

Literature.

THE SABBATH.

In these days, when there is so much discussion on the subject of the Sabbath, and the duties, obligations, and rights of people with regard to its observance, the following lines, by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, will be read with interest to all:

Fresh glides the brook, and blows the gale, Yet yonder haunts the quiet mill, The whirling wheel, the rushing mill, How motionless and still.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain, Thy strength the slave of Want of may be, The seventh thy limbs escape the chain— And God hath made thee free.

Ah, tender was the law that gave This holy respite to thy breast: To breathe the gale, to watch the wave, And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide, Whatimage charms to lift thine eyes? The spire reflected on the tide Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth, This rest from mortal toil is given; To snatch the brief reprieve from earth, And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee in their dreaming school, Of powers from old dominions hurled, When rich and poor with juster rule, Shall share the altered world!

Alas, since time itself began, That fable hath out-foiled the hour, Each age that ripens power in man, But subjects man to power.

Yet one day in seven, at least, One bright republic shall be known; Man's world awhile hath surely ceased, When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor, Oh, Diva, from the banquet hall! The seventh—the Father opens the door, And holds his feast for all!

THE DOOMSTER'S FIRST-BORN.

A LEGEND FROM ANTWERP.

CHAPTER I.—THE TAVERN.

The eve of Whitsuntide, in the year of grace 1507, was usually dark and dismal in the good city of Antwerp, over which a dense and impenetrable canopy of cloud had spread and settled down. It was owing, doubtless, to this unpleasant aspect of the weather that at nine o'clock—an hour at which few of the inhabitants were in bed—profound silence reigned in the streets, broken only by the occasional dull clang of a church bell, and by the melancholy dripping of the water which a small, dense, noiseless rain made to stream from the caves and gutters. Heedless of the rain and of the fog from the Scheldt, a man stood motionless and absorbed in thought, upon one of the deserted squares. His back was against a tree, his arms were folded on his breast, his eyes were wide open; although evidently awake, he had the appearance of one in a dream.

From time to time unintelligible but energetic words escaped his lips, and his features assumed an expression of extraordinary wildness; then a deep and painful sigh burst from his breast, or a sound, half groan, half gasping, like that which an overburdened porter throws down his load. At times, too, a smile passed across his face—no sign of joy, or laugh extorted by jovial or pleasant thoughts, but the bitter smile of agony and despair, more afflicting to behold than a flood of tears. He smiled, certainly, but whilst his countenance yet wore the deceitful sign of joy he bit his lips till they bled, and his hand, thrust within his doublet, dug its nails into his breast. Three wretched was this unhappy man; for him the pains of purgatory had no new terrors, for already during twenty years, he had felt its direst torments in his heart. To him the pleasant earth had been a valley of tears, an abode of bitter sorrow.—When his mother bore him, and his first cry broke upon her ear, she pressed no kiss of welcome on his neck. It was no gush of tenderness and maternal joy that brought tears to her eyes, when she knew it was a man-child she had brought forth. His father felt no pride in the growth and beauty of his only son; often he wept over him and prayed for his death, as though the child had been the offspring of some foul and accursed sin. And when the infant grew—although fed with his mother's tears rather than with her milk—into a comely boy, and ventured forth to mingle in the sports of others of his age, he was scoffed, tormented and despised, as though his face were the face of a devil. Yet he was so patient and gentle that none ever saw a frown on his brow or a flush of anger on his features; only his father knew what bitter melancholy lurked in the heart of his son.

Now the child had become a man. Despite his sufferings, his body had grown into strength and vigor. He felt a craving after society, a burning desire for the sympathy and respect of his fellows. But the hatred and persecution that had made his youth wretched, claved to him in manhood—scorn and scorn were his portion wherever he showed himself; and if he failed

The York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. II. No. 10.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1860.

Whole No. 62.

instantly to retire, with servile mein and prayer for pity, he was driven forth like a dog, with kick and cuff. For him there was no justice in the wide world—submision was his lot, God his only comforter.

Such had been the life of the man who now leaned against the poplar tree, a prey to the tortures of despair. Yet that man's heart was formed for tenderness and love, his mind was intelligent, his countenance not without nobility, his gait proud and manly, his voice earnest and persuasive. At this moment he lifted it up to heaven, towards which he passionately extended his arms.

'Great God!' he cried, 'since thy holy will created me to suffer, grant me also strength to endure my tortures. My heart burns!—My senses leave me! Protect me, O Lord, from despair and madness! Preserve to me the consolatory belief in thy goodness and justice, for my heart is rent with the agonies of doubt!'

His voice grew weaker and subsided into an inarticulate murmur. Suddenly raising his head and starting from his leaning posture, he hurried across the square and through two or three streets, as though endeavouring to escape reflection by rapidity of motion.—Then his pace slackened and grew irregular, and he occasionally stood still, like one who, absorbed in weighty thoughts, unconsciously pauses, the better to indulge them. On a sudden, a shrill, harsh sound broke from his lips; they were parched with fever.

'I must drink,' he cried; 'I am choked with this burning thirst.' There were many taverns in that street, and he approached the windows of several, from the crevices of whose shutters a bright light streamed; but he entered not, and still passed on, for in every house he heard men's voices, and that sufficed to drive him away. In St. Jan's Street he paused somewhat longer before a public house, and listened attentively at all the windows. A transient gleam of satisfaction lighted up his countenance.

'Ha!' he said to himself, 'no one is there. I can drink, then!' And lifting the latch, he entered. Hearing nothing, he expected no one; but how great was his disappointment when he saw a number of persons sitting at a long table with bottles and beer-cans before them. The silence that had deceived him was caused by the profound attention given to one of the party who enacted the juggler for his companion's amusement, and who was busied, when the stranger listened at the window, in certain mysterious preparations for a new trick. All eyes were fixed upon his fingers, in a vain endeavor to detect the legerdemain.

The thirsty youth started at the sight of all these men, and took a step backward as to leave the house, but observing several heads turned towards him with curious looks, and fearing such sudden departure might prove a signal for his pursuit and persecution, he approached the bar and asked the landlady for a can of beer. The woman cast a suspicious look at her new customer, and sought to distinguish his features beneath the broad slouched brim of his hat; but, observing this, he sank his head still more upon his breast to escape observation. But while she descended the cellar stairs to fetch him the beer, the whole of the guests fixed their eyes upon him with no friendly expression. Then they laid their heads together and whispered, and made indignant gestures, and one of them in particular appeared inflamed with anger, and looked furiously at the stranger, as though he would fain have fallen foul of him. The stranger, his face averted, waited silently for his beer; but he trembled with anxiety and apprehension. The landlady made unusual haste, and handed the full can to the object of his curiosity, who drank with hurried eagerness, and half emptied the vessel at a draught; then placing it upon the bar, he gave a small coin in payment. But while the woman sought for change, one of the guests strode across the room, took up the can and threw the remaining beer in the young man's face.

'Accursed gallow's-bird!' he cried, 'how dare you drink in our company? What can you urge that I should not break your bones

on the spot? Thank heaven, thou wretched outcast, that I will not befool my hand by contact with thy vile carcass!

The unfortunate being to whom this cruel and outrageous speech was addressed, was the only son of the Antwerp executioner; his name was Gerard, and he was little more than twenty years old. His parentage sufficiently explains why he shunned the sight of men, from whom hatred and persecution were the best he had to expect. What now befel him always took place when a headman ventured into the society of other burghers.

Patently bowing his head, the unhappy Gerard gazed vacantly at the beer-stains upon his garments, without daring by word or deed to resent the brutality of his enemy, who, continuing to overwhelm him with abuse and maledictions, at last directed a part of his indignation against the hostess—

'You will draw no more beer for us, woman!' he cried. 'To-morrow night I and my friends meet at Sebastian's. You will be giving us our liquor in the hangman's can!'

'See, there it lies!' exclaimed the hostess, terrified for the loss of custom, and dashing upon the ground the stone pot which broke in pieces. 'Is it a fault of mine if the hangman's bastard sneaks into an honest house? Out with you!' she cried furiously to Gerard; 'out of my doors, dealer in dead men, torturer of living bodies! Willst not be gone, base panderer, to the rack! Away to thy bed beneath the scaffold!'

The youth, who had borne at first with silence and resignation the abuse heaped upon him, was roused at last by these coarse invectives to a sense of what manly dignity persecution had left him. Instead of flying from the woman's execrations, he raised his head and answered coldly and calmly— 'Woman, I go!—Although a hangman's son, I would show more compassion to my fellow-creatures than they show me. My father tortures men because the law and men compel him, but men torture me without necessity and without provocation. Remember that you sin against God by treating me, his creature, like a dog.'

So gentle and touching were the tones of the young man's voice that the hostess wondered, and could not understand how one so sorely ill-treated could speak so mildly. For a moment the woman got the better of the trader, and with something like a tear glittering in her eye, she took up the coin and threw it over to him.

'There,' she said, 'I want not thy money; take it, and go in peace.'

The man who had thrown the beer in Gerard's face picked the coin from the floor, looked at it, and threw it upon the table with a gesture of disgust.

'See!' he cried, 'there is blood upon it—human blood!'

His companions crowded round the table, and started back in horror, as from a fresh and bleeding corpse. A murmur of loathing and aversion assailed the ears of Gerard, who well knew the charge was false, for he had taken the piece of money in change that very evening, from a woman who let out praying chairs in the church. The injustice of his foes so irritated him that his face turned white with passion as a linen cloth. Pressing his hat more firmly on his head, he sprang forward to the table and confronted his enemies with the fierce brow of an exasperated lion.

'Scoundrels!' he shouted, 'what speak you of blood? See you not that the metal is alloyed, and looks red like all other coins of the kind? But no, you are blinded by hate and know no justice. You say I am the hangman's son. 'Tis true—God so will it. But yet are ye more despicable than I am; and proud am I to resemble neither in name nor deed such base and heartless men!'

Gerard suddenly found himself in the street, stunned and bruised by the blows he had received. Settling his cloak, and smoothing his crushed hat, he went his way, scarce bestowing another thought upon the scuffle; for things far weightier, far more painful and engrossing, crowded upon his excited mind.

CHAPTER II.—THE LOVERS.

Whilst the above occurred in the beer-house, a fair young girl waited Gerard's coming, her heart beating fast from apprehension that some evil had befallen him. To the headman's son she was the angel of hope and consolation; she alone loved him—partly, perhaps, because she knew the world despised him. Her love had braved her mother's censure, her neighbors' reproaches, her companions' sneers. Nay, more than this—when they shouted after her by way of scoff, the office of Gerard's father, or called her the headman's bride, and the like, she was glad and rejoiced; for then she felt her love was noble and pure, and acceptable in the sight of God. For was she not, in loving Gerard, doing as she would be done by, comforting and supporting him whom all men oppressed and persecuted?

This poor girl, whose name was Lina, lived in a small apartment in the Vlier Street, with her old mother and her brother Franz, a good-hearted, hard-handed fellow, who worked like a slave for five days out of the seven, spent half a day in church, and a day and a half in the beer-house, where he drank and sang to his heart's content, and which he seldom left without a black eye. During the five days allotted to labor there was not in Antwerp a more clever and indefatigable carpenter; and punctually each Saturday night he brought his mother a round sum from his earnings, wherefore the old woman had him in particular affection.

On the night of Gerard's ill-timed visit to the tavern, Lina sat opposite to her mother in their humble chimney corner, a single slender candle burning between them—their fingers busily engaged lace-making. On the other side of the room stood a joiner's bench, at which Franz was hard at work. The room itself was clean and neat, and strewn with white sand; and a crucifix and a few pictures of saints, decorated the walls; but otherwise it contained little beyond the most necessary furniture, for, labor as they would, it sirmates' combined efforts could earn but a scanty pittance.

Eight o'clock was the usual hour of Gerard's visit, and hitherto he had never come later without warning Lina beforehand of the probable delay; but now it was ten, and there was no sign of his appearance. The maiden knew not what to think of his irregularity, and was so uneasy and absent that she neither heard nor answered a question put to her by her mother.

'Now then, child,' cried the old woman, 'your wits are surely wool-gathering. What's the use of fretting? If he come not to-day he will to-morrow. There are days enough in the year.'

'True, mother; but I fear some harm has happened to him that he misses coming! People are so ill-minded towards him!'

'Aye, that they are; but then he is the headman's son, and hatred is the portion of his tribe. Did not the mob murder headman Handsken with stones, and drown headman Harmen, hard by the Krouenburg tower?'

'And what had they done, mother?'

'I am sure I can't tell. Nothing, I believe. But it so happens, because the executioners hang many innocent people.'

'Surely, mother, the headman must do what the judge bids him.—Why not drown the judge, sooner than his servant?'

'Aye, aye, Lina, but it always has been so. Mind the proverb—'In a kennel of dogs the smallest gets the fewest bits and most bites.' 'That is a stupid proverb, mother.'

ter brief reflection she said— 'Mother, wait a little longer; three more flowers and my lace is done.'

'Make haste, then, dear child, or I shall sleep on my chair.' 'I am not yet for bed,' cried Franz from his bench. 'I must finish this sewing cushion for the landlady at Peerdeken; she is to fetch it early to-morrow.'

'Boy, boy,' said his mother, smiling and shaking her head; 'for a certainty you drank more last Sunday at Peerdeken than your pockets could pay for, and now you are working out your debt. Well, well, good-night; and forget not your prayers before laying your heads to rest.'

And with this pious injunction, the good woman got up and entered a small adjacent closet, serving as a sleeping room for herself and her daughter. She could have been but a few minutes in bed when Gerard knocked at the door and Franz let him in.

(To be continued.)

BREAK THE CALVES AND COLTS.

From the American Agriculturist.

'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' is just as applicable to the bovine and equine tribes, as to the genus homo. The truth of the old adage that, 'it is hard to learn old dogs new tricks,' is not illustrated by the canine species alone. Not long ago we asked one who was driving a pair of oxen, how early he broke them to the yoke. 'Why,' said the youth, 'they were always broken.' That answer gives the whole gist of the matter. It is no trouble, but on the contrary, fun for the boys at least, to train up calves and colts in the way they should go, by beginning the work before they are three months old.

We protest against putting any animals, human or other, to severe labor before maturity of muscle is attained; but kind treatment, constant handling, halter breaking, yoking, and driving, are advantageously practised with colts and calves of the tenderest age. One who has not tried it will be surprised at the ease with which young animals may be taught to obey. We have had colts not six months old that would come at the call of their names, kneel at the bidding, lift a fore-foot to the hand to be shaken when bidden a 'good morning,' lay the head upon one's breast when asked if they loved their master, lead by the halter or as readily as an old horse, and submit to the mock saddle, to beating the hoof as if shooting them, and so of other manipulations. And these colts never knew what it was to be broken.

We have seen calves driven about singly, and side by side, yoked and unyoked, made to change places, and sent away from the driver and called back again by simple word of mouth. We have also seen them get down upon their knees, lift up any desired foot, etc., with the utmost readiness. All this was accomplished by kind systematic treatment when growing up. A friend we were just conversing with, tells us of the fine sport he used to have on moonlight evenings, when a boy, with a regular steer team made up nearly all the calves in the neighborhood. Fifteen to twenty pairs were sometimes brought together, fitted with rude light yokes and the whole attached to a light sled, and driven along in great glee. It was difficult to say whether the calves or the boys enjoyed the sport the most.

Such a team was far from presenting a mean appearance. And these exhibitions were of three-fold benefit. The boys were not only kept from mischief, but were learning useful lessons, and no little skill was developed in constructing miniature yokes and other tackling. The calves were being trained for useful docile working oxen. And further, the extra currying and other care in feeding which each boy was likely to give his own animals when thus to be taken out into 'company,' was not wholly thrown away.

We have given these illustrations not to recommend such unusual training for general practice, but to indicate what may be done, and to impress the suggestions that a moderate degree of early training may be adopted by all, with decided advantage. How much better this course every way, than the usual

method of allowing young animals to literally run wild until three or four years old, when they are headstrong, and require long, vigorous, and even hazardous coercion before they are thoroughly subdued.

HOW TO USE ROUGH FODDER.

Every farm produces a large supply of coarse material, the straw of the grains, the stalks and butts of corn, and the hay from swamps and marshes. These all contain more or less nourishment when well cured and are available for food. It is a common practice in many parts of the country, to fodder them out from the stack-yard upon the frozen ground, where half-starved cattle are constrained to eat them, or perish. This is the poorest use they can be put to. Better use the whole for bedding and manure, than make them the means of tormenting brutes, with the pangs of hunger.

All this coarse material should be kept under cover, and run through a hay cutter before it is fed out. It should then be mixed with Indian meal, or some concentrated food. The most of it will then be eaten, and while the coarser portions will give bulk to the food, the finer parts and the meal will furnish nourishment—two essential qualities in the fodder of the ruminating animals. It will be better still, if the commingled mass can be steamed or boiled. This process softens the coarse, hard stalks and straw, and enables the animal to digest them more perfectly. The use of steamed food is increasing among those who have sufficient capital to carry on the business of farming. It enables one to work up all the rough fodder, and to pass it through the stomachs of thriving cattle. It gathers up the fragments so that nothing is lost.

If the steaming apparatus or a large boiling kettle, be not yet ready, and the meal is not to be had, it is a good plan to mix sliced roots with the coarse fodder cut up short. Turnips, beets, carrots, parsnips, and mangel wurtzels, are rapidly reduced to fine chips with a root cutter, and are highly relished by cattle. They ought to be used in connection with hay or straw. Animals will thrive much better upon this mixture, than upon either used separately.

In any one of these ways, rough fodder may be turned to good account, and all stabled animals be kept full fed from the close of the grazing season until Spring. This careful preservation of fodder will greatly increase the manure heap, and add to the riches of the farm. Stuff the animals, that they may stuff the soil.

PAPERING DAMP WALLS.

From the Colonist.

When paper is put upon damp walls, as in basement rooms or walls of stone houses, it is liable to mould and become discolored; it also easily peels off, the paste having no opportunity to dry, or become moistened afterwards. Mr. Chas. Stroeper, Montgomery County, Pa., suggests that this may be prevented by nailing narrow wooden strips, say half an inch thick, upon the wall, at intervals of six feet, and tacking sized muslin to these, upon which the paper may be pasted, thus keeping it from contact with the wall. Another correspondent advises in such a case to fasten the strips perpendicularly to the floor, and to pierce the paper with a few fine holes at the top and bottom to allow the circulation of air to carry off the dampness, for if the damp air were confined behind the paper, it would mould it. The wooden strips should not be so far apart, perhaps, yet when widely separated, the cloth and paper would yield, and lie back against the wall when pressed against. However, an arrangement of this kind would not admit of the very common but unmanly practice of tilting back in a chair against the wall, as the paper would be torn, especially near the slats. It might prove a good thing on this account, saving the backs of the chairs, preventing holes in the carpet, dents in the floor, and a lazy habit in loungers.

To Cure Tongues.—You will first lay in salt; then use the same hot preparations as are used to cure hams, daily—About ten days will do for the tongues. Sheep's tongues may be done the same, but less time.

SELECTED.

POWER OF A WORD.—The following touching and felicitous illustration of the power of ideas, was given by Wendell Phillips, the other day, in a public speech at New York:—

'I was told, to-day, a story so touching, in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but will illustrate this just as well. It is the story of a mother, on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea.—And as she stood by the garden gate, on a sunny morning, she said:—'Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.' And, said he, [for he told me the story.] I gave her the promise, and I sweat the broad globe over—to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hills of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.'

'Was not that sweet evidence of a single word? Yet that was not half; for, said he, yesterday there came into my counting room a man of forty, and asked me—'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'I was once brought drunk into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am the master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to call and see me.' How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hills of Vermont—Oh, God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!'

ANTIPATHIES.—It is curious to note the antipathies of different persons. Even the greatest and most distinguished people have not altogether been free from certain striking peculiarities. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost. Julius Cesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a collar or under ground, to escape the noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word 'death' was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped to any himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

ELECTION FRAUDS IN NORTH YORK.

From the Colonist.

Our friends of the Opposition are, as everybody knows, great sticklers for purity of election. Bribery and corruption they cannot abide. To anything in the shape of violence, from rotten eggs to bludgeons, they have a decided objection. Slipping in a bad vote they regard as worse than perjury, and no enormity can be more heinous in their eyes than tampering with a list of voters. This of course is all very well, and I there is no doubt that the prevalence of such practices is the worst blot upon our representative system of government. The last, however, that we can expect from those who set themselves up as special authorities in such matters is that they should keep their own skirts clean from the vile contamination. The denouncers of fraud under the old election law should not be the first to practice a similar crime under the new; and those who cried out for a registration of voters ought not to be the first to find a means of evading the very provisions which they declared to be essential to public security. And yet, in the election for North York, one of the first which has been decided under the late act, certain municipal officers upon whom the accuracy of the voters' lists chiefly depends, and who are violent partisans of the Opposition, are distinctly charged with perverting the law to suit the purposes of their patrons. It is also we believe capable of proof, that some of the assessors belonging to the same party made their returns expressly to suit the political exigencies of the moment, and that more than one of the returning officers showed very reprehensible partiality. In fact, we understand it is intended to make the conduct of one of these officials the subject of judicial enquiry.

In this case the difference of a few votes either way would not affect the general result, but it is well that the public should know the value of Clear-Grit pretensions to high toned morality in election matters, as well as in other branches of political ethics.