

(not H. Edwards' work)

Poetry.

PULL THROUGH.

Though dangers rise your path to bar, Pull through, pull through;

Literature.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY THE DOCTOR.

In our pilgrimage through life not a few of us men have with pain witnessed the downfall, through the love of the wine cup, of some one of our early and most dear associates.

Reader, look back and recall the noble contour of some one of your playmates, who, during juvenile days you have a thousand times wished yourself his equal.

Time comes when both of you must embark in the toil and vexations of business, and as you become worldly in your intercourse with each other, so also you gradually lose that deep interest which you once enjoyed.

Having refreshed your memory a little in reference to perhaps a similar episode in real life, we will commence our brief biography of an unfortunate schoolmate.

Charley Wheeler we first met at boarding school in the good old town of G—, which is not in these days of railroads such a round number of miles from this great emporium.

Charley and I occupied for two years the same bedroom, and in fact, the most of that time we shared the same bed though there were two of these articles of furniture in the room.

We entered the same college, and for four years we almost lived in each other's society; and if association tends to cement friendship we had ample opportunity of testing the truth of the saying.

Commemoration day, that great era in college life, came and we celebrated with great eclat. We now shook hands, and with a heartfelt good-bye, we started for our homes which lay in different points of the compass.

The father of Charley Wheeler was a merchant in the small town of D—. He had a large family, and having given his son a finished education, he justly considered that he now ought to be able to care for him.

Friends were called in one evening shortly after Charley's return home, in order to decide what pursuit would be most likely to suite the youth's tastes and disposition.

One powerful target, on which we expended the mos. of our ingenuity in annoying, was a long and lank tutor by the name of Buns, whom the boys styled 'Hot Buns.'

After this speech, woe to the boy he caught, for Buns, what he lacked in feeling made up fully in the sense of feeling. His long, bony fingers never closed in vain on a boy's flesh,

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and notoriously, he was the handiest whipper any one of us ever remembered in our school day experience of meeting.

The cry of Buns, Buns, was quickly re-echoed through the bed rooms, for just as he was heard coming, we were in a midst of series of gymnastics known only at boarding schools, and only then after the lights are put out.

The stampe that followed this announcement of our enemy had the tendency to hurry the movements of Buns, yet most of us succeeded in eluding his vigilance and were imitating the usual sign of sleep as he scrutinized us and passed on.

Poor Charley Wheeler had been left in the lurch without an avenue open to him for escape. Not knowing what else to do he attempted by bracing his hands and feet against the opposite walls of the manor hall to ascend and by dint of great exertion, he managed to reach a height sufficient to allow the teacher to pass under him.

Buns was eager on the trail of the fugitive, and so savage did he look, that one glimpse of him thoroughly frightened the boy who released his hold and came tumbling with his whole weight upon the tutor's head.

Buns thought that his victim was before him, and had not for a moment supposed that he was perched on high, consequently he was completely non plus when the weight came upon his head. He was knocked down and the candle rolled from his grasp and became extinguished.

The boy, being the nimblest of the two, quickly gathered himself up, and taking advantage of his position he hastened to my bed.

Charley had not been recognized by the tutor but as he was in my bed, it was inferred that he was the rogue.

The next day an investigation of the affair was held, and as might be supposed, nothing was elicited which could fix the guilt on any one. The principal decided that it lay between Wheeler and myself, and as we both evaded answering questions, he directed Buns to soundly thrash each of us.

My turn came first, and I can affirm to the best of my belief, carried out the sentence to the letter of the law, which had the effect of ever afterwards bracing my mind against meekly bearing punishment which rightly belonged to others.

Notwithstanding this incident, Charley Wheeler and I passed through our school days with as much pleasure as usually falls to the lot of most boys.

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years to relieve him of his labors. I had previously surmised his intentions, and on hearing him express them, immediately acquiesced to his superior judgment.

The tedious hours I spent in my father's office were often enlivened by receiving and answering letters from my old college chums. Charley Wheeler at first wrote to me regularly twice a week, and his graphic description of city life kept me from being in the least hypochondriack, but, by-and-bye, his letters became brief, and finally of a sudden they ceased altogether.

The winter months drew near when the medical lectures would commence. Another conference was held among my relations as to the best college for me to attend, and in the end, New York city was selected as offering the most inducements to students.

The most troublesome class of patients I had to encounter were those laboring under delirium tremens. The frenzy of the unfortunate creatures was often horrible to witness. At other times their hallucinations were more moderate, and partook of the pleasures of which they had recently indulged to excess.

One day there was brought to the hospital, from a fashionable hotel, a man, reputed to be wealthy. Little was known of this person, save that he had recently arrived from Australia, and had brought papers with him that showed him to be possessed of a fortune.

Well, to resume our narrative: On reaching the point of my destination, I was immediately initiated as a medical student, and was not long in becoming familiar with my duties.

Although surrounded by thousands of people yet not a familiar face among them met my gaze, and after the novelty of my position wore off, I became lonesome, and longed for the companionship of some friend who had known me intimately.

Time waxed old, and after a regular course of instruction, I received my degree as an M.D. Not satisfied with the ordeal through which I had so recently passed, I resolved to add three years of experience to my acquirements by entering a hospital.

A hospital, reader, how much is comprised within the meaning of that word! Ask the wounded man, as he is being carried through its portals, of the importance of such an institution. Visit the battle field after some sanguinary fight, and over the dying figure of a soldier make the same inquiry even to the convalescent form of the patient who reluctantly leaves that place, which has been instrumental in saving his life, and you will bear the same reply, viz.:

That these buildings cover everything that the grateful heart recognizes as humane, good and noble in the composition of man's character. It is the creed of the world, however, while blessed with health, to look upon a hospital as a slaughter house that ought to be avoided except in the hour of adversity.

By the broad light of day, as well as the stillness of night the man of science listens to secrets which have long been pent up but now in truth, they are breathed forth. The toil of such an existence is arduous, but yet it never fails to repay the investigator.

The first operation I saw sickened me, but gradually I began to look at these things in another light, through the dimness of which I saw health and happiness returning to the sufferer. Step by step I advanced, until at the commencement of my third year in the hospital, I was placed at the head of all the young men who labored in the same cause with me.

The nurse entered the ward one day, and having nothing else to do he sat down to read. The only other person in the room besides himself was our invalid, whose presence he was reminded of, for he began to look upon his charge as perfectly harmless.

The patient had been allowed since his partial recovery to have his trunk near him, for he required fresh clothing, and at times he appeared

to amuse himself by rearranging its contents. The nurse while reading accidentally held the newspaper in front of him in such a manner as to screen the actions of the invalid. At once he heard a 'sharp click' which caused him suddenly to look in the direction from whence the sound came.

To his horror he saw the patient holding a loaded revolver of the largest size with its muzzle pointed at him, and not over six feet from his body.

The eyes of the maniac glistened like two balls of fire thereby showing that he had been suddenly seized with an extra amount of frenzy.

To have moved would have been certain death, therefore the nurse coolly straightened himself up and forced a smile on his face while he thus spoke:

'My friend that is a very fine weapon you possess, but do you know that I never liked revolvers because they are too heavy and clumsy to make a fine shot with.'

The kindness and boldness of this language had the effect for which it was intended. The patient under its soothing influence almost magically relapsed into a state of calm demeanor and thus answered:

'You are mistaken, I have killed a wolf, sir, forty yards with it. Just take it into your hands and see if it is very heavy, but oh, but oh, my brain is on fire.'

The nurse, as might be supposed, quietly received the pistol, and when he was sure of its safety, he changed the subject of conversation by ordering the patient to go into the prison cell of the mad. It was well he did so, for in a few minutes the delirium returned upon the patient with increased force, and this time his ravings were continuous for several days.

After everything had thus passed over without harm having been done the nurse began to realize more fully the precariousness of his position.

Having secured safely the insane patient, the nurse sought me out and reported the affair to me in nearly the same words I have here used.

Together we returned to the ward, when I took upon myself the liberty of examining the trunk, that I might ascertain something of the previous history of the patient, and also to see whether or not there were other weapons concealed in it.

In turning over the clothing, I came to a package of letters, the superscription of which startled me. I was at the first glance positive that the writing was my own, and on tearing a letter open, sure enough, I had not been mistaken.

Reader, my patient was my old friend 'Charley Wheeler.' He still lives, but is the inmate of an insane asylum, where he will spend the remainder of his life, as he is a confirmed maniac.

By tracing out his history, I have learned that after leaving the service of his employers in New York he went to Australia, where, during the gold excitement, he rapidly made a fortune, and being elated by his success, he plunged deeply into dissipation.

His career in New York on his return you are already familiar with, and I will now leave you to draw your own inferences from it.

APOSTROPHE ON WATER.

From an American Paper.

We have heard John B. Gough utter many eloquent things, but we never heard water defined in such thrilling eloquence as in the following, which we have published before. It will pay reading a dozen times.—Mr. Gough often declaims it, but the apostrophe originated with Paul Denton, an itinerant of the Methodist Church in Texas, and was delivered at a barbecue (or feast of a hog dressed whole) which Denton prepared, and to which he invited the Backwoods rangers.

The smoking viands were arranged on the tables, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as the blast of trumpet in battle—'Stay, ladies and gentlemen, till the giver of the barbecue asks God's blessing!'

Every heart started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all alike were struck by his remarkable appearance. He was about 30 years

of age, and almost a giant in stature. His hair, black as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets; his eyes, as black, beamed like stars over a face pale as Parian marble—calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression. The heterogeneous crowd—hunters, gamblers, and homicides—gazed in mute astonishment. The missionary prayed; but it sounded like no other prayer ever perhaps addressed to the Throne of Grace—it was the cry of a naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and water of heavenly life.—He ceased; and not till then did many become conscious of weeping. They looked around through their tears, and saw hundreds of other faces wet as with rain.

'Now, my friends,' said the missionary, 'partake of God's gifts at the table, and then come and sit down and listen to his Gospel.' It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness with which these simple words were uttered, that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly was maddened by the evidence of the preacher's wondrous power. Col. Watt, Forman exclaimed, in a sneering voice, 'Mr. Paul Denton, your Reverence has lied! You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor.—Where is the liquor?'

'There!' answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at a matchless double spring gushing up in two stout columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. 'There!' he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet. 'There is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the shimmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, does your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down—down in the deep valley, where the mountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the mountain-top, where the granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and thunder tones crash; and far away out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there he brews it—the beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dewdrop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-cream, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower, folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many coloured iris—that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woe is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hands of refrigeration. Still, always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost curses it from the grave in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for that demon's drink—alcohol?'

A shout like the roar of the tempest answered—'No!' At that moment the backwoodsman held the hearts of the multitude as it were in the hollow of his hand, and the popular feeling ran in a current so irresistible, that even the duelist, Watt, Forman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting. The camp-meeting continued, and a revival attended it, such as never before or since was witnessed in Texas.

Bulwer, in "My Novel," places three maxims in the mouth of one of his characters, which, if all men adopted, society would be benefited: 1st.—Never trust to genius for what can be obtained by labor; 2dly, never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly never to engage our word to what we do not do our best to execute.

THE FARMER.

"He owns his own farm, his chickens and lamb, He sows his own fleece, and he wears it."

Of all the various departments of man's labor defined and mapped out for him by an infinite and all-wise Providence, there exists none so surrounded with blissful circumstances, so well calculated to promote and heighten the pleasures of existence, as the calling of husbandry. Farming is the only real natural occupation of man—all else may be at once termed artificial and acquired. Ever since the enunciation of the Primeval Edict—"by the sweat of the brow shalt thou earn thy bread;" the particular sphere of man's usefulness, and his manifest destiny, have been to follow the plow. And if his lot had been of his own choosing it would be difficult, even now, after thousands of years of toiling experience, for him to shape out for himself a happier system of life.—One in which the elements of natural growth and progress so continually recur, to encourage and freshen his hopes, and substantially reward his exertions. In every other profession or trade, the risk of failure is much greater. Neither exists there any, in which the capital, skill and talent expended returns and produces so generous a result for the outlay. So true, indeed, is still the ancient mandate—(referring to the sowing, irrigation and subsidence of the Nile.) "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Of all the banks to invest in, the labor judiciously invested in a Bank of Earth, the free trodden soil roofed over by God's heaven, and heated and shined down upon by God's sun, moon and stars—that is the safest, the most enduring and reliable. The whims of rulers, and the general instability of human nature, have no place here and do not influence the natural result from the cutting down of the forest to the ploughing and sowing of the ground, to the ripening of the harvest, to the cramming of the barn, to the staff of life upon the oaken table, man is but the humble insignificant instrument; the essential successive operations are matured and duly advanced by the great God of the Seasons himself for the especial good and blessing of his erring and ungrateful creatures, that haughty, envious and incomprehensible being called—man.

Where shall we go to imagine a more beautiful picture of the possible perfection of human enjoyment, than to point to the healthy jolly farmer.

"Whistling o'er the lee," or crooning an old song 'twixt the stiles of his plough, on some well-cleared, well cultivated farm, with snug and neat Farm steading, comfortable house and fruitful orchard, the cattle and king lown lazily in the clover fields, intermingled now and then with the plaintive bleating of the woolly sheep, and the sprightly neighing and galloping hooves of playful sleek coated horses, the straight line of firm, well kept fences, and the fine green baird of the young wheat stretching away in hopeful luxuriance, across half a country side; these, and a thousand other adjuncts that might be painted into a pleasing scene, all entering in a God-fearing and industrious family, presided over by an honest, responsible moral head?

A CURIOUS BUSINESS.—The author of Photographs of Paris Late one day on asking a young girl what her occupation was, was told by way of reply:—'I am an advancee d'ouvrage (advancer of work.)' And what, pray, is that?—'Why, you see, monsieur, there are an immense number of ladies who begin all sorts of fancy work—crochet, worsted work, or knitting, and such things, on which they work in the evening, when the husband goes out to the club, the opera, or any other place to which madame does not happen to accompany him. The lady, perhaps, has an engagement of her own, to which, as soon as monsieur is out of the house, she flies.—The work is brought to me, or I go and fetch it; and the next morning, right early, I take it back. After breakfast, madame exhibits triumphantly her work of the evening before, and monsieur praises her industry, never dreaming that madame was amusing herself, and that other hands had made the evident progress in the work.'

A HINT TO YOUNG WOMEN.—A sensible, prudent man knows how to estimate outside adornings and artificial smiles at their real worth, which is, in fact, very low. He knows that the gay dressy flirt often makes a slatternly wife, and a still worse mother—that the girl who tries to make herself so very agreeable and bewitching, while fishing for a husband, frequently turns out a very wizen when she has caught her fish; that the attractions she exhibits in public are, in most instances, the very reverse that are to be seen at home; in short, that though she may be such an one as many young men love to flirt with, she is the very last whom prudence would select for a wife. A female whose sole recommendation is a pretty face, and a showy dress, may excite a little attention; but when it is discovered that the attraction is external, and all is emptiness within, then the prudent man shies off, saying to himself, 'This is not the girl to make a wife of.'—British Workman.