

The York Herald.

VOL. XII, No. 3.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1870.

WHOLE NO. 622.

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY
ALEXANDER SCOTT,
RICHMOND HILL,
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or otherwise, whenever desired.
The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.
TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in Advance; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

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All advertisements published for a less period than one month, will be paid for in advance.
All irregular advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Business Directory.

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
Residence—Opposite the Hospital, near
July 22, 1869. 575-1y

DR. HOSTETTER,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
Surgeons, England, Residence: North
of Richmond Hill, opposite the Elgin House.
All calls (night or day) promptly attended to.
Elgin Mills, January 1, 1870. 598

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF
WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT
HOME FROM 8 TO 9 A.M.
Mr. A. F. Armstrong is authorized to collect
Accounts.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 568*

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE
streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the
office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays
and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.
* All consultations in the office, Cash.
Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

R E LAW,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICH-
MOND HILL.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-if

GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, COR.
of Bloor and Yonge Streets, Toronto,
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Patent
Medicines, Perfumery &c.
Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-1y

THOMAS CARR,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill.
By Royal Letters patent has been appointed
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868.

DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.
JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM
the Inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding
country that he has opened a Drug Store in
the above named place.
All kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.
Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-if

MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,
[Formerly J. L. Margach]
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
44 King Street East, Toronto,
OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND
Varied Assortment of
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes!
BRUSHES,
ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c.,
At Low Rates for Cash.

Call when you visit the city, inspect the
stock and learn the prices; we shall feel pleasure
in showing goods whether you purchase
or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-1y

TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!
A. L. SKEELE IS PREPARED TO
repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry,
at his shop opposite the Grammar School, Rich-
mond Hill.
Atrial is respectfully solicited.
Richmond Hill, March 24, 1870. 610

PETER S. GIBSON,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.
Office at Willowdale, on Yonge St., in the
County of York.
Orders by letter promptly attended to.
Willowdale, Dec. 15, 1869. 596-1y

Law Cards.

J. N. BLAKE,
BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE.—Church Street, 2 doors north of
King Street, Toronto.
December 29, 1869. 598

WILLIAM MALLOY,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICI-
TOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE: No. 78 King Street East, Toronto;
over the Wesleyan Book Room.
Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594

DUGGAN & MEYERS,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICE:—Provincial Insurance Buildings,
Street, Toronto.
JOHN DUGGAN, C.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.
Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-ly

READ AND BOYD,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, &c.
OFFICE:—77, King St. East, (over Thomp-
son's East India House) Toronto.
D. B. READ, C.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.
May 6, 1867. 52-if

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICE:—In the Court House, Toronto
August 1, 1865. 95

Licensed Auctioneers.
M. FISHER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
County of York, Lot 4, 3rd concession,
Vaughan, P. O. Address, Concord. Orders
promptly attended to.
Concord, March 16, 1870. 606

HENRY SMELSOR,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
Counties of York and Peel, Collector of
Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and
plenty to do.
Lusk, March 2nd 1865 39-1y

FRANIS BUTTON JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
County of York.
Sales attended to on the shortest notice and
at moderate rates. P. O. Address, Battorville,
Markham, July 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
County of York. Residence lot No. 14,
2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carville.
All orders left at the "York Herald" office,
Richmond Hill, or at the P. O. Maple, will be
attended to.
Vaughan, Oct. 10, 1867. 1-y

JOHN ARTEL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
Counties of York, Peel and Ontario.
Residence: Lot E, 6th concession Markham.
Post Office—Uxaltonville.
Sales attended on the shortest notice, and
on reasonable terms.
Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr
Carter's services will be promptly attended to
June 27, 1867.

EDW. SANDERSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
Counties of York and Peel.
Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession
of Markham. P. O. Address—Battorville.
Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services
can make arrangements at the HERALD office.
January 4, 1865. 31

P. A. SCOTT,
LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER,
618 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting,
Mouldings, &c.
All kinds of Building Materials supplied.
Post Office Address—Yorkville.
Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m

J. SEGSWORTH,
IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS,
and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto.
* * * * * Masonic and other emblems made to order.
Toronto April 27, 1866.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS,
Seaford, Ontario.
June 7, 1862. 1

FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE
JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER
and Dealer in all kinds of Boots and
Shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.
Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of
the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the
Lowest Remunerating Prices
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.
WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF
all kinds of Monuments, Headstones, &c.
Call and examine my Stock and Prices be-
fore purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to
your interest.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Ringwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 497

CARD.
N.B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE
take notice that Mr. John Taylor has
ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D., and
that Mr. John Garton, of Thornhill, is author-
ized to collect for the subscriber until further
notice.
JOHN N. REID, M.D.
Thornhill, December 29, 1869. 597

NEW FIRM.

H. SANDERSON & SONS,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,
RICHMOND HILL,
Having purchased the Stock and Interest of R.
H. Hall, (late Chemist and Druggist of the
same place) have greatly enlarged the old
stock and have now on hand a good assort-
ment of
Drugs, Paints, Perfumery,
Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps,
Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy articles
Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, and all other
articles kept by Druggists generally.
* * * * * Physicians' Prescriptions carefully com-
pounded, and all orders attended to with care
and despatch.
Farmers and Physicians from the country will
find our stock of Medicines complete—warranted
genuine—and of the best quality.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 25, 1869. 593,

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR
any number—not exceeding three hundred
dollars by any one depositor.) will be received
at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which
Government will allow Interest.
For particulars apply to
M. TEEFY, Postmaster.
* * * * * Mr. TEEFY is Government Agent for
the sale of
MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.
May 4, 1869. 563-if

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,
215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.
THE FARMERS AND TRAVELLING
public will find first-class accommodation
at the above House, at low rates. There is an
extensive Stable attached, and large covered
sides. A attentive and obliging hostler.
J. L. FAIKER, Proprietor.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,
YONGE STREET,
NELSON DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.
* * * * * Good Stabling attached. Trusty Host-
ler always in attendance.
Yonge St., April 7, 1869. 559-1y

MARRIAGE LICENSES,
RICHMOND HILL.
M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND
Commissioner in B. E. is Government
Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses in the
County of York.
Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.
Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

JAMES DOWMAN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
1 Almiral Mills,
Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 23

WILLIAM COX,
SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY,
Brecher, 2nd door north of G. A. Barnard's
store, Richmond Hill, keeps always on hand
the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork,
Sausages, &c. and sells at no lower prices.
The highest market price given for Cattle,
Sheep, Lambs, &c.
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and
Dried Hams.
WILLIAM COX,
Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

DENTISTRY.
W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S., 95
King Street East, Toronto,
near Church Street, is prepared to wait upon
any who need his professional services in or-
der to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering
and supply new teeth in the most approved
style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who
need it. Consultations free, and all work war-
ranted. June, 1865.

G. H. HUSBAND, L.D.S.
DENTIST, BEGS MOST RE-
fully to announce that he will be
at
Unionville,.... 1st Monday of each month.
Wiston,.... 9th day
Klineburg,.... 16th
Burwick,.... 22nd
Scarboro,.... 29th
Where he will be prepared and most happy to
wait on those who may require his services.
G. H. H., having had over ELEVEN YEARS'
PRACTICE, feels confident of giving entire satis-
faction.
To those who have favored him with their
patronage in the past he returns his sincere
thanks, and to those who may do so in the fu-
ture, he would say that no endeavor on his
part will be wanting to meet their approval.
REFERENCES.—The following gentlemen, with
confidence, recommend G. H. Husband, to
all requiring Dental aid: Dr. Reid, Thornhill;
Dr. Bull, Weston; Dr. D'Evily, Burwick;
Dr. Corson, Brampton.
RESIDENCE.—Thornhill,
Thornhill September 17, 1868. 1y

MONEY TO LEND.
MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM
Security, in Sums to suit applicants.
Apply to
DUGGAN & MEYERS,
Attorneys, Court St.
Toronto, April 1, 1869. 553-3m

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
RICHMOND HILL
THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANS-
ferred their Library to the HERALD Book
Store, where Stockholders and others may
procure Books every Friday afternoon.
A. SCOTT, Librarian.

SCHOOL REQUISITES
OF ALL KINDS, AT THE
HERALD BOOK STORE.

Poetry.

The Great Masonic Band.

There lives a band of men
Whose precepts are divine;
Whose pure and worthy deeds
With growing lustre shine.
Though linked by bands of truth
In a sacred brotherhood,
Their faith has oft been tried,
And many storms withstood.
But they held fast the banner
Of fidelity and love,
Served well their Holy Master,
The Eternal God above;
On their high path they walk,
Rejoicing in their might,
Rejoicing in united strength
Of charity and right.
And one of their grand order,
The prince of this proud land,
Hath nobly said their honor
Shall upheld be in his hand.
Where are those men of mark
That thus so steadfast stand?
They are found in every clime—
In the great Masonic band.

From the speech of His Royal High-
ness the Prince of Wales at the 22nd Anni-
versary Festival of the Royal Masonic Insti-
tution for Boys, celebrated March 30, 1870.

Literature.

'Bob.'

Mother died before I can remember,
and father when I was about sixteen, and
I haven't no brothers or sisters; so as I
found work to be short about our way,
and heard there was good wages earning
up in the west, I and another started off
till we came to a town we'll call True-
bridge, and for that matter it ain't so far
from the real name. We got work to do
there, though the pay was poor, but food
and things were cheaper than at Man-
chester; and I've staid on ever since,
and got used to it, so that I'm bound to
live there now, unless the whole place
goes to smash.

When I was a kid at lessons, the mas-
ter asked me one day to write my own
name on a great black slate. I just knew
my letters then, and so I put down JAKE.
'That's Jake,' says master—'that ain't
Jack'; and they all began laughing be-
cause I couldn't spell. Since then the
name's stuck to me. My mate brought
it with him when we came here, so that
it's always 'Morning Jake'; 'Lead us
a pony, Jake'; 'I'll have a drink, Jake';
'I ain't married now; but as to whether
I ever shall be or not, I ain't sure a
bit, and that's all about it. I've been
sweet on one or two girls; Polly Howe,
as lives up Back Street, I was very near
applied to, and I don't mind telling how
that came to be broken off.

We were sitting on a stile together
one night; I remember it was Saturday,
because Polly had just been buying
things from the stores we factory hands
have started—co-operative, you know—
when there came over two young fellows,
tall and lean, one of them with his front
teeth showing. They were both dressed
in black, and instead of going on, turned
round to look at us. Now, no fellow
likes that when he's sweethearting, so I
said pretty sharp: 'What's the game,
mate? They didn't answer at first, but
kept on shaking their heads; then he
with the rat's mouth, says very quietly:
'You're on the broad road, my friend.'
'That's better than being always on
the broad grin,' I answered, and thought
I'd rid him for, he turned green, and
shoved his hand into his coat pocket, but
it was only to present a tract at me.

'Take this, sinner,' says he. 'I'd have
let it alone, only Polly would take it;
and then he grinned at her, and asked
her to go to their new tabernacle, and
said she was a stray lamb in the hands
of the devouring wolf. I know he meant
me, so I jumped down and asked him to
fight, and he make off tolerably quick, I
can tell. But Polly's never been the
same after that. She goes to their meet-
ing regularly, and says buying grocery
after sundown on Saturday is wicked, and
that kissing's wicked. For all that, she's
thick as thieves with the chap that gave
us the tract, and she sent me a letter to
say we weren't to be anything more to
each other. I've got it now; it's this:
'DEAR JAKE—I write this to say
that I can't have you. You're too full
of flesh and new wine; you're too much
of the world. You're too fond of rat-
ting. Remember, Jake, there ain't no
trav'ler dogs in the celestial city. O Jake,
my soul's safety won't let me speak to
you again; but minister says if you will
plough up that proud, stony heart, and
ask his forgiveness for what you said,
there'll be a hope for you still.'

Yours, truly,
POLLY HOWE.
P.S.—I am going to be married to
minister next week.

Well, you may be sure I didn't attend
the wedding; but one day passing by
their chapel, I got a paper thrust into
my hand, and found it was a tract called
The Rough's Road to Ruin. I read
three pages; but when I found it said
that only they who went to that chapel
would go to heaven, and that ninety-nine
of every hundred of us must be lost, I
just laid it down, for thinks I to myself,
if there was a lock-out, but the masters
offered to keep me on at high wage, I
wouldn't without the others; neither
would I run away from a fight, but stick
by my mates, even if I got worst off; for
that's what I call doing what's Right.
But if so be it mean's sneaking off, and
saving one'sself by dropping on other
people, why, it ain't in my line; and so
I tore the tract up, and lit my pipe with it.

You'll be wondering now, perhaps,
how old I am. A bit less than you
think, it's likely, for we factory lads
mostly do our courting young. I know
I was born on the first of August, and
my own notion is that I am twenty, but
it maybe a year more or less; I ain't
quite sure. Anyhow, it's five years
good since first I came to Truebridge.
I came with another fellow, as I said
before, for father was gone, and the mills
knocking off to half-pay, and I having a
notion to see the world, thought I might
as well tramp about to find out what was
doing in other parts. Bill Jenkins was
an orphan, same as I, and thought with
me that it wasn't any use to stay and be
starved. So, having talked of it times,
we fixed at last to start on a Sunday.
I'd got sixteen shillings, for I sold off
every stick father had left, as all that
was of no use to me; and Bill he'd got
eight or nine—I forget which. It was
hot weather, the middle of June, and we
had a jolly time of it at first; only, try
as we would, there wasn't anything to do.
People were everywhere discharging their
own work-people, so that we strangers
had but a poor chance.
Well, we went on and on, still the
same, only that our money was quite
gone; then we separated. Bill thought
there'd be a chance up London way, and
I stuck on to the west, because I'd heard
things were beginning to look up a bit
about there.

I shan't easy forget the first time I
took to sing for a living; that was the
day after I parted with Bill. It was
in a big town, and I felt fit to choke
with shame. I'd sung through all the
best streets without taking anything, and
became to be precious bad, when I heard:
'Here, boy'; and there was an old wo-
man standing at her door with a cup of
tea and a slice of bread and butter. Didn't
I tuck in just, and didn't I bless the old
lady when I'd done, and she gave me
threepence for a bod!

I gave me heart, that did, to go on,
though I got thinner and thinner; but I
knew anything was better than staying
to rot at the workhouse, where they
bring you down with bullying and poor
food, till the pluck's all out of you, and
you ain't fit for ought but to be a pauper.
So it came about at last, after I'd been
in this way about a fortnight, that one
day I got to the town of Truebridge. It
was well on in evening, pretty dusky;
and as I made a point of not begging
till I asked for work, because, like enough,
gone's mates would keep it up against you
if you asked for work, I crept down High Street,
on the darkest side; the one or two bobbies I
passed looking after me pretty sharp;
and the baker, when I went to buy a
loaf with my last brown, watching me
and his bread as if he thought I was a
magician, and could mesmerise his
threepence-halfpenny crusties into my
cap and pockets without touching them.

Presently, I came to the bridge, and
looked over. There was a black, smelly
river, such as we have in Lancashire, and
several tall chimneys, so I knew they
did some kind of factory work. I'd no
money for lodging, and I thought I
might happen on an empty shed by keep-
ing along the banks. I went through a tur-
nstile, and passed two or three of the great
buildings full of windows, reminding me
of home, and the time when I thought
all tramps were thieves, and held it great
sport to go out at night with two or
three more, and drive them mad with
chaff and pea-shooters.

After I'd got on a bit, the river got
broader and branched into two—at least
it seemed so at first; only when I'd come
there, I found it was a brook running into
the main stream. I turned off along it,
for there looked to be something of a
stack ahead; when, passing a clump of
willow trees, who should I see on the
side but a little chap fishing away all by
himself. I stood to look, for he didn't
see me, but kept pulling them out quite
fast with a willow branch for rod, and a
bit of breadpaste on his hook. He'd soon
got about a dozen, of two or three
ounces each; and they lay jumping
about on the grass, near getting in again
sometimes, only he didn't seem to care,
but went on as hard as ever.

My mouth watered, for though they
were raw, they'd be a relish to my dry
bread; and I don't know but what, if
he'd been on the same side of the water,
mightn't have taken them without more
said, though I'm tolerably honest too,
but hunger does try one, and no mistake.
Anyhow I called out: 'Give us one,
mate?'

He looked up, undoing his line, and
wrapping the fish in the grass, then he
began to cross the brook on stepping
stones, with the water about up to his
knees, and then he came on as bold as
as brass, and says he: 'Who are you?'

You may guess I wasn't much up for
laughing; but I did grin a bit at the
cheek of that mite for he was a head
and shoulders less than me, his shirt was
black and ragged, and his trousers turned
up at the knees, so that he didn't quite
look the sort of chap to be afraid of.
Well, I told him I was a fellow down in
luck; and says I: 'I'll trouble you for
one or two of them fish; there's more
than you'll eat, young shaver.'

'Oh! he shouts, 'that's jolly. You're
just the chap I want. Come on to my
tower, and I'll fry 'em, and give you a
bed too.'

'Where's that?' I said, for I thought
he was trying to humbug.
So he pointed to a ruined old mill;
and we went on, I keeping a good look-
out that he didn't bolt, which I more
than half expected.

Presently we came to the door of the
mill. It stood right out among fields,
and was built of wood. It was quite

broken down, only a bit of one of the
sails standing. When we'd got in, I saw
there was fresh straw on the ground, and
an old greataunt made up like a bed.
This looked prime, I thought, as I
threw myself in a snug corner, and
watched the younger build up a bit of
fire, and set the fish to cook on a broken
scotopan lid. They did just small good,
though they'd no dripping, for they were
so fat they turned a beautiful brown
without sticking to the pan. When I
saw that, I didn't stop for any asking,
but whipped out my loaf, and seized the
biggest by his tail, crunching like a fel-
low does who's not eaten for six hours.
'Now, I'll go for Eagle Eye,' says the
kiddy. I didn't stop to ask who Eagle
Eye was; but in a minute there ran in
one of the runmiest little dogs I've ever
seen. It was a long, brown spotted one,
with crooked legs and a flat head, some-
thing like a good natured bull. When it
saw me, it stopped short, and wagged its
stump of a tail; then it came on a yard
or two; and then its master shewed at
the door, and it went jumping about like
a mad dog.

We went on eating a good while with-
out talking, though I saw the youngster
was eyeing me curiously. At last, when
the three of us had cleared up every
scrap, he said: 'My name's Bob, and this
is Eagle Eye—now, what's your name?'

'They call me Jake,' I said, 'down
our way, though I won't swear I was
christened so.'

'What a funny name! Well, Jake,
let's smoke the pipe of peace.'

'I'll smoke a pipe of baccy, if that's
what you mean,' says I; and I pulled
out a short black clay, and half an ounce
of rag I'd saved since morning. Bob took
a wooden thing made from the branch
of a tree, filled and lighted it, puffing
away as grave as a judge. I most ex-
pected to see the dog start at it next.

'Now tell us your story,' said Bob,
when we'd both got well alight.

I began to rather like the little chap,
he'd got such good check, so I just told
him all about it—how that I was on the
look-out for work, and the rest, he and
the dog both looking at me and blinking,
as if they quite understood what I was
saying. 'Now,' says Bob, 'I'll tell you
who I am.' Then he told me how that
his mother died when he was born, and
his father married again; that they were
pretty well off; but his step mother used
him ill; that his father died a year ago,
and now he'd taken to drink, and drove
him out of home, so that he didn't go
home once a fortnight, but just lived as
he best could. 'I've got Eagle Eye,'
said he; 'and now you shall share my
wigwam, and we'll go out hunting and
fishing together—oh! I'll shew you
where there's hedgehogs in plenty; and
we'll get a rabbit or two sometimes, and
frit larks. I say, won't it be prime? I
felt too tired to argue; but I heard
him still going on as I dropped off asleep
on the old seat.

Advice to Youth.

Culture insures the production of su-
perior fruit from the soil; and culture,
culture only, produces superior men. If
you suffer an apple to grow up in the
forest, overshadowed by the tall mono-
arcels of the woods, surrounded by bitter
shrubs and foul weeds, without letting
the sunshine to its foliage, lopping off its
decayed or superfluous twigs and branch-
es, and stirring the soil at its roots, it
will grow up dwarfed and barren, or pro-
ducing unpalatable and unwholesome
fruit. If a boy is suffered to grow up
in idleness and inertia, surrounded by
the ignorant and vicious, he will be a
dwarf in intellect, soul and virtue, and
his fruits, or deeds, will be as acrid and
bitter as 'apples of Sodom.' A boy
should be taught that a well tempered
and rightly directed ambition is one of
the greatest virtues in man.

This fact known to him, the next
thing he should learn is, that the ques-
tion whether he is to rise above the dull-
est mediocrity when he shall attain the
age of manhood and be an ornament of,
and blessing to, his race, must be an-
swered by himself, and no other; for,
surely, in himself alone resides the solu-
tion of that interesting problem. If he
shall heed the good advice and kind
monitions of those more older and ex-
perienced than himself, and thus make a
right beginning—if he shall, at the out-
set place his feet in the rugged path of
leading up the lofty Hill of Science, and
shall suffer nothing to make him deviate
therefrom in youth, he must reach the
Temple of Knowledge at its top. But if,
during the years of youth and strength,
he shall step aside to chase each painted
butterfly of folly, when "man's estate"
is reached, he will be laboring in vain on
the mountain side, surrounded by "the
common herd" who respect in sorrow,
and who dream with remorse of wasted
opportunities.

Man is the only progressive animal of
earth. The nest of the lark of to-day
is exactly like the nest of the first lark
that soared high up in the heavens and
bathed its plumage in the golden radi-
ance of Aurora; but the structures of
men of modern times bear little or no re-
semblance to the ruder fabrics of evan-
ished ages. "Man is fearfully and com-
plicated and delicately constructed machine
and comes from the omniscient hand of his
Creator with great responsibilities resting
upon him;" and among these responsi-
bilities is self culture. It is within the
power of all friends of youth to make
them understand their responsibility in
this respect; and it is likewise in the
power of every youth to disregard that
responsibility, and by disregarding it,
become one of the many blots upon the
escutcheon of the human race.

We say to youth, "There is no ex-
cellence without labor." Every "son of
Adam" who labors not, disobeds the
command and resists the plan of his
Creator. Ever since the flaming sword
of the Cherubim flashed between Adam
and his lost Eden, all have been under
the curse, and nothing has been right-
eously gained without labor. However
gifted, without intelligent exertion you
cannot rise above the common level of
those who squander the golden moments
of youth in pursuit of *ignis fatui*, which
lure, at least, to the "Slough of Despond".
Even heaven born Genius, with its eagle
wings, cannot bear up the dead, leaden
weight of ignorance, sensualism, and
sloth. You must work with that ambi-
tion and that end in view, else you never
enjoy a manhood of which you will not
be ashamed.

If you feel the struggling of the spirit
of genius within you; if it is your
wish some day to stand among the noble,
good and great of earth, you must strive,
in life's spring time and summer, with
brain and hand. You can never achieve
that proud manhood for which Provi-
dence, has given you the capacity, unless
you lead a natural and active life. With
this view, avoid slothfulness; shun
inertness as you would the yellow fever,
the cholera, or the deadly fangs of the
cobra di capello; eschew sensualism in
all its thousand forms; remember, at all
times, that it is wrong to live for your-
self alone; aim high; and study models
of piety, statesmanship, science and skill.