

Poetry.

"LOVED AT HOME."

I never had a ten-pound note, I care not who may know, Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor eught that's worn for show; I've earn'd each meal I've had for years by honest daily toil, Yet few have had a morrier heart or worn a gladder smile.

Literature.

THE AMBASSADOR, CHAPTER I.

GERMANY is possessed of an infinite number of little principalities, which are a mine of wealth to the romance writers and vaudevilleists.—The imagination is excited by the story of these little kings and little ministers, who are about as much consequence, and do about as much mischief good and evil as big kings and big ministers.

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very little about these foreign husbands. Besides these, there were two other individuals at court who sighed after her highness—the Baron Muller and the Count Reimberg.—The baron was forty, the count was but thirty years old. He was good-looking, gallant, well educated, and perhaps stood some chance of success with the noble dame.

point of seeing, at least, the one I was to marry, she consents to renounce the foreign prince, and talks of the Baron Muller. 'The baron, madame! an old man—foolish, ridiculous, miserly, who thinks more of your wealth than your beauty, your grace, or your intellect! Rather vow an eternal celibacy than marry such a man!'

'But, in heaven's name! who was this stranger, whom I have caused to be sought for everywhere?' 'He, of whose sentiments I have just now spoken; he is—my friend.'

Cerigny looked after him for a while, and then burst into a hearty laugh. The princess had never seen the letter, which had been lost by a careless servant, and which Cerigny had found. At court, necessity justifies everything. The letter contained nothing which could have rendered the princess hostile to the Prince of Homburg, because she had just told him that no union between them would ever take place; but it gave him the means of getting rid of the ambassador, by frightening him. He had rightly judged his courtier's name; obsequious, crawling, bending, and trembling beneath his master's glance; a weak mind, easy conscience, ready to play any part, not from devotedness, but from ambition and from the fear of losing the favour of which he was already possessed.

ACCLIMATING A PLOW. The other day we were riding past a large farm, and were much gratified at a device of the owner for the preservation of his tools. A good plow, apparently new in the spring, had been left in one corner of the field, standing in the furrow, just where, four months before, the boy had finished his stent. Probably the timber needed seasoning—it was certainly getting it. Perhaps it was left out for acclimation. May be the farmer left it there to save time, in the hurry of the spring work, in dragging it from the shed. Perhaps he covered the share to keep it from the elements, and save it from rusting. Or, again, perhaps he is troubled with neighbors that borrow, and left it where it would be convenient for them. He might, at least, have built a little shed over it.

A CURIOUS ITEM OF HISTORY.

Old Hickory, according to Rev. William Henry Milburn, was not quite so much of a Fire Eater after all, in his French War Message. We find the following anecdote related in 'Ten Years of Preacher Life.' The throat of Gen. Jackson to declare war against France, in the event of a refusal on the part of that power to pay up the indemnity due to merchants. In their terror they had sought the services of a Judge of the Supreme Court, who was known to be an intimate friend of the old hero, to lay the matter before the President and entreat his forbearance.

CAMEOS, AND HOW THEY ARE CUT.

Rome is now the chief seat of the art of cameo-cutting, two kinds of which are produced—those cut in hard stone, and those cut in shell. The stones more valuable for this purpose are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx, provided they have at least two different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for this purpose if it has four or five different colored parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in making the device of cameo. For example, a specimen of stone which has four parallel layers may be used for a cameo of Minerva, where the ground would be dark-grey, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brown or grey.

APPLE TREE ROOTS.

Farmers ought to know more of the spread of apple tree roots.—We sometimes hear people say that these roots spread out as far as the lianas. Therefore when they set a tree they dig around it, and cultivate the soil as far from the trunk as the roots are supposed to extend. We have heard old farmers assert that, in their opinion, the roots of the apple tree extend out as far from the trunk as do the limbs of the tree. This is admitting a great deal; for many farmers go on the supposition that the roots are not half so long as the branches; therefore they dig a small hole, in a grass field, as large as a wash tub, and expect a tree to thrive and make limbs when the roots have no chance to extend and obtain nourishment from the soil. We find in our orchard, set out but seven years ago, that the roots of the trees now extend from tree to tree, twenty-five feet apart. The ground has been belonging to what is called the 'coffin tone,' and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about 4,000; and all this is contrived, not only for the conveyance of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.

The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, and nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the 'coffin bone,' and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about 4,000; and all this is contrived, not only for the conveyance of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

CHAPTER II. The ambassador retired in haste.