Portry.

The Past ! the Past ! oh, what a tide Does Memory pour upon the breast; What visions use—what phantoms glide To fill the brain and break the rest!

Though few the waves of life may be That shell have closed, yet all will find More sugged strands then golden sands, More weeds then pearls are left behind.

The Past! the Past! how many one Comes back again in that sad word, The cheri-hed form for ever good, The voice of music new unheard!

It brings the hounts of Childhood's day, Our hours of sport, our should of mirth; Our schoolmates and our early play, When paradise was linked with earth-

No matter where those hannts might be, In city streets or mountain soul Long years may roll, but yet the coul Will hold them loved and unforgot

They are remembered as a flawer Of richest tint, its blooms gone by ; Or as the string of sweetest power That, broken, wakes the minstrels sigh;

As rainbow of a bright fresh morn,

That storms have scattered and o ereast-As all that to a heart outworn Is suddening as the beauteous past.

We conjure up some gentle eye.

That only told of change ess lave: Some broast that yearned as warmly nigh As nestling to a parent dove.

Pale Thought will sit upon my brow, In busy fancy deeply wrapped;

We start, and ask, 'Whore are they now?'

And then the fairy chain is snapped.

Perchance we nurse some hapless deed Or Folly's wild and reck'ess years, on which the deathless were many feed, Or vain rehentance shed its tours.

The Past ! the Past ! there may be those Who never dwell man such theme: Whose pulse of steel will never feel
One quickened thich in Memory's oream.

But there are those who bleed and weep O'er the 'departed,' e'en in youth Vhose trembling hearts will ever keep Long vanished scenes with cruor to

Such trembling hearts too soon are riven, Light blows will cleave-the wounds

last:
And Faith, portraying future heaven, Is all that can redeem the Past.

Titerature.

COUSINTOM.

BY ANNA HALTINGS

We had a 'rich man' in C—
What village has not? He lived it to call upon her young friend, whom the largest and handsomest house, the largest and handsomest house, drove the finest carriage, and one was a nice and ward of the Deason's; but all in van. The lady swead drove the finest carriage, and one was a nice and ward of the Deason's; but all in van. The lady swead drove the finest carriage, and one was a successful to the outlet of the country and he was a deason in the clurch, and in earlier days, had fifted most of the important offices of the country and increase of the country and increase

maportant offices of the county and to an. All these considerations made Deacon B—— a main of note: but by none was he more truly appreciated and highly respected than by himself and his wife, the sole occupants of the great house, except an old mother, whom no one even a local mother, whom no one even a local mother, whom no one even a local mother whom no one even a local mother, whom no one even a local mother whom no one even a local mother, whom no one even a local mother whom no one local mother whom no one local mother whom no one even a local mother whom no one local mot

consequently, a great excitement in this exertions in checking his runaway the town when it became currently corse.

reported that a handsome coach had Soon after, the little beauty lost the lown when it became currently reported that a handsome coach had been seen to stop before the Deacon's gat, and that, after sundry trunks, and boxes, and bundles had been safely deposited in the strength of the safely deposited in the safely deposited and the new spread rapidly through the town, up College Hill, and among the students. It was a three days when the moon would be in the full, he would seren de the fair charmer. Tom sang delightfully, and, with the factor was the cause of the musual concourse of prople the following screnade highly praced by our young Salbath at church. Every pew, ladies. Accordingly, he selected some new and appropriate songs, led; but it was no loss a palpable and drilled himself thoroughly and colored waiting-women.

dark masses of storat-clouds in win girl lay sleeping.

ter. This much I was obliged to Searcely had his full rich voice.

that I did. I only had time for a hasty glance before the minister began the service.'

about relevant with a sight noise, and an exquigate before the minister began the service.'

about relevant with a wind with a sight noise, and an exquigate before the minister began the service.'

The York Merald. AURORA RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE ANDADVERTISER.

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MICHMOND BILL, PRIDAY, MAY 31, 1561.

Whole No. 131.

The Deacon was an old cur a igeon both agreed, and the Deacon's wile

be so hold as to account it.

But the dear little beauty, added Tom, apprehensively. It will surely kill her to be shut up all winter with those cross old people, without even a young lady friend in whom she can confide.

We had some line evenings, 19st week. Miss Gray, 'Delightfu, Tenjoyed one in particular; the slighting was excellent; and I accompanied uncle to the city.'

'Ah, indeed! I was not aware when you had been a confide.'

she can confide.'
Or even a young gentleman to worship at her shr to and gallant her about.' I added, 'Cervany, hers is a del ful fate.'
For nearly a week, I studiously placed myself in the way of Mrs.

——, hosing she mode mode as a very perceptible smile lurking in her even a section and

an old mother, whom no one ever because he literally "lay at the rich saw outside the gate, and a thin, frightened-looking bound-girl.

There were few so favored in the my brave cousin, for he was so favillage as to exchange calls with the vored, one day, as to receive a grim Deacon's wife; and a visitor was sinde and a gracious ! Thank ye' still more of a rarity. There was, from the old Deacon, in return for

gattery, and even the aisles were filled; but it was no less a palpatic fart that the Deacon's pew received more devout attention than the minister's pulpit.

There she was, true enough, nestled closely to the side of the grain old Deacon, the sweetest creature 1 ever beheld, looking for all the woll have been added only attention that would dark masses of storm-clouds in winging lay sleeping.

Some new and appropriate songs, and successful wooing of Irish chamber made and eclored waiting-women. One finds and colored waiting-women. One finds however, remained to comfort him. Miss Gray layore had been and law of the country and I am not quite sure but she is much of a charmer as ever although years have passed, and the minister and his wife nave grown older and graver beneath their shadows.

remembering full well the scenes of the past. But any slight remark was sufficient to start him off, for ne was greatly excited.

'Wasn't site a beauty, though? Did you observe. Consin Ama, her clear complexion and the pure color tuning her round check—her beautiful eyes, exquisite features, perfect figure, and garceful movement?

No. Master Ton, I cannot say No. Master Too. I cannot say about to leave, the window was his-

Now. Anna, you don't pretend to the intense joy and happiness of the say that you heard a word of the moment, Four serzed the bouquet sermon to-day? *Indeed I do, sir. I go to church a zam, hastened to ins rooms, and defor that purpose, and not to be gaz-for that purpose, and not to be gaz-ing at strangers. I think it vental pretend to say how much he slept tired of seeing a pale face from morn-be decidedly a bad example for oth-that night; but his happiness was fog till night, of hearing groans, of

judge from future developments, his mind was less upon that then the bewitching beauty of the moraing. The following day, we had a long consultation about the most available mode of obtaining an introduction to the hady, which I was as eager to accomptish as even my good cousin, a form time. a long time.

All this was very satisfactory; and now Tom thought be would dato. I had never been nivited to early advert to the serende, and merely advert to the serende, and less I was assured of a welcome. For was quite as certain that he itemed by his performance.

von was quite as certain that he vould be ordered out, if he should be so bold as to acteen the state of the dear little beauty, added Tan amendationable visual ded Tan amendationable visual ded Tan amendationable visual

smite larking in her eyes as she said this. Tom colored.

Then you were not at home

May I inquire who she may be?' asked Tom, somewhat reassured.

1 owe you an upology, Mr. II—, Mss Gray answered, fearly, if r the occurrences of that evering. I had directed Cotoe, my waiting-woman, to sit up, and keep the fire for me, expecting to be at home that olgin. Uncle was unexpectedly detained; so that we did not return until the following evening. My servant then informed me of the hberty which she had taken, for which

1 reproved her severely.'
Then your colored maid was my appreciative listener? asked Tom, laughing, in spite of his embarrass

And she assures me that

you saig delignfully," replied Miss Gray, joining hearthy in his laugh, Tom snortened his call, and was rather more quiet than usual about

As he was by this incident;

* Su e such a pair were never known, So fit to meet by nature; The one exceiling so in micu, The other so in stature."

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

Sick, sick again ? said the beed-

so, and, heedless of the groan that there comes up before her the vision but royalty is as often theirs, tollowed, she let the blind fall heavily of a pale face that, but for her need History shows that kings have expected in a great deal of trouble, said gleet might be smilling on her now; pelfed them sometimes, and that they

'you're notional, of course; all men are; men don't know what sickness is, and they are so frightened at the least pain

But this is terrible!' cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyes tempted with ardent spirits to become

sciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man-

"Dearest, you have been a good the Revolution of 1843)
wife to me.?

On the 12 is of March (1848) the King of Naples assented to me ex-

worlds. It is seen it does now.

'I have heard you say that a himber of the sick. Nash, not in the seftest manner.

'But the sorrow, dreadful as it was bas not been without its salutary to the seftest manner.

'But the sorrow, dreadful as it was bas not been without its salutary to the seftest manner.

'But the sorrow, dreadful as it was bas not been without its salutary to the set of the sick. Her gentle voice southes at light strikes through my eyes even when they are shut.

'Up again, thought the wife, rising somewhat impatiently scattering her work with some noise as she did to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, as and, heedees of the ernor that the sick man, seeing the cloud on the and with the ratocke, wording pan- also have driven out kings. wife's brow,
O no!'—her face cleared up—
Moster's work.—Mother's Journal.

EVILS OF MODERATE DRINKING.

May of our readers may not b

fluttered with the throubing flesh, and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mrs. Nash had been down stairs of the control. Their weaker will be Jesuits, let people do what the control of the and stronger words came thickly in the stilled seed of the chander.

Mrs. Nosh had been down stairs brother, his Somme! Johnson, earn by preparing spency; she had joint a take a fulle; if they cannot take land; said one of the continuous contents the state of the standard of the draws men the code into their boson without length lord; question concerning the hads and the state of the standard of the draws men the said of the draws and the said of the draws and the said of the draws and the said of t tears and loving thoughts she had been accusing there are two out of every three vound or supported over that sick bad, accusing theorem when are placent in this painterself, as every wild cry from him foll position; the tempted, who are taxed goods.—Meliora. rang out, and still there was no often dragged to spend their wages consciousness—still be felt not the kind hand, saw not the streaming in alcoholic armks; the besofted a cyes,—of being the cause of all his wretchedness, through her selfist given over to the insidious vice and same constitutions. and digit their peace by indulgence to alcohole armks; the besofted drinnkards themselves, who are given over to the institions vice and its consequences, and who campairesist the opportunity, would all meaning of that word, Pekin?? "Oh,' re-Tears, hot and capious, wild pray- resist the opportunity, would a

THE JESUITS.

(Translated from Garnier Pages' History of the Revolution of 1843.)

for first purpose, and not to be gazing at strangers. I timk it voids
be decadedly a had example for other
ters to instite.

So do I; but I must confess to
my wickedness, for inveid I do not
recodlect a word of it, not even the
text. Hope mode will not call upon
me for toni, this evening, for I
have not the remotest idea where it
is.

You had better atone for your
wickedness, Ton. in, with so insisting the
ext. The chony w inig-maid aliis.

You had better atone for your
wickedness, Ton. in, with so isses in the
item to the day.

A severe penance. Anna, but a
just one. The field will try.

I befive a limit of the decomposition
more for tone with the composition
of the rest of the day.

A severe penance. Anna, but a
just one. I believe I will try.

I befive to the day.

A severe penance and more the
stad. Greatly to the rest of the day in
more for tone with the composition
will be any from your thoughts for
the rest of the day.

A severe penance. Anna, but a
just one. I believe I will try.

I befive to the most availare

A severe penance and a long
consultation about the most availare

A severe penance. Anna, but a
just one. I believe I will try.

I be following day, we had a long
consultation about the most availare

An hour passer very pleasantly,
the world that we case and the prevent
and the case again.

The tollowing an introdocation
to the latty, wine if was as eager to
a server because the server of the constant group

will be an interest of the day.

A severe penance. Anna, but a
just one. I believe I will try.

I be following day, we had a long
consultation about the most availare

and had not not the most availare

and about to the individual to the
beaviteding an introdocation
to the latty, wine of the feel was
the close of this constant group

"Mary Mary, deried a quivering
with the close soil, there is desponsion is
the penalty from your description.

The tollowing day, we had a long
consultation about the most availare of
the rest of the feel was
the close of the feel was
the close of the feel w

mystery even with which they sur-round themselves protects them and adds to their importance. The se-erecy of their labors, the terror they inspire, are, in their able hands, the arms which they use. In the time

of social storm they are pliant as the twig; when it is past, they make

would be greatly increased, and the revenue of the State would be supplied by the greater purchases of the taxed goods.—Meliora. During the reign of Bonapare, when the

Upon the first subject you mention, viz.: should shade trees be allowed in pasture fields P there may be, perhaps two opinions, but the one most generally held is against shade, unless it is in the immediate vicinity of water. The most important object to be attained in grazing, rest to good and plential grass, is that the cattle shall be free from any disturbance whatever, and that they shall take as little exercise as possible. In the first place, then, if the shade trees are at any distance from the water, the cattle will collect under them, and in hot weather will often stand there until their drink-ing time arrives, and then run in a hody to the water, where they will puse and fight for the first drink, and then run back again to the shade. I have seen them do this offen Then again, one of the greatest enemies to fat cattle is the biting-fly, which loves the shade as well as the cattle, and when the latter are huddled together under the shade, they suffer a great deal more annoyance and worr, mg than they do in the open field. I have seen bullocks smart enough to leave the shade and stand in the sun all day, and they seemed to thrive better by it. If, however, a man has a stream running through his field, where the cattle can stand over their knees in water, let him by all means have abundant shade on the banks. His cattle can then stand, their legs protected, and whisk the water over their backs with their tails, and bid defiance to the flies.

-R. W. Downman in American

Farmer,

BUSINESS QUALITIES OF FARMER.—The thoughtful farmer may find a hint of value in the fullowing, from Chas. Betts, in the Ohio Farmer:—"If the farmer needs any two qualities more than others, as business qualities, it is forecast and force--qualities which will enable him to look forward into the coming years, and tay his plans, and then with a vigor which will over-ride all obstacles, push them into execution. In any business where investments are made to-day and returns reaped to-morrow, re-liance is chiefly based on ready capital, and the circumstances of the hour. But the case with the farmer is different. He must exercise forethought; his calculations most run through the year, and on through a series of years; and, to be successful, he has many collateral influences to weigh, and in extensive operations a complication of influences which require for their proper adjustment and direction. proper adjustment and direction, the highest skill, judgment and forethought. His success, like one of those mysterious and almost stranger planets, takes ever a varying course, and is sometimes lost to view. But if he is a true Le Ver-rier, he will count, and weigh, and demonstrate the bearing of all controlling causes, and, with master ability, usher in the grand result."

the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to re-

Repose is agreeable to the human mind. and one day and decision is repose. A man has made What is the up his opinions; he does not choose to be "Oh? re- disturbed; and he is much more thankful Tears, hot and capious, wild prayresist the opportunity, would all place the General, we call all those crist to heaven, sweet and fervent words of love availed nothing. The in intoxicating liquors totally supdeath-hour came, and with it conpressed.—Meliora.