to point out the
error to her who made it.
He was just meditating an
epistle to be left with the essay,
when the door opened, and *diss* in-
conspicuously entered !
Figure to yourself a young girl
—say nineteen or twenty—whose
every line and contour spoke of
grace and health, whose peach
tinted cheeks, and bright eyes, like
the inner fold of some tropic shell,
told of vivacity, freshness and piri-
ty. Her hair was of that peculiar
pale bloom, almost a wood color,
which may perhaps be best de-
scribed as a mingling of ash and
golden tints, and fell in tangled
masses—half ringlets, half disorder
—on each side of a neck white
and delicate as the petals of the
camellia.
She did not scream when she
saw the carpenter sitting cozily
in her arm chair, making himself
objectively at home. She opened
her large grey eyes, hesitated a
moment, and said :
" Well, sir," with an accent be-
tween surprise and disdain.
Joe arose and bowed politely.
" What do you wish, sir ?"
Joe was put somewhat to his
trumps.
" I wish to see what kind of a

moon trip. As I held the tiny
white gloved hand of the bride,
and saw her charming face beneath
the gossamer tissue veil, depend-
ing from her 'love of a bonnet,' I
said to the proud and happy bride-
groom :
" Well, Joe, if you remember our
conversation on the banks of the
Erewhon, last summer, you can tell
what you think now, of the senti-
ments you then expressed."
" My dear George," said the Jour-
neyman Gentleman, " there are ex-
ceptions to all rules."
THE BLESSINGS OF
POVERTY.
If there is anything in the world
a young man should be more careful
for than another, it is the poverty
which launches us in life under very
great disadvantages. Poverty is
one of the best tests of human qual-
ity. A triumph over it is like gradu-
ating with honors at Oxford or
Cambridge. It demonstrates mental
stamina. It is a certificate of
worthy labour faithfully performed.
A young man who cannot stand his
test is not good for anything. He
can never rise to Affluence or sta-
tion. A young man who cannot feel
his determination strengthened as
the yoke of poverty presses upon
him, and his energy rise with every
difficulty which poverty throws in
his way, had better never enter the
lists with the champions of self-re-
liance.
Poverty makes more men than it
ruins. It ruins only those who are
destitute of sterling energy of char-
acter; while it makes the fortunes
of multitudes whom wealth would
have ruined.
Now, if any young man with a
good fortune and in the possession of
that which is commonly called an
excellent opening in life, reads this
paper let him be warned in time.
His advantages may be anything but
what they seem, they may turn out
to be the bane of his life, the full
pocket in the long run, may be beat-
en by the empty purse, for money
will never make a man, and never
did in the world's history.
No, young man, if you are poor,
thank heaven and take courage.
You have the prospect of making
your own way in the world. If you
had plenty of money, ten chances to
one it would spoil you for all useful
purposes. Do you lack education ?
Have you enjoyed but little schooling ?
Remember that education does not
consist in the multitude of things
which a man professes. What can
you do—this is a question which
settles the matter for you. Do you
know your business? Do you know
men and how to deal with them ?
Has your mind, by any means what-
ever, received that discipline which
give to its action power and felicity ?
If so, than you are more of a man,
and a thousand times better educa-
ted than a youth who graduated at
college, but who knows nothing of
the practical business of life. And
as to wealth, there are very few
men in the world less than 30 years
of age and unmarried, who can af-
ford to be rich. One of the greatest
benefits to be reaped from great fi-
nancial disasters, is the saving of a
large crop of young men. They are
that they must help themselves ;
they get energy of character, and
personal enterprise and industry, in
place of a foolish dependence, on the
wealth which fathers or grandfathers
had accumulated before them ;
they are made to work, and the
work gives to their character that
nobility and manhood which are not
to be obtained without it.
In regard to the choice of a pro-
fession, every young man must con-
sult his own inclination. If you
adopt a trade or profession, do not
be perverted to resign it, unless you
are perfectly satisfied that you are
not adapted for it. Advice of all
sorts you are certain to receive, but
if you follow it, and it leads to a
profession which starve you, those
who gave you the advice never feel
bound to give you any money. You
have to take care of yourself in the
world, and you had better choose
your own way of doing it ; always
remembering that it is your trade or
profession that makes you feel re-
spectable, but that respectability
depends on the manner which you dis-
charge the duties devolving upon
you.
A profession or trade is not the
end of life, it is an instrument taken
in our hands by which to gain our
livelihood. Thoroughly acquired
and assiduously followed, a trade is

still to be held at arm's length. It
should not be allowed to tyrannize
over, to mould or to crush a man.
It should not occupy the whole of
his attention. So far from this, it
should only be regarded as a means
for the development of manhood, the
cultivation of every power of the
soul, and of every high spirited
quality. Trade is beneath the man
and should be kept there. With this
idea in your mind, look around you,
and see how almost everybody has
missed the true aim of life. They
have not striven to be men, but to be
lawyers, doctors, tradesmen or me-
chanics, but they have missed the
true aim of life, and though
they may become influential in
their professions, they have failed
to make the right of their existence.
Elihu Burritt cultivated the man-
hood that was within him until his
trade and his blacksmith shop ceased
to be useful to him, and he could get
a living in a more congenial way.
It is necessary that you be su-
perior to your occupation, and that
to obtain manhood be the great end
of your struggle in the world.
WINTER RULES.
[From Hall's Journal of Health.]
Never go to bed with cold damp
feet.
In going into a colder air, keep
the mouth resolutely closed, that by
compelling the air to pass circuitous-
ly through the nose and head, it may
become warmed before it reaches
the lungs, and thus prevent those
shocks and sudden chills which fre-
quently end in pleurisy, pneumonia,
and other serious forms of disease.
Never sleep with the head in the
draught of an open door or window.
Let more cover be on the lower
limbs than on the body. Have an
extra covering within easy reach, in
case of a sudden and great change of
weather during the night.
Never stand still a moment out of
doors, especially at street corners,
after having walked even a short
distance.
Never sit near an open window of
a vehicle, for a single half minute,
especially if it has been preceded by
a walk; valuable lives have thus
been lost, or good health permanent-
ly destroyed.
Never put on a new boot or shoe
in beginning a journey.
Never wear India-rubbers in cold
dry weather.
If compelled to face a bitter cold
wind, throw a silk handkerchief over
the face; its agency is wonderful in
modifying the cold.
Those who are easily chilled on
going out of doors, should have some
cotton batting attached to the vest
or other garments so as to protect
the space between the shoulder-
blades behind, the lungs being at-
tached to the body at that point; a
little there is worth five times the
amount over the chest in front.
Never sit for more than a minute
at a time with the back against the
fire or stove.
Avoid sitting against cushions in
the backs of pews in churches; if
the uncovered board feels cold, sit
erect without touching it.
Never begin a journey until break-
fast has been eaten.
After speaking, singing, or preach-
ing in a warm room in winter, do
not leave it for at least ten minutes,
and even close the mouth, put on the
gloves, wrap up the neck, and put
on cloak or overcoat before passing
out of the door; the neglect of these
has laid many a good and useful man
in a premature grave.
Never speak under a hoarseness,
especially if it requires an effort, or
gives a hurting or a painful feeling,
for it often results in a permanent
loss of voice, or life-long invalidism.
A PERSON'S FEELINGS AT SEA.—
The first hour that a person spends at sea
is commonly devoted in admiring man's
triumph over the deep—the next in ad-
mitting that the deep is gradually triumph-
ing over him. " Steward where's my
room? I begin to feel as if I should very
soon need a little weak brandy, or a good
deal of tin basin."
Bad company is like a nail driven
into a post, which, after the first or
second blow, may be drawn out with
little difficulty; but being once
driven up to the head the pliers can
not take hold to draw it out; it
can only be done by the destruction
of the wood.
Harsh judgements as generally as un-
just as they are unkind.

WANT OF AIR.
A late writer thinks that an " old
fashioned fireplace" was one great
source of health. We quote :
" Now it is remarkable to observe
how simultaneously the gradual in-
troduction and use of stoves, and the
imitation of life, and the increase of
mortality in the United States, have
advanced together. Fifty or sixty
years ago, stoves were not much in
use. In all the old houses, which
have been built for that length of
time, and in many long since, we
find the old open fireplace—but not
no longer in use ; being either per-
manently, or temporarily closed up,
and replaced by a close iron stove,
or at best by a small grate, or else a
furnace. And correspondingly we
find, wherever we have the records
from which to determine, a deteriora-
tion of life and health regularly
progressing with the change in our do-
mestic habits and arrangements.
Thus we have seen the average age
at which death takes place has with-
in the last half century diminished
from six to nine years ; that in Phil-
adelphia and New York, the age at
which half the deaths occur, has re-
ceded within the same period from
twenty-four years to less than five
years. And that the rate per cent
of infant mortality in Boston nearly
doubled in twenty years, and in
New York city actually trebled in
forty-seven years; that the 100,000 in-
habitants of all ages, having regular-
ly increased from 688, in the year
1816, to 2,094 in an equal population
in the year 1857."
These facts are worthy of consid-
eration. Without proving that
stoves are unwholesome, they do
prove, we think, that our houses
should be properly ventilated, and
our rooms better supplied with oxy-
gen. The old-fashioned fireplace
ventilated the room in which a fire
was kindled. The part formerly
played by the open fireplace should
now be performed by some other
opening.
THE MORMONS.—The Mormons
according to their own census, are
decreasing in Utah. In 1856 they
numbered 38,000 in 1858 only about
30,000. They claim, however, that
they are increasing in the country
at large, and in the world, and then
ascribe the diminution in Utah to
temporary causes and absences.
It is not generally known that
there are more Mormons outside of
Utah than in it. Less than one-
third of them reside in the territory
though the congregations elsewhere
are constantly sending of fresh re-
cruits to Salt Lake City. It is com-
puted that there are 32,000 in Great
Britain and Ireland and 7,000 on the
Continent of Europe, besides some
5,000 in Canada, 4,000 in California
and several thousands in the Eastern
States and South America. Alto-
gether they number 126,000. Utah
is the only place where they practice
polygamy and carry out their
theories of civil government as well
as of religion, and it is the only place
where they do not increase. This
would seem to warrant the infer-
ence that they will never attain that
permanent and independent exist-
ence which they covet. So long
as they are surrounded by civilized
communities, of which they form
but a small part, and are restrained
by their laws and customs, they can
maintain ground as one out of sever-
al sects. But when they are iso-
lated in a separate community, and
give their doctrine full swing they
are continually losing adherents who
have become disgusted and the ag-
gregate of their losses is more than
the accession of the new converts.
This fact, taken in connection with
the very considerable " Gentile"
population now settled in Utah and
continually increasing, warrants the
expectation that their power in the
territory will gradually and peace-
ably dwindle away by the operation
of natural causes, and that in the
State to arise there, they will be
only a component, and not a con-
trolling element.
Money.—The desire to be rich is not
evil in itself. It is nonsense for a man
to stand up and declaim the desire for
wealth and urge upon himself the idea
that he should be poor. Money is not an
evil in itself; it has no moral character.
It is simply an agent, and whether it be
good or evil depends upon the manner in
which it is used. It is like a sword.
Whether a sword be in the hands of a
Benedict Arnold, bathed in his country's
blood, or in the hands of a Washington,
wielded for justice and liberty it is a
sword only, and has no character.
Whether it be an instrument for good or
evil depends upon the character of
him who holds the hilt, and not the
sword itself. So it is with money.
It is an agent; it is a gigantic motive
power, that thunders around the world.
If the devil stands engineer, it thunders on,
freighted with untold mischief scattering
oppression and cruelty and wrong.
But if it is guided by the spirit of love
and truth it is like the sun, shedding light
and summer upon the world. It is an
angel of mercy and love, when directed
by the Spirit of Christ.—Beecher.
Men's lives should be like the day,
more beautiful in the evening; or like the
season, aglow with promise, and the
autumn rich with golden sheaves were
good words and deeds have ripened on the
field.