

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest
mail, or other conveyance, when so desired.
The YORK HERALD will always be
found to contain the latest and most impor-
tant Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-
kets, and the greatest care will be taken to
render it acceptable to the man of business,
and a valuable Family Newspaper.
TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in
advance; and if not paid within Three
Months, two dollars will be charged.

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post paid.
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scription.

THE YORK HERALD Book and Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned
description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB
WORK will be promptly attended to:—
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LAMPS
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,
BILLS, HEADS, BANK CHECKS, TRACTS, AND
PAMPHLETS.
And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING
done in the best style, at moderate prices.
Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely
new and of the latest patterns. A large variety
of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards,
Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETT R.
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
England.
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL,
May 1, 1861. 127-13

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS.,
TORONTO.
Consultations in the office on the mornings
of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to
10 a.m. All Consultations in the office,
Cash.
Thornhill, April 9, '62. 176

B. BOWMAN, M.D.
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
HAS again returned to ALBANY MILLS
where he can be consulted on all cases
of the various branches of his profession.
N.B. All calls punctually attended to except
when absent on professional business.
Albany, Markham,
November 20, 1862. 207-6m

ISAAC BOWMAN, M.D.,
Graduate of the University of Vic
Col. & Provincial Licentiate.
HAS settled (permanently) at Thornhill,
where he can be consulted on all cases
of the various branches of his profession
except when absent on business.
Thornhill, May, 1862. 179-1

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY, ESQ.,
Notary Public,
(By Royal Appointment)
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCE, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
AGREE WITH S. Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c. &c. done with attention and
promptitude. Terms moderate.
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 141-11

A CARD.
W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Tor-
onto, has opened an office in the Vi-
lage of Aurora for the transaction of Common
Law and Chancery Business, also Convey-
ancing executed with correctness and despatch.
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1862. 104-13

Charles C. Keller,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,
in Victoria Buildings, over the Ontario office
Brook Street, Windsor.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Rex-
burg, Township of Thornhill, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-13

JAMES BOULTON, Esq.,
Barrister,
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-11

Maple Hotel!
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends
that the public generally, that he has
opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple,
4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by atten-
tion to the comforts of his travelling commu-
nity, to merit a share of his patronage and
support. Good Stabling, &c.
JAMES WATSON,
Maple, July 17, 1862. 190

George Wilson,
(Late from England)
Masonic Arms Hotel,
RICHMOND HILL.
GOOD Accommodations and every attention
accorded to Travellers. Good Yards for
Horse, Carriage and Horse Boxes for Race Horses
and Stables.
Best of Liquors and Cigars kept con-
stantly on hand.
The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first
Wednesday in each month.
Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862. 172-13

The York Herald

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance

Vol. V. No. 29.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1863.

Whole No. 237.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL

RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,
Meetings, &c.
A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning
for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves
Toronto at half past 3.
Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in
waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-115

White Hart Inn

RICHMOND HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this
house possesses every accommodation Tra-
vellers can desire, those who wish to stay where
they can find every comfort are respectfully in-
vited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-13

YONGE STREET HOTEL,

AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors
always on hand. Excellent Accommo-
dation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.
Cigars of all brands.
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1863. 25-13

CLYDE HOTEL,

RICHMOND HILL, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostler
always in attendance.
Toronto, Nov. 10, 1861. 157-11

James Massey,

(Late of the King's Hotel, London, Eng.)

No. 26 West Market Place,
TORONTO.
Every accommodation for Farmers and others
attending Market. Good Stabling.
Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutsches Gasthaus.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house
possesses every accommodation. Travellers can
desire, those who wish to stay where they can
find every comfort are respectfully invited to
call.
W. WESTHAL.
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-13

THE WELL-KNOWN BLACK HORSE HOTEL.

Formerly kept by William Ralph,
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.

(LATE OF THE MARKET), TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor.

(Successor to Thomas Palmer.)

Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler
always in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-13

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant!

69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.
always on hand.
Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got
up in the best style.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-13

NEWBICGING HOUSE,

ATE Claret, Port, &c. No. 28, 34 and 35
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per
day. Porters always in attendance at the Car-
riage and Bells.
W. NEWBICGING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-13

YORK MILLS HOTEL,

YONGE STREET.

THE Subscriber begs to inform that he
has leased the above Hotel, and having
found it up in the latest style, travellers may
rest upon having every comfort and attention
at this first class house.
Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler al-
ways in attendance.
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor,
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-13

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.

A LARGE and commodious Hall and other
improvements have, at great expense,
been made so as to make this House the largest
and best in the village of Aurora. Travellers at this
House find every convenience both for them-
selves and horses.
N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance.
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-13

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage and Waggon
MAKER.
AND
UNDERTAKER.
&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill
March 14, 1862. 172-13

Poetry.

I'M PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD.

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my window sit,
And, wrapt in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
And I am truly glad,
The tear-drop clouds in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell the way,
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that thus away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er you blue hills woody top
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely not for give but me
My own friends, and I shall be
At home, where'er I stray.

Then is it that you sleep there
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for thou art forgiven,
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence is it I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fits my eye,
When yet, in truth, I know not why,
Or wherefore, I am sad.

Literature.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSIO.

BY THE LATE D. N. MOIR (DELTA.)

(From Good Words.)

I.

The ancient Chroniclers of Swe-
den give a melancholy account of
the state of that country under the
oppressive tyranny of Christian the
Second, King of Denmark, who,
stung to frenzy by the generous
spirit of independence that actuated
the Senate in opposing the degrada-
tions to which he was continually
endeavouring to subject it, gave
reins to length to the bloodthirsti-
ness of his disposition in the awful
massacre of Stockholm.

Before the perpetration of this
merciless act, which clothed one
half of the nation in the garments of
mourning and plunged all in sorrow,
murders were heard from many a
tongue in many a quarter; half-
stilled imprecations and threats of
vengeance mingling themselves with
the voice of lamentation; and all
seemed only to await a signal, look-
ing around with impatience for some
one whose sense of wrongs or na-
tural hardihood might stimulate
him to be the first in throwing down
the gauntlet of defiance and sound-
ing the trumpet of rebellion. Yet
so paralysed was the common mind
by the horrid spectacle which had
been exhibited, that amazement and
terror conspired to keep all in
check; and while the more enter-
prising began to regard the revolu-
tion they meditated as hopeless or
desperate, the more wavering aban-
doned altogether the scheme of
taking up arms as one fraught with
utter desolation and necessary ruin.
To render the misery of the coun-
try complete, an immense number
of names blackened the roll of pros-
cription, and almost certain death
was the fate of every fugitive who
did not succeed in effecting an es-
cape. At the time about which our
historic tale opens, this began to be
an almost impossible matter, from
the exposed nature of the coun-
try, the dangers of travelling among
the hills, and the general poverty of
the peasants, combined with the
great they entertained of harbour-
ing those over whose heads hung
the Damoclean sword of Danish ven-
geance. The approach of winter
rendered the sum of their miseries
complete,—for what more dismal
can be conceived than for wretches
who have no home, to be obliged to
wander over the frozen hills in the
darkness, and to hide among the
forests during the daylight, subsist-
ing on what ever means the chance
goodness of Providence might afford,
paying when it was in their power,
or trusting in penury's poverty, to
the gushing forth of human benevo-
lence, a spring which, to the honour
of our nature, is not always frozen
up in the bosom of man? For such

was the panic struck into all hearts
by the massacre of the nobility in
Senate assembled, and the butchery
in cold blood of the crowds who
thronged the streets of the capital,
without respect to sex, age, or per-
son, that almost none on whom sus-
picion of independent principles rested,
dared show their face in the
towns, from fear of military vi-
olence, or the hazard of being infor-
med on, and delivered up by the har-
pies in whom the love of money ex-
tinguished every noble principle,—
who not only submitted quietly to
the tyranny of Denmark, but betray-
ed for wages the patriotic children
of their own land.

The province of Dalcarlia, from
its mountainous and almost inacces-
sible nature, was one of the prin-
cipal places wherein the fugitives
sought shelter; and not the less
from its being the last division of
Sweden that had submitted to for-
eign tyranny. The population was
necessarily thin, and scattered over
a vast extent, there being scarcely
a place worthy the appellation of a
town in the whole district, and the
villages being widely dispersed over
the edges of the boundless forests of
pine, larch, and fir, and over the
banks of the lakes and rivers that
intersect the country. These vil-
lages, moreover, were not like those
in the other provinces of Sweden,
under the control of some particular
noblemen or gentlemen; but were
governed by the peasantry, who ex-
ercised among themselves the right
of choosing governors, either to lead
them to the field of battle, or to set-
tle disputes in the case of civil dif-
ferences. So high had they carried
this spirit of independence, that no
government dared send either troops
or garrisons into this province with-
out giving sufficient pledges to the
natives for the preservation of their
immunities; while, from the
dread of their discovering that obedi-
ence to their part might be, if
they so willed, only a matter of
choice, a few skins formed the soli-
tary tax ever levied; and no attempt
at innovation was ever made on
their ancient customs; being thus
what La Vendee has been to France,
or the Tyrol to Switzerland.

It was towards midnight that a
traveller approached the hamlet of
Suverdsio among these rugged and
sequestered hills. The sun had just
sunk beneath the horizon, and the
thick fir woods that stretched as far
as the eye could reach over the
mountains and down into the val-
leys, were beginning, especially in
the lower grounds, to wear a blue
and sombre aspect. The clouds,
drifted by the sharp winds, hurried
over to the west; and flakes of snow
rained whirling down upon the rocks,
in the angles of which the withered
leaves went eddying round with a
death-like noise. The stranger felt
accordingly that it was no time to
stand on ceremony; so, walking
through the little grass court in front
of the parsonage, a high-roofed, an-
tique-looking building, at the higher
extremity of the little village, he
tapped at the deep, low-browed door,
and begged quarters for the night.
Fortunately for the success of his
request, the curate himself chanced
to be at home, else the only other
inmates of his house, his pretty
daughter, and a young woman that
attended them, might have hesitated
about receiving under the roof, dur-
ing such dangerous times, any one
who petitioned for what, in more
peaceful days, no one within would
have dreamt of refusing.

Without any but mere general
questions being asked, the evening
passed on, and supper was spread
for their guest of the best that the
house afforded, which was dried
deer's-flesh broiled, and a dish of
grouts. As is generally the case in
savage or mountainous countries,
hospitality was a virtue among the
Dalcarlians, the neglect of which
infinitely entailed disgrace. But
the curate was not of those who are
actuated more by the dread of dis-
pleasure, than by the delight which
the exercise of the gentler feelings
brings to their possessor. Far re-
moved from ostentation and the busi-
ness of active life, his care was the
preservation of the flock whose souls
had been consigned to his keeping.
Though possessing talents, he looked
not around for the passing dignities
of this life, but forward to the un-
fading brilliancies of the next. The
seion of an unambitious family, he
had taken root in his native spot,
his father and his grandfather hav-
ing preceded him in the same cure;
and already the silver hairs of ago

were mingling with the natural
black, to warn him that another ge-
neration was springing up around
him, before which his own must
necessarily pass away. Yet what
needed he to care for a wider sphere?
—his beloved and loving flock—his
beautiful and dutiful daughter—the
moss-grown tombs of his fathers—
and the more recent and carefully-
preserved grave of his wife. The
last relic was not the one that had
least influence over his mind in
knitting it to the loneliness of Su-
verdsio, for to Grethe Hansson he
had been early attached; he had
married her in pure love, and had
lived with her in almost perfect hap-
piness till the arm of death had been
suddenly outstretched between
them, leaving him, while yet in the
maturity of life, a mournful widower.
But she had not all perished; for a
daughter, the very image of her
whom heaven had taken away, grew
up at his feet, and soothed his soli-
tary hour; while sorrow at length
gradually softened down into resig-
nation, and he looked abroad on na-
ture with a more cheerful eye, de-
lighting in the society of a child
whose buoyant disposition filled his
solitude with delight, and rendered
even the bare rocks around him a
type of Paradise.

When supper was over, and the
crested moon shone down on the
dewy window-sill, the daughter re-
tired from table, leaving her father
to entertain their guest and enjoy
their conversation. She went into
the adjoining kitchen, where, by the
light of a lamp, her servant, or ra-
ther her companion, was busied in
knitting; and seating herself by the
fire, opened a book of old national
songs and stories, which she took an
especial delight in coming over, as
her young fancy raved among the
wars, and loves, and superstitions of
the olden time. She was in the act
of reading one of the legends relat-
ing to Holger Danske, the great
ogre of Northern romance, and her
friend Katherine sat listening in
delighted attention—the wind sigh-
ed, not only from without—the fag-
gots crackled—the kitten gambolled
on the hearth, and all was cheerful
—when Katherine, stopping her
by putting her finger on her arm,
said, 'Hist! did ye not hear some-
thing?'

On listening a moment, they heard
louder words than those of ordinary
conversation proceeding from the
room where were the curate and
his guest; ever and anon the tread
of feet, as some one leisurely me-
asured the apartment; and then a
hushing sound, as if silence had
been imposed on their conversation,
from the probability of its being
overheard.

Margaret, whose love for her
father was surpassing, was not a
little anxious in mind, especially as
the person admitted to the house
was a perfect stranger, and might
conceal designs under specious ap-
pearances, which, in the existing
troubled state of the country, might
eventually be calculated to bring
them into distress. Personal harm
to her parent she dreaded none—
for, beholding the reverence in
which he was universally held, and
the respect paid to his every word
and action—her innocence imagined
that the fame of his virtues and
sanctity pervaded the world, and
that the injuring a single hair of his
head would be regarded as an atro-
city amounting almost to sacrilege.
Above her father she seemed always
to behold the arm of protecting Om-
nipotence stretched out; and re-
joiced in the inward confidence that
no breathing creature could harbour
a malicious design against one the
sound of whose name was wafted
like a healing balm to the cottager
by his valley breeze, and to the
solitary mountaineer watching his
straggled flocks on the hill of storms.

A short time elapsed, in which
some feeling of suspense was indeed
predominant; but at length, the
door opening, the curate was seen
standing on the threshold with a
light in his hand; and as he called to
Margaret to bring him the keys of
the church, and his hat.

The stranger followed, muffled up
in a large woollen cloak with which
he had been supplied; and carrying
over his arm a coverlet, which Mar-
garet had brought at the command
of her father. The curate led the
way, with the large rusty keys of
the church in one hand, and a spa-
cious circular horn lantern in the
other. The night was still grey,
and white clouds were fleeing like
evil spirits across the sky, dimming

the radiance of the declining moon.
Having opened a postern door which
led through a small garden, at the
foot of which rippled a clear stream-
let amid its bordering willows, and
crossing a narrow wooden bridge,
whose whitened planks glittered
with the sparry lustre of hoar-frost,
they found themselves on the path-
way that terminated at the neigh-
bouring church.

The church itself was an old, fan-
tastic-looking Gothic structure of in-
considerable extent, with a conical
spire at the western angle; but treas-
ured walls, with oblong diced
windows in the interspaces; and a
large low-browed door in the eastern
gable. All around wore the me-
lancholy aspect of hoar antiquity;
and amid a scene so solitary and de-
serted, life and living things seemed
to have passed away, and the sharp-
horned moon looked as if setting
in the last night of the world. Every-
thing was silent, except the savage
winds, tossing in transitory gusts
the dry branches of the black pines,
or moaning with unearthly voices
through the crevices of the grey
building—whose shadows, falling
like a black mantle over the silent
field of graves, might have shaped
it out to the eye of fancy as Loche,
or some of the other monstrous im-
personations of the Scandinavian
mythology, keeping guard, with ma-
lignant scowl, over a region desec-
rated to their dominion.

The vicarified his guest through
the body of the building into the
sacristy, where was a small fire-
place, supplied with dry faggots
ready to be lighted. The blankets
were spread out over some deal
seats, which made a tolerable sub-
stitute for a bedstead. In a little
while the hearth crackled and began
to blaze cheerily, lighting up the
gloomy walls and dispelling the
damp, mouldy smell of the atmos-
phere, while the stranger began to
feel himself in a situation more se-
cure and comfortable than he had
experienced for a considerable time
before. So when the curate, after
some little stay and conversation,
wished him a good night, and lock-
ed one after another the great doors,
he wrapped him in his coverlet and
lay down, glad, after the fatigues of
his many wanderings, to enjoy a
sound and refreshing slumber, and
little scrupulous where that slumber
visited him.

When the curate approached his
own door, he found his child anx-
iously awaiting him in the doorway,
and as she took the light from him,
she said tenderly, 'Bless thee, my
father; oh how glad am I that you
have come safe back to us!'

'Margaret,' replied the curate,
taking her by the hand, 'Margaret,
my dear child, there needed no such
violent expression of affection. I
have been running no risks; I have
been encountering no dangers, far-
ther than showing a noble homeless
fellow-creature to a very miserable
bedchamber; but it is the best—at
least the safest—we have to offer.
May he have a sound sleep. But
harken to me; and so saying he
preceded her into the parlour.

'Well, father?'

'While that stranger is in our
keeping,' said the curate, 'the ut-
most secrecy must be preserved. Hint
not of having seen any one, men-
tion not to a creature that we
have a strange man in hiding. Would
that I could do him service; his
cause—our cause, for it is the cause
of Heaven and humanity—demands
it; and, Margaret, as I am often
called on holy errands from home,
great part of the duty of attending
upon him, and supplying his neces-
sary wants, may devolve on thee,
for I would not for a world's wealth
that—'

'Oh, assuredly, father,' answered
Margaret, kindled as it were by a
sudden emotion, whose glow lighted
up her beautiful features; 'I trust
you shall never find me wanting in
charity to the distressed.'

'Call it not charity, daughter,'
said the curate. 'It is, in this case
especially, duty—imperative duty.
Know you that our guest is one of
the persecuted patriots—one of the
men of whom our distantly tame-
ness is unworthy.'

At mention of these words her
cheek paled, and she pressed her
hand to her side, as if some pain at
her heart impeded her breathing,
which, in a moment after, heaved
her bosom tumultuously. 'Sure
then, father, he does not come from
this quarter of the land,' she said;
'at least I do not remember having

ever seen him before.'

'Oh, I daresay not,' was the re-
ply. 'But whether stranger or not,
you know your duty, and I need not
repeat my instructions to you. Say
nothing on the subject to any one,
and see that you have breakfast
ready for me betimes to carry to
him in the morning; for not kings
themselves, nor even enthusiasts,
can live entirely on air. See, then,
that you attend, child.'

'It was lucky, father,' said Mar-
garet, 'that he came not to us soon-
er. If he had been in the house the
other day, when the wild Copen-
hagen horsemen came rummaging
about, turning the world upside
down, perhaps—but there is no say-
ing!'

'That is the most inconclusive re-
mark, Margaret, that ever flowed
from the lip of man or maiden,' said
the curate, smiling. 'If you had
been living at the time of the flood,
with Noah and Shem, then, perhaps,
—but there is no saying!'

'Ah, father, you are hard upon
me; for you know he might have
been taken—dragged from our
hearth—and hanged on the first
tree; as was done with Urie Staa-
den's lodger the other week!'

(To be Continued.)

Twelve men were lately summoned by
a coroner to hold an inquest upon the body
of a man, who had met with a premature
death, at an obscure village in Lancashire.
Eleven of them having assembled previous
to the coroners arrival, one of the party
sagaciously started an objection as to the
practicability of their performing the task
assigned to them, viz. to sit upon the body,
when it was unanimously resolved to try
the experiment, and they all endeavoured
immediately to seat themselves. After
this very extraordinary exertion one of the
sapient party went to inform the 'Krunner'
what the eleven had done, and on seeing
him he exclaimed, 'It canna be done! It
canna be done, sir!' 'What canna be
done?' exclaimed the coroner, with aston-
ishment. 'Why,' rejoined he, 'the whole
of us, after thrutching and thrutching till
we're welly barsten the body, can hardly
find room upon it, so where will you put
'olther when he comes!' The coroner how-
ever, went to the spot, and on the arrival of
the twelfth jurymen explained the nature of
their duty, when they returned their ver-
dict—'Accidental Death.'

CUT FOR CUT.—A gentleman at Paris
amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais
Royal, observed, while he was carefully
looking over some pamphlets at a book-
seller's shop, a suspicious fellow stand
rather too near him. The gentleman was
dressed, according to the fashion of the
times, in a coat with a prodigious number
of silver tags and tassels, upon which the
thief began to have a design; and the
gentleman not willing to disappoint him,
turned his head another way, to give him
an opportunity. The thief immediately
set to work and in a trice twisted off seven
or eight of the silver tags. The gentle-
man perceived it, and, drawing out a pen-
knife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut
it off close to his head. 'Murder! murder!'
cries the thief. 'Robbery! robbery!' ro-
bbery! cries the gentleman. Upon this
the thief, in a passion, throwing them at
the gentleman, roared, 'There are your
tags and buttons.' 'Very well,' said the
gentleman throwing it back in like man-
ner, 'there is your ear.'

There was a grand masquerade-ball
held at Paris in the reign of Louis XIII.,
who was a weak prince. His majesty,
notwithstanding his dress, was discovered
by two young gentlemen, walking in the
ball-room, with his arm round the waist of
one of his mistresses. The gentlemen soon
came close up to his majesty, when one of
them complained of the heat of the room,
and made a motion to the other for them
to adjourn to the King's Arms. 'No,'
replied he, 'that will not do, the King's
arms is full; but if you think proper, we
will retire to the King's head, for that is
quite empty.'

A SAILOR'S HORSEMANSHIP.—An
officer of one