

Orangeburg: at Clouffville. the 12  
Thomas Bowman Aug.

The York Herald

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-  
ket, and the greatest care will be taken to  
make it acceptable to the mass 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.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
Six lines and under, first insertion, \$0.50  
Each subsequent insertion, . . . . . 00 1/2  
Ten lines and under, first insertion, . . . 00 7/8  
Above ten lines, first in., per line, . . . 00 07  
Each subsequent insertion, per line, . . . 00 02  
Advertisements without written direc-  
tion, inserted till forbid, and charged accord-  
ingly.  
All transitory advertisements, from strangers  
or irregular customers, must be paid for when  
handed in for insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to parties ad-  
vertising by the year.  
All advertisements published for a less pe-  
riod than one month, must be paid for in ad-  
vance.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be  
post paid.  
No correspondence unless accompanied by  
name, and parties retaining papers without pay-  
ing up, will be held accountable for the sub-  
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, LABELS  
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,  
BILLS, HEADERS, FINE CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND  
PAPER LETTERS.  
And every other kind of  
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING  
done in the best style, at moderate rates.  
Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely  
new and of the latest pattern. A large variety  
of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards,  
Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.  
MEDICAL CARDS.  
DR. HOSTETTER,  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons  
England,  
Opposite the Elgin Mills,  
RICHMOND HILL,  
May 1, 1861. 127-11P

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

ISAAC BOWMAN, M. D.,  
Graduate of the University of Vic  
Coll. & Provincial Licentiate,  
HAS settled (permanently) at Thornhill,  
where he can be consulted at all times  
on the various branches of his profession  
except when absent on business.  
Thornhill, May 6, 1862. 179-1

LAW CARDS.  
M. TEEFY,  
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH  
CONVEYANCER, AND  
DIVISION COURT AGENT,  
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.  
AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,  
Wills, &c., &c. drawn with attention and  
promptitude.  
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 144-1f

A. CARD.  
W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Tor-  
onto, has opened an office in the Vil-  
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, 1860. 104-1f

Charles C. Keller,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR  
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,  
in Victoria Buildings, over the Citizens Office,  
Brock Street, Whitby.  
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-  
vallon, Township of Thornhill, and County  
of Ontario.  
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond  
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.  
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1f

JAMES BOULTON, Esq.,  
Barrister,  
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.  
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1f

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

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

William Grant,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chan-  
cery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office  
in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street.  
Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1f

George Wilson,  
(LATE FROM ENGLAND)  
Masonic Arms Hotel,  
RICHMOND HILL.  
GOOD Accommodations and every attention  
shown to Travellers. Good Yards for  
Driving Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses  
and Stables.  
The 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. 167

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. IV. No. 33.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1862.

Whole No. 190.

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. 145-11y.

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 Travel-  
lers 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. 108-1f

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

CLYDE HOTEL,  
KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE,  
TORONTO, C.W.  
JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.  
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers  
always in attendance.  
Toronto, November 1861. 157-1f

James Massey,  
(Late of the King's Head, London, Eng.)  
No. 26 West Market Place,  
TORONTO.  
Every accommodation for Farmers and others  
staying Market. Good Stabling.  
Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel,  
Deutscher 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 Travelers can  
desire, those who wish to stay where they can  
find every comfort are respectfully invited to  
call.  
W. WESTPHAL,  
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,  
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1f

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 Hostlers  
always in attendance.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1f

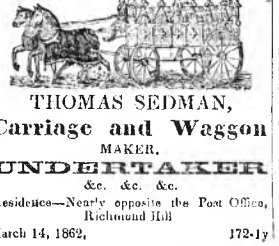
JOS. GREGOR'S  
Fountain Restaurant,  
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.  
Lunch every day from 11 till 2.  
Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c  
always on hand.  
Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got  
up in the best style.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1f

NEWBIGGING HOUSE,  
LATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32  
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per  
day. Visitors always in attendance at the Cafe  
and Boats.  
W. NEWBIGGING,  
Proprietor.  
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1f

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 al-  
ways in attendance.  
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor,  
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1f

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 them-  
selves and horses.  
N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance  
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1f

THOMAS SEDMAN,  
Carriage and Waggon  
MAKER,  
UNDERTAKER,  
&c. &c. &c.  
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,  
Richmond Hill  
March 14, 1862. 172-1f



Poetry.  
OUR GUARDIAN SPIRITS.  
Linger, gentle angel spirit;  
Stay and fold thy cherub wings;  
To the world thou didst inherit  
What sweet message dost thou bring?  
Ere of balm for her who here thee,  
Wept thy early light to heaven;  
Saw the cold clouds level'd o'er thee,  
Canst thou bestow the healing heaven?  
As we tarry by the greenward,  
Covering to thy mortal bed,  
And gaze down upon the roses,  
All in bloom above thy head,  
Sadly, mildly, ment'ry whispers  
Of a bud that never bloom'd;  
Then we feel a presence near us,  
Pointing to our roselbud's tomb,  
Guardian spirit, hovering o'er us,  
Oh thy presence seemeth near,  
And when sorrow's fount o'erfloweth,  
Unseen pinions fly each tear;  
When the silent twilight bringeth  
Ere the morn'st we heart,  
Back to earth our cherub wingeth,  
Whispers peace, and steals the dunt!

Literature.  
The Last Shot.  
FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN.  
BY F. H. T.

We were stationed at the village of  
A. The life of an officer in the  
army is well known. In the morn-  
ing there is the parade and the rid-  
ing-school; then comes dinner with  
the Jewish Tavern, and in the  
evening, of course, punch and cards.  
In A. there was not one open  
house, not one heiress; we assem-  
bled in each other's rooms, where  
no one was seen who did not wear  
our uniform.  
There was only one man who be-  
longed to our society without being  
in the army. He was about thirty-  
five years of age, and we therefore  
considered him an old man. His  
experience gave him many advan-  
tages over us; added to which, the  
usual goodness of his temper, his  
rough manners and biting tongue,  
considerably increased the influence  
he had acquired over our young  
minds. A kind of mystery attended  
him; he seemed to be a Russian,  
yet his name was foreign. At one  
period of his life he had served  
with reputation in a regiment of  
husars, and nobody knew the reason  
which induced him to leave it,  
and to settle in a quiet village,  
where he lived in a strange manner,  
appearing at the same time poor  
and prodigal: he always walked on  
foot, and in a threadbare black coat,  
and yet he kept open table for all  
the officers of our regiment. True,  
his dinner consisted of two or three  
dishes only, which were prepared  
by an old veteran; but champagne  
flowed in rivers. No one knew of  
his property, or the source from  
whence he derived his income, and  
no one dared to ask him about it.  
He had some books, for the most  
part military works and novels.—  
He was liberal in lending them out,  
and never asked for them to be re-  
turned. His principal exercise was  
pistol shooting; the walls of his  
room were, so to speak, inlaid with  
balls. A rich collection of pistols  
was the only luxury of the poor cot-  
tage where he lived. The degree  
of precision which he had attained  
was extraordinary, and if he had  
proposed to hit a pear on the forag-  
ing cap of anybody, there was not  
one in our regiment who would  
have hesitated to offer his head for  
the experiment. We often talked  
of duels and duelling; but Silvio, for  
so I shall call him, never joined in  
conversation. To the question  
whether he would drily answer that  
he had, but he never entered into  
details, and it was evident that ques-  
tions on this subject were by no  
means pleasant to his ears. We  
supposed that the fate of some un-  
fortunate victim of his terrific art  
was weighing on his conscience.—  
It never once struck us to suspect  
him of cowardice; there are men  
whose very appearance dispels all  
suspicion of this kind; yet an ac-  
cidental circumstance caused a slight  
alteration in our opinion.  
One day about ten of our officers  
dined with Silvio. We drank as  
usual, that is, very freely. After  
dinner we begged of our host to  
set up a book; he resisted for a long  
time, for he scarcely ever played;  
at last he ordered cards to be  
brought, threw on the table some

fifty ducats, and sat down to deal;  
we surrounded him, and the game  
began.  
Silvio was in the habit of being  
perfectly silent when engaged in  
play; he never disputed and never  
explained. In cases where the  
pointeur made a mistake, he would  
immediately pay out from the bank  
or write up the score. We knew  
his system, and allowed him to man-  
age in his own way. But there  
was among us an officer who had  
but lately joined the corps. Through  
inadvertence he made a mistake.—  
Silvio took the chalk and balanced  
the account, as he was accustomed  
to do, the officer, believing him to  
be in the wrong, began to make  
some observations; but Silvio con-  
tinued to deal the cards in silence.  
The officer, losing patience, took  
the brush and erased that which he  
thought had been wrongly marked  
up. Silvio took the chalk and  
wrote it again; the officer, heated  
by the wine, the game, and the  
laughter of his companions, con-  
sidered himself deeply offended,  
and seizing in his rage a brass  
candlestick from the table, hurled it  
at Silvio, who narrowly escaped being  
struck by it. We were all dis-  
mayed. Silvio rose, pale with rage,  
and with sparkling eyes said:—'Sir,  
go away, and thank God that this  
has happened in my house!'

We feared the consequences, and  
considered our new companion a  
dead man. He left the house, say-  
ing that he was ready to answer for  
the offence in whatever manner  
would be pleasing to the banker.—  
The game continued a few minutes  
longer, but seeing that our host was  
not much inclined to go on, we de-  
sisted one after another, and dis-  
persed to our lodgings, conversing  
about the next vacancy.  
The next day, questions were put  
even in the riding school as to the  
fate of the officer, when he sud-  
denly appeared himself among us.  
He said that he had not as yet re-  
ceived any message from Silvio.—  
This struck us as somewhat curi-  
ous; we went to Silvio, and found  
him as usual in the yard, driving  
his carriage into a target, which  
he had stuck up on the gate; he re-  
ceived us as usual, without even allu-  
ding to the circumstances of the  
preceding evening. Three days  
passed over, and the casino was  
still alive; we asked, with wonder,  
it is possible that Silvio will not  
fight?—Silvio did not fight; he  
was satisfied with a very slight  
apology, and they became good  
friends.  
This incident, for a time, injured  
him a good deal in our opinion;  
want of courage is less than all for-  
given by the young, who generally  
see in courage the highest of hu-  
man qualities, and the excuse for all  
possible vices. However, by de-  
grees, the affair was forgotten, and  
Silvio regained his former influ-  
ence.

I alone could not approach him  
as before. Being naturally of a  
warm and romantic temperament, I  
of all my companions, had been  
especially attached to the man  
whose life was an enigma, and  
whom I fancied the hero of some  
mysterious tale. He was partial to  
me, at least I was the only one  
with whom he would lay aside his  
cutting observations, and speak on  
all sorts of subjects with simplicity  
and amenity. But after that un-  
fortunate evening, the thought that  
his honor had been stained, and not  
repaired by his own will, haunted  
me, and prevented my associating  
with him on the same footing as for-  
merly. I did not like to look at  
him. Silvio was too shrewd and  
too experienced not to perceive this  
change in my behaviour, and  
to discover its reason; it seemed to  
vex him; at least I found him on  
more than one occasion inclined to  
details, and it was evident that ques-  
tions on this subject were by no  
means pleasant to his ears. We  
supposed that the fate of some un-  
fortunate victim of his terrific art  
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alteration in our opinion.  
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dined with Silvio. We drank as  
usual, that is, very freely. After  
dinner we begged of our host to  
set up a book; he resisted for a long  
time, for he scarcely ever played;  
at last he ordered cards to be  
brought, threw on the table some

letters directed to our regiment,  
and was generally present on these  
occasions. One day they gave him  
a parcel, the seal of which he broke  
with the greatest impatience, and  
while he was reading, his eyes  
sparkled. The officers, engaged  
in reading their own letters, did not  
remark this.  
'Gentlemen,' said Silvio, 'cir-  
cumstances demand my immediate  
absence; I leave to-night—I hope  
you will not refuse to dine with me  
for the last time. I expect you  
also,' he continued, addressing him-  
self to me, 'I expect you.' With  
this he left us in haste, and we, af-  
ter agreeing to meet at Silvio's,  
went our way.  
I went to Silvio at the appointed  
hour, and found almost the whole  
regiment there. All his luggage,  
goods, &c., were packed up, and  
nothing remained but the naked  
dinner-stuff. We sat down to  
table; our host was in excellent  
spirits, and soon the gaiety became  
general; the cork was being flying  
every minute, the glasses foamed,  
and we wished, with all possible  
sincerity, a good journey to our tra-  
veller. We rose at a late hour in  
the evening; as we were looking  
for our caps, Silvio bade good-by  
to each person singly; he seized me  
by the hand, and stopped me at the  
moment I was preparing to go.  
'I must speak with you,' he said  
in an under tone.  
I remained; the guests were gone;  
we continued alone; sat opposite  
each other, and lighted our pipes in  
silence. Silvio was thoughtful;  
there appeared no traces of his late  
convulsive joy; his gloomy thick-  
ness, his burning eyes, and the pale  
smoke which issued from his mouth,  
gave him the appearance of a genu-  
ine demon. After some minutes,  
Silvio broke the silence.  
'Perhaps we may never meet  
again,' said he. 'I wished to have  
a separation. You have remarked  
that I set but little value upon the  
opinion of others; but I like you,  
and feel that it would be painful to  
me if I left on your mind a false im-  
pression.'  
He stopped, and began to fill his  
pipe again, which he had just fin-  
ished; I was silent and looked  
down.  
'You thought it strange that I  
did not demand satisfaction from  
that drunken fool R.— You  
will allow that, having the choice  
of arms, his life was in my hands,  
and mine almost without danger; I  
could in this case refer my moder-  
ation to my generosity alone; but I  
tell you no truth. If I could have  
punished R.—, without risking my  
own life, I never would have  
forgiven him.'

I looked at Silvio with astonish-  
ment: such acknowledgment served  
only to confuse me the more. Sil-  
vio continued.  
'So it is. I have no right to ex-  
pose myself to death. Six years  
ago, a man struck me in the face, he  
still lives.'  
My curiosity was greatly excited.  
'You did not fight with him?'  
I asked: 'circumstances must have  
separated you?'  
'I fought with him,' answered  
Silvio, 'and here is a memorial of  
our duel.'  
Silvio rose and took out of a band-  
box a red cap with golden tassels  
and riband (one of those which the  
French call *bonnets de police*) he  
put it on; it was pierced by a ball  
just above the forehead.  
'You know,' continued he, 'that  
I served in the — regiment of hus-  
sars. You know my character; I  
am accustomed to *dommier*, and it  
was my passion from my earliest  
youth. In our time, extravagance  
was the fashion. I was the first  
spendthrift in the army. We used  
to boast of drunkenness; I could  
drank the celebrated B.— Duels oc-  
curred every day in our regiment;  
at almost every one I was either  
second or principal. My compa-  
nions worshipped me, and the com-  
manders looked upon me as a ne-  
cessary evil.  
I enjoyed my glory peacefully, or  
rather without peace, when a young  
man of a rich and noble family  
joined our corps; I shall not name  
him. Never have I met a man so  
brilliant in his fortunes? Imagine  
youth, mind, beauty, the maddest  
gaiety, the most careless courage, a  
sounding name, money without  
end, and you will easily conceive the  
effect which he produced among us.  
My priority was on the wane.—  
Dazzled by my renown, he was on  
the point of seeking my friendship,

but I received him coldly, and he  
left me without regret. I began to  
hate him; his success in the army  
and among the ladies, actually  
drove me mad. I began to pick  
quarrels with him, but to my epigrams  
he answered with epigrams,  
which were always thought better  
and sharper than mine, and which  
certainly were livelier; he jested  
while I railed. At last, one night,  
at a ball given by a Polish prop-  
rietor, and where I found he was an  
object of peculiar interest to the  
ladies, and more especially to the  
lady of the house with whom I had  
been intimate, I whispered to him  
a word of gross insult. Carried  
away by the feeling of the moment,  
he gave me a blow on the face.—  
We flew to our swords—the ladies  
fainted; we were taken away, but  
agreed to meet at daylight.  
'The day was beginning to dawn.  
I stood on the appointed spot with  
my three seconds. I awaited my  
adversary with peculiar impatience.  
The autumn sun arose, and the  
heat began to diffuse itself around.  
I saw him from afar. He walked  
leisurely, carrying his uniform on  
his sword, and accompanied by one  
second only. We went to meet  
him. He approached, holding in  
his hand his cap full of cherries.—  
The second measured out twelve  
paces. I had the first shot, but the  
excitement of malice was so great  
in me that I did not trust in my  
hand, and, to have time to cool, I  
offered it to him. My adversary  
would not agree to this. We re-  
solved to draw lots; he was the  
constant favorite of Fortune; he  
obtained the first shot, and aimed  
and shot through my cap. Now it  
was my turn; at last I had his life  
in my hands; I gazed at him with  
anger, seeking to find even a  
shade of emotion. He stood before  
the pistol, picking the ripe cherries  
from his cap, and spitting out the  
stones. His indifference maddened  
me. 'What is the use,' thought I,  
'of depriving him of his life, since  
he values it so little?' A devilish  
thought shot through my mind, I  
dropped the pistol.  
(To be concluded in our next.)

THE END OF GREAT MEN.  
The four great personages who  
occupy the most conspicuous places  
in the history of the world, were  
Alexander, Hannibal, Cesar and  
Bonaparte.  
ALEXANDER—After having climbed  
the dizzy heights of his ambition,  
and with his temples bound with  
chaplets dipped in the blood of  
countless millions, looked down upon  
a conquered world, and wept that  
there was not another world for  
him to conquer—set a city on fire,  
and died in a scene of debauch.  
HANNIBAL—After having, to the  
astonishment and consternation of  
Rome, passed the Alps, and having  
put to flight the armies of the mis-  
tress of the world and stripped three  
bushels of golden wings from the  
fingers of her slaughtered knights,  
and made her foundations quake—  
fled from his country, being hated  
by those who once exultingly united  
his name to that of their god, and  
called him Hani Baal, and died, at  
last, by poison administered by his  
own hand, unlamented and unwept,  
in a foreign land.  
CESAR—After conquering eight  
hundred cities, and dying his gar-  
ments in the blood of one million of  
his foes—after having pursued to  
death the only rival he had on  
earth—was miserably assassinated  
by those whom he considered his  
nearest friends; and in that very  
place, the attainment of which had  
been his greatest ambition.  
BONAPARTE—Whose mandates  
kings and popes obeyed, after hav-  
ing filled the earth with terror of  
his name—after having deluged  
Europe with tears and blood, and  
the world with sackcloth—closed  
his days in lonely banishment, al-  
most literally exiled from the world,  
yet where he could sometimes see  
his country's banner waving over  
the deep, but which could not bring  
him aid.

In a party of ladies, on it's being re-  
ported that a Captain Silk had arrived in town,  
they exclaimed, with one exception,  
'What a name for a soldier?' 'The  
fittest name in the world for a captain re-  
joined the witty one, 'for Silk can never  
be worsted.'

'They don't make as good mirrors as  
they used to,' remarked old Miss Never-  
green, as she observed her face in a glass.

THIRST IN THE ARTIC  
REGIONS.

The use of snow when persons  
are thirsty does not by any means  
allay the insatiable desire for water;  
on the contrary, it appears to be in-  
creased in proportion to the quantity  
used, and the frequency with which  
it is put into the mouth. For ex-  
ample, a person walking along feels  
intensely thirsty, and he looks to his  
feet with coveting eyes; but his  
sense and firm resolutions do not to  
be overcome so easily, and he with-  
draws the open hand that was to  
grasp the delicious morsel and con-  
vey it into his parched mouth. He  
has several miles of a journey to ac-  
complish, and his thirst is every mo-  
ment increasing; he is perspiring  
profusely, and feels quite hot and op-  
pressed. At length his good resolu-  
tions stagger, and he partakes of the  
smallest particle, which produces a  
most exhilarating effect; in less than  
ten minutes he tastes again, and  
again always increasing the quan-  
tity; and in half an hour he has a  
gum-stick of condensed snow, which  
he masticates with avidity, and re-  
places with assiduity the moment  
that it has melted away. But his  
thirst is not allayed in the slightest  
degree; he is as hot as ever, and  
still perspires; his mouth is in water,  
and he is driven to the necessity of  
quenching them with snow, which  
adds fuel to the fire. The melting  
snow causes to please the palate,  
and it feels like red-hot coals, which,  
like a fire-eater, he shifts about with  
his tongue, and swallows without  
the addition of saliva. He is in dou-  
t; but habit has taken the place  
of his reasoning faculties, and he  
moves on with languid steps, lament-  
ing the severe fate which forces  
him to persist in a practice which  
in an unguarded moment he allowed  
to begin. I believe the true cause  
of such intense thirst is the extreme  
dryness of the air when the tempera-  
ture is low.—Sutherland's Journal.

CHANGING SEEDS.—The Irish  
Agricultural Review says:—'The  
practice of frequently changing seed  
is now recognized in many sections  
as essentially necessary to the pro-  
duction of a first-rate crop. We  
well know that the practice of pro-  
curing seed potatoes from a distance  
—say 20 or 25 miles—and from dif-  
ferent kinds of soil, has a marked  
influence on product. While the  
rational of this is not quite obvious,  
the fact is indisputable. The same  
result follows also in the manage-  
ment of corn, wheat, pumpkins,  
beans and garden seeds. Hygen  
where exchanges are made between  
farmers in the same neighborhood,  
and when there is no very marked  
difference in the geological or min-  
eral characteristics of the soil in  
the respective localities, the prac-  
tice is inductive to improvement.—  
Let those who have never tried the  
experiment do so—on a small scale  
at first—if they are at all skeptical  
and mark the result, both as re-  
gards quantity and quality of the  
crop.'

CURE FOR THE HEAVES.—I have oc-  
casionally seen, in your excellent paper,  
remarks upon heaves in horses, and a course  
of feed prescribed as a relief—the disease  
being generally considered incurable. I  
give below a very simple and perfect cure  
for this disease:  
Keep the horse one winter on corn  
stalks; and if you feed any grain, let it be  
corn in the ear, and when you turn the  
horse to grass in the spring he will be per-  
fectly cured of heaves. In the Southern  
States, where horses are kept exclusively  
on corn blades (the leaves of corn strip-  
ped from the stalk and dried) and corn,  
heaves are unknown. A heavy horse  
taken from the north into the southern  
states, and fed on blades and corn, is very  
soon cured. I have owned several heavy  
horses, which I have cured in this state,  
by feeding as above. I would not hesi-  
tate to purchase a horse otherwise valu-  
able, because he has the heaves.—Corres-  
pondence Country Gentleman.

EFFECTUAL METHOD FOR DESTROYING  
RATS.—A correspondent of the Ge-  
nesses Farmer gives the following method  
for destroying rats. He says:—'One  
day a stranger came to the house to buy  
some barley, and hearing my father mention  
the difficulty he had in freeing the house of  
these disagreeable tenants, he said he could  
put him in the way of getting rid of them  
with very little trouble. His directions  
were simply these: mix a quantity of ar-  
senic with any sort of grease, and plaster  
it pretty thick around all their holes.—  
'The rats, he said, if they did not eat the  
poison, would soil their coats in passing  
through the holes, and as, like all furred  
animals, they are very cleanly, and cannot  
endure any dirt upon their coats, to re-  
move the offensive matter they would lick  
their fur, and thus destroy themselves.—  
'This plan was immediately put in practice,  
and in a month's time not a rat was to be  
seen about the house or barn.'

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A young couple  
were sitting together in a very romantic  
spot when the following dialogue took  
place:—'My dear, if the sacrifice of my  
life would please the most gladly would I  
lay it down at thy feet?'  
'Oh, sir you are too kind! But just  
reminds me that I wish you would quit  
cleaving tobacco.' 'Can't think of such a  
thing—it's a habit to which I am wedded.'  
'Very well, sir; if this is the way you lay  
down your life for me, and as you are al-  
ready wedded to tobacco, I'll take good  
care that you are never wedded to me.'