

Portry.

THE VACANT CHAIR.
There is no home, no earthly home—
However bright and clear,
But has some aching bursting heart,

Once there were hearts which gladly beat,
All free from pain and care;
Now crushed, oppressed, they sadly gaze
Upon one vacant chair.

He sported mid the wild-wood flowers
And pulled each bud most rare;
But evening found him at his books,
Within his little chair.

Fond hopes are crushed, the world a blank,
Hearts filled with gloom and despair,
As fearful eyes are fastened on
That angel's vacant chair.

Literature.

A MEDICAL STUDENT'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

In early youth I acquired a taste for books, and as I advanced in years my passion for reading continued to grow stronger and stronger. As might be expected of a boy of my studious habits, I made very good progress, considering the difficulties of various kinds which I had to encounter. No sooner had I emerged from boyhood, than I was found competent by my education to hold an important situation, which of course I accepted.

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of what would be the subject of conversation. When we had walked a little distance from the house, he said 'you want some bones, Mr. Cooper.'

The appointed time arrived. It was a wet and unpleasant evening, and a memorable one in the history of my life. I may forget many important events, but I never can forget the misery I endured on that occasion. I boarded in the house of a worthy mechanic, whom I shall call Mr. Palmer; from him I got a horse and buggy.

right extremity at every jolt gave a loud rap on the bottom of the buggy.

I now tried the virtue of prayer, but it was to no purpose. My prayer seemed to partake more of the nature of blasphemy than fervent devotion to Him whom I was accustomed to worship.

Mr. Palmer was not long fathoming the secret; he watched my dark lantern movements very closely, and soon became acquainted with the whole matter. He made no secret of his discovery; indeed to my mortification he told it to everybody.

and has to sew for us by peace-meals. I wish 'twas always summer, George like the tropics geography tells us about.

WHAT A SUIT OF CLOTHES CAME TO.

'Mother,' said George Maxwell, 'there's a poor boy in our school who I wish had some of my clothes. The boys call him Pinch, he looks so pinched; but he is real clean, his knees and elbows are well padded; he was dreadfully cold in school today; I know he was, he kept shivering so.'

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'There's that poor fellow,' they said; 'he is never likely to see his home again.' 'Who is it?' asked a third. 'Don't know his name,' answered one. 'Maxwell, I think,' said the other; 'Maxwell, a down Easter.'

CATS vs. RATS.

We have lately travelled over a large portion of this State, and find grievous complaints of rats everywhere. One farmer told us that they destroyed each year more than one hundred dollars worth of his crops; and some of his neighbors, he declared, were even worse off than he.

It is better to be wrong by wrong by rule, than to be wrong with nothing but the fitful caprices of our disposition to impel us hither and thither.

MORE MANURE.

Did any farmers ever know or hear of a farmer who accumulated on his farm all the manure that he possibly could? It is thought by some good people that this world must ultimately become worn out and barren by cropping.

HO TO PREVENT THE POTATO DISEASE.—Messrs. A. Hardy and Sons, seedgrowers and merchants, Maldon, Essex, who write dolefully of the incessant rains in that part of England, thus speak with respect to the potato disease:—'Pray do, as soon as symptoms appear of the plague spot in the leaves (it is too late when it is far advanced), advise all to adopt our plan by cutting every atom of the stalks off close to the ground, and clearing them away.'

A 'Jew' Dr. Mor.—Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to make venison, 'No,' said the Baron, 'I never eat venison; don't think it is so cool as mutton.'