

B. M. J. P. ?
Geo. A. B. "Report"

100
M Tooley, Esq

Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.
WRITTEN IN LUCRETTIA'S SIXTEENTH YEAR.
The following beautiful lines, from Lucretia to her mother, are such a sweet epitome of maternal love, that they must find their way to every heart.
O, thou, whose care sustained my infant years,
And round my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wore—
To thee my lay is due, the simple song
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart, indulgent, will not spurn my lay.
O, say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like mine for thee?
Who would have smil'd responsive? Who, in grief,
Would e'er have felt and, feeling, griev'd like thee?
Who would have guarded with a falcon eye
Each trembling step, each step of fear?
Who would have mark'd my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?
Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fann'd with anxious hand my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip
In all the agony of love and woo?
None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom had faded in the midnight watch;
Whose eye for me has lost its witchery,
Whose form has lost disease's midwifed touch.
Yes; thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of the youthful bloom—
Yes; thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That who hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom;
O, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee;
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

Literature.

The Wonderful Housemaid

BY CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Where were the crowds that had flock'd about them as they left their shore? Alas! the widow and her child found none of them. Alone, and unaided, they were left to stem the torrent of adversity. Theirs was a trite story. One and another thing that tried to do, but the obdurate they rested on the dead man's grave followed his living darlings, till poverty, in its most cruel sense, pressed heavily upon them.
"Let us go where we are unknown," said Ellen, passionately, yet mournfully, one evening, as, after a futile search for employment, she returned to their humble lodgings, and buried her weeping face in her mother's bosom. "They'll kill me with their cold proud looks. I'd rather beg my bread of strangers than ask honest employment of these scornful ones, who trample so flippantly upon our sacred griefs."
And they gathered up the remnant of their treasures, and silently, secretly, lest the same should fly before them, went to a lonely home in the city, where they found them. There they readily procured needlework, and all they could do, for their fingers beautified every garment that passed through their hands. But the song of the shirt was the only one they could sing. "Night brought no rest to the weary day, and though twenty, instead of the twelve hours of the Bible were spent in toil, they were famished and frozen."
"Mother," said Ellen, one evening, as the hour of midnight found them still at work, "this is too much for woman. I shall sew no longer."
"But what will you do, darling?" and Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale thin face, "shall we starve?"
"Mother, there was resolution in that tone now, 'mother, I shall hire out as housemaid; don't attempt to dissuade me, my mind is determined. It is as honorable as this—I shall earn as much, if not more than now; I shall save my board; I shall have my nights for rest.' She pleaded till she won at least a tearful consent, and entered the service of Mr. Summers.

The York Herald,

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he returned. As he was hastening from the depot, turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he had dreamed every night of his absence, and beside her, little golden haired Nell.
"Uncle Herbert," cried the child, and embraced him passionately. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come home. We missed you so much." Then freeing himself from her arms she said, gracefully, and here is dear Ellen, too, ain't you glad to see her again?"
Ellen blushed, but the young man so courteously extended his hand to her that she could not refuse it.
"I am happy to see Miss Seymour enjoying this beautiful day," said he in low, gentle tones as respectfully as if addressing a queen.
"And I am happy to see Mr. Lincoln looking so well," responded the lady with a quiet dignity, and she passed along.
"But where are you going, little niece?" said Herbert to Nell, detaining her a moment.
"Oh, to see Grandmamma Seymour, she is such a sweet lady too. Ellen took me there once, and it made me so happy that mother lets me go now whenever she does," and she tripped away.
Herbert walked rapidly to the first corner, then turned and deliberately retraced his steps and followed the two, till he learned the street and number of Ellen's home.
That night as he carefully examined his bureau, it occurred to him that his supply of linen was quite deficient, and forthwith he purchased a goodly sized parcel of the raw material, and at an early hour the next day was knocking at the door of the dilapidated house which he had seen Ellen enter. Through vault-like halls and up rickety staircases he wended his way till he found Mrs. Seymour's room. The beautiful and saintly face of the widowed mother fascinated him as completely as had the daughter's and with a reverential tone he opened his errand. While she inspected the linen, and made inquiry as to the particular way he would have it made up his eye glanced eagerly over the room. The exquisite taste of the housemaid was visible everywhere.—Geraniums and roses smiled in the winter's sunbeams that crept so lovingly into the narrow casement; the white muslin that draped them hung in folds graceful as snow-dreaths; penicils as rich almost as mezz-tints, hung upon the walls; the rockers were cushioned with rose colored muslin; bits of cloth, gorgeous in hue as Autumn leaves, woven into mats, relieved the bare floor of its scanty look; and a guitar leaned under the tiny mirror, and a few costly books were scattered in an artistic-like manner hither and thither, wherever the rambling eye would wish to see pinned some beautiful thing.
"This is Tuesday," said Herbert; "can I have one by Friday?"
"Oh, yes, and sooner if you should desire it."
"Not sooner, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem even now to say that you have done so."
"It is the lot of the seamstress," said the lady, calmly but sadly.
"The young man could not trust his voice to reply and hastened away. In his office he gave way to his feelings. "She the beloved and the beautiful, toiling in mental service, and that angel-like mother sewing for her living. It shall be so no longer. Thank God for riches," and he seized his pen and inscribed these words on a slip of paper. "An honest debt due your husband, he enclosed bank notes for five hundred dollars, and addressed the envelope to Mrs. Seymour, of—street, dropping it into the post office.
Could he have seen the grateful tears that stole down the widow's cheeks, and heard her soul-touching prayers, as she received it that evening, he would have realized the full force of the text. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
"Oh, that it were Ellen's evening at home," said she, "thank Heaven I may now have her all to myself again. With this sum in hand we can be comfortable without tasking ourselves as severely as heretofore. My beautiful child shall be no longer a mendicant."
Impatiently she awaited Friday evening, for then Ellen would surely be with her again. But that evening came and went, and she was left alone. A sudden and severe ill-

ness had attacked Mrs. Summers and when Herbert entered her house on the evening of the same day he had sent the generous gift, he found it full of sorrow.—The physicians only shook their heads sadly, when asked if there was any hope and when the loving ones gazed on the white face of the sick one and marked the intensity of her agony, they turned away with fainting hearts. Now, the full beauty of the housemaid's character was developed. Instinctively, they gave up all to her. She directed the attendants, she soothed little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George, and spoke so sweetly to the mourning husband and brother, that the spirit of fate seemed in their midst. To the sick woman she was in very truth a ministering angel. No hand so softly wiped her brow, so tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweetened the healing draught, brought such cool drink to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministrations, it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flower-crowned.
Day after day, and night after night, found the fair nurse beside her patient.—Paleness gathered on her cheeks and lips, but the same sweet smile played there; lassitude quivered on her lids, but the same hopeful look beamed from the eye; the limbs trembled with weariness, yet obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked in wonder that one so delicate held out so long under such heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, "under God, she is the healer."
And when the crisis came, when Mrs. Summers lay there so deathly that only by pressing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all, when husband, brother, children and friends had stolen softly away, unable longer to restrain their cries, that young girl tarried still, motionless, almost breathless, silent prayers going upward.
"Oh, how dear she was to them all when again she appeared in their midst, and said in her own low, sweet music tones, "You may hope."
"Bless you, bless you, faithful one!" exclaimed Mr. Summers, as he wound his arms around her.
"Henceforth, you are one of the treasures of our household, the sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nellie and George, and thank her. Under Heaven you owe to her, your mother's life." Little wet faces were pressed to hers, and passionate kisses brought fresh roses into her cheeks. Then a manly hand, oh, how its pressure thrilled her nerves, grasped her, and a full, rich voice murmured "our angel sent by God."
On a bright and glorious morning, in the month of roses, a splendid equipage drove from the city mansion of Mr. Summers. It held a family party, his wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nellie, puny, though out of all danger; the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter and spring's nursing; Mr. Summers, his fine face all aglow with chastened joy, and Herbert Lincoln, looking as though a lifetime of happiness and joy was crowded into that moment.
It was the first long drive the physicians had permitted the invalids, and they knew not where they were going at least none but Herbert.
Ellen declined going at first. "I have seen my mother so little of late," said she, gently, "I think I must spend the holiday with her."
But they said no, and promised if she would go with them, then they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked, as consenting at length, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in all his life, and longed with a frenzy he had never felt before, to fold her to his heart; the shrine which had been sacred to her from the first moment of meeting.
"What a lovely home!" exclaimed Ellen, as leaving the main road they branched off into a splendid avenue,

lined with graceful elms, and came in view of a small but elegant mansion, with rose vines, and embowered in rare shrubbery. "I trust it holds happy hearts."
"Yes," said Lincoln, warmly, "that it does, and we will to-day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop."
Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed like a beaming of light into fairy land, that beautiful place, those scenes so long pent up in the chambers of sickness.
They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the Graces, so charmingly, were beauty and utility blended. A moment they waited ere the rustling of satin announced the approach of a lady, to whom they were making such an unceremonious call.
She entered, and in a second Nellie Summers was clasping her around the neck.—"Grüdin mma Seymour, the fairies did not come to you, as you told me last week perhaps they could drink to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministrations, it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flower-crowned.
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AN ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF ITALY.—In a new work entitled 'The King of Italy, his family, and Court,' we find the following anecdote of King Victor Emmanuel:—"Among the Piedmontese soldiers who most distinguished themselves during the late campaign was a sergeant of artillery named Vigna, who lost an arm by a cannon ball at San Martino. His Majesty, when visiting the wounded day after the battle, was struck by the young soldier's cheerful countenance, and asked him the nature of his wound. The young man showed his mutilated limb, and received the King's assurance that he should not be forgotten. After making inquiries respecting the young sergeant, his Majesty ordered his name to be inserted on the list of promotions as officer. Some weeks after, the King, meeting him again, inquired if he had received his commission, and, on receiving a negative answer, said that he would see to it, and be, accordingly, gave fresh orders, which he thought were to be executed. Some months later, however, during a review at Turin, the King saw a young sergeant approach him, showing the stump of his left arm. His Majesty recognized him, nodded, but took no further notice at the time. On his return to the palace, however, he sent for General de la Marmora, and made inquiries as to the non-execution of his orders. It was then ascertained that the young man's promotion had been delayed under pretext of economy. His Majesty directed the commission to be at once sent to the sergeant, with a command for him to present himself at the palace as soon as he had got his uniform. Of course the young officer lost no time in attending to the royal behest, and when he was admitted into the king's presence, his Majesty asked him if he had a horse. "Not yet, sire," said he. "Then go to my stables and choose one, replied the king, 'and come and try him before my windows.' Vigna made choice of a fine thoroughbred horse, and rode up and down before the window where his Majesty stood. 'Well, how do you like him?' inquired Victor Emmanuel. 'Ah, sire, it is a pity so fine an animal should be so headstrong. He would be awkward in the artillery.' 'Well, then, go and choose another.' The young officer soon after came again on a beautiful chestnut horse, which he declared would suit him admirably. 'I should think so,' said the king, laughing, 'for he carried me twelve hours at Palestro, and never even started. You have made a capital choice. Keep him, and may good fortune attend you.'

SHOULD MANURE BE APPLIED IN THE SPRING OR FALL?
"Our object should be, first to keep the manure in a heap within as small bounds as possible, and not let it go through the leaching process. Second, let us apply all manure that is on hand to the spring crops. By this means we gain much; we have more time to draw it out, the weather is cool and the manure not subject to evaporate; and third, we have it in our use four or five months in advance of the old fogg system. Then, if we wish, these spring crops can be followed by wheat in the fall. By that time the manure will have become thoroughly mixed and amalgamated with the soil, and we may look for a good result. I have strongly advocated the application of coarse manure to corn, as the roots are of a more searching nature than those of smaller grains."
The English farmers, as a general rule, apply the bulk of their manure to the turnip crop. The turnip does not occupy that place in our rotation that it does in England, and, we believe, never will. Our cold winters and hot summers are against its extensive cultivation as a renovating crop. At present we have no crop that is to us what the turnip is to the English farmer—no crop that can truly be termed a 'fallow crop'—no crop that at once serves to clean and enrich the soil. Our great American cereal, Indian corn, allows the free use of the horse-hoe, but its growth does not enrich the soil. Beans come nearer to what we want. They impoverish the soil but little, and, being planted in rows or hills, allow us to clean the land. Our principal renovating plant is *real clover*. Till we discover something better, we must depend principally on clover to enrich our land. "Manure your green crops," is the English rule. "Insure me a crop of turnips," says the British farmer, "and I will insure you every crop in the rotation." Acting on this principle, it follows, from the preceding considerations, that we should apply our manure to clover. This is contrary to the generally received opinion, and we state it hesitatingly. Such a method of manuring may not produce the most immediate benefit, but where farmers keep plenty of stock, where clover hay for winter feeding is properly appreciated, and where one of the chief objects is to make manure and keep up the fertility of the farm, we think it will be found in the end better than to apply the manure directly to grain crops.
But will not manure spread out on the fields lose its strength? There may be a little loss, but not enough to form any serious objection to this plan.

FROM REV. CESAR OTTAWAY'S 'Sketches in Eriss and Tyrleys,' it appears that the practice lingered in the remote west of Ireland as late as the year 1840! And from a paper 'On the breed of horses in Scotland in the Ancient Times printed in the first volume of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland,' we find the same custom was practiced in that country as late as the year 1792.—Progress of Cultivation.
TO PREVENT ROT IN DWELLING HOUSES.—Make two or more openings in the external walls, and put gratings on them to keep out vermin, from below the basement floor. Insert a tile pipe into the fire-wall with one end open to the space below the floor, and carry the pipe up the centre of the fire-wall as close as possible to the fire flue, and out at the chimney head. The air in the pipe will be rarefied, being in close contact with the fire flue, thus causing a continuous upward flow, sweeping the place below the floor of all the foul air, which, in my opinion, is the chief cause of dry rot.—The whole of the apartments in the house may be ventilated by means of this pipe, by inserting a tube into it at the level of the ceiling, with a valve in it to prevent down draught. I have adopted this system for the last ten years, because I know of no better.—*Bailear, London.*
HOW TO GET EARLY TOMATOES.—An eminent gardener thus writes:—"A good large turnip is far better than any hot-bed for propagating early tomatoes. Cut off the top, and set out to a shell three quarters of an inch thick. Fill the cavity with rich mould, plant half-a-dozen seeds, and place the turnip in a box of loam. Keep in a warm room, in a place having an eastern exposure, if possible, and sprinkle with tepid water every day until there is no longer any danger from frost, then remove the turnip to an out down bed, and thin out all but one plant. Should the turnip shell put out shoots, pluck them off, and the shell will soon rot, affording a fertilizer to the tomatoe plant, that will send it ahead wonderfully. A dozen or so of turnips thus tomatised, will afford an abundant supply of early tomatoes for any ordinary family.
HOT BEDS.—You who love the garden, and intend that your tables shall be graced with the delicacies of the season, will not forget to prepare the hot-bed in good time.—Do not look upon it as a scientific operation, one requiring a carpenter or any other artisan to construct it, but take the square, saw and hammer, and make it yourself in double quick time. Purchase the sash, if you have no old one. In some sheltered and sunny spot, throw out the earth to the depth of a foot, fill in with horse manure, and on that six inches of fine loam or leaf mould, and put on the glass. Water properly, and when the whole is sufficiently warm put in the seed.
PEAS.—A light dry soil, not over rich, suits the pea. If they grow too vigorously and show no sign of bloom, run a spade along about eight inches from the row straight down, and thereby root prune them. Do this each side of the row, and they will bloom in a few days.—Plant as early as the ground can be worked, and again every two weeks for succession throughout the season. Plant in single or double rows from 4 to 6 feet apart, according to the different heights, about an inch apart in the row, and 3 inches deep; hoe often. In dry weather peas should be soaked in soft water 5 or 6 hours before planting, and if ground is very dry it should be watered in the hills.
A letter was received in New Orleans directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the letter. "And what become of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened the letter myself." "And what did you find in it?" "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"
A day's hearing.—A beggar while on his rounds one day this week, called on a clergyman (within two and a half miles of the Cross of Kilmarnock), who, obeying the Biblical injunction of clothing the naked, offered the beggar an old top-coat. It was immediately rolled up, and the beggar, in going away with it under his arm, thoughtfully (!) remarked, "I'll hae tae g'ie ye a day's hearing for this."

HISTORY OF THE PLOW.

The first plow is supposed to be the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft at the point, which dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped a furrow into which seeds were thrown. It soon occurred to the husbandman that he might relieve his labor by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument, then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back so that the plow might be guided. The strength of the animal soon wore away or broke the cleft of the branch and the necessity gave rise to the invention of means for attracting movable shares, first of wood, and next of stone, copper or iron worked to a shape adopted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor arising from the plowman's having to lean upon the plow with all his weight to press it into the earth. Just such implements as these conjectures indicate was used by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plow are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of 'plowing by the horse's tail.' The draught-horse was lashed to the tail of the plow, and, as no harness was employed, two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plow, the other to direct the horse, which he did by walking backwards before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required. This custom prevailed for a considerable time, in spite of a law which was passed in the early part of the seventeenth century imposing severe penalties upon persons found guilty of 'plowing by the horse's tail, as in the act mentioned and described.'

AFRICA AND ITS RESOURCES.—Mr. Lyons McLeod writes to the Times:—"It is a well-attested fact that from Western Africa (shipping port Lagos) cotton in abundance may be purchased at 21 per lb.; and, allowing for exorbitant overcharge for cleaning, freight, &c., it may be sold from the same locality in Liverpool at 44 per lb. This cotton is equal in quality to New Orleans (which has never sold under 54, and has fetched 91 per lb.) at 61 per lb.; proving beyond doubt that from Western Africa, which is nearer our shores than the cotton districts of America, we may obtain the same amount of cotton for £20,000,000 per annum. The United States are cotton manufacturers as well as cotton producers; the slaves in the South being clothed in cotton made at the north, instead of the former receiving it manufactured from us in payment of the raw materials. The consequence has been that during the last fourteen years our imports from America have exceeded our exports to America by above £112,000,000 sterling. In other words, we are obliged to pay the United States £8,000,000 sterling per annum in gold for the supply of cotton. In Western Africa—the Yoruba country and along the valley of the Niger—the natives are ready to supply any amount of cotton for Manchester and Glasgow manufacturers, besides opening the markets of the country to the active competition which will arise for shipbuilding timber, palm oil, shea butter, divedwoods, ground nuts, indigo, sugar, gums, copper, &c.; all of which must be purchased by the British manufacturers, giving us a balance of trade as much in our favor as it is now against us with the United States.

"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins."
"Yes, very pleasant indeed." "Good day for the race?" "Race, what race?"
"The human race." "Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one with which I sold Day."
"Day, what day?" "The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.
An unhappy British merchant writes to a London paper his complaints of female extravagance, and says his three daughters' clothes cost him \$10,000 per annum. He pretends that he wouldn't grumble if his dinner was always dressed as well as his family.
Night brings us stars as sorrow shows us truths; we can never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.