

grilling on the banks of the Ganges, and for the present I see no necessity to undeceive them.

I took the name of Gordon, and, as you know, purchased this estate. Mary still retains her father's name, but she and you have some plot between you against her doing so much longer.

Nothing has given me so much real pleasure and satisfaction, since I became a wealthy man, as having had it in my power to bestow this Parish on Mr. Forsyth, and I am sure there is not a family in it who does not approve of my choice, although he has been but a short time among them.—But Mary will think we are forgetting her and her tea-table altogether, so, if you have no objections, we will join her up stairs.

TO TIME.

Time! Time! thou spendthrift! wilt not halt,
And leave at least some breathing space,
That we may con each by-gone fault,
And mend perchance our race?

Pause, thy swift feet crush down, too soon,
The unripe fruit, the bud, the flower;
These are not thine,—spare beauty's noon—
Hear age must own thy power.

Pause, thou stern mocker of life's loves,
Why lay thy hand on every heart?
And cank'ring all, each most approves,
Smile as their stars depart.

Thou soulless harlequin, whose wand
All things obey that mortals prize;
Wit, folly, strength, complaint, command,
What are they in thine eyes?

Thy velvet footsteps turn us pale.
Each pulse beat, reckons up a dream.
Swept off, a leaf of life to sail,
Thy surgeless, soundless stream.

Forget me, if thou can'st, a while.
Thou'st harvested alas! too well,
Yet, life is worth a sickly smile.
It yet hath hopes to quell.

The dearer, that they are so few,
Beside their hidden springs I stand,
A desert pilgrim, with no view,
Behind, before, but sand.

T.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—No Agricultural Report could be correctly written at this particular period, while the accounts respecting the Harvest are so various and contradictory. Our remarks must therefore be postponed until September, when something like a correct state of the crops may be expected. The Editor's Table for this month is omitted for several reasons, the first of which will be deemed sufficiently satisfactory—we have no room in the Number.