

Poetry.

I WALKED IN THE FIELDS.

I walked the fields at morning prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all the world was glowing.

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MAKE HOME BRIGHT & PLEASANT.

More than buildings shows mansion,
More than dress or fine array,
More than domes or lofty steeples,
More than station, power or sway,

Literature.

UPS AND DOWNS.

The Smiths were going up in the world; nobody disputed that, and this I take to be conclusive proof, since there is nothing that people are so loth to admit as that their fellows, who have stood upon the same social platform, are rising in the scale above them.

regarded as a sort of mythical personage. The effect of this change of costume was rather odd, particularly upon Mrs. Smith, whose round red face shone out like a full blown peony from its black surroundings;

Mrs. Betty contended strongly for building a grand house, with little fences round the windows, and a belfry on top; but her husband dwelt upon the long time they should have to remain in the old house if they waited to build, and so won her over to his plan of buying the great staring red brick on the hill, that was originally built for a factory boarding house, and abandoned because there was not any factory stand.

It was really pitiful to see Andy Smith wandering about town, in a painful state of uncertainty as to what propriety required of him. He had an evident banking for the corner grocery, and gazed at it wistfully in passing, as if he really longed to stand behind the counter again, but he seldom entered.

This last daughter deserves a special mention, as she was, par excellence, the genius of the family. Plain and out-spoken, even to a fault, she stubbornly resisted every attempt to reduce her to anything but her simple, natural self.

gret to her that she was not allowed to go barefooted, and play in the barn. After innumerable trips to the city for dry goods, and consulting of milliners and mantua makers, the party were equipped to their satisfaction, and ready for the jaunt.

Mrs. Smith had never travelled by railroad in her life, and consequently was in a state of nervous trepidation lest she should do something out of the proper course. The driver who conveyed them to the city deposited them bag and baggage at the depot. Mr. Smith with the children entered the sitting room, and Mrs. S. was about following when a man stepped up, and laying his hand upon the trunk, asked, "Where is this young man'am?"

"See here, Mister, you need not try to play any of your city tricks on me. We're goin' to ride in the locomotion, and them trunks is goin' with us, and you needn't think we shall let you carry 'em to Sarrytoxy on that wheelbarrow."

Just at dusk they reached the city of A., where they were to spend the night. Altho Smith junior were completely bewildered by the crowd of importunate hackmen that clamored in every key; that young gentleman, however, was gifted with an unlimited amount of cool impudence—not a bad travelling companion where brains were lacking—and accordingly undertook the escort of the party, which, truth to tell, he carried bravely through, establishing them in a capacious carriage, and landing them triumphantly in a first class hotel.

To be concluded in our next.

HOW TABLE ROCK FELL.

Geo. Wilkes, in a late number of his Spirit of the Times, gives the following graphic account of the falling of Table Rock several years ago.

In ten years which have elapsed since I first visited Niagara, I find many changes have been made. The precipice has visibly receded, and the voracious torrent still keeps eating into the river's rocky bed from year to year.

had not ten years or so to spare along with the rest. I said I had something to do with the falling of Table Rock, that broad shell on the Canada side, which in 1860, juttred over the very cauldron of the seething waters, but which tumbled into it on a certain day in the month of June, of that, by me well-remembered year.

The platform jutted from the main land some sixty feet, but to give the visitor a still more fearful projection over the raging waters, a wooden bridge or staging had been thrust beyond the extreme edge for some ten feet. This terminated in a small box for visitors to stand in, and was kept in its position and enabled to bear weight by a ponderous load of stones heaped upon its inner end.

At eight o'clock a winding of good meadow-hay between two cows should be given for supper, the quantity being always regulated according to what each cow can consume. It is a great mistake to keep fodder in quantities lying unused; rather let the appetite be tested, and, by keeping it always sharp, not only will each meal be eaten up with a relish, but a much more healthful state will be maintained.

With these very words—the latter uttered half jocosely, though not without alarm—I seized my companions hand, and, in absolute panic, we fled as fast as our feet would carry us, toward what might be called the shore. We burst into a laugh when we regained the land, and jumped into our carriage, felt actually as if we had made a fortunate escape.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND—"My dear," said a young wife, returning from a ball, "I have learned one of the most difficult steps."

THE MANNER IN WHICH MY COWS WERE FED.\*

In winter, at six o'clock morning, two cows got a winding of straw between them; afterwards they were well cleaned, the stalls being also well littered, and the doors of the cow-houses shut until eight o'clock, when all hands were called to the milking.

At ten o'clock, an ordinary-sized barrowful of turnip was given between three cows; and when turnip was not to be had, a quart of pease or bean meal was given instead, mixed with a pint of cold water. There is no feeling, however, equal to turnip, especially the yellow Aberdeen. A richer taste and colour are imparted to the butter produced by this root than from any other kind of feeding in the early part of winter—while a larger quantity, both of milk and butter, is produced thereby.

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A FACT FOR THE DEAR OF CHARLES.—A young quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked by one of the sterner sex, a few days ago, what she thought of "smuffing and smoking."

THE MINT.

In connection with the subject of the coinage, our readers will perhaps find some interesting items in the following extract from Dr. Ure's 'Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences.'

HOW SILVER IS BOUGHT FOR MINT PURPOSES. Silver is bought, through the workers, by the Master of the Mint, either in the form of foreign coin (5 franc pieces are preferred) or ingots, and to the silver so obtained, is added so much copper or pure silver as shall bring the whole mass up to the standard silver of the realm, which consists of 222 parts of silver and 18 parts of copper.

THE STANDARD WEIGHT OF A SOVEREIGN. The standard weight of a sovereign is 123,274 grs., but the Mint is allowed to issue sovereigns which exceed and fall short of this weight to the extent of 0,2568 grains, which is called the remedy, and is allowed, because it is impossible to produce coins weighing exactly equal.

WHAT IS DONE WITH THE COINS WHEN STRUCK. The coins, when struck, are collected at frequent intervals, and carefully overlooked to find any which may be defective, for, with all the beauty of the press, accidents cannot be avoided, and it is found that about one coin in 200 is imperfect in its finish, whatever its size or value.

EFFECTS OF HEAT ON WATER.—The process by which water is boiled in a vessel affords an example of the effects of a liquid expanding by heat. When fire is applied at the bottom of a kettle containing water, the stratum of water immediately in contact with the bottom, becoming heated, expands, and is consequently lighter, bulk for bulk, than the water about.

Have you ever seen a drunken man trying to make believe that he is sober? How ridiculous the spectacle! And yet more ridiculous still is the attempt of an ignorant and ill-bred person to appear very wise and refined in society.

A country couple, newly married, stepped at the Gibson House in Cincinnati, a few days ago, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied, "Oh, because I see when my father comes home ever see cross, as usual as he gets the pipe light, and begins a blast he's a 'peezed again'."

THE APPROACH TO COPENHAGEN.

—The Danish capital is a complete triumph of art and taste; it is beautiful in spite of its position, which is, perhaps, the worst imaginable, yet with such admirable skill are all its buildings grouped, that it looks finer than some cities which enjoy the advantage of magnificent situations. Nature has here done little, man a great deal. In the city itself, towers, some light, some massive; in the basins, masts, tapering and graceful; on the heights behind, trees of great size and beauty; and along the flat shore, dense masses of foliage already in summer splendour: such at first are the only objects standing out from the huge piles of building, till ere long these masses break down into palaces, churches, and fortresses. By-and-by we distinguish in front ramparts and moles, stretching far out into the sea: while new life is added to the scene, by the many ships from every country waiting in the roadstead for a favorable breeze to get up the Baltic, or swiftly shooting on for the Sound.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS!

We confess that we have no belief whatever in dreams—that is, we attach no importance to the incidents that seem to occur in dreams. The mind never sleeps. It is material, and requires no repose of that character. The body is very differently constituted, and must have its periods of refreshing slumber, in order to recover from the effects of its organic exhaustion. While the tired physique thus slumbers, its active companion, the mind, is freed from the central of the senses and the judgment. Unaccustomed to such freedom, it indulges in the most surprising, and sometimes the most absurd performances. It was with all the eccentricity it exhibits in the waking lunatic, whose morbid brain leaves it, at all times, as restless as we leave it only in sleep. But why should we accept this eccentricity for inspiration? Why should we suppose that the human intelligence, when liberated from the only influence which guides it rationally, should partake of superior influences, or enjoy more sublime characteristics?—Among savage nations, the insane man is a sanctified being. He is supposed, in the primitive reasoning of such creatures, to be akin to the Deity, and to hold constant communion with the great Father of All.

TRAGEDY BY SPIRITS.—A disappointed "medium" in this city, who returns home in a bilious state seven nights of the week, offers an excuse for having his eyes black and nose broken, "that it was done by a spirit. What spirit he does not mention."

"I say, Samba, does ya know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put the manure on it?" "No, I don't hardly." "Now I'll jist tell ya. When de corn begins to smell de manure it don't like de 'furnery, so he comes out of de ground and gits up as high as possible, so ac not to breathe de bad air."