

Ministerial explanations—  
The Duke of Newcastle & The Kingston Bowditch

Poetry.

THE ICE-BOUND SHIP.

And there we lay with ice all round  
That reached the dim horizon's bound—  
Which way we turned, the eye  
Encountered naught but ice and sky—  
A sky above us strangely dark—  
Around an icy desert stark—  
The level void seemed infinite.  
A vast expanse of gleaming white—  
A dreary, wild, unbroken waste,  
And within its centre placed,  
The horrors of that wilderness,  
I cannot find the words to tell—  
To paint the awful emptiness,  
So strange, incomprehensible.

All hope was gone—to God on high  
We mutely prayed, prepared to die—  
But such a death—such awful fate  
Was torture's height to contemplate—  
To perish midst that solitude,  
From friends we ne'er would meet again,  
Who oft o'er ocean's briny flood  
Would gaze for our return in vain—  
I would not wish that dread suspense  
'Twas life and death—its pang intense—  
Nefarious and the bitterest foe  
Who'd wrought me deep and lasting woe,  
We'd turn each from his fellow's face,  
For when the starlight on it shone,  
Too well we knew we each could trace  
The anguish of his own:  
And when we to each other spoke  
The accents of our deep despair,  
We whispered low—afraid to break  
The dreadful silence reigning there.

THE SILVER HAIR.

Amid her tresses raven-black,  
One silver hair and bonny found;  
And to her eye there sprang a tear,  
And from her heart a sigh profound:  
The bloom of youth, she said, is gone,  
And winter bleak is coming on.  
Her mirror found, some comfort gave,  
No wrinkle on her brow is seen;  
And smiles and dimples chase the thought,  
She's lovely as she e'er has been.  
Ah, yet, says she, the summer's gone,  
I know that winter's coming on.  
No more on fleeting charms I lean,  
Good-nature, truth, grow never old;  
To those affection still doth cling,  
Whose charms are with'd, passion cold:  
No more regret for summer gone,  
Love stays that winter's rolling on."

Literature.

[For the York Herald.]

HOW I BECAME A TECTOTALER

BY CHAS.

My infancy, childhood and youth, up to the mature age of twenty, were passed in one of the new settlements of the far west, whither my parents had removed from New England before my birth. As it always was the case in pioneer society, we could boast of but few of the elegancies or refinements of life, though its substantial necessities and comforts were as plentiful, and easy of attainment, as any one could wish. The manners of the hardy foresters by whom we were surrounded, corresponded very closely with the rude externals of our situation. Some features of this primitive simplicity, of society were agreeable enough, but the same could not be said of all its peculiarities. It was not to be denied that boundless generosity, daring bravery and unswerving friendship, were to be met with on all sides; but the glory of these noble qualities was more or less dimmed by certain grosser shades of character, into which the hardships and privations of their circumstances had beguiled them.—Among these blemishes the most apparent was the universal use and abuse of intoxicating drinks. The Temperance reform was then in its infancy, and though liquor had always been used moderately in our family, my parents could not look without alarm at the numerous proofs which appeared, on every side, of its ruinous effects. They feared the influence of such examples upon myself, and though they never entirely prohibited my use of the articles, they constantly warned me to avoid the excesses which I frequently witnessed in others. These kind admonitions were not entirely thrown away, for previous to the occurrence which I am about to relate, I had never so far forgotten myself as to pass the limits of sobriety; but being naturally of a convivial disposition, and a general favorite among all my acquaintances, I frequently joined in merry making parties where liquor was used, and, in course of time, began to regard a 'horn,' three or four times a day, as one of the necessities of life. As I before intimated, I never left home for any considerable period until I was twenty years of age, at which time my parents, thinking it would correct some of the rustic habits I had acquired, sent me to visit for a few months among my friends in the east. On any way I took my 'biters,' as often as I thought my health required, and for greater convenience provided myself with a small flask in which I kept a supply, so that I should not be disappointed at any of the stopping places on my route. At last I arrived at the home

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of my maternal uncle, in whose family I intended to spend several weeks. My uncle and aunt received me with every demonstration of kindness, and we chatted away the evening as pleasantly as possible, making and answering numberless inquiries about mutual friends and relatives. After a while I inquired for my two cousins.—young men about my own age—and learned that they had gone out to attend a meeting of the Temperance Society, to which they belonged. This led to a long conversation on the merits and progress of the Temperance cause, which became more animated when we were joined by my cousins, who soon after came in. I learned to my dismay that there was a perfect enthusiasm on the subject of Total Abstinence, that everybody, old and young, had gone heart and hand into the business to such an extent that, to live in that community with respect or even with comfort, while not belonging to one or another of the numerous temperance organizations which flourished in the vicinity, was a moral impossibility. So wholesale indeed had been this reformation, and so unscrupulous the crusade against 'Old King Grog,' that they had given the 'cold shoulder' at their late election to the old and tried representative of that legislative district, and elected in his place, a little sputtering, scheming, addle-headed lawyer, not that he was fit in any respect to be compared with their old member, but simply because the former did and the latter did not, belong to a Temperance Society. The former school teacher in that section had for the same reason received his travelling ticket, although he had given them perfect satisfaction for several years, and was a sober man. But 'he wouldn't join the society, and public opinion must make itself felt.' As to his successor; 'well, he was hardly the thing, in some respects, didn't appear to know a great deal, and was rather inattentive to his duties; but then he was member and Treasurer of several Temperance Societies, and was of course perfectly sound on that great question. But the worst was to come; all the taverns, far and near, had become temperance houses, and there was not a drop of liquor to be had for love or money for miles around. This was gloomy tidings to me, and I involuntarily took the pocket which contained my precious flask, to ascertain, if possible, by its weight and sound, the quantity of consolation that still remained for me. I made no secret of any sentiments on the subject, which were 'that a little never did anybody any harm,' and that having been long accustomed to its use, I should really be at a loss to know how to get along without it. As I thus expressed myself, I noticed the exchange of two very mischievous winks on the part of the boys, which, however, gave place to a most sedate expression of countenance when my uncle happened to cast his eyes in their direction. The old lady, too, looked at me in a very sympathizing manner, and remarked that it would certainly go rather hard with me for a while, to adopt the total principle; that it had been so with herself, but that, out of regard for the interests of the community in general, and her own sons in particular, she had given up a custom of many years standing. As she alluded to her sons, I thought I saw some symptoms of another fortunate wink between the boys, but perhaps I was mistaken. After talking on the subject till a late hour, we separated for the night; and I took an affectionate farewell of my flask, by imbibing its contents to the last drop, trying to resign myself to the stern fact that I should not be likely to get another 'horn' for several weeks to come. As I was very much wearied with my journey, I slept next morning until long after my thrifty uncle and his industrious sons had gone out to their work. I found my aunt waiting for me at the breakfast table, and after finishing my morning meal, sat for a while reading the latest newspapers, and talking to her. I was just preparing to go out and hunt up my uncle and cousins, when the old lady giving me a very expressive look over the top of her spectacles, said, 'Ralph, can you keep a secret?' Like a church-yard, aunt, said I. 'Well, you see,' said she, 'father and the boys are such great temperance men that I couldn't think of discouraging them by refusing to join the society, and

I do think it a real good thing for the boys; but I had been so long used to taking a little once a day, that it was no use for me to try to quit.'—Now I wouldn't have father or the boys know it for the world; but I'm sure you won't say anything. I promised to be as secret as a Freemason, upon which she went to a small cupboard in the corner of the room, which contained the best set of china, and sundry other family valuables which no one but herself was allowed to touch. Unlocking this snug receptacle, she produced therefrom a neat little decanter and a couple of glasses, from which we proceeded without further ceremony, to drink success to the Temperance cause. This little adventure somewhat reconciled me to my situation, and I went out to look for my friends with a light heart. Before leaving the house, I had been informed that my uncle was thrashing peas in the barn, and thither accordingly I wended my way. When I came to the barn, hearing no sound of labor within, I thought that perhaps my uncle had gone, and therefore before entering took a peep through a knot hole in the door to see if there was any one inside. Somewhat to my surprise I beheld my venerable relative away off, in a corner which was partially filled with loose straw upon his knees. Unwilling to disturb him while engaged, as I supposed in his private devotions, I was about to retire quietly, when to my consternation, I slipped and fell bang against the door, which, being unfastened burst open, and in I went head foremost, and fell sprawling on the floor. My confusion did not prevent me from casting a glance at my uncle, who, startled by the noise, jumped up from his knees with the rather unvolitional ejaculation, 'What in the devil's that?' He had, too, a long straw in his mouth, which circumstance I thought went rather against my first conjecture as to the nature of his occupation. He was not long in understanding what had happened, and almost instantly broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Peel after peel of most uproarious mirth burst from him while with both hands to his sides, and his head thrown back, he laughed and roared and laughed again, till I thought he would go into convulsions. When at last he could find utterance, he exclaimed, 'By George! Ralph, you've caught me in the very act.' 'Why! what is it uncle?' said I. 'Just come here and see,' he replied; and on my going up to the place where I had first observed him, he pulled away some loose straw and disclosed to my astonished gaze, a little keg which would have held, perhaps, four gallons, and was labelled on the end 'Old Rye.' The truth now began to break upon me, and I laughed in my turn, almost as heartily as my uncle had done before. 'Well,' said he, 'I suppose you think this a queer piece of business after the talk we had last night; but the fact is that mother and the boys, to say nothing of all our neighbors, were so strong on the Temperance question, that there was no resisting them. They kept at me, ding-dong from day to day, till I had to give in. But it's hard to learn an old dog new tricks.' My old tricks had been too well learned to be so easily broken, but, as I couldn't think of letting mother and the boys know anything of it, I just brought the keg in here, where no one would be likely to find it; and as I never take too much, you see, my example never does any harm.' 'Now, Ralph, you'll keep dark, won't you?' 'Of course,' I replied, 'trust me for that.' 'Well then,' said he, 'I've not had quite my usual 'pull' this morning—let me see, this gimlet hole is big enough for two straws, I guess; so in less time than it takes me to write it, another one was cut, and my uncle and I sat at either end of the keg sucking Old Rye through our respective straws. The whole thing was so exceedingly ludicrous in all its features that I forgot my usual caution, and in my keen relish of the joke, allowed myself to indulge more freely than I had ever done before. The first warning that I had of my condition, was my discovering that the old gentleman had retired satisfied from the keg, and was thrashing lustily at his peas, while I was still sucking at my straw. At the same moment, I felt a peculiar sensation of something wrong in my head and stomach, and thinking that the fresh air might do me good, I rose, and after

carefully covering up the keg, inquired where I should find my cousins. I was directed to a wood at the other side of an adjoining field, where they were engaged in splitting rails. As I expected, the fresh air made me feel more comfortable, and though I have since suspected that my course across that field was not so straight as it might have been, I accomplished it without any serious mishaps. I am not particularly certain of the manner in which I did across the fence at the other side of the field. There must have been something peculiar in my style of doing so for my cousin. Abraham was the first to salute me with 'Hallo, Ralph, I guess you'll have to practise standing on your head a little longer before you can get a situation in the circus.' 'Well, cousin Ralph,' said Lewis, 'how do you get along without your bite?' I think you'd have been out here sooner, if you had known what we've got. 'Over behind that walnut log,' said Abram. 'We belong to the Temperance Society,' continued Lewis as he went to the place indicated and produced the said jug, 'because father and mother, and all the neighbors said that we must, and there was no getting out of it; but we have to work so hard that we can't get along without something good once in a while, and so we keep a little out here, and nobody's the wiser.' 'Here Ralph,' at the same time, presenting me with a half-pint tea-cup, more than two-thirds full of the undiluted 'essence of corn,' 'take that; it will put some life into you.' My better judgment told me that I had a sufficient stock of that sort of life in me already, but I could not say so without betraying the secrets with which I had been entrusted; so with a mental ejaculation of 'death before dishonor,' I gulped it down. Its effects did not manifest themselves so soon as to prevent my entering into a conversation with the young men, in the course of which I asked them if no one had ever discovered their liberal views on the total abstinence question. 'No,' said Abram, 'nobody but the new Schoolmaster. He was walking through the bush one day, and came upon us just as we were taking a 'snipe,' but he promised to keep the secret if we would give him one once in a while when he didn't feel well, and really I think he disposes of more than both of us put together. There I was sure as you live, Ralph, he's coming now. You'd better clear, I shouldn't like to have any one see him drink, as he has such a good character around here, and is Treasurer of the Temperance Society. You can come out with us again after dinner. I cleared accordingly, and made the best of my way to the house with the firm conviction, that I was what the initiated term 'decidedly tight.' When I got into the house the confined air only made matters worse; I lay down on a sofa, and if my head had been a blacksmith's shop or a foundry in full blast, there could not have been a worse confusion in it. I had lain there for some time when my aunt came in. She was surprised at finding me there, and inquired what was the matter. I complained of headache and of feeling bad generally, and the good old soul, with the best intentions no doubt, prescribed, a little drop out of the decanter.—I was too far gone to have any voice in the matter. The decanter was brought, the potion turned out and swallowed. That was 'the last straw which breaks the camel's back.' It set me completely beside myself. Its effects, however, in one respect were remarkable, for my sensations of headache and sickness vanished in an instant, and instead of them I experienced a sense of the most delightful exhilaration. I jumped to my feet, leaped, laughed, and whooped, like a mad man. My poor aunt was frightened half out of her wits, and with a most vigorous scream, she summoned my uncle from the barn. He came at the top of his speed and all out of breath, and the terrified pair were soon joined by my cousins, who on their way to dinner had heard my aunt's cry, and hastened their steps. My first frenzy had passed, and I now lay upon the floor, singing choice selections from all the negro melodies that I had ever heard, and declaring in the most emphatic terms that I was a rhinoceros, a hump-backed camo-mile, a royal Jerusalem hurricane,

and a ring-nosed snorter, together with many other euphonious and original epithets, which I cannot now remember. When my uncle came in, I jumped up and saluted him with 'Hallo, old boy! how's the keg of old rye? Fetch it out here, old brick! bring me a straw too, and one for aunt. No, by-the-by, she don't want one; she has some old rye herself. There it is in the cupboard. Look! And they did look, and there it was sure enough. In the hurry and confusion she had forgotten to close the cupboard, and the decanter stood there to speak for itself. But my powers of description would fail to depict the scene to its conclusion.—Suffice it to say, that I broke my cousins' secret, too, and let the cat out of the bag generally, after which I fell into a drunken snooze, and knew no more until I awoke and found myself in bed with a raging headache, and perfectly used up.—It was late in the evening. My cousins were watching by my bed. Abram gave me a drink of soda.—This settled my stomach, and relieved my head, after which they desired me to come down to the dining room. I went down. There sat my uncle and aunt, both trying to look very grave. But the old gentleman could not keep it up.—His natural good humor got the better of him, and he burst into a laugh, in which my aunt and cousins joined, and I made a grim attempt to do the same. 'Well,' said he, 'this has been an awful day's business; and we are all to blame, but I feel that I am most guilty myself. Now, mother; I have drawn up a pledge and signed it, and intend, by God's help, to keep it while I live.' 'Will you sign it, mother?' 'Yes,' said aunt, and down went her name under his. 'Will you, boys?' 'Yes, father,' exclaimed both in a breath, and their names were recorded.—'Will Ralph?' 'Yes, uncle,' I replied, and taking my cherished flask from my pocket, I threw it out at the open window, and signed my name. Since that time I have been a Tectotaler.

My life is shortly told. When ushered into life I soon found that I was but one of a large family, all of whom were laid in regular order in a pile—my situation being one of the first-born, was particularly oppressed and uncomfortable. I had a wish to get into the world, which was at length gratified. Saturday morning came, and I was carefully folded and laid, Moses-like, in a basket by an urchin who was called the carrier, and borne into the street. The said carrier I soon found was an object of interest and desire; he was soon accosted by an elderly looking man, with thread-bare rusty clothes. 'Have you a spare paper this morning, my boy?' 'No sir,' was the short reply, and he trudged on with us, muttering 'you are the same chap that promised me a copper for the paper yesterday, and ha'n't paid me yet; you won't get another from me.' My brethren were now fast leaving me, being deposited at their proper destinations—at length my turn came, and I was thrown on the counter of a shop in—street. My owner entered, and I soon found that I was the first object of interest. After hastily drying me by the fire, in which process I narrowly escaped conflagration he ran over me, and fixed his eyes upon sales at auction, advertisements &c. I was then dismissed with condemnation. 'Nothing but news and affairs of state, love stories, temperance tales, and accidents and such trash—a Newspaper should be a commercial report—one side at least should be devoted to Prices Current.' I was then thrown upon the counter, but was soon in requisition.—A bare-headed boy made his appearance, with a 'please sir, to lend mamma your paper a few minutes, just to look at the ship news.' The request was reluctantly granted, with something about the plague of paper borrowing, and a determination to stop it. I was soon borne to a neighbouring house; the good old woman whose husband was at sea, eagerly sought the ship news, but was disappointed in her search. 'How neglected and careless these printers are,' she exclaimed, 'They print about Italy, and poetry, and lectures and fill their papers with advertisements, and that stuff is all they care

about. Not a word about the good ship 'Flying Fish.' Miss now look her turn. She sought the stories, the poetry, and marriages, which in half an hour were all devoured; with the 'wonder they ever put anything else in the paper.' An elderly lady now took me, who, adjusting her spectacles, surveyed me a little while, and declared me 'a terribly uninteresting paper—hardly a column of deaths, and not more than two or three murders and accidents.' The worthy patriarch of the family next condescended to con me over for a few minutes, but with a shrug of the shoulders soon threw me aside with the remark, 'as usual, nothing but bigotry and prejudice.' In this way I passed through all hands of the family, and after being well soiled, and somewhat torn by the little ones, was sent home. For three whole days I had no rest but was continually borrowed and abused. At the end of this period I was supplanted by a new face, and was then discarded and thrown aside, like old servants when they become useless; I was however, again resuscitated, and employed as a wrapper to some merchandise, and sent to the country. There, again, I became an object of interest, went the rounds of the neighbourhood, and was 'a nine days' wonder. I am now quietly languishing in a shattered condition in a farmer's kitchen, from which I have written this brief memoir. I have seen much of the world, and have learned that mankind are unreasonable and ungrateful, and that in a world of great variety of taste and wishes it is impossible to please all.

EXPERIMENTAL AGRICULTURE.

M. Demond, Director of the Superior Municipal School of Orleans, received at the late National Congress of Agriculture in Paris, a gold medal for details of his agricultural experiments, and for his way of method of conducting the agricultural portion of his school. M. Demond makes agriculture one of the bases of general education. His exhibition was very extensive, and he published in a pamphlet the result of his experiments. His first endeavor was to ascertain the relative value of various manures. He sowed the same species of wheat with thirty-two different manures on thirty-two pieces of land, each receiving \$25 worth. For two years the yield of wheat was noted, and the facts derived from the experiments show that the classification of manures by English chemists according to the amount of nitrogen which they contain is entirely illusory. It will be remembered that Liebig, in his late letters, comes to the same conclusion. His experiments showed also that wheat sown broadcast at the rate of two bushels per acre yielded better than one bushel per acre drilled, and that two bushels and a half sown broadcast yielded less than two bushels sown in the same way. Eight species of wheat drilled at the rate of three pecks per acre, gave a larger yield than at the rate of a bushel per acre. These experiments show that different soils require a different amount of seed, and that experiments are necessary upon each different variety of soil. M. Demond recommends the culture of the six-rowed barley. He finds the culture of soho better than that of wheat by a hundred dollars per acre. The generalizations from the experiments of M. Demond are of great value. Special analyses were made of the wheat grown with different manures, and they showed great variations in its composition.

RICH SOIL AND GOOD STOCK.

We clip the following from a communication in the *Homestead*, as worth a few minutes' thought from the reading farmer:—

'In distributing manure it is economical to give a liberal dressing as far as we go. We must go through the labour of cultivation, and it costs no more to plant or hoe a field of corn or potatoes that will yield heavily, than one which will give poor returns; the only additional expense is the extra cost of harvesting. The same is true in the culture of any crop.

'We are recommended to buy more stock for our farms as last as we can find means for sustaining it; but what class of stock it is best to

buy is less often discussed. In this too, it may be safely asserted that the proper course is to buy good stock. It costs no more to raise and keep good cattle than poor; and men who buy for the market always make a very great distinction between good and poor animals.

The same rule applies in dairying and wool-growing—good cows and sheep are profitable—poor milkers and light-fleeced sheep eat up their products many times over, and are even in debt to the farmer.

THE POULTRY YARD.

FEEDING HENS IN WINTER.—The value of warm food, and a variety of kinds for hens, has often been reiterated, but the following record of experience is furnished in the *American Agriculturist* by a correspondent:—'I have twenty-eight chickens, large and small, several of them fall chickens. I obtained but a few eggs the fore part of the winter—not more than one or two a day. The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in an old dripping-pan, and set them in the oven. After breakfast I took a quart or more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed, put it in the swill pail, and mixed in to their mush with boiling water, then added about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, adding all the egg shells on hand, and sometimes a little salt, and sometimes a little sulphur. These mashed together are fed immediately in a trough prepared for the purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide nailed together on the ends with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under. The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat at each side of the narrow strip. At noon I fed six ears of corn cut up in pieces an inch long; and in the evening oats and wheat screenings amounting to a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold, and in two weeks and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy I kept them in the hen-house all day, and generally until ten or twelve o'clock. Such singing over the corn at noon I never heard from hens before—a concert of music that would have done any lover of eggs good to hear.'

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

PIE CRUST.—Take one pint of buttermilk, one large teaspoon of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour enough to form a dough. Mix the lard and flour by rubbing them together, then add the other ingredients, knead well, and it is ready to roll out. Tender and good.

FOR CLEANING SILK.—Take equal quantities of alcohol—whiskey will do—soft soap made of wood ashes, and molasses. Mix and rub with a cloth; afterwards rinse in clear water once or twice, and dry it or wrap in cloth till ready to iron.

GREEN TOMATOES.—Take tomatoes, after they have grown to their full size, and slice them thin; scald them an instant in salted water; then lay them in a jar with vinegar, cloves and cinnamon.

PICKLED PLUMS.—Seven pounds of plums, 4 pounds of sugar, 1 quart of vinegar, 1 ounce of cloves, 1 ounce of cinnamon. Boil the vinegar and sugar together, and pour them over the plums, three mornings in succession. The fourth morning put them all over the fire, simmer but not boil. Lay the spices in layers with the plums before the vinegar is poured on.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill of any kind carries with it superiority. So to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has transcendental gift of mastery over man. But higher, purer and better than all, more lasting in its sway is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence. Not the 'smartest' man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors as worthy to be called wise and good.