

Poetry.

VIOLETS SENT IN A LITTLE BOX.

"Let them lie, ye, let them lie, They'll be dead to-morrow; Lift the lid up quietly, As you'd lift the mystery Of a shrouded sorrow.

THE THREE WORDS OF FAITH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SCHILLER, FOR THE BOSTON TRAVELLER. Three Words there are, of meaning deep, They fly from tongue to tongue;

Literature.

MY CHILD PASSENGER.

Many years ago, when I was lying in the old "Julia" in one of the noble harbors of Australia, full laden and ready to start for England, having finished all my business on shore, and only waiting for a breeze to spring up, I was roused from a reverie on the poop, in which I was thinking of no earthly thing, but only whistling for the wind, by the mate's coming to me and saying: 'There is a gentleman with a boy, sir, wishes to see you.'

The York Herald.

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mine made me fancy Charley was determining to carry out his father's wishes. After some explanation from Mr. — about the late hour of bringing my only passenger that was to be on board, receiving some instructions, and concluding pleasantly as to terms, &c., his little plain rough-wood boxes, were passed into my cabin, and the rattling of the windlass pawls telling the fair wind had come, the time came to say farewell.

mysterious conferences held between him and my old grey-bearded goat in the stern of the long boat I cannot say; but, certainly, they understood one another, and had formed a mutual confidence between their two selves, which it would have been dangerous to disturb.

which his lines gradually spread until they were lost in the plain wood, I heard, close to me and over my head, the crashing and rattling of the wheel chains, as they dragged the helm hard down—I knew it was that—I heard a shout which I cannot forget—in a moment I was up; I heard, too, the mate's voice giving orders in a singularly bold, calm, and collected tone that told me all was tight there, and then—

said has seemed my solitary life, I have been tempted to lift that glass which might have heated the brain too much—what was spiritual and invisible hand drew mine down, and made me replace it untasted! Whose but little Charles! Or, if my arm has been raised to strike a blow, what stopped its eager strength from descending but the little hand which touched it the last warm thing in this world?—Macmillan's Magazine.

How TO BECOME A 'SHOT.'—Remember that every man who has the use of his eyes may in a few weeks make himself something of a shot, even when so situated that he has not access to a practising ground. I will explain how. All the requisite apparatus is a rifle, the trigger of which does not require a pull of more than 8 lbs., a sand-bag, and a box of caps. 1. Take a sheet of cartridge paper, fix a large red wafer on the centre, and hang it against the wall of your room. Put a chair upon the table, and lay the sand-bag in a heap on the seat of the chair. Now lay your rifle upon the sand-bag, so that it will remain in any position in which you place it, and then looking through the back sight at the fore-sight, let the apex of the fore sight cover the wafer. Habituate yourself to this simple practice, and when you have learned the first lesson,— 2. Lay a piece of stout leather upon the nipple of the gun, as it rests upon the sand-bag, pull the trigger, and observe, when you have done so, how much the sight is pulled away from the wafer. When it ceases to show any deflection,—3. You may dispense with the chair and sand-bag, carry the rifle to your shoulder, and aiming at the wafer, snap a few caps till you can do so without blinking or starting at the explosion; to ascertain whether you have done so or not, always keep the rifle to your shoulder for a second or two after each discharge, and note particularly the aberration of the muzzle sight. 4. Now, stand at about two and a-half or three yards from a lighted candle, aim at the base of the flame, and snap a few caps at it till you can succeed in putting it out eight times out of ten.—5. The next lesson will be to aim at an iron target with bullet, and about a third of the usual charge of powder. Mark a bull's-eye about two feet in diameter, and at a distance of 20 yards, aim deliberately and fire. When you feel confident of doing this every time, step back a couple of yards at each shot, till you get to a hundred yards. Now use the proper quantity of powder, and practice daily at that distance for an hour or so, for some weeks. Then, still practising at a hundred yards, reduce the diameter of your bull's-eye, till it is not more than ten inches wide; and proceeding as before, retire till you get 200 yards.— Mans Bush.

Prussians in the operation I undertook was part of my plan, and I was not deceived. But I never contemplated a retreat on Brussels. Had I been forced from my position, towards the coast, the shipping, and my resources. I had placed Hill where he could have lent me important assistance in many contingencies, and that might have been one. And again, I ask, if I had retreated on my right, would Napoleon have ventured to follow me? The Prussians, already on his flank, would have been in his rear. But my plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position; and I executed my plan. On quitting the room, Croker remarked that he had never heard the Duke say as much on that subject before."

DEEP AND SHALLOW HOLES FOR TREES.

Recently several influential writers have come out strongly in favor of digging the ground very little, or none at all, where trees are to be planted, and several examples are given to prove the correctness of the theory. 'They are partly right and partly wrong, and the danger is in that those who are generally bareless, slip-shod planters, will take what is wrong, and keep on in their old ways. There are three important points to be kept in view in planting out trees of all kinds—especially fruit trees.

WHEAT UPON CLOVER.

It is a very common practice with the English Farmers, and I believe it is becoming so in New York, and some other States, to turn in clover sward near sowing time, and sow wheat upon it, harrowing in the seed. This saves the expense of one or two plowings, and gives also one cutting of grass or half a summer's pasturage; while the wheat crop is rather better than it would be were the same land fallowed. The clover by covering the ground prevents the sun from exhausting its strength, and when turned in full of sap makes a rich, though not lasting manure. If the clover be stout, and the stouter the better, it should be rolled down and rolled the same way the plow is to go, that it may be better covered. The clover, if large and thick, as it may almost be any where by the plaster of Paris, destroying noxious weeds, and by piercing and filling the ground with its roots, rendering it as mellow as fallowing would do. This mode of culture is earnestly recommended to the trial of Farmers. If doubtful, their experiments may be upon a small scale at first.

WELLINGTON AND THE QUAKER.

Among the most earnest and active of those who advocated the suppression of the slave trade was William Allan, a Quaker gentleman, remarkable in his day for benevolence and eccentricity. Every public man among his own countrymen knew him, and he had been in correspondence with almost all the leading princes and statesmen of the Continent. The Duke was therefore more amused than surprised when Mr. Allan waited upon him at the hotel one morning, and addressed him thus:—'Friend, I must go to Verona.'—'Duke: 'That is impossible; haven't you read the order, that nobody is to be allowed to enter the town unless he belong to one of the embassies?—Allan: 'Friend, I must go to Verona, and you must enable me to do so.'—Duke: 'How can I do that? You don't hold any office and I have none to give you.'—Allan: 'Friend, I must go to Verona, and you must carry me thither.'—Duke: 'Well, if I must, I must; but the only thing I can do for you is to make you one of my courtiers. If you like to ride as my courier, you may do so.'—Allan: 'Friend, I told thee that I must go to Verona, and that thou must carry me thither; I will ride as thou desirest, and am ready to set out immediately.' And the Quaker did ride as the Duke's avant-courier, and, reaching his destination before his grace, introduced himself to the Emperor of Austria and Russia and the other crowned heads, and lectured them all round on the iniquity of the traffic in negroes."

EXPLANATIONS ABOUT WATERLOO.

The following account of his plans at Waterloo was given by Wellington to a dinner party at Lord Hatherton's. 'After dinner the conversation turned on the Waterloo campaign, when Croker alluded to the criticisms of the French military writers, some of whom contended that the Duke had fought the battle in a position full of danger, because he had no practicable retreat. The Duke said, 'At all events they failed in putting it to the test. The road to Brussels was, however, practicable, every yard, for such a purpose. I knew every foot of the plain beyond the forest and through it. The forest on each side of the chaussee was open enough for infantry, cavalry, and even for artillery, and very defensible. Had I retreated through it, could they have followed me? The Prussians were on their flank, and would have been in their rear. The co-operation of the

SISTERS AND MOTHERS.

These are ties which like the invisible strings of conscience, bind man to the world of kindly affections, and are the last things forgotten when one leaves life. 'The marriage situation may be one of pure and uninterrupted felicity; there may be no cloud in its whole happy horizon; it may be ever sunny, and flowers spring in it at every season of the age; but even those happy ones, who are in this climate of bliss, remember long and late the claims of a sister or a mother to their best affections. The feelings inspired by both sister and mother are all derived from sources pure as the Divinity that inspired them,

A bunch of nothings.

Why is an angler like a hole in the wall?—Because he is a fisher. Although a blind man can be no judge of colours, still, if he is not deaf, he may be able to discern a dun. A certain author tells us we should use a book as a bee does a flower. We presume he means we should snuff its leaves. Past services should never be forgotten, as the clergyman said when he preached the same sermon for the twentieth time.