

THE MINSTER-BELL.

On a bleak hill the Minster stands,
Black with Time's breath; the ivy there,
Still struggling up its crumbling stairs,
Spreads with its thousand-fingered hands.

Slow pacing through the lonely dell,
When softly twinkling stars appear,
How solemnly, how sweet, and clear,
Chimes from its tower the vesper-bell!

To meditation deep, profound,
Its voice the thoughtful soul eye moves;
And for dead hopes and blighted loves,
Thousands have in it solace found.

A preacher to the hamlets small,
And vale-embosomed villages,
That bell-voice booms across the leas,
Bearing a sermon unto all.

Thousands who in old churchyards roam
Have paced this solitary dell,
And felt the sermon of the bell,
Wake deepest echoes in their breast.

And long up in its hoary heaven,
Shall that bell mark Time's rapid flight—
At morn, at eve, and solemn night,
Its message o'er the valleys boom.

For me, wherever called to dwell,
Whether I sorrow or rejoice,
I'll ne'er forget the warning voice
Of the deep-sounding Minster-bell.

Literature.

LOCKED OUT AND LOCKED UP.

A NEW YORK ADVENTURE.

Concluded.

Such were my constant exclamation—the burden of my thoughts—the outlet to my misery.

Three or four hours passed, bringing nine o'clock and the door man.

'I want you,' said he, unlocking the gate.

'I'm ready,' I replied and followed him up the long flight of stone steps.

We gained the second floor, entered the justice's court and the prisoner's box.

There was a long file of culprits, male and female, following the door man and myself.

The door man ordered them all into the same long space, railed off expressly for the accommodation of the votaries of crime.

I was one of them apparently—'I' was Tom Feeler, with Messrs. Noyes & Stalight.

I was the chosen admirer of a celestial Mary Anna Josephine, I was, alas! also a felon; I had been 'nabbed,' 'caged,' and 'brought up.' I felt it all.

The other prisoners eyed me askance, nudged one another mechanically, and volunteered observations having a distant bearing upon my position.

They were not clean, particularly on the contrary. Neither were they stylishly clad.

I do not think any one of the gentlemen wore a F. Y. S., or Alexander's best.

The ladies deemed hoops and bonnets superfluous, in some instances, though one had large supplies of both, likewise perfume a *Feau de vie*, and *trusco* works on her swollen cheeks.

I noticed it; she saw that I did, and winked heavily.

'Say, Apples,' shouted a youth to a demure-looking man some distance from him, 'the beak says as how that ar' swell cove was nabbed on a crack.'

Immediately all eyes were bent on me, while I in turn looked for the 'swell cove.'

'Ginger, what a moustache!' said another.

'His gov'n'r'll come down with the soap, though, I guess,' chimed in a third.

'Ain't he down 'bout it nor nothin', though,' suggested a fourth.

'Bedad, an' he may well be, seein' it's tin to wan it's the first time iver he was put in such illigant company!'

A loud laugh greeted this last gratuity, which emanated from a decayed-looking lady from—pshaw! of course you know where.

'Order!' cried a policeman, as the magistrate entered and took his seat behind his desk.

I felt a new sense of shame creeping over me as I saw the man at whose instigation I was being thus degraded, sauntering coolly around the room in company with a couple of ladies and three gentlemen.

Several cases were called up, and quickly disposed of. Meantime an officer, whose eye had frequently met mine, slid up to the railing, and leaning over inquired in an undertone whether I would like to have counsel, or have my friends called upon to offer bail for me.

I wondered that I had not thought of this before, but suppose it was owing to my being unused to things of the kind. So thanking the man, I told him I would like to send a note to a friend if it were possible.

He said 'Certainly!' but urged me to set about getting legal advice at once. He showed so much interest for my welfare,

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and was so open and polite, that I soon became convinced that his suggestions were good, and accordingly begged him to provide counsel for me without delay. The officer was thereupon very officious, gave me his name, agreed to send for my uncle, and beckoned to a little man in a light coat, with a black velvet collar. The little man immediately rushed excitedly towards us. The officer buzzed in his ear for a moment, the little man smiled, nodded, and did it again. Finally the officer introduced him to me as Squire Pert, who would be most happy to render me my little service that lay in his power.

Squire Pert at once set to work explaining my case to me in an astonishing manner, quoting innumerable parallels to it, together with the judgment passed in these same parallel cases. He knew all about it, and would not allow me to say a word. Whenever I attempted to speak he would raise his forefinger to his lips, knock it softly against them, elevate his eyebrows and utter a low pah-sh! which manœuvre effectually checked my tongue.

The squire then pointed out a man engaged in writing at a table near the magistrate, and asked if I knew who he was. Of course I did not.

'Reporter,' said he.

'Indeed,' said I.

'He publishes the full facts connected with every case in this court,' said my adviser.

'Indeed,' said I again.

'Yes, and you'll see yourself in the Herald to-morrow,' he added.

At this I jumped from my seat and anxiously inquired whether it could not be prevented.

The squire did not know, would see, feared not, though it was barely possible, that is, if I would make a slight offering, say a five or a ten spot.

'Thomas Feeler, come forward!' shouted the clerk, cutting short our conversation.

The official in charge piloted me up towards his honor the justice, and the select party from Twelfth street took seats inside the witness box.

Again a vision of M. A. J. shot before my eyes; again I doubted whether I could possibly be Tom Feeler, with Noyes & Stalight. But of the latter fact the court seemed to have no doubt, for Thomas Feeler was ordered solemnly to stand up. Being already standing, I made a hitch round and looked downward.

The clerk said that I was charged with having burglariously entered a house and assaulted the inmates.

'Who appears against the prisoner?' demanded the justice.

'I do, your honor,' replied my evil genius, rising.

'What is your name?'

'Isaac Stroller.'

'Your business?'

'Real estate agent.'

'What have you to say against the prisoner?'

Isaac Stroller now being permitted to loose his tongue, did so. He gave it full rein, and let it ramble on wherever it pleased. At least so I thought. Mr. Stroller said that he boarded at No. 900 West Twelfth Street. That at three o'clock that morning he arrived home from the country, the train by which he came being very much behind time. That he found great difficulty in getting into his house, as it was locked, and the family were sound asleep. That at last he succeeded in arousing them. That his landlady opened the door for him, declaring that she had ordered the servants to leave it unlocked, and also to leave the gas burning, because she expected the witness home during the night. That he supposed at the time the circumstance of the door's being locked was owing to the carelessness of the domestic.

He went on to say that, after going into the parlor to deposit some small articles which he had brought with him, he lighted his lamp and proceeded to his room, where he found me occupying his bed. He was startled, and let fall the lamp, which awakened me. The rest of his story agreed with what has been previously related. The four other witnesses were called, who corroborated Mr. Stroller's statement, so far as they were acquainted with the case. An officer was sent to bring the servants, who testified to having left the gas burning in the front hall, and the door unlocked.

Probably I shall be credited when I remark that this testimony almost dumfounded me. I wondered at Mrs. Westlake's absence, for I was sure she had been in my room during the trouble—I remembered speaking to her. Squire Pert assisted in rendering me idiotic by constant advice, and quoting his parallel cases.

The court inquired what I had to say for myself.

I hardly knew what to say, except that I was sure I had slept in my own room, in my own boarding-house, No. 901 West Twelfth street, kept by Mrs. Westlake. I related the story of my accidentally going to the wrong house, on returning home about two o'clock a.m. Furthermore, I desired to have Mrs. Westlake summoned to substantiate my statement. I admitted having heard the noise made by Mr. Stroller when he arrived, and dwelt at length upon the fact of my having mistaken him for a housebreaker when I discovered him in my room.

The court rested the case until Mrs. Westlake could be summoned to appear, and Squire Pert took occasion to proclaim his parallel cases publicly.

Whatever the situation was for me, it certainly was a godsend to the attorney. He ventilated his bad English abundantly, nor seemed at all abashed by the profound sensation his remarks made upon the audience.

My natural jolity refused to return. I grew restless at Mrs. Westlake's delay. I was nervous concerning Noyes & Stalight. What if Mrs. Westlake should have gone out, or should swear that she knew nothing whatever of the case—a likely thing enough! What if the worst should come, and I could not clear myself at once, or should be pronounced insane and ordered to the asylum?—What if my name should get abroad in connection with it, and Mary Anna Josephine hear of it before I could volunteer an explanation? What if the firm were to be influenced by reports and agree not to require me any longer?

Then would, perhaps, come the ale, and the oysters and cigars, and the ready deduction that 'Feeler was tight,' which was not so, as Feeler himself knew very well. Altogether it looked sombre. Presently a rustling of a silk dress near by made me turn my head, and there stood the long wished for Mrs. Westlake. A tear of joy squeezed its way out of my eye, and trotted lustrely down my cheek. She seemed much flustered and worried.

'Dear, dear Mr. Feeler,' she broke forth, 'what has happened? Dear me, I'm so faint!—Oh, mercy sakes alive, Mr. Feeler, how I was troubled about you when you didn't come down to breakfast and—'

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'Well madam,' interposed the justice, 'will you be good enough to take your place at the stand for a moment?'

Mrs. W. did as requested.

Now it is not at all surprising that I am unable to reproduce exactly the voluminous evidence of my venerable landlady, nor the magistrate's interrogatories, nor Squire Pert's interrogatories, nor the interrogatories put by the plaintiffs, nor my own queries and replies to them all.

Substantially the conclusion was arrived at on all sides that I being a little 'so, so,' as Mr. Stroller remarked, which upon my word was not so, did go to the right house, No. 901, at first, and that its door had been locked in spite of Mrs. Westlake's orders to the servants. The light in Mr. Stroller's boarding-house over the way deluded me readily—the more readily because, as I knew, I was pondering on the celestial being. The Stroller party soon began to take the whole affair as a joke, except Mr. Stroller, whose nose bore testimony of its seriousness. Not caring to say that I was in love, I had to rest easy with their surmises that I was in liquor.

The justice, with great justice, ordered me to be released, inasmuch as my evil genius withdrew the charges against me, considering that my brief confinement was ample punishment for the effect of my supposed gaiety.

Squire Pert undertook to thank

the court in my behalf and cited another parallel case just as my uncle was seen showing his way through the crowd to where I stood. My goodness, but he did scowl!—Wasn't he angry? Being choked with displeasure he messily shook his cane at me violently, thereby raising a laugh throughout the court.

When informed that I was discharged honorably, his wrath melted into tears and he hugged me till the people laughed again.

Good Mrs. Westlake, my deliverer, improvised a fitting part to the scene and wept copiously. The Stroller company bid us a haughty good-morning and quitted the room.

Of course I was busied in explaining matters to my uncle, and so was Squire Pert, who still knew a great deal more about them than I did—I hope my uncle understood, but I fear he didn't.

However, a few days after he comprehended something of affairs on my requesting him to loan me a little amount wherewith to liquidate my counsel fees, including a 'prevention of the case being published.'

Noyes & Stalight and the adorable Mary Ann J. demanded separate, detailed, unbridged accounts, and I gave them. Mrs. Westlake 'takes on,' as she expresses it, about it wonderfully even now.

The best of the performance was that it worked upon my mind so excessively, and interested Mary Ann so extensively, that we concluded I needed a home other than a boarding-house; that I wanted looking after, and ought not to be left to the tender mercies of careless servant girls. So, of course, there was only one way to bring forth the desired end, and that was for us two to surprise our friends by a nice quiet wedding. The adorably parents consented magnanimously; Uncle John (my uncle) 'didn't see why it shouldn't be done,' so it was done.

And we are happy—Mary Ann Josephine Feeler and myself.

'Tom,' says Mrs. Feeler, when I am going out of an evening, 'Tom, don't stay out late. You know you might be locked out.'

And I turn back to kiss her for her holdness and say:

'Mrs. Feeler, my love, do it if you dare, and I'll—I'll go and get myself locked up in the station house again.'

And we laugh good-naturedly, and she arranges my cravat, and then disarranges it in trying to return my sudden salute, and tells me to be off, for I am an awful tease.

Then I, Tom Feeler, go away humming gems from the opera, happy as a bird; for I know that she thinks nothing of the sort. And when I come home I am never locked out.

THE FEET IN WINTER.

No person can be well long whose feet are habitually cold; while securing to them dryness and warmth is the certain means of removing a variety of annoying ailments. The feet of some are kept more comfortable in winter if cotton is worn, while woollen suits others better.—The wise course, therefore, is for each one to observe for himself, and act accordingly.

Scrupulous cleanliness is essential to the healthful warmth of the feet; hence all, especially those who walk a great deal out of doors during the day in cold weather, should make it a point to dip both feet in cold water on rising every morning, and let them remain half-an-hour deep for a minute at a time; then rub and wipe dry, dress, and move about briskly to warm them up. To such as cannot well adopt this course from any cause, the next best plan is to wash them in warm water every night before going to bed, taking the precaution to dry them by the fire, most thoroughly before retiring.—This, besides keeping the feet clean, preserves a natural softness to the skin, and has a tendency to prevent and cure corns. Many a troublesome throat affection, and many an annoying headache, will be cured, if the feet are kept always clean, warm, soft and dry.

The moment the feet are observed to be cold, the person should hold them to the fire, with the stockings off, until they feel comfortably warm. One of the several decided objections to a furnace-heated house, is the want of a place to warm the feet, the registers being wholly unsuited for the purpose. Our wealthy citizens do themselves

and their families a great wrong if they fail to have one room in the house, free for all, where a fire is kept burning from the first day of October until the first day of June, on a low grate, on a level with the hearth; for the closer the fire is to the hearth in the grate, or the floor to the stove, the more comfortable it is, and the less heat is wanted.

This is one of the delights of the good old fashioned wood fires, the very thought of which carries so many of us away to the glad scenes of childhood in early homes.

Some feet are kept cold by their dampness from incessant perspiration; and in such cases, cork soles are injurious, because they soon become saturated and retain moisture for a long time. A better plan is to cut a piece of broad-cloth the size of the foot, paste on it half an inch thickness of curled hair, wear it inside the stocking, the hair touching the sole; remove at night and place it before the fire to dry until morning. The hair titillates the skin, thereby warming it some, and conducts the dampness to the cloth.

Scrupulous cleanliness of feet and stockings with hair soles, are the best means known to us of keeping the feet warm when they are not cold from decided ill health.—A tight shoe will keep the feet "as cold as ice," when a loose shoe will allow them to be comfortably warm. A loose woollen sock over a loose shoe will maintain more warmth than the thickest sole tight footing boot. Never start on a journey in winter nor any other time, with a new shoe.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York for some time and considering himself exceedingly good looking and fascinating, made an attack on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady who was boarding in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege the lady surrendered. The same afternoon the young wife sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a beautiful daughter, three and a half years old.

'Good Heaven! then you're a widow,' exclaimed the astonished student.

'Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest. To-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have all my children together once more.'

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance.—The next day the 'other darlings' arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a new 'papa,' because they could live at home and have all the playthings they wanted.—The 'new papa,' as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

'Well no,' said the happy mother, 'my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes—all different.'

This was too much. He had not only married a widow but he was her third husband, and the astonished step-father of four children.

'But her fortune,' thought he, 'that will make amends.' He spoke of fortune.

'These are my treasures,' she said in the Roman matron tone, pointing to her children.

The conceit was quite taken out of the Michigan dandy, who, finding that he had made a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his boys useful, and make them sweat for the deception practiced upon him by their mother.

'Mother wants to know if you wouldn't be pleased to lend her your preening kitto, please as how she wants to preserve?'

'We would, with pleasure, my, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since.'

'Well, you needn't be mairy about your old preverro kitto. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it; and mother wouldn't trouble you again, only we see'd your bringin' home a new one.'

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, 'as that same be lunged to the by-bye.'

COMFORTS FOR COWS.

Now that the cold winter is setting in, let the cows, especially the milk-givers, have all needful attention. They should be well housed and well fed. The stables should be just moderately warm, well ventilated, clean, and provided with suitable bedding. Aside from the mere matter of food and drink, the animals should be kept comfortable. This matter can hardly be over estimated.

Then, as to fodder: part of this, of course, should be straw and hay and corn stalks; but to expect cows to give much milk on such lean fare, is folly. Favor them with masses of chopped roots, of cut straw, or stalks mixed with meal of some kind. A favorite 'mess' for cattle with a friend of ours is this: Cut up hay, or straw, or stalks, in pieces not more than an inch, or inch and a half long, put the provender in a tub or tight box, and pour boiling water upon it; then sprinkle on a little salt, and cover the whole with a little bran or meal to keep the steam in. When cold, feed it in masses of a bushel at a time. Good as this is, it should be varied from time to time, for cows like variety, as well as man. Cows should be salted two or three times a week. In mild weather they should range by day in a commodious yard, protected on two sides at least, by covered sheds. And this yard should have a pen-stock of running water, or a trough kept full from a good pump; the first is the best.

Dry Foon.—Through Milan runs a canal, on the bridges over which one is reminded of a curious passage in the history of the city. One of its old dukes, being placed under excommunication by the Pope, received the bull by the hands of two delegates. He heard it, and had them driven in state until they reached the bridge. They did not know why, but found their carriage suddenly stopped on the bridge, with the water at hand, while they were surrounded by the guards of the duke, who was a tyrant and a desperado. "My lords," said the duke, "whether would you prefer, to eat or drink?" They looked at the water, looked at the guards, and said, "Here is too much water to drink; we shall prefer to eat." "Very well, you shall have your choice," he said. The bull was produced, its parchment cut up in pieces, and the dignitaries of Rome were forced to eat it, and also the leaden seals by which it was authenticated. Yet this rebellious duke and the Pope were afterwards good friends.—Italy in Transition; by Wm. Arthur, A.M.

ATTENTION TO VOICE.—Little or no attention is paid to the tone in which children speak; consequently they too often acquire bad habits of intonation from the earliest age; and as they grow up, what is mere habitual tone is mistaken for their natural voice. From this intonation to intonation in early years proceeds much difficulty in the voice for singing; and it is not unfrequently the cause of diseases of the throat and chest. It is but a part of this evil system that a most injurious habit prevails among many of the young ladies of the present day, of speaking in a subdued, muffled tone, or what might be called a semisofsetto, in consequence of which very few natural voices are heard. It must be understood, I speak more particularly of English ladies, as foreigners generally speak in their natural voices. I have no hesitation in saying that hundreds of young ladies bring upon themselves serious chest affections from a bad habit of speaking and singing.—Signor Ferrari.

UNHAPPY SPINSTERS.—The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss-Government. Her sister, Miss-Management, is no beauty. Miss-Demeanor surpasses them both; and, while she is uglier and haughtier than either of her sisters, she is still constantly getting 'courted.' While we have no particular liking for Miss-Government, Miss-Management, or Miss-Demeanor, we have a decided disliking for Miss-Fortune. She is ever sticking her nose in where it is not wanted.—Among these unfortunate Misses may be placed Miss-Take, who is generally compelled to bear the blame for the acts of Miss-Government, Miss-Management, Miss-Fortune, and sometimes Miss-Demeanor. As for us, we can endorse and even tolerate any of the above-named Misses, as well, or better than Miss-Ann Throphy. Of her we have a perfect abhorrence. There is a whole family of Misses, whose company had better be avoided; for instance, Miss-Chief, Miss-Lead, Miss Judge, Miss-Quote, Miss-Represent, Miss-Rule, Miss-Trust, etc.

A NEW WAY OF KEEPING OUT THE BABIES.—An entertainment is now open in London, the prices of admission to which for adults are respectively 3s, 2s, and 1s, and after the advertisement has set forth, it has the following conclusion: "Children in arms, £1, 1s."