

Poetry.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! he sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,

All's for the best! a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the poet or poet,

All's for the best! at this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wander'd,

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers and errors,

Literature.

THE WONDERFUL TELESCOPE.

'How much money have you got Bob?'
'Seventy-five cents. How much have you?'
'A dollar and three cents.'
'And our hotel bill is four dollars, eh?'
'Yes—with an extra dollar for carriage hire!

'Then something must be done,
And immediately.'
'Now, look here, Jack, I think I can rake up an idea, if you'll let me have my own way. First, I must have a glass of something, and a cigar, over which to meditate in solemn silence. Then I must have a slow and thoughtful walk, during which, no doubt, some happy inspiration will come, through the agency of which we can get money enough at all events, to take us home.'

'All very well to buy cigars and things when a fellow has plenty of money; but it behooves just now to husband our resources.'
'Jack, you're an innocent. Stimulents are necessary to genius; and then, you know, everything will be charged in the bill.'

'These two young men were in a remarkably tight place. Just from college, where they had graduated together, they fancied that it would be a fine thing to begin their freedom by a walk of some hundred miles or so. They had set out with but little money, and not being remarkable for finance or prudence, had got rid of that little with great celerity.'

'On the third day of their walk, then, they found themselves sixty miles from home, with one dollar and seventy-eight cents and an indebtedness of five dollars. Hence their grave discussion, above given.'

'The eldest was an exceedingly smart, ingenious fellow, and upon him generally devolved the duty of extricating both from the numerous little difficulties that beset them from time to time.'

'On this occasion, however, he had his hands full. Money is not an easy thing to get, at best; and in a small country town, where the article is scarce, two young scapegraces, fresh from university, totally unused to thinking about earning a living, might well be concerned for their success.'

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. III. No. 16

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1861.

Whole No. 121.

York, with heavy pilasters of yellow stone, and an ornamental facade. The pilasters were broken, however, and the figures of the facade were defaced. Shavings and chips were thickly strown around the doorway, and vices, were prominent features there also; and the staves, hoops, cylindrical bored logs, and turned work resting against the walls showed that the place was devoted to coopering, pump-making, turning, and kindred trades.

A long, smooth cylinder of wood clearly bored, thin and light, of large calibre, intended for a pump, awoke some unexpected suggestion in Bob's mind. He stopped, entered the yard examined the cylinder, and retraced his steps joyfully to the hotel. The next morning, Mr. Grappy, the village cooper, was astonished to find that his best pump-log had been abstracted over night. He had left it leaning against the wall of his shop, on the outside, trusting to the proverbial honesty of his neighbors, as usual. In this instance, however, his confidence seemed to have been misplaced. The affair had its effect upon Mr. Grappy. He became suspicious; and ever afterward took pains to lock up all his logs, his saw-horses, his benches, his staves, barrels, etc., every night.

While the cooper was still bewailing his loss, the foreman of the village printing office received a visit from Jack, who submitted to him the following form, to be printed on a small show-bill:

HEAVENLY WONDERS!

Professor Loraine, F.R.S., A.M., A.B.A., Q.R.S., P.B., D.C.L., etc., will deliver a lecture on Astronomy, this (Wednesday) evening, in the Town Hall; on which occasion he will exhibit the largest telescope in the world! Through the double-action, self-illuminating, bi-penetrant vitreo-adamantine, achromatic lenses, of which the wonders and glories of our lovely satellite, the Moon, may be plainly seen.

Professor Loraine will be assisted by Professor Delorme, M.B.M., P.R.P., O.K., G.T.T., late of Cocochewick Institute. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Admiss on 50 cents, children half price.

During the day, a few hundred of these bills were posted about the town by Jack, while Bob kept his room, under plea of indisposition. Owing to the high price charged for tickets, the town hall was not largely filled that night. The professor was mounted upon the rostrum, with a large, roughly-sketched chart behind him, representing the positions of the planets. As he explained the rudiments of astronomy in a colloquial and easy manner, with no over exact regard for facts, his assistant unrolled and suspended other charts, all of which, as Bob afterward remarked, probably meant something, at all events, he hoped they did.

Meanwhile, all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the 'largest telescope in the world,' which protruded its fifteen-foot tube from an open window near the stand. It was a formidable-looking instrument indeed; an immense cylinder, covered with black cloth, and mounted upon a hastily built tripod. At the lower extremity were the usual brass slides of the telescope, but of very diminutive size; exactly resembling, in fact, those of a small pocket spy-glass of the cheapest kind. The lecturer touched mainly upon the lighter and more entertaining facts of the science. The discovery of new planets; the wonderful perfection to which astronomical calculations have been carried; the absurd theories propounded by early star-gazers, etc., formed the body of his discourse.

'Indeed my friend I can scarcely trust my memory to describe the wondrous sight—I may say almost miraculous sight that met my astonished gaze when I applied my eye to the lens.

'I saw our satellite hung in the illumined depths of heaven, like a ball of white, transparent fire—its spherical shape being perfectly distinguishable. But the most wonderful thing of all was the detail that could be seen on the surface. I declare I fear to tax your credulity, when I tell you of the unrivalled power of this instrument, which I am compelled to believe, as indeed, Professor Delorme assured me, is the largest ever constructed. Not only was every mountain-ridge, volcanic crater, peak and chasm plainly lined; but—you will hardly believe me, I know—dark bodies could, also be seen, moving hither and thither, leaving faint lines behind them! What they were, precisely, I am unable to judge; but Professor Delorme informed me that his colleague Professor Loraine was engaged upon a very full and learned treatise, which would explain all phenomena, and present some developments that would undoubtedly startle the world.

'I was never so powerfully impressed with the magnitude and beauty of the great universe that surrounds us before, and I could hardly express my gratitude to Professor Delorme, who promised me gratuitous admission (in company with the Rev. M. Coles, Editor Walty and a few other influential men of this place) to all the lectures delivered here. I only regret that the complicated nature of the lenses renders it impossible to adjust the instrument for any other of the heavenly bodies without much difficulty and some apparatus that cannot be procured in portable form.

'Professor Delorme has just informed me that he contemplates visiting your town shortly, when I hope you will seize the earliest opportunity to investigate this truly sublime and wonderful discovery.'

'Another lecture was announced for the following evening, and as the village had resounded all day with the marvels of the great telescope, the hall was crowded to overflowing. In order that all might be thoroughly satisfied with the exhibition each was permitted to look five minutes through the glass, and Bob cut his lecture very short leaving all explanations and comments to Jack, who exhibited great eloquence and imagination—especially the latter—in his explanations on the beauty of astronomy.'

'I think,' said Bob, the next morning, 'that we had better leave town before we wear out our welcome. We have made twenty-four dollars apiece by the speculation, which will take us home comfortably, and if we stay we may get into trouble.'

'I agree with you. The sooner we leave the better. What shall we do with the double-back-action—what do you call it—telescope?'

'On leave it where it is. Tell the landlord we will send for it this afternoon.'

had been hung in the telescope with a fine thread. The fragments showed that its surface had been carefully marked off with india-ink, somewhat after the manner of a diagram of the moon-as seen through a powerful glass.—Some small insects had also been placed on the surface after being dipped in gum, or oil, and these had crawled about, leaving a trail behind them. Among the ruins of this fictitious and unprincipled moon; lay a half-burnt candle-end, showing whence its splendid light had been derived. In the lower end of the tube was fastened part of a common pocket spy-glass, the large lens of which, with its caps, had evidently been long missing.

'And this was the great Double-action, Self-illuminating, Bi-penetrant, Vitreo-adamantine, Achromatic-lens telescope! All the selectmen, gathered around and gazed in mortified silence upon this extraordinary machine. 'I do not' what you think of this,' remarked Mr. Grappy, 'at length, but it's my opinion that this town has been sold a little wuss'n it ever was afore. People isn't so honest, now, as they was. For my part, I've mistrusted things mostly, ever since I missed that ere pump-log, and I thought just as like as not them 'stronymers' was all a blamed humbug!'

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING!

Translated for the York Herald from Le Seigneur Canadien.

A number of pastors, were assembled for the purpose of discussing some difficult questions, and, among other things, it was asked how it was possible to fulfil the command to pray without ceasing.

'They hazarded different suppositions, and at the close one of the pastors present was charged with preparing a memorial on this subject, to be read in the next monthly assembly; which having been heard by a servant, ignorant in appearance, but full of sense, she cried out:

'What! a whole month to tell the significance of that text! it is one of the easiest to understand in the Bible.'

'Well, well,' said an old pastor, 'what can you tell us about that, Mary? Tell us how you understand it; are you able to pray always?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What! although you have so much to do?'

'Yes, sir, the more I have to do the more I can pray.'

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FOOD FOR CATTLE.

To determine the nutritive value of different substances used for food, is a matter of great importance to every one engaged in feeding farm stock. Unfortunately very little is known on this subject, for scientific analysis and practical feeding are often found at variance, as the two professions are seldom combined.

From an article on this subject in the Genesee Farmer, we give some examples of approximation to the truth by both classes. Seventy-five pounds of clover hay is equal in nutritive value to one hundred pounds of meadow hay, says Boussingault; while some practical feeders say the two kinds are equal, and all estimate clover higher than the man of science.

Again, according to Brassingault, 100 lbs of meadow hay equal 382 lbs of carrots, while the practical Mechi thought 250 lbs was the hay's equivalent. Analysis indicates that 100 lbs of hay is equal 676 lbs of Swedish turnips, while practice indicates only 200 or 300 lbs of these roots. Science calls 100 lbs of hay equal to 391 lbs of mangolds 319 lbs of potatoes, 70 lbs of corn, 55 lbs of wheat, 58 lbs of rye, 60 lbs of oats, 65 lbs of barley, 55 lbs of buckwheat, 27 lbs of peas, and 27 lbs of oil-cake; while actual experience changes the valuable to about 250 mangolds, 200 lbs of potatoes, 54 lbs corn, 45 lbs wheat, 50 lbs rye, 50 lbs oats, 60 lbs of barley, 64 lbs buckwheat, 45 lbs of peas, and 50 oil-cake.

One reason of the difference of opinion is, the different methods and temperatures of feeding. The advantage of any one food is measurably lost by making it the sole of food, while the highest advantage results from judicious admixture. If, as Mechi affirms, the turnip is 90 per cent water, the mangold 88 per cent., and grass 75 per cent., it would seem most too bad, if not positively ruinous, to scour the stomach and systems of an animal with undue quantities of water, when nature teaches that the proportion of dry food should be not less than one-fourth in mild weather, and one-half in cold.

A bullock, consuming 150 lbs of turnips daily, takes into his stomach thirteen and a half gallons of water with fifteen pounds of dry food, while experience proves that four gallons of water daily is a full allowance for such an animal. The proportion of water to dry food to keep a horse in good condition is about one-half, but a larger proportion of water might endanger the health, as it certainly would the fat and muscle of the animal. The fullest nutrition of food can never be safely tasted separately or with uniform results.—N. Y. World.

A FIRST-RATE TEMPERANCE TALK.—A captain of a packet vessel sailing from New York to Liverpool, says he never heard but one temperance talk that was worth anything, but that was 'first rate.' He once went to a temperance meeting at Liverpool, to oblige a friend, and a good-looking, well-dressed man was called upon to address the meeting. He now stood up before the meeting, and he said he never had made a speech in his life, and did not believe he ever should, for it was not in him. However, he would tell what temperance had done for him. When he used to drink, somehow, he never was well; could never pay his quarter's rent, nor his weekly bills, nor clothe himself nor his family decently; but now that he had left off drinking, his rent was punctually paid to the day, he had no weekly accounts—for he had ready money. They all saw how he appeared and was dressed. And, taking a nice looking woman by the hand, he said, 'You see how my wife and children look in health and appearance. Well, their food and dress is all paid for; and if you want to see how my house is furnished, come and see me at home any evening except church night, which is Tuesday, and this meeting, which is Thursday, and you will find me in as well furnished a room as any one needs. Besides this, I have a hundred pounds in the savings' bank.—'This is all I can say to-night.' And he sat down. He had said enough.

'There's more in that fellow's head than you suspect.' 'No, there ain't,' said Dick, 'for I always thought he had 'em.'

ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.—A French paper has the following:—'The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long and assiduous courtship, to a lady, his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol. So he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle-field.—During his absence it happened that his beautiful fiance contracted the small pox, and after hovering between life and death for many days, recovered her health to find her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion. A year passed away, when one day the Count, upon his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely muffled in a double veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told the story of her sorrows, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hands above he exclaimed, 'It's God's work. I am blind.' It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon ball had passed so closely by his eyes, that while it left their expression unchanged, and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him for ever of sight. It is unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly after solemnized. It is said that at this day may often be seen at the Emperor's reception an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled, who seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.'

A BENEVOLENT METHOD OF SERVING ONE'S SELF.—An Italian gentleman, with great sagacity, devised a very productive pump, and kept it in action at little expense. The garden wall of his villa adjoined the great high road leading from one of the capitals of Northern Italy, from which it was distant but a few miles. Possessing within his garden a fine spring of water, he erected on the outside of the wall a pump for public use; and chaining to it a small iron ladle, he placed near it some rude seats for the weary traveller, and by a slight roof of climbing plants protected the whole from the mid-day sun. In this delightful shade the tired and thirsty travelers on that well-beaten road ever and anon reposed and refreshed themselves, and did not fail to put in requisition the services which the pump so opportunely presented to them. From morning till night, many a dusty and way-worn pilgrim plied his handle, and went on his way, blessing the liberal proprietor for his kind consideration of the passing stranger. But the owner of the villa was deeply acquainted with human nature. He knew that in that sultry climate the liquid would be more valued from its scarcity, and from the difficulty of acquiring it. He, therefore in order to enhance the value of the gift, wisely arranged the pump, so that its spout was of rather contracted dimensions, and the handle required a moderate application of force to work it. Under these circumstances, the pump raised far more water than could pass through its spout; and, to prevent its being wasted, the surplus was conveyed by an invisible channel to a large reservoir judiciously placed for watering the proprietor's own house stables, and garden, into which about five pails were poured for every spoonful passing out of the spout for the benefit of the weary traveler. Even this latter portion was not entirely neglected, for the waste pipe conveyed the part which ran over from the ladle to some delicious strawberry beds at a lower level. Perhaps, by a small addition to this benevolent arrangement, some kind-hearted travelers might be induced to indulge their mules and asses with a taste of the same cool and refreshing fluid, thus paying an additional tribute to the skill and sagacity of the benevolent proprietor. My accomplished friend would doubtless make a most popular chancellor of the exchequer, should his Sardinian majesty require his services in that department of administration.

A MODERN JONAH.—A whale was caught and towed to the Isle of Dogs, England, some time ago, and the late Mr. Clift went down to see it. He found it on the shore, with its huge mouth propped open with several poles. In his great eagerness to make an examination of the internal parts of the mouth, Mr. Clift stepped inside the mouth, between the lower jaws, where the tongue is situated. The tongue is a huge spongy mass, and being at that time exceedingly soft from exposure to the air, gave way like a bag; at the same time he slipped forward toward the whale's gullet, nearly as far as he could go. Poor Mr. Clift was really in a dangerous predicament; he sank lower and lower into the substance of the tongue and gullet, till he nearly disappeared altogether. He was short in stature, and in a few seconds would have doubtless lost his life in the horrible oily mass, had no assistance been quickly afforded him. It was with great difficulty that a boat-hook was put in requisition, and the good little man hauled out of the whale's gullet.

AN AWKWARD MISFAKE.—The following story, in connection with the late Principal Taylor of the University of Glasgow, is sufficiently ludicrous. Lord had been on a visit to Glasgow, and wishing a suit of clothes for a special purpose, requested the waiter of his hotel to send for the principal tailor in the city. In a short time, a venerable-looking person was ushered into his lordship's presence. 'Are you the principal tailor here?' said his lordship.

'I am, at your service,' replied the visitor. His lordship proceeded to explain that he was desirous of procuring a well-made suit of black clothes.

'Ah,' said the visitor, 'I see there has been a mistake; you had sent for a principal tailor, and your message has been misunderstood. It is our duty to give the debt as well as the debt's due; and therefore place to the credit of Will Speir the capital retort which forms the subject of this anecdote. Will, as was his usual practice, was taking the nearest way through the Earl of E.—'s premises, the Earl made after him, and called out to him, in the act of crossing a fence, 'Come back; that's no the road! Do ye ken,' said Will, 'whaur I'm goun'?' 'No,' replied the Earl, 'Weel, how the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?'

A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight.

'Never mind that,' said the man of dough, 'you will have the less to carry.'

'True,' replied the lad, and throwing three half pence on the counter, left the shop.

The baker called after him, saying that he had not left money enough.

'Never mind that,' said young sooty, 'you will have the less to count.'

At a church collection for missions, the preacher said: 'My Christian brethren, let me caution those of you who put in buttons, not to break off the eyes. It spoils them for use, and they will not pass among the heathen for coin.'

'There's more in that fellow's head than you suspect.'

'No, there ain't,' said Dick, 'for I always thought he had 'em.'

'There's more in that fellow's head than you suspect.'