

Poetry.

(For the York Herald.) THE RICH MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

'Twas autumn's fair eve, and the rich man mused, As he sat in his mansion so fair; Pride rose in his heart, as his treasures he viewed, For his hopes were all center'd there.

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My riches increase, there's none can deny I have laid up for many long years; I will now take my ease, and danger defy, And dismiss all my needless fears.

Lammerdyke, throwing down his broom, rushed up, and catching Fraser by both hands, exclaimed— 'That's science!—I'd give the best score of sheep that I possess if I could play a shot like that!'

Fraser smiled, and returned the friendly pressure of his acquaintance, as he answered— 'There is as much chance as good guidance in the shot. I am glad, however, that it has pleased—'

With mingled feelings of rage and jealousy, the marquis saw the scientific playing of the young forester, and heard the loud applause which followed. Turning aside, he walked into one of the marquees at the river side, and throwing himself into an easy-chair placed in front of an elegant brass stove, called for his valet.

He had been standing rear where there was a deep dangerous pool, formed by an eddy of the river, and when the ice broke up, he instantly sank, while the weight of his furred garments, as they got saturated with the water, kept him down.

and the soft, appealing look touched her with mingled feelings of pity and wonder. A strange spell riveted her eyes on the portrait; and a secret whispering came over her soul, that her own fate was linked with that portrait.

mediate agency of lawyers, and stewards, and bailiffs, is no light matter to the owner, whatever we, who have neither lands, nor houses, nor fat beeves, and live from hand-to-mouth by hard-brain work, may think upon the subject.

SELF-RECUPERATIVE POWER OF WORN-OUT LANDS

From the Country Gentleman and Cultivator.

Messrs. Editors.—Several years ago I made the statement, through your paper, that all worn-out lands, and even lands naturally barren and unfertile, possessed the power of self-recuperation.

Suppose a man take twenty acres of land, so poor that it cannot, by the most careful tillage, produce more than ten bushels of corn to the acre.

Now, suppose the man plants the twenty acres, and does all for it that can be done by the plow, the cultivator and the hoe.

Suppose ten hogs only were raised and fattened in the year, those ten hogs should be made to manufacture 100 loads of the richest kind of manure.

I know that many of your readers will be altogether incredulous, and call me wild and extravagant in my proposition; yet if an examination were to be made of their farms, barns, yards, hog-pens and hen-roosts, it would be found that from one half to nine-tenths of all their manure was wasted.

Literature.

THE CURLING MATCH.

CHAPTER I.

A SCOTTISH BORDER TALE.

'Hurrah! shake his hand! shake his hand! well played! Oh, man that's bonny!' At length it came to the marquis's turn to play, and, encumbered with his heavy fur robes, he lazily stooped and grasped the golden-mounted ebony handle of one of the most complete master-pieces of curling-stone manufacture that ever graced the hand of an ice player.

'Name? Ah, my lord, I shall make de inquiry,' and the valet bowed and withdrew. As the valet left the marquis, Lady Emily entered, and eagerly inquired— 'Cousin, who is that young gentleman whom they are praising so much? His face is perfectly familiar to me, and yet I cannot tell where I have seen him before.'

'Really, cousin Emily, I would require a good memory to tell the name of every peasant you may have met. If you mean the fellow in the blue dress, I have sent Maflatto to inquire his name; he will tell you when he returns. Meanwhile, I must wish to this plague game again—I wish it had never taken place! So saying, he arose and hurriedly left the tent.

Early the following morning Lady Emily was on foot, and slowly walking along a footpath leading to the forest. Turning into an avenue lined with beech-trees, the branches of which hung drooping with the weight of the snow-wreaths which covered them, she approached towards a romantic-looking gothic cottage in front of which was a small garden, so carefully sheltered that the winter-frost seemed to have had but little effect on the shrubs therein.

and the soft, appealing look touched her with mingled feelings of pity and wonder. A strange spell riveted her eyes on the portrait; and a secret whispering came over her soul, that her own fate was linked with that portrait.

'I am glad to hear it,' she rejoined. 'He seems to have an excellent taste in the selection and arrangement of his books,' she continued, as she looked at the library.

Before the days of teetotalism a neighbor of Mr. Biber's saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. 'Why don't you get up and walk,' Mr. Biber said. 'I would,' was the answer, 'but it's so mighty thin here that I'm afraid I should b-b-brake through.'

Maple Village, Dec. 18, 1860

J. L. EDGERTON, Waverley, N.Y., Nov. 13, 1860.