

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Oh friend! I thought many a year has flown, And we have somewhat wiser grown...

Time brings a philosophic mind, Time takes more than the leaves behind— Time is a thief of joys...

Time, with his scythe and hour-glass stands To reap the harvest of our land— To shorten prosperous days...

Much fault is found with Father Time, In faults and speeches, prose and rhyme, But we will not upbraid...

Who says that age makes friendship cold? A true affection ne'er grows old, But lasts like mountain pines...

I wish that, round our mutual souls, While earth upon its axis rolls, The vines of love that run...

Our large affection might survive, And be as brightly kept alive, When we are not so near...

Old friend, 'tis something in these hours Of work and hurry, when the flowers Of feeling scarcely bloom...

The Governor's First Love.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

If there is any one who needs the philosophy of this world's changes, to make him wiser and better, by bringing hope to his despair...

It would be a pity, reader, think back twenty years, and see where and how you stood in the world then...

Twenty names and twenty years! Ah! here they come—substance and shadow—the living and dead...

Foremost of the group, I beheld a bright, gay, fascinating and beautiful little being, who seemed born to love and be loved...

Next I recall an aspiring youth—proud, wealthy, and ambitious—bending his whole energies to academic honors and collegiate distinction...

The York Herald.

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blooming, beautiful girl of eighteen, who said, in a rather quick and apparently excited tone: 'Ah! Walter—so it is you? Walk in!'

'Yes, I am well, replied the girl, hurriedly, as she closed the door and led the way to the sitting-room, when she motioned her guest to be seated, though without showing any inclination to sit herself.

The young man paused, keeping his face, hazel eyes steadily fixed upon the other, who now, with averted head, seemed much embarrassed and disconcerted.

'I am four years your senior, Mary, and have loved you from infancy. It was my delight as a child, when you were a mere infant, to hold you in these arms...

'About one year ago, then, Mary, the young man went on, with deep feeling, while his listener grew deadly pale and trembled violently.

'Well, I went home happy, as I have said—but how long did my happiness last?—The very next time I met you, you seemed troubled and displeased...

to you, and I have come trembling with hope and fear. Oh! Mary—dear Mary, shall I venture to call you!—am I here to learn from your lips that the past is forgotten! and that henceforth I am to be again enraptured with your esteem?

to his Excellency, which he quietly and courteously received. 'This,' he said after a few minutes silence, during which he was engaged in unrolling and perusing a lengthy document...

'I am sorry for it, madam—because it is hard for a man of feeling to deny the petition of a wife in behalf of him she has solemnly vowed to love and honor...

'Can this be true? and am I thus suddenly made wretched forever? I groaned young Walter Harwood, as he buried his face in his hands, and rocked to and fro in an indescribable agony of mind.

'White she was thus speaking in a wild, impassioned strain, she impulsively threw back her heavy veil, and revealed to the astonished gaze of her listener the pale, care-worn, but still beautiful features of a woman fast verging upon forty.

'Do my eyes deceive! or do I behold in this kneeling figure the once happy Mary Ellsworth?' he exclaimed the moment her music voice ceased.

'Just Heaven! who speaks that name! almost shrieked the kneeling petitioner, starting suddenly to her feet, clasping her temples with her hand, and fixing her eyes in wild amazement upon the ruler of the State.

The interview of these two beings, after a lapse of nineteen years, was, if anything more painful than the one already recorded. She freely told him of all her troubles and sorrows; how her parents, having been induced to sell their property...

'Conduct her hither,' replied the Governor; and as she approached, rose, advanced a few paces, politely handed her a seat, and resumed his own.

The lady, who was dressed in deep mourning, with a black, heavy veil entirely concealing her features, and I have been an unhappy being ever since. Now, after a long painful lapse, your note has brought me

life of trial and tribulation would not be always supportable. When poor Mary Wilder left the presence of the Governor, it was with the assurance that her husband should soon receive a pardon...

The sequel may be told in a few words. One year later, the even record of twenty years, Governor Harwood was united, by the holy rite of marriage, to his first and only love; and it is the earnest prayer of all who knew them, that their future may be blessed with a happiness that their past has never known.

Through or four years ago I made a passage from the Cape to Liverpool, and landed at the latter place about seven o'clock on Sunday morning. When I had reached the Waterloo Hotel, and had breakfasted, it occurred to me that I was in the same town with the celebrated Dr. McNeill.

'Will he preach to-day?' 'How do I know?' 'It's a civil question, my friend, and deserves a civil answer.'

'Well he is not going to preach!' 'Then good morning to you!' and I left him and discoursing.

MISS MARTINEAU ON CRINOLINE.—Do the petticoats of our time serve as anything but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock.

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'Have pity on a poor blind woman!' cried an athletic beggar man to a passer by. You must be mad as well as blind, was the answer; 'you look more like a stout able man than a poor blind woman.'

'Ain't there no exceptions to your law about punching a fellow?' said a scamp to a Yankee judge.—'No, sir; no exceptions whatever.'—'Now, Judge, I guess you are mistaken. Suppose for instance, I should brassy-punch a man, what then? No levity in court, sir, Sheriff expose this man to the atmosphere.'

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.—I am only relating a simple fact when I say that almost every error in the use of my poor lungs, stomach, throat, plate, tongue, teeth and nasal organ, had their day with me; and rarely do I hear a clergyman read but I recognise one or more of the same blunders.

POPULAR PREACHING.—Threw or four years ago I made a passage from the Cape to Liverpool, and landed at the latter place about seven o'clock on Sunday morning.

TICKLING A CROCODILE.—'About sunrise on the morning on which we approached the old fort of Mulla-tive, whilst riding over the sandy plain by which it is surrounded, we came suddenly upon a crocodile asleep under some bushes of the buffalo thorn...

THE ASTRONOMICAL MUMMY.—The following extract is taken from one of Professor Mitchell's lectures on astronomy, in the Philadelphia Press:—A very remarkable fact was here related by the lecturer, who said that he had not long since met in the city of St. Louis, a man of great scientific attainments, who for forty years had been engaged in Egypt in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the ancients.

CREDITORS AND POOR RELATIONS NEVER MEET AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.—Creditors and poor relations never meet at the right moment.

NECESSITY OF HOME INSTRUCTION.

It is the nature of a child to imitate what is around it. The influence of example is as certain as the action of the air upon the body. Influences educate the child long before it is large enough to be sent from home to school.

Another of the alarming evils in our day is the circulation of demoralizing publications. Earnest warning utterances on this subject have often fallen from the pulpit; but the warning cannot be too often repeated.

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