

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

Some have thought that in the drawing, In our being's freshest glow, God is nearer little children Than their parents ever know, And that, if you listen sharply, Better things than you can teach, And a sort of mystic wisdom, Trickles through their careless speech

How it is I cannot answer, But I knew a child, Who, among the thyme and clover And the bees, was running wild, And he came one summer evening, With his ringlets o'er his eyes, And his hat was torn in pieces, Chasing bees and butterflies, "Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, For I'm very tired of play!" And he said his, "Now I lay me," In a kind of careless way And he drank the cooling water From his little silver cup, And said gaily, "When it's morning, Will the angels take me up?"

Down he sank with requiem laughter, In his little trundle bed, And the kindly god of slumber, Enveloped the poppies o'er his head, "What could mean his speaking strangely?" Asked his nursing mother then—"O, 'twas nothing but his prattle: What can he of angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! And his breathing comes and goes Like a zephyr moving softly, And his cheek is like a rose; But she leaned her ear to listen If his breathing could be heard: "Oh," she murmured, "it is the angels Took my darling in his word!"

Night within its folding mantle Hath the sleeper both beguiled, And within its soft embrace, Rest the mother and the child; Up she started from her dreaming, For a sound has struck her ear— And it comes from little Willie, Lying on his trundle near.

Up she springs, for it strikes Upon her troubled ear again, And his breath, in louder fetches, Travels from his lungs in pain, And his eyes are fixing upward On some face beyond the room; And the blackness of the spoiler From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me" Will be said from mother's knee, Never more among the clover Will he chase the bumble-bee: Through the night she watched her darling, Now he's sleeping, now in hope; And about the break of morning Did the angels wake him up.

LEARNING THE ALPHABET.

CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

Four o'clock in Broadway! Silks and shawls sweeping down to meet broadcloth and beaver coming up; stores crowded; streets jammed; and side-walks suffocating; and on the steps of the New York Hotel, looking calmly at the waving, swaying, hurrying current of hum in life, sat Ernest Clirehugh, only son of Simon Clirehugh, of the great house of Clirehugh & Allan, leather dealers.

Ernest was twenty-three—slender and well-formed, with a long, smooth forehead, curling brown hair, handsome blue eyes, and features of the cold, Grecian type—superbly simply, immaculately well-dressed, fastidious in his toilet, elegant in his manners, formed of the pure porcelain, not of common clay, as was the handsome but unglowed hand laid appealingly on his coat sleeve.

"Don't touch me, woman! What do you want?" he asked, shaking off the fair, tapering fingers, and looking angrily, not at the modest and handsome face of the owner, but at the cotton gown, the faded shawl, and deplorable bonnet.

"I am your laundress, Mr. Clirehugh," answered the young girl, (for she was hardly twenty), cringing to the temples. "I am sorry to trouble you; but if you could only pay me."

"Why don't you come to my rooms?" he interrupted angrily. "I am not accustomed to pay my debts in the street."

"I have been so often, Mr. Clirehugh; and you are always out or engaged."

Ernest took out his pocket-book. "I have no change. You can come to-night and get it."

The York Herald,

SCARBORO', YORK, MARKHAM, VAUGHAN, KING, AND WHITCHURCH ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. II. No. 3.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1859.

Whole No. 55.

promised Willie, when she came back, to bring him some bread.— And how could she meet the reproach of those pleading eyes!— There were ladies in all those stores, laying down money with smiling indifference— money of which one small piece would save her from destruction.

Once or twice, when a fair, sweet woman looked pityingly at her, she passed her by, she tried to beg, but the words died on her lips, and she shrank back again, blushing scarlet in the shade of her old bonnet. And the living current roared and surged, and carried her on—changing, though, in its character when she turned aside into one of the many squalid streets where dwell the poor—growing noisier, and begrimed with bearing her on, till she reached the house— if that crumbling, rotten shell was worthy of the name—on whose topmost floor waited patiently for bread, was her little brother.

His eager look changed to one of grievous disappointment; and his little under-lip quivered as he saw that her hands were empty; but he said not a word, for poverty makes philosophers even of its babies; not so his sister—who, catching the child in her arms, flung herself on a bundle of rags in the corner that served for a bed, groaning and sobbing as she kissed his little curly head, and prayed aloud to die.

There was a knock; and before she could answer it, the door opened. Margaret started up, but sank back again, with a groan, when she saw that it was only Dinah who lived on the floor below.

"What do you want, Dinah?" she asked feebly.

"Look up here, young miss, and you'll see. Look what I brought you—I got my pay for washing to-day; and thinks I, I'll just get a little bit of meat, and some bread and coffee, and have a little feast with young miss up stairs; and so honest, just get up and eat while it's hot!"

Margaret burst into tears.

"How good you are! I laid down to die; for I thought every one had forgotten me."

"The Lord never forget you, honey?" returned the old negress, solemnly. "He tell me you sick and hungry, and put it in my heart to bring you dese. Why don't you trust him more? He say, he never leave you nor forsake you."

"It's all dark here," answered Margaret, shaking her head. "If it were not for Willie, here, I would gladly die, and be buried by my father; for I have no way to live. I have no trade; and even for what washing I can get, I receive no money."

"Why don't you go out to service?"

"I have tried; and one lady told me my hands were too white; another, that I was not stout enough; a third, that I was too lady-like."

Margaret turned away, then went cack.

"Sir," she said, boldly, "listen to me for a moment. I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, in his old age, lost all he had, and was reduced from one stage of poverty to another, till he finally died in a garret, in — street, leaving me the care of a brother, three years of age. I have been well, even classically educated; but I have no trade. I cannot sew well, and I am not strong enough for hard work; I took in washing, and am unable to get any pay; and we have not starved, only because God raised us up a friend, in an old negress, who lives in the same house. This is my last resource. Now, sir, it may take you ten minutes to read my manuscript.— Will you bestow the alms of so much of your time on me or not?"

Without a word, the editor extended his hand for the manuscript.

"This is well written," he said, after reading it through attentively; and the author of this can do better. If you choose to let me have it for three dollars, I will take it."

Three dollars! Why, it was a mine of wealth. Margaret's hand clutched it with the desperate eagerness of a miser. How short seemed the walk home! though she stopped to purchase many things—wood, meat, bread, and sugar. How Willie shouted, and old Dinah laughed, as they sat down to supper.

"Young miss, it's your turn now. Didn't I tell ye de Lord hab some way for ye? Am dis better dan starch or washin'? You sits down and scrabble a little, and gets three dollars. Way, you'll be rich soon. Laws! I'd scrabble all de time!"

Margaret did "scrabble" early and late—night and morning.

Her sketches found favour in the sanctuaries of more editors than one; by degrees, she became known as a popular writer.

She forsook the miserable den where we first saw her, taking Dinah with her; and steadily, day by day, she advanced—wearily, painfully, sometimes; but always upward.

Seven years had passed, meanwhile, over the handsome head of Ernest Clirehugh, and brought him no change, except the death of his father, whereby he accepted of the control of the great Clirehugh fortune.

He was not a marrying man.—Mamma's marriageable daughters had discovered that long ago, and ceased to annoy him. But he was an agreeable one; and, as such, ladies introduced him to whomsoever they delighted to honor, against which introductions he was in the habit of laudably protesting and yielding.

"I am going to visitize you again, Mr. Clirehugh," said Mrs. Rogers, a lively little lady, one evening. "I want to introduce you to my friend, Miss Ansie—the talented authoress of "When the Dickens did I loose my shoe." She is the most charming woman I have ever met—so much so, that if it were any other man, I should say: "gardez vous"—for she is as cold as Diana."

"I am at your mercy?" languidly returned Ernest; "only you must stand by me. I am afraid of bligs."

Ernest, pointing to the gay lancers who were in the van.

"Life!—what do you know of life?" she said, with a startling abruptness. "The rich and the fortunate do not live; they dream."

"Of angels," said Clirehugh, with an expressive look at Margaret.— "But since you think me so ignorant, I shall look to you for instruction. You shall teach me what is life."

Miss Ansie's eyes actually glazed.

"You had best not ask me," she said; "it will cost you dear."

"I will take the risk," answered Clirehugh, gaily; "and with your permission, will come to you in a day or two, for my first lesson."

"As you will," replied Miss Ansie; "but remember, I have warned you—do not reproach me afterward."

Her manner was impulsive—almost solemn; but Clirehugh, on whom her beauty or rather an indefinable fascination of manner, had made a deep impression, only counted the hours till he could claim her promises.

"I am come to take my lesson," was his first salutation.

"In what chapter!—the Book of Life has many."

"We will commence on that one headed Love," he said, fixing his bold eyes on the calm, handsome face of his mistress.

"Love!" she said scornfully, "why that is the very alphabet.— Men go through with that as they do the whooping cough, and chicken-pox."

"If it is the alphabet, then I will be a child, and you shall teach me."

"Love is inspired, not taught!" replied Miss Ansie, colouring deeply.

A CURIOUS FACT.

At the time of the explosion on board the Great Eastern, a curious fact was noticed; those who were most hurt and who first died seemed the least injured when they first appeared above deck, and even were able to walk off without assistance.

"A man blown up with gunpowder is a mere figure of raw flesh which seldom moves after the explosion. Not so with men blown up by steam, who, for a few minutes are able to walk about, apparently unhurt, though, in fact, mortally injured beyond all hope of recovery.

"I am come to take my lesson," was his first salutation.

"We will commence on that one headed Love," he said, fixing his bold eyes on the calm, handsome face of his mistress.

"Love!" she said scornfully, "why that is the very alphabet.— Men go through with that as they do the whooping cough, and chicken-pox."

"If it is the alphabet, then I will be a child, and you shall teach me."

"Love is inspired, not taught!" replied Miss Ansie, colouring deeply.

"Do you speak from experience?"

"I know of no right by which you put the question," returned the authoress; "but if the knowledge will gratify you—no?"

"Then, wise as you are, you have not yet learned the alphabet!"

"I presume," said she calmly, when he had finished, "that this is my first lesson in the primer, is it not? The alphabet is finished!"

Scarcely knowing what he said, Clirehugh assented.

"I am obliged," she continued, coldly; "but permit me, before we go further, to return the favour, by giving you a lesson in arithmetic."

Clirehugh started at her in astonishment. And she went to a high cabinet, from one of the drawers of which she took out a small piece of paper, neatly folded, and handed it to him.

LITERARY MARRIAGES.

—Are old maids' prejudices against marriages with poets and novelists, and writers generally, built on any grounds of reason? You remember how unhappy was Brown's marriage. Shelley's was no better. Milton's three marriages were all unhappy. Campbell was wretched every way.

What an angelic pittance Tom Moore's wife possessed? how often must her heart have been wrung by husband as well as children! You know how unfortunately all turned out. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is separated from his wife. Mrs. Norton has quitted her husband. Mrs. Fanny Kemble has fled hers. Rogers, Pope, Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, all remained bachelors—most wisely. Coleridge left his wife to starve. Charles Lamb kept out of the noose. Addison married and found consolation only in the bottle; and by a strange coincidence, Lord Stowell (so closely resembling Addison in many particulars) lived happily until late in life he married a lady bearing the title as the same woman who poisoned Addison's last years. Swift never married. Bolingbroke quarrelled and parted with his wife. Neither Pitt nor Fox were ever married. Washington Irving was unmarried. Both of Sheridan's marriages were unhappy. Shakespeare's will is supposed to exhibit evidence of an unhappy marriage.

"I am obliged," she continued, coldly; "but permit me, before we go further, to return the favour, by giving you a lesson in arithmetic."

Clirehugh started at her in astonishment. And she went to a high cabinet, from one of the drawers of which she took out a small piece of paper, neatly folded, and handed it to him.

He opened it mechanically, it was a bill, running as follows:

Ernest Clirehugh to Margaret Ansie, Do. For three weeks' washing, \$2 50 Not received payment."

Clirehugh laid down the paper, and looked at her earnestly; and something in her air as she stood there, reminded him of the young girl whose hand had once rested impudently on his arm.

"How blind he had been. What other hand had those tapering, snowy fingers, and rosy nails?— what would he not give if that hand could rest there now!"

"Margaret," he said, flushing deeply, "can you forgive me? Believe me I was thoughtless, not intentionally cruel!"

"I have long ago forgiven you, Mr. Clirehugh," she replied calmly; "for though your negligence seemed to drive me to despair, yet God overruled it for my benefit. Had I obtained that twenty shillings, I should have spent my days, perhaps over the wash-tub. Necessity opened for me another door."

"But you have forgiven me? pleaded Clirehugh, and have taught me a lesson never to be forgotten.— Permit me in return—"

"Impossible!" she said quickly.— "You must take another pupil for the primer; I am contented to have learned the alphabet!"

And Clirehugh, in vain, strove to change her resolution.

The last time we saw her, she was in the alphabet yet!

year, he should earn it. We produced a barrel of misshapen fruit, and as soon as the blossoms began to fall, and the fruit was fairly set, began to shower the tree with the powdered lime dust every morning, while the dew was on. This we followed up for three weeks, until all danger was past. The plums set well, grew well, and the most of them matured in tip-top condition, large greenish yellow, juicy fruit—where never a plum grew before.

We have pretty much made up our minds that many men are too slothful to grow this very fine fruit. It requires a little attention every day, early in the morning, before a good many people are astir. The essential thing is, we apprehend, to follow up the enemy with sharp practice, and, we think, almost any remedy that involves this disturbing of the trees, every day, will succeed. The instinct of the curculio leads her to seek a quiet place to deposit her eggs. This is seen in the fact that she drops upon the sheet as soon as the plum is jarred, or disturbed, in any way.

The sprinkling of lime, or ashes, or dry dirt, upon the trees, alarms the insects, and leads her to seek some more quiet place, for her deposit. The application of whale-oil soap, or the salt and lime mixture, or sulphur water, accomplishes, in part, the same purpose. It may be that these applications, both dry and wet, have something of offensive in them, which hastens her departure, but, we think, the main thing in all curculio remedies, is the disturbing of the trees, and making the quarters of the enemy too hot for him.

At any rate, the lime did the work for our little torments, and we bagged the plums with as much satisfaction as if they had been nuggets of gold. Nobody but smart people can expect to eat plums raised on a sandy or gravelly soil. Get a barrel of lime, this Fall, take out one head, and let it stand in any dry place, until next Spring, and it will be ready for use.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.—The child's eyes are enchanted, but he does not know it, and he believes in all he sees. He does not doubt the glimmer and the glory of the scenes that lie before him. He gazes down the vista of life, and every phantasm seems to his ardent sight as a real and pleasant thing. All the prismatic views that appear to flash across his forward path he thinks are really lighting it, and that he shall be touched and beautified by their radiance when once he is there. No wonder that the child is in haste to get on. There is every thing to lure him—freedom, plenty, sweet gardens, flowing fountains, noble forms, smiling faces, and beckoning hands. He sees the waving of palms and the glitter of jewels; he hears the voice of trumpet and of harp. And on he rushes, breathlessly, to the end of childhood, through youth, and into manhood, before he becomes fully aware that the shape, complexion and mein of his phantoms have all been rapidly changing, and that what he took for true worth and beauty is, in reality, no better than a raree-show, or a mirage of the desert. For him there is afterwards no more enchantment.

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love for ever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centred in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly an-chor.

SARDINES.—"There's no quibbling about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to the third plateful from a newly opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean."—"Yes," replied his economical wife, "yes, and if you will only control your appetite they'll go a great deal farther."

GOOD BUTTER IN WINTER.—Mrs. H. wishes to send you the following method for making butter in winter, yellow, and containing as pleasant flavor as in May or June. Grate carrots, [the deepest orange color,] sift through a sieve, mix in a little milk, [water will answer,] and put into the cream when you commence churning. You will be surprised at the great difference it makes with the butter. Scores of her neighbors have tendered her their sincere thanks for the information.

HOW WE GOT OUR FIRST CROP OF PLUMS.

It was upon a loose gravel, where that slippery rascal, the curculio, revels, sweeping every thing before him, as clean as the locusts of Egypt. The varieties were Green Gage, and Imperial Gage, young vigorous trees but old enough to have borne fruit three years ago. They had blossomed and set fruit, several years, but not a specimen had escaped the fatal incision of the little Turk.

Last Spring we determined upon a vigorous warfare with the enemy, resolved that if he got the fruit this

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and half pounds of good salt, one half pound sugar, and an ounce of saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold cut your hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the ham. It will be necessary perhaps to add a little salt on the top of the hams; sometimes if they are very large they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep ham sweet.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and half pounds of good salt, one half pound sugar, and an ounce of saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold cut your hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the ham. It will be necessary perhaps to add a little salt on the top of the hams; sometimes if they are very large they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep ham sweet.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and half pounds of good salt, one half pound sugar, and an ounce of saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold cut your hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the ham. It will be necessary perhaps to add a little salt on the top of the hams; sometimes if they are very large they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep ham sweet.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and half pounds of good salt, one half pound sugar, and an ounce of saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold cut your hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the ham. It will be necessary perhaps to add a little salt on the top of the hams; sometimes if they are very large they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep ham sweet.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and half pounds of good salt, one half pound sugar, and an ounce of saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold cut your hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the ham. It will be necessary perhaps to add a little salt on the top of the hams; sometimes if they are very large they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep ham sweet.