

A FINE OLD POEM.

"I have learned," says the melancholy Postelzi, "that in this wide world no one heart is able or willing to help another."

O say not we through life must struggle,  
Must toil and mourn alone;  
That no one human heart can answer  
The beatings of our own.

The stars look down from the silent heaven  
Into the quiet stream,  
And see themselves from its dewy depths  
In fresher beauty gleam.

The sky with its pale or glowing hues,  
Ever painteth the wave below;  
And the sea sends up its mist to form  
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

Thus each does of the other borrow  
A beauty not its own;  
And tells us that no thing in Nature  
Is for itself alone.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,  
The stoutest soul may grieve;  
Left to its own unaided efforts,  
The strongest arm may fail;

And thro' all strength still comes from Heaven,  
All light from God above,  
Yet we may sometimes be his angels,  
The apostles of his love.

Then let us learn to help each other,  
Helping unto the end;  
Who sees in every man a brother,  
Shall find in each a friend.

Literature.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!" So shouted nonest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the Adam and Eve inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Otkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story, Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Otkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, shortly against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertentious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfurt. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

He had already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected word of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter, to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion in his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his eagerness and indignation when, on reaching the matter that afternoon to Master Otkar, he was met by a flat and not

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over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retreat; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

You, Gabriel? said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. My poor boy, I you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never had any practice in climbing!

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you that made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want to be most firm and collected?"

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be nappy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna, than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Otkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and giving him the banner of the House of Austria gorgeously embroidered, said: "Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew up them with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it! cried Lawrence, 'you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a ropeladder

with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle and wave his gay flag.

"My God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as he glanced downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, his for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar, which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which napped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal." More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colourless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'goo tonight! Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only, coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Hullo, Lawrence! Albert! here I throw me up the ladder and the hooks!"

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me! Or have they fallen asleep! cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do! What will become of me!"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

"Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come to you; they must come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity.—Noble Leopold, help! I am from you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around his tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan—"

"O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until—"

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Otkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit!"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avant, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant! O Annie, Annie, pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sun-burnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I darest say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation follow. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire!"

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living."

"O God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? O that we

may not be too late."

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunder-head," shouted Arnold. "Let me up!" And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the Adam and Eve, laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar frost off my hair and that yellow dust off my cheeks! In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!"

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that would be heard,

"You alone are the cause of all this."

By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals:

"I'll only had that Lawrence! If I once had that Otkar by the throat! But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel towards evening, "tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—

"The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less. I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace.

"My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you are dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general melee Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy; I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as

white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

RATIONAL PLEASURES.—What are the objects of life, as far as regards this world? Its first wants, I answer, namely, food and raiment. What besides? Marrying and the rearing of children; and in general, the cultivation of the affections. So far, Puritans would agree with us. But suppose all these things to be tempered with gaiety and festivity; what element of wickedness has necessarily entered? None that I can perceive. Self-indulgence takes many forms; and we should bear in mind that there may be a sullen sensuality as well as a gay one. But the truth is, there is a secret belief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness; and in consequence they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything. They answer, we do not object to rational pleasures. But who, my good people, shall exactly define rational pleasures? You are pleased with a flower; to cultivate flowers is what you call a rational pleasure: there are people, however, to whom a flower is somewhat insipid, but they perhaps dote upon music, which, however, is unfortunately not one of your rational pleasures—chiefly, as I believe, because it is mainly a social one. Why is there anything necessarily wrong in social pleasures? Certainly some of the most dangerous vices, such as pride, are found to flourish in solitude with more vigour than in society; and a man may be deadly avaricious who has never even gone out to a tea-party.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

IRONY OF THE IRON DUKE.—In the new volume of the 'Supplementary Dispatches' of the Duke of Wellington, is the following quiet hit of irony in one of his letters from Spain:—"I have had the honour of receiving your—'s letter of the 3rd instant, and it is impossible not to feel for the unhappiness of the young lady, which you have so well described; but it is not so easy as you imagine to apply the remedy. It appears to me that I should be guilty of a breach of discretion if I were to send for the fortunate object of this young lady's affections, and to apprise him of the pressing necessity for his early return to England; the application for permission to go ought to come from himself; and, at all events, the offer ought not to be made by me, and particularly not founded on the secret of this interesting young lady. But this fortunate Major now commands his battalion, and I am very apprehensive that he could not with propriety quit it at present, even though the life of his female should depend upon it; and therefore I think that he will not ask for leave. We read, occasionally, of desperate cases of this description, but I can not say that I have ever yet known of a young lady dying of love. They contrive, in some manner, to live and look tolerably well, notwithstanding their despair and the continued absence of their lover; and some even have been known to recover so far as to be inclined to take another lover, if the absence of the first has lasted too long. I do not suppose that your proteges can ever recover so far, but I do hope that she will survive the continued necessary absence of the Major, and enjoy with him hereafter many happy days."

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night, by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or running cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he 'poured it from the hollow of his hand.' But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives.—It is not by great deeds like those of the

martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that it is to be done.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Now that the warm weather has come, let your children amuse themselves out-of-doors. Don't keep them shut up like house plants, until they become as pale and thin as ghost. Strip off the finery, put on coarse garments, and turn them out to play in the sand to make mud cakes,—to dab their faces with anything of an earthy nature which will have a tendency to make them look as though they had entered into a co-partnership with dirt. Keep them in the house, and they will soon look like, and be of about as much value, as a potato which grows in the cellar, pale, puny, sickly, sentimental wrecks of humanity. Turn them out, we say, boys and girls, and let them run, sniff the pure air, and be happy. Who cares if they do get tanned?—Leather must be tanned before it is fit for use, and boys and girls must undergo a hardening process, before they are qualified to engage in the arduous duties of life.

BURIAL OF THE AGED IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.

In the Fiji Islands, where the respected father of a family becomes too old to fish or fight, his affectionate sons inquire 'if he don't think it is time he should be buried.' After some thought he generally replies, 'that as a conscientious, law-abiding citizen he cannot deny that it is; and then ensues a cheerful conversation, such as this:

"Well, father, when would you like the funeral?"

"Um—let me see—I can't be conveniently buried this week, my son, but next week I believe I have no engagements."

"Then, suppose we say Thursday?"

"Very good—very good. But remember my children everything in the best style."

"Why father? Do you want to hurt one's feelings?"

"And so when Thursday comes the friends of the family assembled at the house, a procession is formed the old man walks at the head, supported by his children, and all proceed to the nearest Fiji cemetery."

"Ah! is this the grave?"

"Yes, papa, and do you think it suits?"

"Admirably! admirably! this is indeed a most excellent tomb."

And all the middle aged fathers present lift up their eyes, and pray that their sons may be as dutiful and kind. They come the funeral service, and the leave taking; the old man gets down into his grave; his sons take their shovels and cover him up, stamping down his earthly couch as affectionately as a mother 'tucks in' the bed clothes of her children.

DECALOGUE OF CANONS.—Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. Pile costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold. We never repent of having eaten too little. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened. Take things always by their smooth handle. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.—*Thos. Jefferson.*

HOW TO JUDGE OF CHARACTER.—It has been shrewdly remarked that what persons are by stars, they are by nature. You see them, at such time, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion; but intervals best discover the man. We fancy this is strictly true.

"People," says a modern philosopher, 'go according to their brains; if these lie in their head they study; if in their belly they eat and drink; if in their heels, they dance.'

LAW AND GRAMMAR.—When a Kentucky judge, some years since, was asked, by an attorney, upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honor?" he replied, "If the court understand herself, and she think she does, it are!"

When Sir William Scroppe was about to charge with his troops at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the parliamentary campaign with King Charles I., he said to his young squire, as a son, "Jack, if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend; to which the witty rogue answered, "and, aged, father, if I should be killed, you'll have enough to pay."

A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word surrogate. "It is," replied he, "a gate through which parties pass on their way to get married."

"Then, I suppose," replied she, "that it is a corruption of sorrow eat."

"You are right, miss," replied the informer, "as a woman is an abbreviation of wo to man."

"PAT, do you love your country?"

"Yes, yer honor." "What's the best thing about old Ireland, Pat?"

"The whiskey, yer honor." "Ah, I see, Pat, with all her faults, you love her still."

TRUE FOR ONCE.—A traveller announced as a fact (and, though he is a "traveller," we believe him