

Our Magistrates
and the
Railway men

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Poetry.

A SMILE FOR ALL.

A gentle smile is a beautiful thing,
A source of joy and light;
Sweet as the songs the birds sing
And bright as the stars of night;
It hath a spell to charm the heart
Amid life's phases all,
And sweetest pleasures to impart;
Then have a smile for all.

Where'er life's sweetest fairest flowers
Doth twine in garlands fair,
And where the dark and dreary hours
Are filled with pain and care;
Amid the scenes of sorrow's night—
Of Heaven's festive hall,
A gentle smile is a beaming light,
Then have a smile for all.

As the bright morning's rosy ray
Doth chase away the night,
So to the weary, sad and gay,
Is a smile, sweet and bright;
Driving away from heart and brow
Dark trouble's sable pall,
Wrathing the soul with a cheerful glow—
Then have a smile for all.

And as thy footsteps onward tread
This vale of tears' down,
When joy's bright sunlight on thy head
Reeds like a fairy crown;
And when the hours of darkness come
'Mid storms of sorrow' fall,
In stranger lands or thy own bright home,
Mayst thou have a smile from all.

And where'er thy lot is cast,
'Mid sadness or 'mid glee,
Until life's fitful dream be past
And earth grows dim to thee,
May brightest smiles of Heaven above
In beauty on the roe,
Filling thy heart with joy and love,
And making thy pathway blest.

Literature.

DOCTOR GASTRICK IN PARIS.

BY JAMES C. FAY.

[The following scrap of autobiography was taken down, phonographically, from the doctor's own lips, at his own dinner-table, about two weeks ago.]

I first visited Paris in 1836, and remained there two years, in attendance upon the hospitals, the lectures of the Ecole de Medicine, etc. The French are a very liberal people, in a literary and scientific point of view. The foreign student, in Paris, has access to lectures, by the most celebrated professors, on almost every department of human knowledge, and nearly all gratis. And the same thing may be said of the public libraries, and museums, both of science and art. The French capital is therefore an exceedingly attractive place for the student, as well as the man of pleasure.

To be near my business, I took up my abode in the 'Pays Latin'—the 'Latin Land'—the students' quarter—on the south side of the Seine. Here are the colleges; the schools of law and medicine, the Sorbonne and St. Sulpice; the Jardin des Plantes, with its zoological collection, and its magnificent museums; most of the hospitals; and, in fact, nearly everything which the student, as such, has anything to do with. Here, however, are not the palaces, the Garden of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysees, the fashionable Boulevards, the theatres, and the paraphernalia of dissipation in general. For access to these, the inhabitant of the students' quarter must depend upon the *fiacre* or the omnibus.

My lodgings were in a very old house, in the vicinity of the beautiful Garden of the Luxembourg. I had two small rooms, *au troisieme*—that is, on the fourth floor, counting the *rez dechausse*, or ground floor. As in most French houses, there was a courtyard in the centre of the building, to which we gained admittance by a small door, communicating with a porter's lodge—there being, also, a large *porte cochere* for carriages.

In one corner of my bedroom was a vertical, rectangular excrescence, looking somewhat like a chimney running up by the side of the wall. It was papered, but a slight examination showed me that it was made of wood. In fact, it was simply a long wooden box, in close contact with the walls, and extending from the floor to the ceiling, and how much further, I did not know.—There was nothing at all remarkable about it, and it certainly would never have attracted my attention, if it had not been for reasons which I will mention.

One night, after I had occupied the chamber about two weeks, I came home at a late hour from the theatre. Even when I got to bed, however, I could not get asleep. While laboring with all my might to overcome the somniferous deity, I heard, in the stillness of the night, a faint noise, to which, for a long time, I could give neither a local habitation nor a name.

At last, trifling as it was, the thing began to irritate my nerves excessively. Sleep was out of the question; so I rose and struck a light. After that, I was not long in ascertaining that the noise came from the box-like contrivance in the corner. Sometimes it was quite

distinct, and at other times it died away altogether for a while, gradually becoming fainter and fainter. Eventually I came to the conclusion that it was produced by something moving up or down inside of the box.

I placed my ear closely in contact with the boards, and I could then hear the low rumbling and rustling (for it seemed a compound of both) very distinctly; and now, too, I noticed what I thought I had seen before leaving my bed, viz., a minute ray of light shining through from the inside of the box for a while, and then disappearing. In order to satisfy myself of this, I blew out my candle; and then, whenever the noise became most distinct, I could see the light glimmering through a little crevice.

While I was examining this crack, I felt a little knob, under the paper, and projecting only a few lines from the board. I pressed it with my thumb, and the immediate consequence was a sort of shakiness of the parts adjacent, which surprised me a little; but some further investigation convinced me that there was a door there, covered up by the paper. The pressure of my thumb on the knob had unfastened it, and I could trace its outline very distinctly. It was of a size just sufficient to permit the body of a man to pass through.

My curiosity was much too thoroughly roused to allow me to let the matter rest there. I was determined to open the door, and see what was going on on the other side of it. To effect this object, I had only to ascertain where the outline of the door was, by running my finger round it, and then cut the paper through with my pen-knife. It then came open of itself.

When I got inside, all I could see was a long wooden tube, extending upward and downward, I knew not how far, and having a large, cable-like rope running up and down in the centre of it. All was now quiet. The rope was perfectly still, and no noise to be heard anywhere. But this made it seem all the more mysterious, and still further increased my curiosity to know what was the use of the contrivance; and what was going on at the bottom of it.

I was young and fool-hardy in those days, or I certainly would not have thought of carrying into execution the idea which presented itself to my mind. There was evidently but one way of finding out what was at the bottom of the rope, and that was, by going there; and the only way of going there was by 'swarming' down the rope itself. To make this descent without the most instant idea of what sort of a reception I should meet with when I got to the bottom, was anything but prudent; but in those days, unfortunately, prudence and I were not much acquainted with each other.

The inside of the box was as dark as Erebus; but I thought best, upon the whole, not to show a light—at least until I reached the bottom. I had a small lantern, which I took with me, and a box of phosphoric matches. With these preparations, and being well armed, I launched myself into the black abyss.

It is not every man who can climb up a rope, but it requires no great amount of genius to climb down one. Besides, I was young and active, and had manipulated ropes before; but in those cases, I certainly 'knew the ropes' better than I did in this instance.—It was a long, tedious descent, and I found myself tired enough before I reached the bottom. What was to be seen by the way, was more than I knew; or, rather, I did know that there was nothing at all to be seen, at that time, unless it was 'darkness visible.'

Nor was there anything more to be seen at the bottom. It was only by the sense of touch that I could tell that I had reached a sort of platform, attached to the bottom of the rope, and that when I stepped from it, it was upon a floor paved with flags of stone.

I listened attentively, but all was still; and, believing the place to be untenanted, I proceeded to light a bit of candle and put it in my little lantern. I then discovered that I was in a long and narrow vaulted apartment, which was no doubt under the surface of the earth.

Looking about the place, I could

see nothing but the rope, by which I had descended, coming down through a square aperture in the ceiling, and something at one end of the room which looked like a picture. The platform which I have mentioned was there, of course, attached to the rope, and lying on the floor. Approaching the picture, and looking at it more closely, I saw that it was a life-sized figure of a man, painted on a board, with a head ridiculously caricatured, and made to resemble an enormous pear.

While I was examining this strange picture, I heard the noise of approaching footsteps and voices. There were people coming—dozens of them, to judge by the noise they made—and here was I, a stranger, an interloper, a spy, caught like a rat in a trap, and all for the sake of seeing a pear mounted on two legs. What would they do with me?—It would not be anything very agreeable; that I might prognosticate with the utmost confidence.

If I had had a little more time, I could perhaps have climbed up the rope, to the hole in the ceiling; but they were just upon me. I would not have had time to get half way up; and a pretty spectacle I would have made dangling there like a bit of bacon hung up to be smoked. It was a poor chance for the saving of my bacon, however well it might have answered for that of a hog.

There was nothing for it, it seemed, but to stand and face the music; and I was preparing myself for this alternative, when I noticed that the board, or rather the partition, on which the pear-headed man was painted, did not reach quite across the room. There were a few inches of space left between it and the stone wall, on one side, and I thought that in a case of life and death, like the present, I might perhaps make myself small enough to squeeze through the aperture, and get on the other side, where I might be concealed, snugly and securely, unless some one should take it into his head to explore the recess, which did not seem to be a thing very likely to happen.

There was not a second to spare; so I rushed at the opening, and, with the loss of a button or two, and a slight excoercion of the skin, I succeeded in passing safely between the stone Sycylz and the wooden Charpydis, and reached the quiet harbor beyond it. I had a narrow escape, however. Not merely because the strait was so narrow, but chiefly because the ingress of the tip of the first man's nose, and the egress of the tip of my coat-tail, were simultaneous, synchronous and identical.

The broad partition, which so kindly screened me from observation, was carried across the narrow apartment, near one end of it, so that I now found myself in a small, dark room, perhaps ten feet square. 'Any port in a storm,' says the sailor; and upon that principle, I thought I might well congratulate myself upon the snug security of my place of refuge.

The partition was quite a thin one. This was particularly true of the central board, on which the picture was painted, which was the thinnest kind of deal. My light having been extinguished, and the outer apartment having been illuminated, as it soon was, I could see a number of small holes in the boards, through which I readily obtained a view of all that was going on among my visitors outside.

A procession of perhaps twenty figures, with long dark robes and masks, entered, and took their places, in successive ranks, extending across the room; after which, two of them proceeded to light up the place with lamps and sconces, having first extinguished a number of torches which they had brought with them.

This being attended to, these two, who seemed to be a sort of attendants, came to the front, and one of them handed to the first figure in the rank something which I could not see distinctly. The latter then advanced towards me, levelled what I now saw was a pistol directly at my head, and fired! The ball passed through the thin partition and then followed through the collar of my coat.

'Snug and secure with a vengeance,' thought I. 'Do they really know that I am here?'

This question I was soon able to answer in the negative, for it

was evident that their attention was directed to the pear-headed figure, and not to what was behind it. Immediately after the shot was made, I heard a deep toned voice, outside, saying:

'Brother Paul's bullet has passed within two and a quarter inches of the pear.'

Since I had made the discovery that my nice little peeping-places were bullet-holes, I felt quite contented to trust to my ears alone. You may safely aver, too, that I was not standing behind the pear when the second shot came—as it soon did. On the contrary, I got as far away from it, and as close into one of the corners, as I possibly could. As I have stated, the apartment was a very narrow one, and it was impossible to get more than three or four feet from the picture, on either side—one consequence of which was a fervent prayer, on my part, that Brother Paul's associates, whoever they were, might prove to be good marksmen.

Bang! I heard another bullet strike the wall, but, fortunately, at a respectable distance from my person.

'Brother Anselm's ball has struck within three-quarters of an inch of the pear.'

Well done, Brother Anselm! Silence again for a minute or two. Bang! A bullet whizzed close past my left ear.

'Brother Boniface's bullet has passed three feet and one inch wide of the pear.'

Confound your bony face and black muzzel, said I, *sotto voce*, if that's the way you are going to shoot, I am likely to be about as 'snug and secure' here as I would have been among 'the five hundred' at Balaklava! But here they come again! Bang! Right between my legs, taking a good big bite out of my breeches! If you had been there, just then, you would have seen an *entrechat* such as Taglioni never dreamed of. The thing was growing serious, and I was growing angry; and, in fact, it was only by an almost superhuman effort of self-control, that I refrained from using my pistols and making the bloody scoundrels dance in their turn. But one man is too few for twenty, even if he does hail from America; so I dogged the balls, as I best could, and hopped and danced about 'promiscuously.'

A distinguished writer advises any one who gets into a quandary, to ask himself how the great and good would act under similar circumstances. But I put it to you, now, gentlemen—did you ever hear of 'the great and good' being pent up behind a pear-headed picture, to be shot at? I had not the benefit even of that precept to console me—though it is my candid opinion that if 'the great and good' had their breeches legs shot away, they would cut just as many pigeon-wings as I did.

For a space of time which seemed to me almost interminable, I danced and they piped, or rather popped away, till Brother Jacques, and Brother Francois, and Brother Ambrose, and Brothers Augustine and Bartelemy and Benoit and Clement and Gautier and Laurent and Christophe and Eustache and Chrysostome and Eusebe and Gregoire and Gaspard, and I know not how many more, each one (as the French say) a worse marksman than the others, had all blazed away at the pear, and, most of them, missed it.

But, fortunately, everything in this world has an end, compulsory gymnastics not excepted. The last shot was Brother Dominique's; and, after a short period of silence, it was announced that Frere Dominique was the conqueror, and the one chosen 'to smash the pear (*casser la poire*);' a figurative expression which I thought I could interpret. Brother Dominique made a short but very enthusiastic speech, in which he promised to 'smash the pear' into atomical flinders, without delay.

To my ineffable satisfaction, there were no further attempts to breach the painted pear, and the brethren soon extinguished their lights and trooped out of the place just as they had entered. As soon as they were gone, I re-lit my candle, and evacuated my 'snug, secure retreat' with no ordinary degree of alacrity. I was glad enough to get out of it, but I would have been much gladder to leave the subterranean shooting-gallery

altogether, and get back to my own room again.

For the twentieth time, I cursed my own folly and that womanish, Yankeeish curiosity which had led me into such an exceedingly unpleasant scrape. Even if the reverend-looking sharp-shooters in the sabbie surplices had finally ceased their pistol-manceuvres, still there was no way of getting out of the trap and becoming a free—

Hillo, there!—What is that? A creaking noise overhead, and the platform and its appurtenances began to rise slowly from the floor. Please the pigs, said I to myself, I mean to be a passenger, let the consequences be what they may.—But, to my intense gratification, there was no consequence at all, except this—that I waited quietly till the thing reached the level of my own floor, when I stepped off it, into my bed-room, without the slightest difficulty, leaving the 'oscillating engine' which had brought me up still rising skyward. How far it went, I neither knew or cared. I was cured of curiosity—for the present, at least.

Thankful to get out of the 'fix' so easily, I threw myself upon my bed and endeavored to disentangle my thoughts from the maze into which they had been twisting themselves for an hour or more. Short as my sojourn in Paris had been, I nevertheless knew enough to know that in the language of caricature a pear meant the head of his majesty the King of the French; and that the picture which the sable brotherhood had been popping at, and behind which I had played so many antics, was that of Louis Philippe.

From the speech of brother Dominique, it was evident that he had been chosen out of the whole number, even in mere bravado or in sober earnest, as the favored one who was to assassinate the king, 'the Brutus who was to make a second Caesar bleed,' as he himself had phrased it, in his harangue.

As the probability of another attempt to assassinate the king was then a common topic of newspaper discussion, it required no great amount of wisdom on my part to let it down as not unlikely that the men I had seen would prove to be real conspirators, and the smashing of the pear a substantial entity.

I was no great admirer of his pig—I mean pear—headed majesty, but I utterly abominated assassins of every sort, private and political, and I thought it an imperative duty to give information of what I had seen to the police.

While I was thinking the thing over, I fell asleep, and did not wake again till the forenoon was pretty well advanced. Having hastily breakfasted in my own room, I fastened the door securely and sallied forth to find an omnibus bound for the other side of the Seine.

As I was passing the porter's lodge I observed a young man who had the appearance of being one of the lodgers in the house. He saluted me in the off-hand French fashion, and we went into the street together.

'I believe we are both upon the same errand,' said he, as we stopped simultaneously, at the Place de l'Odéon, and began to look about for the 'Hirondelle.'

I started, for at the first word he uttered, I recognized the deep-toned voice of my subterranean acquaintance, Brother Dominique—the one who had undertaken to 'smash the pear.' Whether he had any suspicion of me or not, I was unable to determine. He looked at me very fixedly, but that may have been accidental. It made me feel uncomfortable, though, I must confess. I would have parted company with him very willingly, but I could not do so without losing the omnibus, which would have delayed still further what had been delayed too long already.

There was nothing for it, then, but to make the journey to the other side of the river in his company. Neither of us said much, but he still continued to eye me very closely, while I reassured myself that he did it only because I was a foreigner.

Before communicating with the police, I wished very much to see the American Secretary of Legation, Mr. Anderson. General Cass, our minister, I knew very well was in Italy. The office of the Legation was in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

The omnibus stopped near the Tuileries, and we got out. There was quite a crowd assembled on the

terrace of the Garden, fronting the river, and on the neighboring quay.

'Do you know what it is all about?' said I, addressing Brother Dominique, who was still walking by my side.

Before he had time to answer my question, a very handsome carriage, with outriders and attendants, in splendid liveries, drove out of the *porte cochere* of the palace. The carriage contained an old gentleman and a boy. I drove slowly through the crowd, and the people took off their hats and huzzaed. Just as it came abreast of us, and when it was but a few paces distant, my companion suddenly raised a pistol, levelled it at the old gentleman, and fired!

It was the King, and one of his younger sons—either the Prince de Joinville or the Duc d'Anjou, I think. The affair is now a matter of history, however, and perhaps you remember the particulars more distinctly than I do. At all events, the pistol-bullet did no injury, but lodged in one of the panels of the carriage—within an inch or two, however, of the head of the boy.

The King was as firm and as cool as any one could well have been. Whatever he might have lacked, it was not courage, certainly. After a single anxious glance towards his son, he put his head out of the carriage, bowed to the people, and assured them he was not hurt. After a number of hearty cheers, he spoke again, and requested that some one should be sent to the Palace of the Chamber of Deputies, to notify the queen of what had happened, and prevent her from receiving a false or exaggerated account of it. She had gone thither in advance of the King. This was the day for the delivery of the royal speech, upon the occasion of the opening of the legislative session for 1836-'37. Having said a few words to the people, thanking them for their demonstrations of attachment, the royal *cortège* moved forward, and was soon out of sight.

Brother Dominique, of course, was immediately apprehended, and (by no means a matter of course, I thought) I was arrested along with him. I had been seen walking with him and riding with him, and I suffered the penalty annexed to the keeping of bad company.

What then took place, and what steps I took to obtain my liberation, I will not dwell upon. Suffice it to say that it was obtained, through the kind exertions of Mr. Anderson, without any material inconvenience, resulting from my incarceration.

After I had told my story, a party of the police was sent with me to overhaul the quarters of the underground brotherhood whose burrow I had so singularly discovered. The association to which they belonged had ramifications throughout the kingdom, and the seed they were then sowing, like the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, has since sprouted a plentiful crop of Red Republicans. This particular lodge or subdivision styled themselves '*Moines de la Poire a-Poudre*,' or 'Monks of the Powder-Horn; Poire, in French, being used for both pear and powder-horn. Their motto was—'The Pear is Ripe.'

They had taken a great deal of pains to avoid discovery. The only way into their cellar was through the long wooden box, up and down which the brethren were sent by means of a great rope and a windlass. This contrivance had formerly been used for hoisting up some sort of merchandise. The tube commenced on the fourth floor, in a small room occupied by the would-be-assassin, whose name was Meunier.

It came out on the trial, before the Chamber of Peers, that this Meunier had been flattered and cajoled into the belief that he was destined by Providence to be the saviour of France. The shooting match which I witnessed, was a humbug to all fraternity except Meunier himself. He was purposely allowed to win, because they all knew he was a hot-headed enthusiast, and the only brother who could be induced to 'smash the pear' in reality. I should remark that the cellar of the brethren contained several other apartments besides the never-to-be-forgotten shooting-gallery.

Meunier was found guilty, and sentenced to the guillotine; but the king commuted this sentence to one of banishment, chiefly through the prayers of his mother, backed by the intercession of the queen. I saw, in the Tuileries, a very striking picture, commemorative of this fact.

The miserable young man was first sent to New Orleans, where, I believe, the people would not permit him to land. What afterwards became of him, I do not know. That is my story, gentlemen; and the moral of it is—'Never go down a hole unless you know how to get up again.'

DISSOLVING OF BONES FOR MANURE.

In all countries that have been subjected to cultivation for any considerable period of time, it may be considered as an axiom, "that without manure no good farming is profitable." This proverb means that with manure we can do any thing, cultivate everything, which has been clearly proved by experiment. There are few farms even in the newest parts of the country which would not be benefited by economising and applying all the manure that is made thereon, or that can be conveniently and cheaply procured. But upon old land that has been subjected to continued cropping, manure of some kind is absolutely indispensable. Bones, when minutely reduced, have been found admirably adapted for general manurial purposes, being equally well suited to the turnips and the cereals. When treated, however, with sulphuric acid, they become more readily taken into the circulation of plants, and their immediate action rendered more certain and effectual. The following method of dissolving bones will be found both simple and effective.

First, turn over and water the bone-dust thoroughly with as much water or liquid manure as it will absorb; then shovel it into a conical heap, and cover up carefully and closely with sods, or any material that will not be too porous; in a few days the temperature of the heat will be so high that the naked hand cannot be inserted in it. The object of the close covering is to prevent as much as possible the escape of the gases thrown off during fermentation. When the heap has cooled down again, turn over and water, and cover up as before; and when the heat is at the greatest, mix with the acid. Turn oil, say two bushels at a time from the side of the heap, spread them out on the floor, and water them all over; then apply the acid at the rate of one-third the weight of the bones; turn them all over carefully with a shovel, so as to bring the acid in contact with all the pieces of bone. It may be here necessary to mention, in regard to watering the bone-dust, that the affinity of sulphuric acid for water is very great, so much so, that it exposed to the air it will quickly absorb water from the atmosphere, and, consequently, when the bones are partially saturated, the acid from its great affinity for it, rushes, as it were, into the pores of the bones in search of water, and thus the bones become rapidly and perfectly mixed with and acted on by the acid. When the bones and acid have been thoroughly mixed, shovel them into a corner, and proceed in the same manner with the rest of the heap. From the boiling action produced by mixing the wet bones with the acid, they are apt to spread all over the floor, and cannot be very easily kept together; but after the mixture has been left for an evening to cool, there is no difficulty in laying it up compactly next day, a practice that ought always to be adopted; and in which condition it ought to remain till required for use. A considerable quantity of acid is often lost by this method, unless the floor on which it is done is laid with stones or some other hard substance, as from the high specific gravity of the acid, and its affinity for moisture, it sinks into an earthen floor. Dried or charred bog earth put at the bottom would tend to absorb it, and also any gaseous matter emitted during decomposition. Bones thus prepared can be drilled with turnip or other seeds, and their action is in general immediate and powerful. This has been the result of experience, whether they have been tried on this or the other side of the Atlantic.

SALTING FENCE POSTS.—A correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, in speaking of fence posts, says, that thirty years ago he set some fence posts which, upon recent examination, proved to be perfectly sound. This preservation he attributes to the fact of his having bored each post with a two inch auger, about three inches above the ground. Filling the hole with salt and plugging it up. The quantity of salt to each post was about half a pint.

Lord Macaulay had a singular fast for walking through the deserted streets of the great metropolis in the hours when the citizens were fast asleep, and all was hushed. Those were the hours, he used to remark, for reflection and thought—when the utter loneliness which is peculiar at midnight to great cities, steals over the meditating wayfarer, solitary apparently, and alone in the world. Dr. Johnson possessed a similar taste, and Charles Dickens is singularly fond of old city streets and alleys, when they are emptied of the busy throng that fills them in the daytime.