

For the York Herald. ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY AT AURORA.

What means the brightness of the clouds! Behold, and view assembled crowds, Anxious to see the joyful day, Their loyal hearts then to display, Look at the flowers, urged to bloom, Ready for the day to come—

For the York Herald. LINES EX TEMPORE. BY J. F. LASH.

The voice of the dead, while it speaks to us here In language of love that lulls us to cheer: Each word that in fondness, each look that was given, Falls like a balm on the wounds of the heart that is riven.

Literature. COUSIN TOM. BY ANNA HASTINGS.

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to recall to your remembrance some of the scenes of your life ten years ago; and let it awaken at least a smile upon your grave face, all that I can now ask of your ministerial dignity.

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Why, Tom? Because the jealous beauty persists in concealing her peerless face behind an odious green veil. Wonder why ladies must always wear veils. I hate them. Decidedly too much like the barbarous Mohammedan customs.

I admire her modesty, though, cousin. Oh yes, of course you do! It's very proper, of course, for females to play to peep behind a thick veil; but so far as I'm concerned, it's decidedly vexatious. I'm half crazy, Anna, to find out who this new belle may be; and I want your help.

I humbly thank you, Master Tom, for your condescension in applying to me in the depths of my plainness and nothingness. So you really think that I will introduce you to a belle radiant with charms, and lose, thereby, the convenience of your arm to concerts and lyceums?

Not at all, my dear cousin. Tom was always remarkably affectionate at such times, and on such errands. I'll be your devoted for the next six weeks. At your service, at all events. Take care, Tom! Don't make rash promises. You don't know what may happen in that time.

Tom threw back his head, and looked fierce. He had a full realization of the dignity appertaining to favored 'lords of creation,' although he was really the easiest subject in the world for woman's control. But hold! I'll not divulge secrets, lest the 'minister's wife' might gain a valuable hint in the management of her liege lord.

The lady in question proved to be a young widow from the better class of Irish. Becoming reduced to earn her livelihood some way, she had accepted the honorable office of chambermaid in the National. But she was desirous of changing her situation for one in a private family; and the knowledge of this fact helped us wonderfully in our arrangements.

What! Be our escort for six weeks to come? I demanded. Yes, Cousin Anna, with all my heart. Do have pity on me, for should the boys get hold of this, I'd have to leave college, and seek some other Alma Mater.

That evening, while Tom was smoking and chatting with a group of my mother's boarders, I took the occasion to remark that I should be glad of his company for a short walk. Certainly, Cousin Anna, he replied, promptly; and may I inquire whether your ladyship will lead me?

In the parlor, I called for Alice, and begged her to inform the Widow McCracken that we would be pleased to see her below. Tom stared at me, but, seeing me perfectly in earnest, whispered: What a barbarous name?

What's in a name? I had just time to reply, when Alice returned with the widow; and, presenting her to me, I immediately introduced her to my dainty cousin. The lady, who had been duly instructed by Alice, advanced towards him, with one arm bared to her shoulder, and grasped his hand. Tom was fairly shocked when his eye fell upon the repulsive face of the widow; but, unable to solve the mystery, he glanced imploringly towards me. I sat perfectly unmoved although I did want to laugh at the poor fellow. He turned to Alice.

Miss Thornton, I think there must have been some mistake. Indeed, an's there a mistake, ver honor? Sure an' Miss Alice towled me ye wished to see me! An' wasn't it this same gentleman, Miss Alice, as sint for the Widow McCracken?

It's a rude set ye are, anyhow, she muttered, as she flung herself from the room. Alice and I confessed our wickedness; but he was not inclined to believe the identity of the widow to his incoherence, until I triumphantly pointed out the lady sallying forth for a walk.

Among the various branches of improvement, perhaps there is none so much neglected as the interesting subject under consideration. When we look around and observe the talented generation of our land, directing so little attention to the pleasing and useful art, we often pause with astonishment at the spirit of the age.

A FEW HINTS UPON MUSIC. BY J. F. LASH.

The self-made singer is too much inclined to believe himself multum in parvo, and as a matter of consequence, beyond the field of improvement. You find him putting up a rugged steap, the officer he slips back the fiercer he gets, until cut and mangled by the jutting rocks of disappointment, he finally settles down approximating the point that he started from.

The next point is to remember that the mutual entertainment in society is obtained by conversation. For this you require temper, of which I have already spoken; confidence of which I shall speak elsewhere; and appropriateness, which has been treated under the head of 'Conversation.' I have already said that the man is the most agreeable to talk to who thinks out of society as well as in it.

It is an unpardonable error to use a faisseto, unless executed with much skill and ability, being totally void of all extraneous impurities of tone. We cannot hide an offensive, unmastertike, ill-managed attempt at faisseto; like the creaking lunge of an old door, or the ginging dischord falling unwelcomed upon the distracted ear, resembling more the noise produced by a cracked bell or a broken wire than the human voice.

A countryman one of the western hotels, wrote after his name, P. O. P. F. C. 'Pray, my dear sir, asked a by-stander what do these letters stand for? 'Stand for? Why, that's my title! 'Yes, sir; but what is your title? 'Why, Professor of Psalmody from Connecticut.'

The Love Knowledge.—I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present; for the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed, upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

There is a brightness about a well-kept home, which neither wealth nor magnificence can impart, unaccompanied by taste. To keep best rooms, or best of anything, to be used only for visitors' accommodation, is not the wisest policy for a wife to adopt; on the contrary, company rooms contrast too greatly with daily living rooms, and suggest unpleasant comparisons.

BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.—'My boy,' said a father to his son, 'be careful about little things. Great things will take care of themselves, but take care of little things, and everything will be taken care of.' A young man once went into the city of Paris to seek a situation. He had letters of recommendation to a large banking establishment.

NIGHT AND REST.—It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remembrances for sins and short-comings, memories of passionate joys or griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad.

THE SMELL OF CHINA.—Every country has a colour or odour peculiar to it. Italy is deep blue, from the transparent water of her lakes, bays, and seas, to the very clouds of the sky; Russia smells of leather; England of coal; in Africa the sand, the sky, and the natural productions are all yellow; and China smells of musk from one end to the other.

At a tea-party, recently, the character of an acquaintance was being discussed, when one gentleman remarked that the milk of human kindness did not run in his veins.

STRANGE PEOPLE.—Prof. Newberry, at the scientific congress, gave an incidental account of the Mogui, a strange people he had seen in new Mexico. He included to consider them a remnant to the Toltecs, who were displaced by the Aztecs.

COMFORT OF HOME.—A powerful attraction to a home is the cultivation of a spirit of neatness and elegance throughout all its arrangements.—The eye scarcely ever wearies of a beautiful prospect or a pleasing picture. The aspect of a home should resemble the latter; it should tell its own tale; its atmosphere should breathe of comfort, and its quiet, simple ornamentation delight the eye.

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SMITHS, telling of some of his trials, says he had been shipwrecked once, was burnt out twice, and had to pay the notes of his friends for whom he had endorsed, fell through a man-trap in the sidewalk and broke his leg, was arrested by the Sheriff on the morning of his marriage for a debt he didn't owe; but all these evils he bore without murmuring.

SYMPATHY.—A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very cheerful and unpopular man, put the usual question: 'Are you willing to go, my friend?' 'Oh, yes,' said the sick man, 'I am.' 'Well,' said the simple-minded deacon, 'I am glad you are for all the neighbors are willing.'

A pious old gentleman told his son not to go, under any circumstances, fishing on the Sabbath; but if he did, 'by all means to bring home the fish.'