

O home! give me a home, with my dear ones there, Who my sorrows can comfort, my joys can share; Give me these with the warm heart's affectionate glow, And I'll give the broad world with its tinsel and show; All its glare and its glitter, its grandeur and pride, For the sweet joys of home I will gladly lay aside.

Other climes may be fair, other friends may be kind, Yet never throughout the wide world will you find Those climes where the sun with such heart-cheering rays, Is eager to bless us with joy freighted days; Nor meet friends who will love with that fervor and truth, We loved with, were loved by the friends of our youth.

O the joy of the heart in those bliss laden bowers! Will it come not again with life's later hours? May it not as an echo dwell with us once more? As a pulsant wave reach this care-benton shore? Like a strain that is lost from some ravishing song, These memories haunt me and will not be gone.

What though it be changed 'round that loved cottage door, Though the willow has died that once shaded its eaves; Though others have bowed before the fierce storm, And saplings hale sturdier, state-lie forms; There still are the rocks, and the hills, and the dells, And amid them my memory joyfully dwells.

I know that a dear mother's voice is not there; Yet still can I stroll in her quiet home, where, Alone by the side of her grass-covered grave, I'll return her the blessing her dying breath gave. Yes, I'll murmur the prayer she taught me to say, E'er our Father had called her pure spirit away.

But the voices of living loved ones I hear, Their warm heart-throbbings are waiting to cheer; They shall smile through tears when I meet them again, And our hearts have a joy that is almost a pain, No! no! it is not the old rocks and the hills, That move the whole heart with such certain thrills.

'Tis the thought of those lives which are bound into ours, While we passed through the scenes of life's summer hours, And when the warm heart lives again in these years, Who would bid it withhold the warm gushing tears? Not we the cold-hearted may thus if they choose, The God-given yearning of nature abuse.

But we whose warm hearts can kindle and glow, With desires which a God who is love doth bestow, Will welcome these tears which memory brings, As speaking of higher and holier things, 'May God bless the dear ones who dwell in our homes,' Is the soul thrilling heart-prayer which solid-den comes.

Literature.

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

It was a brilliant day in August, far too brilliant, taken in conjunction with the heat, and the twelve o'clock train was preparing to leave Ketterly. The platform was all in a bustle—a bustle that was not frequently experienced at that quiet little station—but since the previous evening, when a fearful accident had occurred not far off, Ketterly had been on its legs. The train, the one about to proceed, had come in, and only three minutes being allowed for its stay, people who were going by it looked alive; a few had got out, great many were getting in, for idlers had been flocking to the scene of the accident all the night and morning, and would be flocking, until their curiosity was sated.

A porter held open the door of a first-class carriage, as a party hastened on to the platform; two gentlemen, three ladies, and a maid servant. The porter evidently knew them well, and touched his cap. 'Johnson,' said one of the gentlemen to him, let us have it to ourselves if you can; don't crowd us up. 'I dare say I shan't want to put anybody else in.'

'But now whereabouts is this carriage?' called out one of the ladies, in a hasty and rather shrieking voice as she looked to the right and left, because, if it's not just in the middle, I won't get in. 'I'll never put myself towards either end of a train again as long as I live.' 'Step in, step in, Mary Anne,' cried the same gentleman who had previously spoken, 'you are all right.' 'Make haste, miss,' added the porter. 'The time's up.'

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'Of course it's up,' repeated the young lady, 'and I wonder it wasn't up before we reached it. This comes of putting off things till the last moment. I told you all the clocks were slow, and we should be late.—If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's the being obliged to rush up and catch a train at the last moment! No time to choose your carriage; no time to see or do anything; they may put you in the guard's van if they please and you never know it till you are off. I dare say we have come without our tickets now; do you know, Oliver?'

In reply, Oliver Jupp held up the six bits of cardboard for his sisters' satisfaction, and the party settled themselves in their seats. Why, Elizabeth, I declare I never saw you! exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp to the maid servant. 'Didn't you Miss? I walked right behind you from our house.' 'I thought it better to bring Elizabeth; interposed her mistress, Mrs. Lake, who was looking that morning unusually young and lovely. Mrs. Chester's servants will be glad of help, with so many of us to wait upon.'

'Mrs. Chester is the best manager in a house that I ever met with,' exclaimed Margaret Jupp. 'Fancy only two servants, and one of those you may almost call a nurse, for the children require plenty of attending to, and yet things seem to go on smoothly. I can't think how she contrives it.'

'Trust my sister for 'contriving' things,' stuck in Frederick Lake, with a half smile at his wife opposite to him. 'I hear you had a pleasant day there yesterday,' Mrs. Lake said to Oliver Jupp. 'We wanted you and Lake to complete it. It was too bad, Mrs. Lake, to shuffle out, after having promised to go. There was an uncommon nice girl spending the day to-day. She's to be there again to-day, I fancy.'

'Who was that?' inquired Mr. Lake, briskly, who had rather a propensity for liking 'nice girls,' although he was a married man. 'Don't know who she was, or anything about her,' replied Oliver. 'Your sister called her Lydia, and I did the same.'

'It was a Miss Clapperton,' interrupted Margaret Jupp. 'Louisa was telling me about her this morning; she took an immense fancy to her.' 'Oh, I know,' cried Frederick Lake; 'They live in Guild, the Clappertons, and Penelope has got intimate with them. You shan't pick out nice girls for me, Oliver, if you call her one. I saw her once; a young Gorgon in spectacles, with prominent eyes.'

'That's Nancy Clapperton, the near sighted one,' corrected Mary Anne Jupp, who was one of those ladies who always know everything. 'It was her sister who was there yesterday, a delightful girl, Louy and Rose both say.'

'I hope she'll be there to-day, then,' laughed Mrs. Lake. 'She is to be there, but don't you and Oliver quarrel over her; he monopolised her yesterday, I hear.' 'We'll go snacks, said Frederick Lake, or else draw lots. When does the old Indian begum make her entry?'

'For shame, Mr. Lake! you do ten everything and everybody into ridicule,' exclaimed Margaret. 'I'm sure I think she'll be a delightful acquisition; so pleasant for your sister.'

'Well when does she come? Nobody says she won't be an acquisition—for those who can stand begums. I knew one once, and she was awful. She had gold teeth.'

'Margaret Jupp turned to Clara. 'Why don't you keep your husband in better order! He is incorrigible.' 'I fear he is!' she smiled. 'Very strange!' uttered Frederick Lake. 'I can't get an answer to my question: I think it's somebody else that's incorrigible. When—does—the—begum—arrive? I hope that's plain enough.'

arrived at Coombe Dalton, and came to a stand still.—'I thought we did not stop here,' exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp. 'Every train has stopped here, I expect since last night,' observed her brother, 'bringing doctors and friends of the wounded.'

A porter came up the platform, calling out in his senorian but unintelligible language, 'Coombe Dalton, Coombe Dalton, and a sudden thought took Mary Anne. 'I do wish we could take a peep at the scene,' she exclaimed, 'the place where the accident occurred. I wonder if we should have time. Does anybody know how long the train stops here? Elizabeth, lean out at the window, and ask the man.'

Elizabeth, who sat by herself at the window, they all being close to the other, leaned out, and caught the man just as he passed. 'Here, master,' cried she, 'how long do we stop here, please?' 'Ten minutes,' replied the man. At least, Elizabeth thought that was the answer, and she drew in her head and shoulders and sat down. Ten minutes, miss, he says. 'Oh, then there's lots of time,' returned Mary Anne, eagerly rising; and her sister and Mrs. Lake as eagerly followed her example, for the scene of a frightful accident does bear its charms for the public eye. The two gentlemen had seen it the previous night, had spent some hours on it, but they prepared to accompany them. They descended from the carriage, all but Elizabeth, of course, as she was not bade to do so, she remained where she was.

The accident had taken place just outside the station. Retracing their way, a couple of minutes' walk brought them to it, and Oliver, who had been in the unfortunate train, was proceeding to explain details when a loud shriek was heard and off went the train.—There's a blank look of consternation seized upon their faces. 'That it had gone, not to pull back again, was evident by the rate of speed. The ladies were alarmed, the gentlemen inclined to laugh. 'Well, you have gone and done it, by bringing us out here!' exclaimed Mr. Lake, and Mary Anne Jupp, impulsive and hasty, flew back calling out and shouting—as though she thought she could arrest the carriages.

'What made you tell us the train stopped here ten minutes,' she began, seizing hold of the porter to whom Elizabeth had spoken while the rest of her party followed her up. 'Ten minutes! I never said it stopped here ten minutes,' answered the man, taken back. 'You did. A young woman leaned out of a first class carriage and asked you.'

'Oh, she,' returned he. 'I told her two minutes. What has it got to do at this station, that it should stop ten?'

Elizabeth's ear must have mistaken the word two for ten; there was no doubt of it. But what was to be done? 'When will another train come by, that will take us on to Guild?' inquired Oliver Jupp. 'Ten minutes before three, sir.'

And it was now a quarter past twelve. 'Well that's pleasant,' added Oliver. He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from Mr. Lake, which seemed to proclaim that to him it was pleasant, and they turned to him half in anger. 'I am thinking of Elizabeth's consternation,' cried he; 'we have got her ticket. Suppose she has no money in her pocket; they will be for taking her up at Guild.'

Of course there was plenty of time to examine now into the scene of the accident, and they were not the only spectators. On the actual spot itself there was nothing to be seen, for the line had been cleared to allow of the progress of trains—their own, with themselves had just passed over it; but drawn beyond the line on either side, were marks enough; the battered engines the debris of the carriages—there had not been leisure yet to clear it away.

'There was a truck upon the line,' said Oliver Jupp. 'In shunting some trucks on to the down line one of them broke down, and could not be got off it before our train came up. The engine ran into it—and we were done for.'

'But how dreadful careless of the people at the station to allow your engine to run into it,' replied Margaret. 'They ought to have signalled your train to stop.'

'They did signal it,' interrupted a strange voice at her elbow, and Margaret turned to see the station-master, who was known to Mr. Lake. The red lights were exhibited at the station, and a switchman waved the red signal up and down, all to no purpose. You observe that post, he added pointing to an iron post or pillar, close to them, for he perceived she looked as if she scarcely understood him, that is the signal post. When the line is clear, a green light is exhibited there, as a notice that the train may pass; but when it was not clear a red light is substituted, and no train must proceed when a red light is there. Not only was the red light there last night, but the switchman, alarmed at the train's coming on so quickly, seized it, and waved it to enforce attention; but the driver took no notice, and I went dashing on to destruction.

'Was he killed?' inquired a bystander. 'No. And his escape is next door to a miracle,' was the reply. 'He was flung from the engine, and lay motionless, and was carried off for dead; it appears he was only stunned and is nearly well this morning. He'll have to stand his trial, of course, and a good thing for him if they don't bring it in Wilful Murder—for that's what some of these careless engine-drivers will come to one day.'

He had taken something that obscured his vision, probably,' remarked Mr. Lake. 'I think not returned the station-master; 'he's a sober man. No; it is careless; they go driving on, never looking at the signals. It is not once in many weeks, perhaps, that the danger signal is exhibited; they get accustomed to see the other, and it becomes to them so much a matter of course that it must be there, but they forget to look at it. That is my opinion; and I see no other way of accounting for it.'

He turned back to the station as he spoke, and a gentleman, who had drawn near while he was speaking, held out his hand to greet the Lakes and the Jupps. It was Colonel West, an acquaintance who resided at Coombe Dalton. 'Oh, Colonel,' exclaimed one of the young ladies, 'what a shocking accident this has been.'

'Ah it has. Seven picked up dead, and four more gone this morning, besides legs and arms and backs broken. It is awful to think of.'

'And all from one man's recklessness!' added Mr. Lake, with more severity, more feeling, than he generally suffered himself to display. 'As the station-master says, they won't give over, till some of them are convicted of wilful murder. I hope the man who drove the train last night will get his deserts.'

'They were strolling away from the spot, the Colonel, Mr. and Mrs. Lake, and the Miss Jupps; Oliver had gone back with the station-master. The Colonel, who was a keen, sensible man of fifty, turned and faced Mr. Lake, and stood still; the others stood still likewise.

'Let me disabuse you, at any rate. I hear they are putting the blame upon the driver, but he does not deserve it, and they must be doing it to screen themselves. I know nothing of the man, and never saw him in my life till this morning, but I shall stand between him and injustice.'

'In what way? what do you mean?' Mr Lake inquired. 'They say that they exhibited the danger signal, red, and that he dashed on, regardless of it,' continued Colonel West. 'I went to the inn this morning where some of the wounded are lying, and there I found the driver—as they told me he was—on a mattress on the floor. How did this happen? I said to him, I don't know how it happened, sir, he replied, 'but I'll declare that there was no red signal up to stop me, as usual.' That was the first I heard about the red light, continued the colonel; but I find the man's words are true, and that the whole blame is laid to him. Now, it happens that I was in my garden last night when the smash came, just over on the other side of the line, and I can bear the man out—that it was the green light up, not the red.'

Shameful! uttered Frederick Lake, rising against the injustice. I hope, colonel, you will stand by the man.'

'You may be sure of that. I'd transport a reckless driver for life, if I could, but I would never see an innocent man falsely accused.'

Having nothing to do with themselves, they strolled into the village, such as it was, the colonel with them. At the door of the small inn, whose floors had been put into requisition the previous night, on the green bench running under the windows sat the driver of the engine, his head tied up with a white cloth, and his arm in a sling.

'Why, Cooper!' uttered Mr. Lake, in much surprise, 'was it you who drove the engine?' 'He knew the man well; a young man he was, and a native of Katterly, of very humble station, but most respectable in conduct, and of good natural intelligence. Not above a month had he been promoted to be an engine driver; before that he was a stoker.'

'Yes, sir, it was me,' he replied, standing up to answer, but sinking down again from giddiness. 'And I can only say I wish it had been somebody else, if they are going to persist in accusing me of causing the accident wilfully.'

'I need not have speculated on whether the driver was overcome, by strong liquor, I had known who he was,' said Mr. Lake. 'He tells me he never drinks,' interposed Colonel West. 'Never sir, said Cooper. Water, and tea, and coffee, and those sort of things, but nothing stronger. I had a brother, sir, who drank himself to death before he was twenty, and it was a warning for me. This gentleman and these ladies knew him.'

Mr. Lake nodded acquiescence. So they say the red light was up, do they, Cooper, and you would not see it? 'I hear they are saying so at the station, sir, but it's very wrong. There was no other light up but the one that's generally up, the green. Should I have gone steaming on, risking death to myself and my passengers, if the danger light had been up? No, sir, it's not likely.'

'Did you look at the signal light?' inquired Mary Anne Jupp. 'Perhaps you—you might, you know, Cooper, have passed it without looking.' 'I did look up, Miss, and I couldn't be off seeing it last night, if I had wanted, for it was being swung about like anything. What's up now, I said to myself, that they are swaying the lamp about like that? and I thought wherever it was, doing it, must have had a drop to much.'

But don't you think you might have suspected danger? questioned Mr. Lake. 'To be Continued.'

To YOUNG MEN.—Young man, are you poor and without the means of splurging in life, as you launch upon his billows? Is your father and mother unable to give you an outfit? Be not disheartened on account of all this.—Take earnest hold of life, and never regard yourself in any other light than that of being destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the bent of your own mind for labour or a profession. Whatever you resolve upon, do it early; follow it steadily and untiringly; never look backward to what you have encountered, but always forward to what is within your grasp. The world owes every man a comfortable living, and a respectable position in society; means are abundant to every man's success; and men have only to adapt will and action to them. To repine over a want of money and property to start out in the world with, and over the want of the props of influential relatives, is unmanly. Let a young man strive to create a fortune, rather than seek to inherit one. It is an ignoble spirit that leads a young man to borrow instead of bequeathing means. Go forth into the world, young man, conscious of your God within you, and His providence over you, and fight your own way to distinction, to honour, and to comfort. Pity in your inmost soul the young man, who without any change is unable to support himself, and is winning around, and begging the influence of others, to get him into employment! Feel, under all circumstances, that it is more noble to eat the crust you have earned, than to flourish with coppers inherited. You may lift your head proudly to face and confront the noblest among us, when you are conscious of being the architect of your own fortune.—Young man, are you poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your actions and looks, what the poet has said in words:—

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth And boasts his titles and his lands; Who takes his name and heritage From out a father's dying hands."

PUNCTUALITY AND ORDER.—There are two principles that enter largely into the formation of good manners, are great preventives of ill-temper and scolding, and contribute much to domestic comfort as well as to success in life—I mean punctuality and order. Let everything have its proper place and time, as systematically as can be attained, and all will be gainers in comfort and peace, not only in the meantime, but through life. An orderly family will be predisposed to courtesy. If it is said that such regularity is almost impossible in a poor home, heed not the saying; try; make the best of it, and you will be surprised how much better the best will be than the worst I would say to a father—if you have a boy at school, drive a nail in a corner for his cap, one for his satchel, and one for his slate, and see that he use them duly; you don't know how much of his comfort through life may hang on these three nails. In the meantime, there is a scolding saved almost every morning; for otherwise young Master would be whimpering—too late for school—and every one turning everything topsy-turvy looking for the missing articles. There are some persons who, one would think, must have been born too late—who are never in time for school, never in time for church—who are always too late for the train—too late for everything—always keeping people waiting—trying everybody's patience—marring every one's pleasure—forgetting everything they should remember—in their hurry leaving irritation and confusion behind them—carrying with them a flustered manner and a number of false excuses. Want of method and order occasions more jarring discord in a poor man's house than poverty itself.

Rousseau observes, "the first and most important quality of a woman is gentleness. Made to obey a being so imperfect as man, often full of vices, and often full of faults, she ought early to learn to suffer even injustice, and to bear wrong from a husband without complaining. It is not for his sake, it is for her own, that she ought to be gentle. The ill-temper and obstinacy of a woman never do anything else than augment their ills and the bad conduct of their husbands. They feel that it is not with these arms they ought to be overcome. Heaven did not make woman insinuating and persuasive that she might be peevish; it did not make her feeble that she might be imperious; it did not give her a voice so soft that she might rail; it did not give her features so delicate that she might disfigure them by rage. When women are angry they forget themselves. They have often reason to complain, but are always wrong in scolding. Each ought to maintain the character of their respective sex. A husband too mild may render a woman impatient; but at least, if a man be not a monster, the gentleness of woman will pacify him, and triumph over him sooner or later."

HOW TO CONDUCT EXPERIMENTS. From the American Agriculturist. A correspondent writes that he planted a bushel of one kind of potatoes, cutting them into pieces containing one or two eyes, and dropping two eyes in a hill, which returned him 56 bushels. A bushel of other kinds treated similarly, gave but one third or fourth as much, and hence he concludes the first named variety is greatly superior. This quite likely, is the case, but the experiment does not prove it; for some varieties of potatoes contain many more eyes than others, bushel for bushel, and would if planted in the method described, occupy a larger plot, which would be likely to yield the greatest return for the amount of seed used. As no statement was made of the space covered by each kind, we can draw no correct conclusion. In conducting experiments like the above, every fact bearing on the matter should be noted at the time of its occurrence, and written down; then nothing important will be lost by forgetfulness.

There is frequently a failure to place the different subjects treated, under the same conditions. Thus, in comparing several sorts of grain, if large patches, say of an acre or two each, are sown in dif-

ferent portions of the field, there may be so great a difference in the soil, exposure, etc., as to materially affect the results. The level at the foot of a hill is more favourable than the slope, a bed of sand underlying one patch would afford better drainage than would be enjoyed by another plot resting upon clay.—Uniformity should be secured in such cases, by sowing alternate narrow strips, the whole length of the field.

Experimenters often try to ascertain too many things at a time; thus: a person planted several varieties of corn, to test their comparative yield, and attempted also to decide the value of different fertilizers by using a separate one on each kind planted. And when the crops ripened, it could not be determined whether the greater yield of one sort was a result of its own peculiar habit, or the effect of the special manure used.

One season's cultivation is insufficient to test any plant or mode of culture. The weather may be unpropitious, insects may prevent success, or failure may result from influences discoverable only after years of trial. If every cultivator would each season try some one experiment, carefully note all the facts of the case, and communicate them for the benefit of others, the statistics thus obtained, would push the science of agriculture forward with rapid advances.

THE CATTLE DISEASE IN MASSACHUSETTS. From the Scientific American. This terrible epidemic, by its continuous spreading, threatens to become one of the greatest scourges that has ever visited the country.—The imagination is appalled at the contemplation of the thousands of herds from Maine to Texas being visited by this wasting and fatal malady. The suffering and anxiety from the loss of property, and from the dread of its loss among the agricultural community, and the fear of diseased meat in all our cities, may be partly conceived but cannot be fully realized. It seems that the Legislature of the State has been aroused to the importance of the matter. A law has been passed for the appointment of three commissioners to investigate the subject, and authority has been given them to have slaughtered, at the expense of the State, all the cattle that are sick or that have been exposed to the contagion, to have their bodies buried and the barns in which they have been kept purified—even burning the hay if the commissioners think it necessary.

The commissioners are Richard S. Fay, of Lynn, Mass.; Paul Lathrop, of South Hadley, Mass.; and Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield, Mass. They have caused fourteen animals to be killed, that they might trace the progress and character of the disease in all its stages. It is purely a disease of the lungs, affecting the animal in no other organ, and seems to be certainly contagious. A cow that died the night before the commissioners arrived was examined, and both her lungs were a mass of frothy, cheesy corruption. One cow that was taken sick so long ago as the 1st of January, and seemed to be recovering, appearing bright and healthy, was slaughtered; the left lobe of the lungs was sound, but from the right was taken a mass of pus, looking like rotten cheese, of more than a pint in measurement. She might possibly have thrown off the disease and lived, had she not been killed. Another cow in the same herd, and showing stronger signs of the disease, had a similar but greater mass of pus in the lungs, and with it a large amount of watery fluid. An ox that looked bright and well, and ate and chewed his cud as if in a healthy condition, was among the slain, and one of his lungs was a mass of corruption.—Another singular case was that of a cow that calved some ten days ago; one lung was healthy, but in the other the disease was developing itself in scattered balls or masses of pus, looking like liver on the outside, but on cutting, like rotten cheese; and her calf was found to have the disease in precisely a similar stage. The presence of the disease is detected by the breathing of the animal which makes a croupy noise or like breathing through a quill.

It is to be hoped that these energetic measures are not too late, and it is especially to be desired that the commissioners will allow no childish weakness to prevent the thorough and efficient discharge of their momentous duties. Contagion is so subtle in its nature, and is scattered abroad by such widely pervading agencies, that we shall be agreeably disappointed if any human power is able to arrest the spread of this deadly pestilence.

A waiter once complemented a salmon in the following manner:—'Faith, it's not two hours since that fish was walking over his estate with his hands in his pockets, never dreaming what a pritty invitashun he'd have to give you young gentlemen at dinner.'