

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

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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 MILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND PARAPHRASES.

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Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England, Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL, 127-1/2 Y.

I. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur One Door South of Lemon's Hotel THORNHILL, 127-1/2 Y.

LAW CARDS. M. TEEFY, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCE AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and completed. Richmond Hill, Aug. 29, 1861. 144-1/2 Y.

A CARD. W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch. Division Courts attended. Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto November 20, 1860. 104-1/2 Y.

MATHESON & FITZGERALD, Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. OFFICE: CORNER OF KING AND TORONTO STREETS Over Whitmore & Co's. Banking Office, TORONTO.

Agency Particularly attended to. THOMAS G. MATHESON, JAMES FITZGERALD, Toronto, July 1, 1859, 31-1/2 Y.

F. S. J. JARVIS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, Toronto, January 9, 1861. 111-6 Y.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Chancery Office, Brock Street, Whitchy. Also a Branch Office in the village of Beaverton, Township of Thornhill, and County of Ontario. The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Villages regularly attended. Whitchy, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1/2 Y.

JAMES BOULTON, Esq. Barrister, LAW OFFICE—Corner of Church and King Sts. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1/2 Y.

EDWARD E. W. HURD, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Money advances procured on Mortgages. No. 3, Jordan Street, Toronto, December 13, 1860. 108-1/2 Y.

A. MACNABB, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c. King Street, East, [over Leader Office], Toronto, C.W. Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1/2 Y.

William Grant, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street. Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1/2 Y.

A. MAIRS, B. A. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Main Street, Markham Village, November 22, 1860. 104-1/2 Y.

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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. IV. No. 2. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 13 1861. Whole No. 159.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, PROPRIETOR. A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL, GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR. GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drove Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stalls.

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.

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA. A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands. D. McLEOD, Proprietor. Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-1/2 Y.

Hunter's Hotel, Deutches 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.

ALBION HOTEL, EAST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W. J. SMITH, Proprietor. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2 Y.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. [EAST OF THE MARKET.] TORONTO. WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, [Successor to Thomas Palmer]. Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2 Y.

JO. H. SMITH, St. LAWRENCE INN, 142 KING STREET, OPPOSITE THE ST. LAWRENCE MARKET, TORONTO. Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a Careful Hostler in attendance. Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-1/2 Y.

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant! 69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO. Lunch every day from 11 till 2. Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c always on hand. Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2 Y.

NEWBICGING HOUSE, [ATE Cleaveron Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Parties always in attendance at the Cars and Bosts. W. NEWBICGING, Proprietor. Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1/2 Y.

Eastern Hotel, CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W. Wm. Monks, Proprietor. Good accommodation for Travellers. Large Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in attendance. Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-1/2 Y.

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET. THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he has leased the above Hotel, and having fitted it up in the latest style travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house. Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler always in attendance. WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor. York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1/2 Y.

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 north of Toronto. Travellers at this House find every convenience both for themselves and horses. N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance. Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1/2 Y.

Poetry.

TELLING THE SECRET. I have something sweet to tell you, (I'm not talking in my sleep.) But the secret that I whisper You must promise me to keep.

I will speak it in low accents, Gently falling on thy ear. For the secret that I tell you No one else besides must hear.

Turn those tender eyes upon me, Place thy hand within my own— I would wish thy every feature, While I make my secret known.

Should I make thy eyelids tremble, As with "weight of unshed tears," 'Twould embolden me to tell thee All my hopes and all my fears.

Yes I'd weep to dim the lustre, Cloud the blue of those sweet eyes, Whose bright beams to me seem lovelier— Dearer than all other skies.

But, remember, I'm not dreaming, Lift thine eyes, and thou shalt see How my soul, awake, is pleading For one little word from thee.

Speak! I tell me, my adorned one, Canst thou not the secret guess. Does thy heart return my passion?— And a soft voice faltered, "Yes!"

LONG, LONG AGO. That much-loved song, "Long, long ago," The first she sung to me; How sweetly from her lips it came— That plaintive melody.

Fondly I listened to those words; Each time I prized them more, And felt that they possess'd a charm They never had before.

In happy dreams I see again That gentle face so fair, And hear those tender murmurings Which memory holds so dear.

Then ask me not to listen now, It would my grief renew; No other voice could wake the spell Which hers around it threw.

Does she still sing our favorite song? Alas! I may not know! And does she ever think of me, Who loved her so long?

Literature.

NIPPER AND TOBY, THE AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD BOYS. (Continued from our last.) 'Down, Bunvup! Silent!' said a strong, stern-sounding voice, and at the same instant a long man, in a broad, straw hat, mounted on a splendid brown horse, with a heavy riding-whip in his hand, and a revolver glittering in his belt, came now quietly forward towards the fire, and gazing at the two lads for a moment said: 'What are you all? Two boys only? Where's your company?'

'Gone on, sir,' said Nipper. 'Gone on, and left you behind?' said the man in evident astonishment. 'How is that?'

'My mate here is lame,' said Nipper. 'He has hurt his foot, and could not keep up.'

'What, and your comrades left you? The brutes! And where are you going this way?'

'We are looking for Lasseter's station,' said Nipper. 'They tell us it is not far off.'

'In what direction did you come?'

'Well, the Lord be praised!' said the man, in a tone of feeling which wonderfully relieved Nipper, and still more allayed the terrors of Toby. 'Why, my good lads, if you had gone that way, you would have been lashed beyond redemption. There is not a house when you had left mine, for fifty miles. But it's all right now, and I am right thankful that it happened to see your light, and was curious to know what it was. Come, lift that little fellow up here.'

He took Toby by the arms, as Nipper lifted him up, placed him before him on the saddle; and then going on a few yards to the trunk of a huge tree that lay on the ground. 'There, youngster,' he said, 'mount that, and get on the horse behind—we'll soon find the station.' Nipper swung the roll of blanket on his back, popped the two pannikins into the tin pan, and carrying that on his arm, was soon seated behind the stranger.

It was altogether a comical load that the horse had got, but he seemed to make nothing of it, and went up the hill with a right brave spirit.

'Now take care of your heads, young ones,' said the stranger, cheerfully. 'Beware of the boughs; and coming out soon on a clear and open ridge, where the night breeze blew freshly, he put the horse into a canter, and away they went—on, and on, without a word, as if they were bound to the world's end. A strange fear began to creep over Toby's mind. 'Suppose, after all, that this is a bushranger, and he is carrying us to his den!'

All at once a light flashed through the trees. There was a simultaneous outburst of barking and yelping dogs; and the stranger crying 'So, so!' they were as suddenly still, and the two boys found themselves at the door of a low, long hut, around which could be faintly seen, in the gloom, a number of other huts.

There appeared a bright fire burning within, for two windows were filled by a strong light, and a female voice at the door said, 'Is that you, James?'

'The same man,' said the horse-man; 'I and a few others. Just take down this lot of boys, cook,' addressing a man who also now appeared.

'Boys!' said the female, coming nearer to look; 'why, wherever did you pick them up?'

'Just at hand,' said the man, giving Toby to the other man, whom he had accosted as cook. 'Take care!' he said, 'take care! he has a very sore foot!'

While Toby was tenderly taken before, Nipper slid adroitly down behind, and very soon the two boys found themselves in the hut, a jovial fire burning in the wide chimney, and tea ready on the table. Three or four girls were curiously looking at the unexpected arrival of the boys; and the squatter, for it was he, very soon had Toby laid on a couch that stood by the wall, and sitting down to tea with the substantial addition of beefsteaks, began to tell his discovery of the boys, and then the boys were questioned as to their history.

Their simple story seemed to excite the liveliest interest. Mrs. Lasseter bathed Toby's foot with warm milk and water, and then put on a poultice, and after that the two boys were lodged in a neighbouring apartment.

Our young adventurers, in a world, found themselves at home in one of the kindest families alive. In a few days Toby was on his feet again, sound as a roach, and both boys were full of curiosity and enjoyment of everything around them. The idea of Nipper setting out with Toby on his back greatly amused the good people. They told them they must stay and learn to be squatters.

'Time enough,' said Mr. Lasseter, 'for the diggings, when you are big enough to handle a pick and shovel on your own account. The diggings are a bad school for boys. The bush is the place. Here you have plenty of room, plenty of fair, plenty of time, plenty of everything. This laughing jackass calls you up in the morning; the moreport sings you to sleep at night; the magpie warbles to you as you follow your flock. There are horses to ride and nothing to pay. Kangaroos and emus, wild turkeys and black swans to hunt; fish as big as yourselves in the rivers, and in short, it's a fine life, I can tell you. The squatter will be a king when the digger is nobody. Why, I have thirty thousand sheep, four thousand cattle, more horses than I know of, and I would not thank old Rothschild to be my grandfather.'

All this sounded wondrous fine to the two lads. It did not appear how Nipper and Toby were just to spring up into such squatters; but that little difficulty never occurred to them. Their imaginations followed Mr. Lasseter all amongst kangaroos, emus, troops of wild horses, and mighty forests musical with warbling magpies and flocks of wild turkeys, and they were all ablaze to be inhabitants of the bush.

'Come, then,' said the squatter, 'men are men here, just now; nay, boys are men. I am at my wit's end for shepherds. My best stockman is keeping my home flock, and my cattle are in the hand of Providence. Very good keeping; but I don't know that I've a right to impose in that way on Providence. Now, you two active lads can keep that flock, I know. You'll have a nice hut to yourselves, your rations will be regularly brought to you. Beef, flour, tea, sugar, tobacco—do you smoke tigger? Here there was a regular thump from the little girls, and the lads, blushing, answered, 'No, sir. Well, then, we'll not send the tobacco.'

There was another merry laugh. 'The country is beautifully open where you feed your flock, and so you won't easily lose your sheep or—yourselves. Well, I reckon you two boys will just make one shepherd, and so I shall give you what one shepherd has—forty pounds a year and your keep; that's twenty pounds apiece, and I'll promote you as you grow; yes, I'll promote you Heaven knows what you may not grow into.'

The two lads sat drinking in all these words like nectar, or something richer. They saw themselves fellows of immense importance at once. Toby thought of the twenty pounds to his mother—'ba! wouldn't she be surprised! As for Nipper, he had no mother to send it to, so he was already laying up and buying flocks and herds for Toby and himself.

The squatter took them off to the hut early the next morning. It stood by a pleasant stream, with a few very gigantic trees on its borders, and some large, dark acacias, perfectly overpowering with fragrance, were scattered about in the low, rich ground. The sheep were penned near in a pen of hurdles, on a dry slope, and at a distance they could see a range of hills, that seemed to toss up in singular blocks, with trees growing up to their very summits. The old stockman was just at his breakfast, and ready to lead out his flock in a few minutes for the sun was up. He showed the lads their bed, their cooking apparatus, and gave them a number of directions about penning, and watching the flock at night lest the wild dogs should come from the neighboring hills. Mr. Lasseter left them, and the old man let out his flock, which went gently grazing along the pleasant plains. 'This,' said the old man, 'is all you have to do. Keep the sheep together, and don't hurry them; let them take their time, keep a little in the rear, and your dogs will keep in any stragglers. At noon they will lie down and take a good rest, and then you can make a fire and dine yourselves. At night have them home by sunset, or a little before, and all safely penned without hurry. Keep open your ears for the wild dogs, but your two dogs here will do that. And at the first howl of the rascally dingoes, they will bark furiously. Then be on the alert. They won't hurt you; so pitch into them with the dogs, and learn to swing a stock-whip like this, and you will be able to punish them if you get near them. But if they ever come, tell the master at once and he'll doctor them.'

With that the old man swung a whip which he had with a handle about half a yard long, but with a heavy lash three or four yards in length, and gave a crack with it like the report of a pistol. He aimed a cut at the top of a young wattle tree several yards off, and cut it clean away. 'That's the weapon,' said the old man, with a proud look. 'When you can use that and manage your horse, you need not fear to encounter wild dog, wild man—no, nor even the very fiend. One day, you'll be good stockmen, I expect, and then you'll make the music of your whip resound in the hills. Ha! it's a fine life, riding through the forest hills, and dashing through the rivers after the wild bulls.' And with that the old man gave another thundering crack, and took a piece of bark out of a gum tree as if with a knife.

The boys looked on with wonder. All day the old stockman showed them how to manage their flock, and told them endless stories of his adventures in hunting up cattle in the mountains, and with the blacks.

'But they are tame enough now, are the poor black fellows,' he added. He instructed them in the use of the whip, but told them it required practice, and said he would leave it with them.

The next day our two young heroes drove out their flocks themselves. Never did two creatures feel themselves of such importance, as when they woke in their own wood hut, made their own tea, fried their own chops for breakfast, opened their pen, and saw the beautiful flock, three thousand in number, as shapely and finely bred as any South Downs, pour with a quiet motion, like a cloud rolling along the plain.

The two dogs, which appeared to belong to the flock, were two very handsome creatures. They were large, and of the handsomest breed of collies that you see in Scotland.

The one was jet black, with a fine, long, glossy coat and bushy tail; and the other was of a mingled chestnut and gray, with a white stomach and chestnut face. They were called Jetsum and Flotsum. Jetsum, Nipper took; and Toby particularly prized Flotsum, which was a shag-dog, and had the mildest and most loving eyes.

In a few weeks the lads were all at home in their bush life. Every day and hour they saw something there that delighted them. Parrots, paroquets, cockatoos—especially the large, glossy black cockatoo with a golden crest, a splendid fellow—and a hundred other strange birds with strange notes. The razor-grinder, with its flitting ways and odd voice, were their constant companions. They caught a number of young warbling magpies, and tamed them. Many a night they went in pursuit of the curlews, which came and set up such a wild riot by their stream; but they never could find them.

They came in their wanderings to a large lake, which abounded with wild fowl. There were black swans, and immense flocks of wild geese, wild ducks, ibises, and pelicans, which perfectly enchanted them. Presently there came a tribe of natives, and camped down on the stream near the lake; and Nipper and Toby watched their fishing and snaring of birds, and chopping of opossums out of the hollow trees, with never-ceasing interest. They taught them how to catch those odd amphibious animals, the platypuses.

When these people moved on again, they had left the two boys a host of new ideas and amusements. While their flocks grazed at pleasure, they were every day busy hunting and catching of opossums in the neighboring trees. Their dogs were perfectly frantic with delight in this pursuit, as all dogs are. When their flock were penned at night, they were constantly out on moonlight nights watching the opossums, and flying squirrels, and flying mice, gambolling about in the trees, and thus knew where to look for them in the day time.

At noon, while their flocks rested, they were busy pegging out their opossum skins on pieces of bark, like the natives, to dry, and very soon they had several opossum rugs large enough for bed quilts, which in Melbourne were worth three or four pounds apiece. Toby's great ambition was to send one to his mother with the first twenty pounds.

At night, too, they amused themselves with making pit-falls for those queer animals, the wombats, which are half like little pigs and half like little bears, which burrow in the ground, and are delicious eating. They had got a queer, odd, furry animal, which climbed the trees; and fed on the leaves of the peppermint gum, and which is called a sunbear. This they had tamed, and took out daily with them, and it might easily be found at any time, by its cry of 'Yahoo! Yahoo!'

At night, they often heard the long, wolf-like howls of the wild dogs on the hills; but one night they were woken by a terrible clamor of the dogs, and a rushing amongst their sheep, as if driven together.

'The wild dogs, Toby!' shouted Nipper, starting up half-awake; and seizing his whip, marched out. Toby seized a long staff and staggered after him. They found the dogs chasing madly round the pen, and the sheep huddling in terror upon each other. In the next moment they saw, in the faint moonlight, three or four yellow, wolfish-looking animals come scouring along the sides of the pen, pursued by the sheep-dogs, yet snatching at the sheep as they came.

Nipper discharged a shot from an old gun at one of them, which told effectively on his hide, and with a sharp yell, he and the others rushed away towards the bush, pursued by Jetsum and Flotsum in full cry.

(To be concluded in our next.)

How many men would love to go to sleep beggars and wake up to Rothschilds or Astors! How many men would fain go to bed dunces and be wakened up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunce seed, reap seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. They that sow to the wind reap a whirlwind. A man of mere 'capacity undeveloped,' is only an organized day dream with a skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk wood. We have scripture for it that 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' If you would go up, go—if you would be seen, shine.

PADDY RYAN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Most of our readers know Paddy Ryan (formerly of Carrick-on-Suir, and more recently of Neagh), the manufacturer and hawker of Irish tweeds. Paddy paid a visit to the camp at the Curragh of Kildare, during his Royal Highness's sojourn. By dint of stratagem he succeeded in getting into the presence of the Prince. Here Paddy paid homage to his Royal Highness, and the bright idea struck him that he might turn the occasion to a little, personal advantage, and accordingly he displayed to the view of the Prince some specimens of his wares (which he had chanced to bring with him): at the same time treating his Royal Highness, in his own peculiar bregue, to a gratuitous dissertation on the *modus operandi* adopted by him in the manufacture of the tweed, at his rural factory in Tipperary. The Prince ordered a coat of Paddy's own manufacture. Paddy promptly inserted his scissors, and severed the making of the coat from the favorite piece. The Prince of Wales then ordered liberal payment to be made, and here it was that Paddy showed that he was not only a loyal subject but a generous one. Was Paddy to take a money for a coat for his future King? The Prince insisted on remunerating him. Paddy was inexorable; but since his Royal Highness was so determined on recompensing him, if he would only give him his autograph, merely pre-facing it with a brief statement that he had bought a coat of Irish tweed from Paddy Ryan of Tipperary (of his own manufacture), it was all that he would ask or accept. The Prince presented Paddy with the desired testimonial. Paddy made obeisance and salaams without number, offered prayers for the speedy and happy marriage of the Prince, and retired. He exhibited the Prince's certificate to all with whom he came in contact, or, rather, to such as would likely be influenced by royal example, particularly in taking a coat of Paddy Ryan's tweed. The result more than realized his expectations, as we are informed that all the officers and men in every brigade, regiment, and depot at the camp invested in Paddy's merchandize.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

TROTTER MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Mr. Moffat, of Manchester, having accepted a bet of £100 to £50 that his pony Betty and his mare Silver-tail combined, could not trot in harness 33 miles in two hours, the match came off on Wednesday, on the twopike road between Knutsford and Warrington. Mr. Moffat driving, Silver-tail completed the first 11 in 35 minutes 10 seconds. The pony was then driven off, and completed the next 15 miles in 53 minutes. Silver-tail had thus 7 miles to trot to win the race, and over 32 minutes to do it in, but she completed it in 24 minutes. Thus the distance was gone over in 1 hour and 32 minutes. The betting, after the first course, was 60 to 40 on the horses, and after the second course, 100 to 1 on them.

HABITS OF A LITERARY WOMAN.—A Paris correspondent gives some interesting particulars of the domestic life of Madame George Sand: She rises regularly at one p.m., and is no sooner up than she lights a cigarette, and continues to smoke for two hours together. At eleven o'clock she retires to her study, and writes without interruption till six a.m., when she retires to bed.

THE LOUDEST NOISE THAT EVER WAS HEARD.—Professor L. W. Evans, of Marietta, Ohio, gives in the last number of *Silliman's Journal* an elaborate account of the great meteor which passed over the Ohio on the 1st of May, 1860. He says that 'the explosion was heard over an area of about 150 miles in diameter.'

IGNORANCE IN SPAIN.—According to recent official statistics, out of 480,332 in the Province of Madrid, 206,992 could neither read nor write. In the province of Tarragona, out of 3,218,886 inhabitants, 271,404 could neither read nor write; and in the district of Macado and one, out of 26,000, 23,000 could neither read nor write.

HOW THE BRIDE WAS HORRIFIED.—A lady and gentleman, recently married, in the neighborhood of Boston, left home in their own carriage for a bridal tour among the mountains of New Hampshire. In order to avoid the curiosity attracted by persons in their honey moon, the gentleman gave his Irish servant the strictest charge not to tell any one on the road that they were newly married, and threatened to dismiss him if he did. Pat promised implicit obedience; but on leaving the first Inn on the road next morning, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaimed: "'That's him, that's the man!'" On reaching the next stage, the indignant master told Murphy he must immediately discharge him, as he had divulged what he had impressed upon him as a secret. 'You rascal,' exclaimed the angry master, 'you told the servants at the Inn last night that we were a newly married couple.' 'There is not a word of truth in it, yer honor; I told the whole kit of them servants and all, that you wouldn't be married for a fortnight yet.' The lady fainted, but the husband pardoned Pat, and concluded that in future he had better tell the truth.