

BRINGING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a summer morn,
While the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm house,
Sounds of lightly tripping feet.

Shadows lay allwart the pathway,
All along the quiet lane,
And the breeze of the morning
Mered them to and fro again.

Pleasant, surely, were her musing,
For the nodding eaves in vain,
Sought to press their brightening fringe
On her ever-busy brain.

At the old lane's shady turning,
Lay a well of water bright,
Singing soft its hallooings
To the gracious morning light.

Back she bent the dripping fern leaves,
Dipped the pitcher into the well,
Drew it, with the dripping waters
Flowing o'er its glazed side.

Tones of tremulous emotion
Trilled upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart-dew
Whispered 'neath the ancient trees.

Down the rural lane they sauntered,
He the bushen pitcher bore,
She with dewy eyes down looking,
Grew more hesitant than before.

Emblem of the evening hours
That for love of him she'd bear,
Calling every burden blessed
If he love but lighten there!

New about the household duties,
Slightly the pitcher held,
And an ever-ready hand
With her daily life was bent.

Literature.

MY MODEL ROMANCE.

From the day that I turned up my nose at darning, and refused to be initiated into the mysteries of bread-baking, curled my hair in long dapp-rings, and sat down in an old wrapper and slipshod slippers to read the 'Children of the Akeley,' my grandmother prophesied that I would be a literary character; so that when I announced that I was about to write a romance, she neither took off her spectacles to look at me, nor dropped a stitch in her seam; but with a 'I always said so,' went quickly on with her knitting.

I drew the table up to the window spread out a sheet of foolscap, and wrote, in a dashing hand; 'Indiana; or the Skeleton Skirt: a tale of Love Horror, Despair, Death, Sorrow, Anger, Pity, Rage, Fear, and Fun—a so-called comprehensive title! But, then, you must know that this wasn't my first. Seven different manuscripts, elaborately written (for I never spare the dictionary), carefully done up and addressed to seven different editors, had, in the course of three months, found their way back to me, with a note, stating that the editor felt pained to decline so clever and brilliant a production, but the style was hardly suited to his columns.' That's what they said every editor of them. And now, that I had hit on the plan of beseeching the editor of the 'Thunder-bomb' six days in the week, till, in self-defence, he actually promised to read through whatever I should write—providing it did not exceed nine hundred pages—I meant that he, at least should not be able to say, that the style wasn't suited to his columns (Hateful phrase!)

I commenced with the go-ahead, hit-or-miss, slap dash, straight on, without looking to the right or left style, and with that utter disregard of time, place, possibilities, and probabilities, that characterize all great writers.

'Never!' she said, firmly reining up her spirited steed with one hand, while with the other she discharged a pistol, and flourished a sabre, by way of giving emphasis to her assertion. 'Some one would make butter and cheese in the meanest dairy in Goshen, than share with you the splendors of a four story brown-stone front.'

'Then,' he answered—the natural red of his complexion changing to a delicate yellow—then, fash girl, learn what it is to goad me to frenzy! And stretched forth his hand to grasp her bridle rein—when, with a mocking laugh, she put spurs to her horse, and sprang down the precipice, a distance of one hundred feet, bristling with huge rocks and giant trees, and landing into the tur-

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bulent stream that brawled at its foot, rode off waving her cap in triumph.

'Phew!' exclaimed brother Bob. 'Li!' said grandmother; and wasn't she killed? 'Not a bit of it,' returned I, leaning back in my chair, and looking loftily at them.

'Who is she, anyhow?' queried Bob. 'That's the very thing! Who is she?—Where is she? There's the mystery; there's an incident for you.'

'She must be tough; so I ain't much worried about her, whoever she is,' observed Bob. 'But by this time I was deep in the domestic style.

It was a little dark kitchen to which our story now takes us, with a wash tub, a wood fire, and a Dutch oven. An old woman had two eggs, one cup of butter, a cup of sugar, a lemon, and a bowl of flour, on a table before her, while a girl in the corner was picking chickens.

'Suddenly the old woman uplifted her floury hands, 'Good gracious! Hester, what is that? as Indiana came spurring on, and dashed out to panes of glass with her sabre, by way of ringing the door-bell.'

'Get out!' screamed Hester. 'Lemme levelled her pistol, and shot off one of the tawny braids that decorated Hester's back.

The old woman raised the roll upon and rushed out, when—suddenly emerging from the mountain-gorge, came slowly and solemnly onward, the Skeleton Skirt!

Canon and marling spikes! exclaimed Bob 'tut its getting interesting. Go on sis.'

'How many springs were there in the skeleton?' asked my grandmother. 'Ha, ha!' roared Bob.

I turned my back and went on thickening my plot in the conspiratory style: 'Midnight! A starless night. A low, squalid room, exactly in the middle of the East river. Ferox, looking ebriose yellow, and starting nervously at every noise crosses the room.

'Etes, old bloody Tom. 'Is all ready?' asked Ferox in a quivering voice. 'Yes,' growled the ruffian.

'Cross the davis with the hickory gags, and nuzzle along the screw, and we'll meet you at the foot of the lane then,' as Ferox threw him a quarter.

'Is it good?' he asked, ringing it on the hearth. 'Do you doubt my honor?' asked Ferox, friendly.

'But old Tom was incapable of reply. One hand grasped the back of the chair, while from the other dropped as suddenly rushed down the chimney The Skeleton Skirt!

An hour after, as Indiana sat in her apartment, attentively reading Webster's Dictionary, she was aroused by the astonishing fact that the chair on which she was sitting was gradually sinking, and in three minutes and two seconds, by her watch, four herself in the extremely musty cellar, where seven stout men, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in binding her hands with her own hair.

Thereupon entered Ferox in high top boots, and insisted on her marrying him, which she flatly refused to, on the ground that she would not marry any one in a cellar; on which Ferox, with a tremendous oath, seized her, mounted a horse waiting at the cellar window, and rode a week without stopping, till he arrived at a low black house with a smoky chimney, where he left her in charge of an old woman, with a hump and one eye.

'Gay!' exclaimed Bob; 'that was some horse—most equal to the gal I think!'

Of course, I paid no attention to his impertinence, but, boxing the cat's ears, dashed into the thriling style:

'Two days Indiana wept without intermission; on the third, came her faithful lover, who had seen the particulars of her abduction in the papers, and so shouted up to her to get out some way or other, for he was waiting for her.

'This encouraged, Indiana knocked over the old woman, who was bringing in her dinner, cleared the stars at a bound, scratched one man's eyes out, boxed another one's ears, and then, finding there was seven more, took the stars this time in three leaps, knocked the old woman over again, opened the fourth story

window, and jumped into her lover's arms, who immediately started off with her, and had reached the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street, where they met Ferox, and forty men, who carried off Indiana once more a prisoner—the faithful lover having taken to his heels, and never stopped till he reached Dear's.

'And what happened then?' asked my grandmother, anxiously. 'You must wait for that,' said I, 'pompously; for I am about to introduce the millinery style.'

'We must now retruce our steps to one of the tallest, stiffest, and squarest of the Fifth-venue palaces, where sat the beautiful Isabelle Fitzgerald, slowly imbibing in a sherry-cosolor.

It was a small, oval room, lined with rose-colored satin plaited in heavy folds, that met in the centre of the ceiling, where hung a bunch of golden roses, in the centre of each of which gowed a tongue of flame.

The sofas were covered with straw colored satin, the curtains were blue velvet, and the carpet was a happy imitation of the rainbow.

Between the tall windows swung a glass framed in pearls, with a marble pier, on which were scattered bracelets, vases, smelling-bottles, fans, handkerchiefs, slippers, and a nam-sandwich.

'The beautiful Isabelle, from time to time, paused in sipping the cobler, to look in the glass with an expression of the deepest melancholy; while her French maid arranged her dress, which was a sky-blue double skirt, with a pattern and side strips of brocaded roses, trimmed with cherry ribbon and green tassels, and a head-dress of pearls, chenille, feathers, ribbons, and flowers.

'Alas! Natalie,' sighed the beauty, 'even the cobler imparts no consolation. I love—'

'Here both women uttered a tremendous shriek; for at that moment guided from the wardrobe—The Skeleton Skirt!

'Now, that's what I call fudge!' said Bob, whittling up, as he spoke, one of my best drawing-pencils.

'I am not surprised that it should be beyond your comprehension,' reported I, severely, and went on to the heroic style.

'The faithful lover having fanned himself and eaten an ice, seized one of Dear's pound-cakes, and laid a counterfeit 'X' on the counter, and, rushing out, in the height of his desperation, attempted to cross Broadway.

'At the first step, he sunk to his neck. Struggling out, he was knocked over by an omnibus, he was tripped up by a street-sweeper, starting up, he was almost swept out of existence by the ciriole of two ladies going farther, a pick-pocket relieved him of the pound-cake, and three cents in change—when, unable longer to endure the sight of so much misery, a policeman rushed up and shouldered him, exclaiming:

'Why—oh! why will you thus rashly risk your life?'

'Indiana! Indiana!' shouted the faithful. 'Let me go that I may save her, and then perish, gloriously fighting the battles of my country in the Sixth Ward, or running with sixty.

'Astonished by so much heroism, the policeman fell back; and hailing an omnibus the faithful lover went down to the Bowling Green, seized an oyster boat, and rode about three miles, when he suddenly discovered, sitting calmly in the other end, The Skeleton Skirt!

'Go on, lemon!' said Bob, as she paused here.

(By the way, what does that mean?—not that I asked him; for I was too busy with my nautical style.)

Indiana, having recovered her senses, found that she was in a half-rigged stay-braced corvette-her-dam, and, going on deck, saw to her dismay, that the clewlines, the taffrail, and the mizzen-mast, were all set, and that she was steering full twenty points to the larboard.

'Brics the forecastle my boys!' sung out Ferox. 'There's a storm brewing in the north south east.'

The sailors hastened to obey his commands, when 'Ship ahoy!' yelled the mate; and, by the aid of his spy glass, Ferox discovered the oyster-boat about a quarter of a mile off, bearing slowly and majestically down upon them.

'Put your helm ahem.' Crowd on the jury-masts and the main-top-gallant sails!' shouted Ferox. 'Furl her anchor, and take in her spars! Put the jolly boat on her hull, and take

down her cut-water.'

The panic-stricken sailors hastened to obey; but Indiana, who had watched them with clasped hands and straining eyes, saw, to her unutterable delight, that spite of their utmost exertions, the oyster-boat slowly and surely gained on them!

Down with her mainmast! Up with the wheel! Off with her braces! Knock in her knees! cried Ferox.

'But here the oyster-boat grazed the sides of the vessel, and the Skeleton Skirt sprang lightly on board!

'I should think so!' said Bob laughing till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Furl her anchor!—oh! oh! 'Put her helm abeam!' ha, ha, ha! And, tumbling out of his chair, he lay rolling and kicking on the floor, in agonies of laughter.

Reader, I retired with my manuscripts, disgusted with an unimpaired world.—But if any editor, struck with admiration of my graphic and varied style, and desirous to secure for his paper the corresponding splendors of this unequalled romance, let him address 'Gloriana, Box 30,683,' and he will secure her attention, and the remainder of 'The Skeleton Skirt.'

THE PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The most prominent feature of the nineteenth century is the rapid progress of the arts and sciences.—Look around you any where, or at any department of science, and see if this be not so. One by one the outposts of barbarism are stormed, and the besieging lines of knowledge, which when once established can never be broken, are gradually encompassing the unconquered mysteries of our globe.

We are undoubtedly not only travelling, but also living fast and see revolutions, which were formerly the slow work of centuries, brought to eminence in a few brief seasons.

Were Solomon to rise from beneath the tomb, and see what is taking place in the arts and sciences, he would think that he had come into a world totally different from the one in which he had formerly lived.—Take for instance navigation.

The ocean is now almost as thickly populated as the land. White sails cover the length and breadth of its vast waters. Not long ago they were regarded with awe and wonder. No mariner dared to enter its deep waters, or if they did, they merely kept along the coast.

But such has been its progress during the last half century, that scarcely a single island in the ocean remains undiscovered.

Look at the Great Eastern, one of the greatest triumphs of science, the wonder of the world. A whole town can be taken on board of her, and in ten days landed on the shores of another world, and the living freight has in her transit all the comforts and luxuries of a home.

Geography also has explored our planet in almost every direction. Mountains have been measured, and the enormous abysses of the ocean sounded.

Maps are no longer an unmeaning plane surface, but the central plateaus of continents. At no period since the time of Columbus, has the eagerness for exploring new lands been more active than now. Within the last fifty years all the principal features of the geography of the vast interior regions of Asia and Africa have been explored.—The central part of Africa, once known by the name of the unexplored regions, can be called so no more.

The enormous fields of central Asia have been traversed from the Crus to the Chinese wall. The mountains of the moon so long sought after, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye, and the half known rivers of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the southern pole has been discovered; and the Russians have explored the frozen regions of North Siberia. These vast discoveries are entirely the product of our own day. What half century since the creation can exhibit such a list of achievements.

Chemistry may be considered as an entirely new subject, on account of recent discoveries made by Davy and Dalton; and in order to keep up with its advancement, old

editions of books on the subject have to be revised, and such changes and additions made as the progress of the science during the last few years seems to require.—It is daily opening up to us sources of wealth and convenience, unknown in former ages. Who, for instance, would have conceived that linen, rags or paper, could be made into more than their own weight of grape, sugar, by the agency of sulphuric acid; and that sawdust is capable of being made into bread, wholesome, digestible, and highly nutritive. It would be impossible to enumerate all the advantages which have resulted from the progress of this science during the last few years.

The history of gas manufacture for illuminating purposes, possesses much interest in itself, as showing the great benefits conferred by science, on the arts and domestic economy. In 1785, the preparation of gas for illumination, destructive distillation of wood was suggested; and in 1792 some buildings were illuminated by this gas in Cornwall, England, and also in many other places.

In 1805 some of the cotton mills in Manchester were illuminated; and this date may be taken as the beginning of gas lights for practical purposes, (therefore, this manufacture has attained its present importance, and the time is not very remote when the quantity annually consumed in every civilized country shall be greatly increased.

But turn to the greatest wonder of all, the electric telegraph. The lightnings are now become the messengers of man. Electric correspondence is spreading all over Europe, Asia and America. At this moment Paris, Vienna and Pittsburgh, can carry on a fireside correspondence with London; and perhaps the day is not far distant when New York and Calcutta shall be able to do the same.

The invention of the Steam Engine also has placed a wonderful power in the hands of man.—When Stephenson, the inventor, first stated to the House of Commons, that he hoped at some future date to travel with his engine at the rate of fifteen miles an hour he was laughed at, but they were scarcely tone laughing before they were travelling at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; and some locomotives can be made to go at the rate of sixty. Now the stage-coach horse power for locomotion is almost forgotten, in consideration of the iron-boned steed hiched to the enormous wheeled palace.

The invention of the Telescope has aided the astronomer greatly in his exploration of the starry heavens. It is difficult to determine to whom we are indebted for its construction, or what is the precise time of its invention. We do not know of any circumstances which would lead us to the conclusion that it was known to the ancients. Galileo is supposed to have invented it, because he was the first who successfully applied it to astronomy. There can be no doubt but Roger Bacon, who died in 1292, was aware that lenses might be so arranged as to magnify objects seen through them; but there are good reasons for believing that he derived his knowledge only from reflection, and that he never carried his theory into practice. Whatever were the ideas or experiments of the learned in former ages, it is certain that the telescope was not much known before the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Mathematics and Astronomy have been raised to a perfection, of which the ancients formed no conception. There was a time when the conception of neither the poet nor the philosopher soared beyond the limits of unaided vision. The earth was thought to be the largest body in the universe; and the sun, moon and stars, mere gas lamps hung up to illuminate the heavens. For a long period during the infancy of the science, little was known of the heavenly bodies, except their apparent motions and aspects. The heavens were looked up to as the book of fate, in which they could read their future fortune, and learn from the signs of the Zodiac the destinies of men and of nations.—But the ignorance and intolerance of those ages have passed away; the light of science has arisen, and shed its benign influence over the world. In the progress of astronomical science, the distance and magnitude

of many of the celestial bodies have been ascertained. The invention of the telescope has enabled the astronomer to extend his views into regions far beyond the limits of the unaided eye, and to discover myriads of globes entirely hidden in the unexplored regions of immensity. It has shown to us myriads of suns, equal in magnitude to our own, and each of them the centre of other worlds grander, vaster, and more magnificent than our own, and probably teeming with beings that never lost their primal innocence.

Nor is this all, for as one bright scene rises above another in boundless perspective, who can doubt that worlds still more wonderful and sublime lie beyond the range of the most powerful telescope, and that these enormous worlds have suns, around which they revolve ten times as large as ours:

For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Such has been the progress of science during the last few years, and a host of co-workers are daily furnishing more materials for those grand and majestic sciences, which attest the supremacy of man over the material universe.

JOHN WOODS.

WINTER RULES.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevents those sudden shocks and chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease.

Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance.

Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been pressed by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost or good health permanently destroyed.

Never wear India rubbers in cold dry weather.

Those who are easy chilled on going out of doors, should have some cotton batting attached to the vest or outer garments, so as to protect the space between the shoulder blades behind, the lungs being attached to the body at that point; a little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

After speaking, singing or preaching in a warm room in winter, do not leave it for at least ten minutes, and even then close the mouth, put on the gloves, wrap up the neck, and put on a cloak or overcoat before passing out of the door; the neglect of these has laid many a good and useful man in a premature grave.

Never speak under a hoarseness, especially if it requires an effort, or gives a hurting or a painful feeling, for it often results in a permanent loss of voice, or long life of invalidism.

LONGEVITY THE ORDER OF NATURE.—Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, in a discourse upon a "well spent life," has the following very interesting remarks:—"Let any one rightly understand the laws of his being, physical, moral, and social, and study carefully to conform to them, and life in all its parts would be likely to be healthy, cheerful and happy; it would pass away as a long, bright summer's day, bringing sweet music to cheer him in his morning, noon and evening, and closing not in clouds and darkness, but in clear sunshine and light. That high authority, the Registrar of England, remarks:—"Man does not pass through all the stages of his physiological and intellectual development in less than seventy years." That is, he ought, as a general rule, to live so long, and to enjoy health and vigour; and if it be asked why he does not, the answer is found in wrong, unnatural modes of living."

Discretion in speech is more valuable than eloquence; and to speak agreeably, than to speak good words, or in good order. To use many circumstances before one comes to the matter is troublesome, and to use none is blunt.

WE SLEEP TOO LITTLE.

But if night, and not day, is the time to sleep, then it may be said that the general principle prevails that the amount of sleep should be regulated by the dividing line between light and darkness; and that this view may be accepted as the correct one, is determinable from analogy—it being true that animals, accept it and act upon it in the temperate latitudes, which are supposed to be the most favorable for the development of the human organism in its highest proportions. Take the year together, day and night are about equal; and were mankind within these latitudes to live according to the laws of life and health in other directions, they would sleep while darkness is on the face of the earth, and be active only during the period in which light was abundant. As a habit a fashion with our people, we sleep too little. It is admitted by all those who are competent to speak on the subject, that the people of the United States, from day to day, not only do not get sufficient sleep, but they do not get sufficient rest. By the preponderance of the nervous over the vital temperament they need all the recuperating benefits which sleep can offer during each night as it passes. A far better rule would be to get at least eight hours of sleep, and including sleep ten hours of incumbent rest. It is a sad mistake that some make, who suppose themselves qualified to speak on the subject, in affirming that persons of a highly wrought nervous temperament, need—less sleep. The truth is, that where power is expended with great rapidity, by a constitutional law, it is regenerated slowly; the reaction after a while demanding much more time for the gathering up of new force, the direct effort demands in expending that force. Thus a man of the nervous temperament, after he has established a habit of overdoing, recovers from the effect of such overaction much more slowly than a man of different temperament would, if the balance between his power to do and power to rest is destroyed. As between the nervous and the lymphatic temperaments, therefore, where excess of work is demanded, it will always be seen that the close of the day's labour, whether it has been of muscle or thought, the man of nervous temperament who is tired finds it difficult to fall to sleep, sleeps perturbed, wakes up excitedly, and is more apt than otherwise to resort to stimulants to place himself in conditions of pleasurable activity. While the man of lymphatic temperament, when tired falls asleep, sleeps soundly and uninterruptedly, and wakes up in the morning a new man. The facts are against the theory that nervous temperaments recuperate quickly from the fatigues to which their possessors are subjected. Three-fourths of our drunkards are from the ranks of the men of nervous temperament. Almost all opium-eaters in our country—and their name is legion—are persons of the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperaments. Almost all the men in the country who become the victims of narcotic drug medication, are the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperaments.

That the very general habit of dependence upon stimulants, or stimulant narcotics, is almost entirely confined to persons of the nervous temperament, shows that the taxations to which they subject themselves are not readily reacted from, and that under their methods of living they find it difficult to depend upon the natural force within to make good their losses within the time they allow for that purpose. The rule, therefore, should be the other way from that which it is supposed to be, namely, that persons of highly-wrought nervous organization need but little sleep. It should be the habit with such persons to sleep largely, and to insist upon such freedom from exercise both of body and mind, and such external condition of repose, as gradually to bring the brain to acknowledge such relations to the general structure as will enable its various organs to become so refreshed that they may, when duty is resumed, perform it with accustomed yet healthy vigour.—Dr. Jackson.

We never respect persons who aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men and those we denominate entertaining; we laugh with the former and reflect with the latter.

God never sends any angel to afflict a human soul but what another follows in its footsteps to heal and to bless.

Creditors never annoy a man as long as he is getting up in the world. A man of wealth pays his butcher once a year. Let bad luck overtake him, and his meat bill will come in every morning, as regular as breakfast and hungry children. Again we say never plead guilty of poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you had better admit that you are a scoundrel.

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the wisest of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a keyhole.