

Poetry.

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

The line to Heaven by Christ was made. With Heavenly Truths the rails are laid: From Earth to Heaven the line extends— To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station, then, Where passengers are taken in; No fee for them is there to pay, For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the Engineer, It points the way to Heaven so clear; Through trumpet dark, and dreary here, It does the way to Glory steer.

God's love the Fire, His Truth the steam, Which drives the Engine and the Train; All you who would to Glory ride, Must come to Christ, in him abide.

In first and second, and third class, Repentance, Faith and Holiness; You must stay to glory gain, Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now 'tis the time, At one station on the line; The Train will stop and take you in.

[For the York Herald.]

ROBBIE BURNS.

Ah! Robbie Burns, then sly buff, Thy nose did never sour aloft, Or dwell on outline thine.

Headford, Jan. 29, 1861.

[For the York Herald.]

ROBBIE BURNS.

Though it requires a tolerable stretch of memory; yet I do remember that my father often used to say to me:— 'Christoper, my boy, whenever you have a story to tell, come directly to the point, and never give way to circumlocution.'

[For the York Herald.]

AMBITION.

AMBITION is one of the leading virtues of man, that which causes him to press onward to glorious ends and achieve noble deeds. It causes us to move onward through earth's living glories with high hopes and aspirations, and on it materially depends our general happiness and success.

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The York Herald,

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any child of her age in New York, and in due course become as all other Sophys become, a victim in turn to chicken-pox, measles, rash, mumps and stomach-ache, all of which, as her mother said, by the blessing of Providence, she recovered, and advanced, with rapid strides, to the age of dolls, baby-houses, and molasses candy.

'Sophy looks right pretty this evening, in her new dress.'

To be sure I did see some things about Miss Sophy not calculated to awake the pleasant emotions; such, for instance, as a surreptitious appropriation of more than her share of ice-cream, when her mamma's back was turned, or a furtive putting out of her tongue, 'making snoots,' as the youthful Jimmy Hooks, a member of the said party, expressed it.

'To go on with time as it rolls; three weeks after this birthday party it was that I had my first opportunity of making a real impression on Sophy, for though we had always been friends, with shame almost I confess, it had not always been lovers. It was on a momentous occasion, when life was trembling in the balance, that I had my first chance of making my mark on the rather unimpressionable heart of Sophy; not when her own life was trembling, but that of a favorite white kitten, which had, for almost a year, cast a shadow over dolls and baby-houses, and monopolized the undivided affection of its mistress.'

'One day, as I entered the house, bitter weeping and wailing reached my ear, accompanied by loud words of reproof from a voice which I knew in an instant to be that of the maid to whose guardianship Sophy was assigned. Need I say that I flew upon the wings of love to succor my damsel, whom I found on the back stoop, in violent and tearful altercation with Bridget, the maid, on some point connected with the kitten, which hung lifeless and wet in Sophy's hand.'

'What is it all about? was my question. 'Sure, the nasty little cat is drowned, and Miss Sophy don't want to give it up and have it thrown away.' was Bridget's angry response. 'Poor little! poor little!' sobbed Sophy, unable to say anything more. 'And how did it drown?' was my next question. 'It just slipped into the water-butt, and was drowned before it could be got out,' says Bridget.

I looked at the dejected, and after promising faithfully not to entrust it to the ruthless Bridget, was permitted to take it into my hands. There was still warmth in the little feline, and the thought struck me, as I looked down upon the tearful and wretched Sophy, it might be restored. I said almost as much to her, and watched, nearly in terror, the wild joy that broke out from the object of my admiration. It is hardly worth while to relate upon the extraordinary remedies tried on puss, but I am firm in the belief that some of them brought her back to existence through assistance, for, convinced I am, beyond all chance, that none of her race ever before experienced the same. In two words, I saved the kitten from the ignominious death of being 'drowned,' as Bridget had it, in a water-butt, and won the wild and exuberant professions of love, which for three weeks, I so ardently coveted. Sophy hugged myself and the kitten by turns; kissed us both, without wiping her mouth, and openly declared me 'the nicest chap she ever did see.' Can I be called a

perfidious monster if I admit that, in the moment of this outburst of love and gratitude, I probed deeply the heart of Sophy? No! Then it was I said to her:— 'Do you really love me so much, Sophy? 'A course I do, didn't you make 'er life come to kiddy? 'Yes, it was love founded on gratitude, and yet, it was idle to argue that the saved was superior in her heart to the savor. 'How much do you love me, now, Sophy? 'Two bushels—ever so much! says Sophy, spreading her hands wide. 'It was satisfactory, and I had witnesses, for there in the door stood both father and mother. 'And will you marry me, Sophy? 'A course I will! was Sophy's instantaneous acceptance. 'Without asking mamma's consent! was that good lady's query. 'A course, didn't he make life come to kiddy? 'The argument was unanswerable, and the young lady positive in the bestowal of her affections. For a certainty, there could be no retreat on my part, and so I informed Miss Sophy that she would be pleased to remember that from that moment we were engaged, and that she must cease flirting with anybody but myself, and as a token of our engagement, I proposed to give her, that very day, a brand new doll and a quarter of a pound of sugar plums. She made the pledge without a moment's hesitation. To be sure there was a slight disparity in our ages—a quarter of a century about; but that was a mere trifle, or, at all events, Sophy seemed to think so.

From that moment Sophy and I got on charmingly. I never had cause for the slightest twinges of jealousy, in truth, I am rather inclined to think that the small attempts at flirtation made by my affianced were merely to show me how much superior she held me to the youthful butterflies that ever sought her smiles. I could not complain any more of the want of warmth in her attentions, they were warm, even to the heat in summer, taking the form of innumerable embraces and demonstrative kisses, to say nothing of a general roup. I have, farther, no reason to doubt Sophy's cordiality on the subject, and am constrained to say that her memory held good upon the engagement at times and under all circumstances, especially at such moments as she might see me talking, with any degree of earnestness, to one of her sex. If at any time, which was not frequent, I staid with my friend Browne, whom I had now learned to look on as my engaged father-in-law, to dine or sup, Sophy always claimed and was accorded the privilege of sitting next to me. As her affianced, of course, on these occasions, I could do no less than lavish upon her those little attentions which are so requisite. These, with various other little solid trifles that passed between us, such as sundry purchases of cake, candy, or an occasional walk with jelly and ice-cream accompaniments, made the engagement between Sophy and myself rather a pleasant thing, certainly for her, if I am to believe her frequent assertions of the fact, by saying, in so many words: 'Ain't it nice to be engaged?'

And so the years flew away, until Sophy was fourteen, and never a shadow came across our path, though I am obliged to admit that, before this period, when I would say something to Sophy about our long-standing betrothal, and beg of her to hurry and set the wedding-day, she would clap her hand over my mouth and order me not to talk nonsense, or shake me soundly and tell me that I was a nasty, ugly, old bachelor. It was not, however, to be shaken, or nonsense, or blushed out of my engagement, and so I would tell this Sophy, and insist upon it that, as my wife that was to be, she should kiss and embrace me just as plentifully as of old. To this, I am sorry to say, she demurred, though, once in awhile, I think through forgetfulness she would throw her arms round my neck, and, with a sound kiss, declare me the nicest, darlingest old fellow in creation.

I think I said that all this was the case when Sophy was fourteen, and as sweet, plump and pretty a little creature as ever was, albeit somewhat wild, when all of a sudden a change comes over the spirit of the dream, and a new character appears

upon the stage. Walter Anderson! how can I write his name? My hated rival! It was once more upon a birthday, and at a party given in honor of Sophy's attainment of the discreet age of fourteen—exactly six years after she first birth of my love—that I saw his form in the very act of kissing Sophy—my Sophy—on the sly, behind the curtains of the back parlor. There was madness in the very idea, and I am confident, it brought on an instantaneous fever so consuming, that I was obliged to retire at once to the upper room for a cool punch to allay it.

When calamine came again, I pondered over this first dereliction of Sophy. What should I do? Should I slay my hated rival? No! that wouldn't do. It was actionable in law, and expensive, to make no account of the fact that he was quite a handsome young fellow, and well dressed too, and it might spoil his looks, or at least his clothes. No! I would wait; and so I returned to the parlors just in time to see my hated rival lead forth Sophy to dance. He certainly danced very well, and was as graceful a lad of his age (eighteen) as I had ever seen. Altogether, I was obliged to admit to myself that had he not been my rival, I should have felt as though he was just the style of young fellow I should like to have owned as a son.

It will be asked to recapitulate the many stabs the cruel Sophy sent to my bosom within the next fortnight through her terrible conduct with my rival. She forced me—I, who had for ten years given up balls in toto—to go with her to the fifteenth annual ball of something or another, that she might meet there my hated rival. And did she not, on the way home in the carriage, kiss me, and say that I was 'the dearest old grandfather that ever was in all the world,' in reward for my general good conduct all the evening, to say nothing of her repeating the same thing to papa and mamma next evening to my face. Did she not, further, cause me to carry a missive to this said Walter Anderson, asking him to accompany us on a picnic, and was I not weak enough, when this youth hesitated about accepting the invitation because he was afraid of intruding, to press him and insist upon his going? Yes, I was!

All this went on for a year. My affianced even grew so far as to make me, her betrothed, the confidant of all her little love matters and secrets. For a year it continued, until Sophy was fifteen. It was the very night after the fifteenth birthday-party, that she came to me, and cooed herself up in that delightful way she oftentimes did, beside me on the sofa. When Sophy did this, I knew that something was coming, and so it proved this time. I could feel her little heart beating up against my heart that evening right hard, and her tiny white hands tremble as she held mine. At last it came. 'Gr. n. p. a. p.'—that's a name that she would persist in calling me—'I'm going to tell you a secret.' By way of encouragement to loch it out, I gave her a kiss. 'I'm engaged!' 'Well, I answered, as cool as a cucumber, 'I know that.' She stared in wild surprise, and stammered out:— 'Who to?' 'Why to me, to be sure?' 'Oh, nonsense, grandpapa! be serious this time. I tell you I'm engaged to Walter Anderson, and I've just come to ask you about it first, and get you to tell papa and mamma about it for me. Won't you? Come, now, that's a dear old grandpapa!' Well, certainly, that was a cool proposition—that I, her affianced of six years' standing, should go to her parents and reveal her engagement to another, and do my best to mollify them and secure the happy termination of her new affair. I saw at a glance, by the little blue eyes that were looking so pleadingly up in my face, it was no time to urge my claim and so—will it be believed?—I went upon the mission. Yes, I pled for Sophy and my hated rival, even against the floods of parental prejudice, which declared the whole affair only a case of potty love, and were for breaking it off at once by sending my betrothed away to boarding-school—but finally consented to allow the engagement to stand for two years, at the end of which my betrothed will be seventeen, and my hated rival twenty-

three. A large portion of this time of probation has already passed, and the two remain firm, and, I may add, much improved. They are to be married in two months, though I have not yet surrendered my claim. I have wondered much whether an action will lie for breach of promise, or whether I had best compromise the matter by an agreement to flirt with the bride and kiss her whenever I please. I am compelled to say that the case, as it stands, is of a most complicated nature, and will require very nice discrimination. P.S.—I stop the press to announce that my hated rival and my betrothed have just been with me, and—would you believe?—insist, in spite positively of every excuse, even that of my having a bone in my leg, that I shall and must 'stand up' with Walter—I mean my hated rival. What an extraordinary request! 'But, I'll do it! Yes, I'll do it—I don't care how ridiculous it looks. One more P.S.—I've got a little surprise prepared for my betrothed on the day of her wedding. In your ear, my dear public! A little surprise, in the shape of a check for five thousand dollars, which, I make no doubt, will be a useful thing to have in the house for a 'starter.' A third P.S.—I have so made my will, this day, that the first daughter of my betrothed is to have half my worldly effects, and the first son of my rival the other half. Don't mention it!

AMBITION is one of the leading virtues of man, that which causes him to press onward to glorious ends and achieve noble deeds. It causes us to move onward through earth's living glories with high hopes and aspirations, and on it materially depends our general happiness and success. It opens to us a better and more cheering world. It causes us to delve into things miraculous and stupendous, and it has often been the means of piercing the veil of mysteries which has shrouded with impenetrable darkness many mighty and important truths. Take a man destitute of ambition, and you will find that man partially blind to all that is beautiful and majestic in art. You will not find him looking onward or upward, but, on the contrary, in a great measure remiss to human progress, like a machine without motion which becomes rusty, like a still pool which becomes stagnant. Ambition was the impellent power of many of the great orators, poets, and historians, whose coruscations now dazzle the earth.—What was it that caused Demosthenes to rise to such an attitude of glory as an orator? It was principally through ambition. He once obtained permission from his master to hear the pleadings of the orators, and in hearing them he was instantly fired with emulation, and immediately gave adieu to his other studies, and applied himself with great assiduity to oratory; and he soon began to be looked upon as the standard of true eloquence. The same can be said of Theoclydes, who, when hearing Herodotus recite his history at the Olympic games, was affected to tears. Although ambition does good, it sometimes does infinite evil when misdirected. Many of the wars and conquests with which history groans were caused by ambition.—Nations felt its ruinous effects, and sank into the dust. Monarchs learned in and trembled on their thrones. This was what caused Alexander the Great to convulse the world as with an earthquake.—This was what caused Napoleon to level his fury at so many nations.—He pointed the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him. He levelled his lightning at Spain, and she trembled. He sounded the knell of vengeance on the plains of Austerlitz, and all Europe was at his feet. When Cæsar subjugated Parthia and Germany, and carried the Roman eagle from the summit of Caucasus to the hills of Caledonia—when he passed from Gaul to Italy, from Rome to Macedonia, from the plains of Pharsalia to the shores of Africa, from the ruins of Carthage to the banks of the Nile and Euxines; when he traversed the Bosphorus and the Rhine, the Taurus and the Alps, the Atlas and the Pyreneese—

in all these triumphal courses he was impelled by the love of glory. BETA.

Maple, Jan. 27, 1861.

DELIGHTS OF BEING A NEWSPAPER COLLECTOR.

Some fellow—a collector for a South Carolina paper, and other periodicals—lately threw up his commission, and sent back the unpaid accounts with 'notes' which the spirit happened to lay hold of, and they were presented in a tangible shape to the world. As they are living pictures, met with here or elsewhere, we make extracts. The collector says:

Editor of the Herald of Truth—You furnished me, as you recollect, with a list of one hundred and seventeen owing subscribers. I have called upon one hundred and over, to your order three dollars and twelve and one-half cents, being the amount to which you are entitled. I return you the list numbered from one to one hundred and sixteen, and now give reply to each:

No. 1.—Is a minister. He says in the first place he never got one half of the numbers (he lies according to the account of the post-master) in the next place your jokers column was too scurrilous. Besides, he knows by the tone of your editorials, that you drink. He wants nothing more to do with you again. No. 2.—Is in jail for debt. He has not seen half a dollar for a year.—Says he would pry with the utmost cheerfulness, if he had the money, but had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. He wishes you to take a bold stand in favor of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, as he thinks it would be a very popular move with gentlemen in his situation. Sends his best respects. No. 3.—Is a young doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Wouldn't give a—n for a cart load. Says you inserted an article reflecting on the profession. Is going to persuade every person that takes your paper to stop it. Cursed your bill, and says you may get it the best way you can. No. 4.—Is an old maid. Says you are always making a fling at single ladies of an uncertain age. Wouldn't pay you if she was rolling with wealth, and you hadn't cash enough to buy a loaf of bread. Sent all the papers she had back a month ago, and says now that she has sent, she doesn't owe you anything. Says she is even with you, and intends to keep so until the day of judgment. No. 5.—Is a gambler. Says he got completely cleaned out last week at the races. Couldn't accommodate his grand-mother with a half-dime if she was starving.—Likes your paper tolerably—would like it better if you published more races, and would occasionally give an account of a cock fight. Hopes you won't think hard of him for not paying you now, but has a prospect of soon having some loose change, as he is after a rich young greenhorn, who arrived last week. Will pay your bill out of the pluckings. No. 6.—Is an old drunkard.—Hasn't got any money, and never expects to have. Gathered up all the papers he had and sold them for half a pint of rum to the grocery keeper, to wrap groceries in. No. 7.—Is a magistrate. Swore he never owed me a cent, and told me I was a low rascal for trying to swindle him in such a brazened manner. Advised me to make tracks in a little less than no time, or he would get out a warrant against me, as a common cheat and have me sent to prison. Is by all odds the meanest man I have seen yet. Never will go near him again. No. 8.—Is a policeman. Says that although you profess to publish a neutral paper, it is not so. Thinks he has seen considerable squinting towards the side he is opposite to. The collector concludes with 'accept my resignation, and strike me from the list of agents. I have been called a swindler, rascal, villain, blood-sucker. These are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. I tried fighting awhile, and thrashed some of your patrons like blazes, occasionally got licked like thunder myself.'

CLEANLY CATTLE.—If there is one thing in which the Argovian takes particular pride, and in which he particularly excels, it is in the care of his cattle. They are elephants in size, and their glossy hides betoken some peculiar art on the part of their masters. Not a particle of dust or straw is allowed to cling to them, and they are combed and washed as only horses are elsewhere, not with a curry-comb, but with old cards, which, being finer and softer, are more agreeable to the animal, and improve the fineness of the hair. This receives an additional lustre by being rubbed with old tallow. They actually shine; and the gentle creatures have an evident consciousness of their beauty; for they are careful not to soil their ashy gray and chestnut robes by lying in the mud when allowed to take a walk. Animals can acquire, if they have not by nature, a fine sensibility, and when they have once experienced the pleasant sensation of cleanliness, learn to take care of themselves.—Not only do they exercise this care for the person of the animal, but are at the pains of removing every feather and other unpalatable substance from their food; and the water-troughs where they drink are kept as clean as if human beings resorted to them. If anybody doubts the efficacy of these means, let him come and see not only how large but how intelligent these dumb creatures look; how they watch every motion of those who talk to them, and listen to all they say. What an affectionate man they will utter to welcome the milkers, who are always men, as they say, 'Women tickle the cow, and never take all the milk from the udders, so that she gives less and less.' It is said of them that an Argovian will send for the doctor for his cow a great deal quicker than for his wife; but we did not see any evidence that he was not sufficiently attentive to both.—The Cottages of the Alps.

How to 'Hop from Obscurity.'—The first Duke of Leeds delighted in boasting of his lucky progenitor, Jack Osceon, the shop-lad, who rescued his master's daughter from a watery grave in the Thames, and won her hand away from a host of noble suitors, who wanted—literally, the young lady's pin-money. She was the only child of a wealthy pin-maker, carrying on his business on London Bridge, and the jolly old fellow, instead of disdaining to bestow his heiress on a 'prentice, exclaimed, 'Jack won her, and he shall wear her.' Dr. Monsey, in the heyday of his social fame, told his friends that the first of his ancestors of any note was a baker, and a retail dealer in hops. As a critical point of this worthy man's career, when hops were 'down' and feathers were 'up,' to raise a small sum of money for immediate use, he rapped open his bed, sold the feathers, and stuffed the tick with unsalable hops. Soon a change in the market occurred, and once more operating on the couches used by himself and children, he sold the hops at a profit, and bought back the feathers. 'That's the way, sir, by which my family hopped from obscurity!' the doctor would conclude.—J. C. Jefferson.

A CHINESE MUSKET PRACTICE.—A Chinese battle (writes the author of 'Twelve years in China') is as good as a farce. Some of the little fights at Shanghai were very amusing. One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire, I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second. Why they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of a creek, about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers, then of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was almost amusing. One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of a grave hillock, drop his match-lock over the top, and without taking aim, blaze away. There is no rained required for the shot they use; the bullet, or bar of iron is dropped loose upon the powder. There was a fine scene on an occasion when the Shanghai rebels fired a sortie; one of the men was cut off by an Imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to change his, so he ran round and round a grave, which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Here hunting is nothing to it. Red-cap described hosts of circles, and the Royalist was fast getting blown, when the gods took pity on his mind, for, by some unlucky chance, the rebel tripped and fell. The soldier was at him in a moment, and to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of his match-lock to Red-cap's head, fired, took to his heels as fast as he could go! It is difficult to say who was the most astonished when Mr. Red-cap did the same! The bullet that dropped down readily on the powder, fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singing of his long hair.

WHAT WURTS THE HORSE.—It is not the 'bitting' that 'bites the horse,' and a philosopher has said, 'Bit the horse, and he will bite; but if you manage him right, he will not bite.' When you're not going to 'bit,' be a 'ack' and 'hammer' along with 'im.'

A scientific youth has discovered the cause of the potato blight. He describes it to the pot-latory movement on the earth.

What a wonderful world we live in! How many things we see and do not understand! How many things we do not see and do not understand! How many things we do not see and do not understand!

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