

An Editor's Note  
I am certain Edwards never wrote it. — *Mont. Herald, N. Y.*

# The York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. II. No. 28.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1860.

Whole No. 80.

## Poetry.

### THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

I walk in a world that is all my own;  
To the cold and selfish, alike unknown,  
My beautiful world.  
'Tis a world of thought—a world of dreams,  
Where each eye with the fire of friendship  
beams.  
And smiles gleam not as a mask to hide  
The bitter waters of hatred's tide.  
In the outer world, though I walk apart,  
Welcomed by none to their home or their  
heart  
In my own bright world.  
Are those that meet me with outstretched  
hands,  
And clasp me in with their glittering hands;  
There Hate is banished, and Love alone  
Queen-like sits on her starry throne.  
'Tis a world of dreams—a world of thought,  
Where spirit can soar, but flesh enters not.  
This beautiful world:  
Though a fancied world of glorious dreams,  
To me it all real and joyous seems:  
There smiles gleam not as a mask to hide  
The bitter waters of hatred's tide.  
This beautiful world hath no mortal tread;  
Its sun is a gleam from the glory of God;  
In this radiant world,  
The stars are the smiles of a cherub throne;  
Its music the echo of seraph's song:  
Their tails are rent, deceit cast aside,  
And souls united in happiness glide.

### NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth  
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;  
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,  
Hew down the woods and till the soil,  
And thereby win a prouder fame  
Than follows king or warrior's name.  
The working men whatever their task,  
To carve the stone or bear the load,  
They wear upon their brows  
The royal stamp and seal of God!  
And brighter are their drops of sweat  
Than diamonds in a coronet.  
God bless the noble, working men,  
Who rear the cities of the plain;  
Who dig the mines, and build the ships,  
Who drive the commerce of the main  
God bless them! for their swartly hands  
Have wrought the glory of all lands!

## Literature.

### AN ILL-OMENED DREAM WORKED OUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

Continued.

'Look here,' said the doctor, endeavoring to make the theory plain to him. 'You allow that men are differently endowed. One man will have the gift of calculating in an eminent degree, and will go through a whole ledger swimmingly, while his friend by his side labors at a single column of it: another will possess the organ of music so largely that it will probably make you a second Mozart, while his own brother can't tell one tune from another, and could not learn to play if his very life depended on it: one man will draw you, untaught, plans and buildings of wondrous and beautiful design, but another, who has served his stupid apprenticeship to the art, cannot accomplish a pig-sty fit for a civilized pig to lie in—and so I might go on, illustrating examples all day. Now, gentlemen, I ask you why should color be an exception—I mean the preception, the faculty of distinguishing color? Believe me it is not an exception. A great many people do possess it in fact, the greater portion do, but there are numbers who do not.'

The colonel laughed still. And you think that I and Mr. Jupp do not? 'Pardon me,' said the professor, laughing also, 'I never said you both did not: had that been the case you probably would not have been in opposition to each other. But I have been using my own eyes since we stood here, and I see which of you has the defect. One of you possesses the organ of color (as we call it) in a full degree; the other does not possess it at all. It lies here.'

Dr. Macpherson raised his fingers to his eyebrow and pointed out a spot near its middle. The colonel and Oliver Jupp immediately passed their fingers over their eyebrows, somewhat after the manner of a curious child. Oliver's eyebrows were prominent; the colonel's remarkably flat.

'You can testify by experiment whether I speak right or wrong, Colonel West; but I give it as my opinion that you are not able to distinguish colors.'

For some moments the colonel could not find his tongue. 'I never heard of such a thing in all my life!' cried he. 'Do you mean to say that I can see the blue sky' (turning his face upwards), 'and not know it's blue?'

'You know it is blue, and call it blue, because you have heard it so called all your life,' returned the undaunted professor. 'But, if half the sky were blue, and half green, you would not be able to say which was the green half and which the blue.'

'That caps my wife,' said the colonel, good-humoredly. 'She has a blue parasol and a green one; if she

sends me in-door for the green, she says I bring her the blue; and if for the blue, I bring the green. She sets it down to inattention, and lectures me accordingly.'

'You could not give us a better confirmation that my opinion is right, smiled Dr. Macpherson, glancing at those around him.

'But may I ask what you have set it down to?'

'I? Not to anything. It never troubled me.'

'The professor actually clapped his hands. 'What you acknowledge is so true to nature, colonel! Those who, like you, are affected with color blindness, can rarely be brought to believe in their own defect. It is a fact, that the greater portion of them are not conscious of it: they really don't know that they cannot distinguish colors; or if they have an idea that they may not be so quick in that particular as some, they do not think of questioning the cause: to use your own expression, it does not trouble them. I understand that you maintain that, on the night of the accident the same light was up, green which is generally is up.'

'Yes,' replied the colonel. 'Now I will tell you how to account for that. It was not so much that you could be sure the green light was up, as that you could not distinguish any difference between the one you saw and the one you were accustomed to see. You could not discern the difference, I say, and therefore you maintained it to be, as you believed, the same one—the green.'

'This seems plausible enough, as you state it,' observed the colonel; 'but, pray, why should it not be my young friend, Jupp, who was mistaken—and not I?'

'The professor shook his head. 'I am quite sure that this gentleman—indicating Oliver Jupp—can never be mistaken in colors or in their shades, so long as he retains his eyesight to see anything: he has the organ very largely developed. I am right, colonel,' he added, nodding.

'But what do you say to Cooper, the driver?' returned the colonel. 'He says it was green; and everybody agrees that he would only assert what was true.'

'What he thought was true,' corrected Dr. Macpherson. 'There is little doubt, in my mind, that Cooper's case will turn out to be like your own—a fact of color blindness. He could not distinguish the difference in the light from the ordinary light, and believed it to be the same.'

The strange opinion avowed by Dr. Macpherson—strange indeed, was it, to the primitive ears of the country people—obtained weight, and it was determined to test the sight, so far as color went, of Cooper. Colonel West good-humoredly proposed that his own also should be tested. The instant the professor cast his eyes on Cooper's face—who was sent for to Coombe Dalton—the pronounced him to labor under the defect, even in a greater degree than Colonel West.

Night came, several colored lamps were provided, and those interested assembled at the station. The professor was constituted master of the ceremonies, and proceeded to his task, by running up a light to the signal post. 'What is it?' asked he, addressing the two who were on trial.

'It's green,' said the colonel.

'It's red,' said Cooper.

And there was a general laugh. For the lamp was blue.

He next ran up two lamps. 'What are they?' he asked.

There was a dead silence. 'Neither Cooper nor the Colonel could tell.'

'I think they are green and white,' hazarded Cooper at length.

'And I say they are red and blue,' cried the Colonel.

They were white and blue.

Then the four lamps were exhibited, and the mistakes made by both essayists kept the platform in a roar.

The colonel did tell which was white—but it was probably more of a guess than a certainty. They could distinguish 'a difference,' they said, between two or more colors when exhibited at once, but were unable to state what that difference was. By the time the experiment came to an end, the fact had been fully established that both Colonel West and Matthew Cooper labored under the defect of color blindness.

'Cooper,' said Oliver Jupp, in a good natured tone, 'they must never make an engine driver of you again.'

'Well, I don't know, sir,' returned Cooper, who seemed very chap-fal-

len, 'if it's true what this strange gentleman says, why—I suppose it is true. But I hope they'll make something else of me: I know I am keen enough at most things. If a man is deficient in one line, he may be all the quicker in another.'

'You have given utterance to a truism, without perhaps knowing it,' interposed the professor, cheerily. 'Be assured that where a defect does exist, it is amply made up for by the largeness of some other gift. Never fear that an intelligent man, like you, will want employment, because you are found not suited to the one they placed you on.'

'About the worst they could have given him,' remarked Oliver Jupp, as he walked away with the doctor. 'An engine driver ought, of all people, to be able to distinguish colors.'

'There are some of our engine drivers who do not, though, replied the doctor, lowering his voice. Several of our worst accidents have occurred from this very fact!'

'Do you think so?'

'I know it. It is a more frequent defect than would be thought, in this absence of the organ of color, but it is one that hitherto no one has given any attention to; a subject that, with some, excites ridicule. A company engaging an engine driver, would as soon think of testing his capacity for eating a good dinner as that of being able to distinguish signal lights. Most essentially necessary is it, though, that drivers, present or future, should undergo the examination.'

'It seems so to me,' said Oliver. 'And always will—after this night's experiment.'

'And until such examination is made general, I should change the form of the signal lamps,' remarked the professor. 'Let the green or safe signal, be one form, and small, the red or danger signal be as different as it can be made, and large: so different that it could not fail to catch the eye. For, look you, a head deficient in the organ of color, will usually have that of form very much developed: and a driver could not see the color, he might the form: and so save his train.'

Now, reader, all this is a bit of truth, a fact from the past, woven into a story for you. And if you don't choose to believe it, you must cavil at it. I can tell you, that if you would only search out and mark for yourself, you would find that color blindness is by no means an uncommon defect; and that it has existed and does exist in some of the engine drivers.

### III.

The winter came on. And how grew Clara Lake? Better! Well she did not seem to grow much better; at any rate not well, and the old doctor at Katterley, who had known her constitution since infancy, appeared puzzled. She dressed as in her days of health, and went about the house; on fine days would go out for a walk in the sunshine; but she remained weak and debilitated, and could not get rid of her cough.

And Mr. Lake? Oh, he was very well, and chiefly divided his leisure between his wife and Lady Ellis: now at home with the one, now at Guild, saying it must be assumed, soft nothings to the other. Of course he never went for the sake of seeing my lady; certainly not: there was an excuse ever ready. Mrs. Chester had given him this commission, and he must go and report to her; or, Mrs. Chester had given him the other; or he went over in escort some of the Jupps; or, he had business with his tailor; or, he had fallen into a freak to employ one who lived at Guild; an excuse for taking himself to Guild never failed. What could Clara say or do? could she descend to say to him, 'You shall not go there!—No, she suffered in silence; but it was killing her.'

'Clara, I have promised to spend Christmas-day with Penelope.'

A sudden rush of colour to her wasted cheeks, and a response that was faint and low, 'Have you?'

'She would not take a denial.—You will be able to go?'

'I go.' She shook her head.

'My dear, I tell you what it is, he resumed in a chafed voice.—'You will fancy yourself ill, and lie and say you can't go out, till it will end in your being ill.'

'Do you think I am well?'

'You are not strong. But if you would rouse yourself and go out and about, and shake off fancies,

you would soon become so. You have not been over to Guild since we came home.'

'You make up for it then, for you are there often enough,' she could not help retorting.

'Something or other happens to take me there,' he returned, seizing the poker and knocking the coal. 'You will go on Christmas day, Clara; Penelope is preparing for us.'

'No. I am not well enough.—And if I were, I should prefer to be at home. Say no more,' she added passionately, interrupting what he was about to urge; 'you ought not to wish me to go there.'

A long silence. 'I shall go. I must.' 'I can't get off it.'

'What is to be done, Clara? It will never do for me to spend Christmas day there, and you to spend it at home.' And he finished the clause by breaking out, half singing, half muttering, into the lines of a popular ditty, that our childhood was familiar with:

'To-morrow is our wedding day, and all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonston, and I should dine at Ware.'

'What's to be done, Clara?'

She sat with her hands folded before her, and did not immediately answer. If he could not tell what was to be done, or what ought to be done, she could not. 'You must do as you think right,' she said with a slight stress upon the word. 'I am too unwell to be anywhere but at home on Christmas day.'

Mr. Lake went to Guild. Not doing as he thought right, for his conscience was giving him a sharp twinge or two, but following the bent of his inclination, which urged him into the sunshine of my lady's smiles. Clara felt worse that morning, but she attended church, and he with her; he quitting, *selon les regles*, when the service was over, she waiting for the more solemn service that was to follow. When she reached home, it was nearly two o'clock, and my lord was walking about, all impatience, for his train started at two. With a farewell to his wife, full of paraded affection, he took himself off to the station, telling her to mind and eat a good dinner, and to drink his health and her own in champagne.

Very considerably astonished was he to find himself burst in upon at Mrs. Chester's by Mary Anne Jupp. They had dined all cozily; and Mrs. Chester's children, with two of the Clapperton girls, who were guests that day, had retired to another room to make what noise they pleased, leaving Mrs. Chester, my lady, and Frederick Lake at desert. Mary Anne came in without ceremony, and out of breath, having run from Guild station, walked up to him and spoke:

'Would you see your wife before she dies?'

He rose in consternation; Mrs. Chester rose; she sat still, listened and looked. His very lips were white, as he asked for an explanation.

It was given in a sharp, ringing manner. One of the servants, had gone in and found Mrs. Lake lying on the floor; where she had fainted, or whether she might have fallen over anything they could not tell, and as they were raising her up, blood issued from her mouth: a vessel on the chest or lungs had given way. The doctor was summoned and Elizabeth ran up for Mary Anne Jupp. 'Will you go to her? asked the young lady of Mr. Lake, as she finished her recital.—'Or am I to take back word that you will not?'

'Why do you say that to me? he uttered with emotion.

'My dear Miss Mary Anne! struck in Mrs. Chester in a tone of remonstrance.

Now Mary Anne Jupp was an exceedingly upright minded, right feeling young woman; her sisters were the same; and they had for a long while past, greatly condemned what was going on—the absurd infatuation subsisting between Frederick Lake and Lady Ellis, and his neglect of his wife. Their eyes had been open to it, if nobody's else's had; and Mary Anne in her impulsive way threatened that one day she should 'speak out her mind of the lot!' That day had come.

'Why do I say it to you?' she replied in her indignant anger; 'it is time some one said it to you. You have been killing her by

inches; yes I speak to all of you,' she said throwing her eyes around; 'you have been killing his wife by inches: you, Angeline Ellis, with your false and subtle snares, and you, Penelope Chester, with your complacent winking at sin. He is weak and foolish—look at him as he stands there in his illness!—but he would scarcely have been wicked had not you drawn him to it.—You wonder that I can thus speak out—drowning some interrupting words of Mrs. Chester's—is it right for me to be silent, a hypocritical glosser over of crime, when she is dying? I am a gentleman, with an English gentleman's principles about me, and I hope some Christian ones: it behoves such to speak out sometimes.'

'You are mad,' gasped Mrs. Chester.

'You have been mad, to allow this conduct in your house—folly, frivolity, much that is bad going on under your very eyes. Had your brother been a single man, it might have been deemed excusable by some: never by me: for he had a fair young wife, and you deliberately set to work to injure her.—You did Penelope Chester to encourage ill by winking at it, is the same thing as committing it. I say nothing more to you,' she added, turning upon Lady Ellis with ineffable scorn: 'you may remember certain words you said to me regarding Mr. Lake and his wife, the first afternoon you came here: I did not understand them then, I do now; and I know, in the first hour of your meeting, you were laying your tools around him to gain his admiration, and sever him from his wife. If you retain a spark of feeling, of conscience, the grave of Clara Lake will be as a sharp iron, ever eating into it.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

### RULES OF HEALTH.

Imprimis, never go to bed with your feet sticking out of the window, particularly when its raining or freezing.

More than three pig's feet, and a half mince pie eaten at midnight will not generally cause the consumer to dream of hours, paradises, accommodating bankers and other good things. At least they are not apt to do so.

Never stand in the rain barrel all night; it checks perspiration and spoils rain water for washing purposes.

Never spank your children with a hand-saw, or box their ears with the sharp edge of a hatchet. It effects their brain.

Never stand in the hall with the door open, with nothing but your bare feet on the floor, talking to a friend, more than an hour at a time.

To enlarge the muscles of the arms and legs, climbing up and down the chimney, especially if the house is a four story one, three or four times before breakfast, is a cheap exercise and gives a voracious appetite.

Bar-ache in children is a vexatious and common complaint. To cure it at once, bore a hole in the tympanum with a gimlet and pour in oil and things. If the child keep on crying, bore it all the way through to the other ear.

Corns may be easily cured. The most torturing corn can be extripated as follows: Take a sharp knife, find the joint of the toe whereon the corn resides, insert the knife, in the articulation, pry of the toe and throw it away; it will never return again, unless your dog brings it back to you in his mouth. (Patent applied for.)

The habit of drinking can be cured, by giving the drinker all the liquors he wants to drink, all the time. We know of two, in our own experience, who were cured in three weeks. One jumped out of a four story window, and ran a curb stone over his head; the other didn't get up one morning, and has a universal curb stone growing out of his head in the graveyard.

The best way to take pills of Brandreth's description, if you have had twenty or twenty-five to take, is not to make them into hash and take them, but load a shot gun with them, put the muzzle against your stomach and pull the trigger with your toe. It saves a great deal of disgust to the gullet, and a bad taste in your mouth.

Never go to sleep standing on your head. The brain might take a

rounding surface. The seeds being planted, (and we take pains to secure good seed,) cover the hills with rough boxes, six inches high, and three feet square, and place over each a frame of glass or millinet. This breaks off the cold wind, and keeps out the little black bug, and with him the stripped jacket.—Sometimes, we cover the ground around each hill with an inch or two of pulverized charcoal, and it absorbs the heat of the sun's rays, and makes the plants grow rapidly. The frames should be taken off during the middle of hot days. When the plants have filled the boxes, they, (the boxes) can be stored away under cover, and so can be made to last for several years.—We have recently seen vine protectors, made by tacking millinet upon four sharpened sticks of, say two feet in length, fastened together at the tops by strips of leather, and spread at the bottom enough to cover the hills. These are very convenient, and can be folded and packed in a small compass to be laid away when not in use.

The fruiting of the vines may be hastened considerably by nipping off the leading branches. Musk melons produce their fruit at the axils of the first leaves of the lateral shoots. If the leading branches are allowed to run, these laterals will not push out, until the branches have grown to a considerable length. Pinch off the leaders, then, as soon as they have made three or four leaves: this will give at least a week's gain of time. And when the bearing shoots have made three or four leaves beyond the fruit, nip them off likewise.

A simpler mode than the foregoing, and one that sometimes succeeds, is to prepare the hills as already mentioned, plant the seeds, and lay down four bricks flatwise around the hill, and place over the space between a large pane of window glass. When the plants have reached the glass roof, set the bricks on edge, and lay on the glass again. By the time the plants have outgrown their quarters, they will be strong enough to defy the bugs and the open air.

Let us not omit to say that manure should be placed not only in the hill, but should be spaded into the surface between the hills, to feed the plants when the roots have extended beyond.

As to varieties: the Christiana is a fine early muskmelon; the Green Citron, Skillman's Netted, Fine Nutmeg, and Rock melon are good late sorts. Among water melons the Black Spanish and Mountain Sweet are superior sorts.

KEEP THE BIRTHDAYS.

A western exchange makes the following excellent suggestions, which must meet the approbation of all. We trust they will also be received with favor by the "old folks." It says:—

'Keep the birthdays; they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding, or cake is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six today," and is soon "going to be a man." Mothers, who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays; they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, sometimes when they are nervous; but if they only know how much such *souvenirs* are cherished by their pet Susey, or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the hearthstone they had none to remind them that they had added another year to the, perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in old fashioned phrase, "many happy returns to their birthday," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a mother's privilege.'

### HOW MUCH SEED PER ACRE.

This question can be answered only approximately. A table giving a fixed invariable quantity would often mislead for the reasons that quality of soil, method of cultivation, climate and location, all vary, the certainty and manner of growth. Where, for any reason, it is difficult to make seed "take," it may require an addition of as much as twenty-five per cent, or one peck to the bushel. Again, on very rich land, where grain would tiller exuberantly, it is the practice to diminish the amount sown. With crops like roots, onions, &c., where thinning is practicable, it is advisable to sow liberally enough to allow for this. Individual judgment must be exercised. The following table republished from Vol. XIV, in answer to a call from many subscribers, shows the smaller and larger quantities usually allowed to the acre.

Barley, broadcast, 11 to 21 bushels; in drills, 1 to 1 1/2 bushels.—Beans, 2 to 3 bushels. Beets, 3 to 5 lbs. Buckwheat, 1 to 1 1/2 bushels.—Carrots, 2 to 2 1/2 lbs. Corn, (Indian) 1 to 1 1/2 bushels; Broom Corn, 1 to 1 1/2 bushels. Flax, for seed, 1 to 1 1/2; for fiber, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 bushels.—Grasses—Red Clover, 10 to 16 lbs.; White Clover, 4 to 8 lbs.; Blue Grass, (Kentucky) 10 to 16 lbs.; Red Top, 12 to 18 quarts; Orchard grass, 20 to 30 lbs.; Timothy, (Herds grass) 12 to 18 qts. Hemp, for seed, 1 to 1 bushel, for fiber, 1 to 1 1/2 bushels. Millet, 1 to 1 1/2 bushel. Mustard 10 to 20 quarts. Oats, 2 to 4 bushels. Onions, 4 to 5 lbs. Parsneps, 3 to 6 lbs. Peas, in drills, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 bushels; broadcast, 2 to 3 1/2 bushels, according to the size of seed. Pea-nuts, in hills or drills, 1 to 2 bushels. Rye, in drills, 1 to 1 1/2 bush.; broadcast, 1 to 2 bush.—Turnips, 11 to 2 1/2 lbs. Wheat, in drills, 1 to 1 1/2 bush.; broadcast, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 bushels.

Old bachelor sneer, would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

A middle-aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman, having surveyed the man for a moment, said, "Pray, friend, I think you have a wife already, living?"—"It may be so, sir," said he, "for I have a very treacherous memory."

There is a man in one of the volunteer corps so thin, that when the sheriff's officer is after him he crawls into his rifle, and watches him through the touch-hole.

HOW TO RAISE MELONS.

From the American Agriculturist.

Many persons at the North, especially those who have a stiff and cold soil to deal with, complain that they cannot raise melons. They have not the time or the means to grow them in hot-beds, and in the open air their plants make only a feeble growth, and produce a few half-ripened, puny melons just at the setting in of frost.

Melons at Christmas are hardly to be desired, and we think they can be had before that time by several months. Our why is this: Early in May select a warm spot in the garden, dig holes four feet wide and eighteen inches deep, throwing aside the poorest of the bottom soil, bring in coarse sand and some leaf-mold from the woods, and a little old manure; mix all thoroughly together, adding about one fourth of good garden soil. Each hole, when finished, is raised from four to six inches above the sur-