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RATES OF ADVERTISING: Sixlines and under, first insertion, \$30 50

Each subsequent insertion, 10 12 1/2 Tea lines and under, first insertion, 00 7 1/2 Above ten lines, first in., per line, 00 07

Each subsequent insertion, per line, 00 02

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Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

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

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE & COLBURNE 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.

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, Mar, 1862. 179-1/2

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 promptness. Richmond Hill, Aug 29. 144-1/2

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, 1862. 104-1/2

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Charlotte office, Brock Street, Whiting.

Also a Branch Office in the Village of Beaverton, Township of Thorn, and County of Ontario. The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended. Whiby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1/2

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 113-1/2

Mason's Arms Hotel! WEST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO.

ROBERT COX begs to inform his friends, and the traveling public, that he has taken the above Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. W. STEVENS, where he hopes, by strict attention to the comforts and convenience of his guests, to merit an equal share of the patronage given to his predecessor. Toronto, July 17, 1862. 190

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their 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 shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Horses and Carts. The best of Liquors and Cigars kept constantly 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. 40.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1862.

Whole No. 197.

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. 145-1/2

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.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, Proprietor. Richmond Hill, Dec. 25, 1860. 108-1/2

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wine 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

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. 157-1/2

James Massey, (Late of the King's Head, 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. 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.

W. WESTPHAL, Proprietor. Corner of Church and Simcoe Sts. Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1/2

THE WELL-KNOWN BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. (PART 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

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

NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 147 Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 1/2 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Posters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats. W. NEWBIGGING, Proprietor. Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1/2

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. W. WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor. York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1/2

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

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862. 112-1/2

Poetry.

WIFE AND I.

We quarrel'd this morning, my wife and I, We were out of temper, and scarce knew why; Though the cause was trivial and common; But to look in our eyes, you'd have sworn that we both were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth,— Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play, Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way As so little a woman was able; She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown, While I, being rougher, stamped up and down, Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then) Of little women and little men, And would have laugh'd at our spite and passion; And would have never dream'd that a woman like this 'Wou'd be rain-bow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss, Till we two talk'd in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour, And was followed soon by a sunny shower, And that again by embraces; Yet so little the meaning was understood 'That we almost felt ashamed to be good, And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became, And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame, By her kindness herself reproving; When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true, I all at once became humble too, And very contrite and loving.

But seeing I acted a humble part, She laugh'd outright with a frolic heart,— A laugh as careless as Cupid; And the laughter wrangled along my brain 'Till I almost felt in a passion again, And became quite stubborn and stupid

And this was the time for her arms to twine Around this stubborn neck of mine, Like the arms of a maid round a lover; And, feeling them thus, with their warmth, you know, I laugh'd quite a different laugh,— and so The storm (as I call'd it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please And though the passing of storms like these Leaves a certain fond facility Of getting easily angry again, Yet they treat the heart and rebuke the brain, And teach us a rough humility.

You see, we love one another so well, That we find more comfort than you can tell, In juggling our lips and coyness; In the fierce fights of a world so drear, We keep our hearts so close and clear 'That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great fierce fights of the world we try To shield one another, my wife and I; Like brave strong men and women; But the trivial quarrels of days and nights Unshackle our souls for the great fierce fights. And keep us lonely and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind, And make it unmeet to mix with its kind, Were nature less wise as a mother; And with storms like ours there must flutter out From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt— The excess of our love for each other. R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

Literature.

THE OHIO OIL WELL.

THE mare swerved, dashing the high lightly built gig against a stump by the side of the narrow road; off flew the spidery wheel; down came the fast trotting chestnut; and out like a brace of rockets were flung the driver and myself. There was a moment of scuffling, floundering, and general entanglement, while a thousand sparks of fire danced before my eyes, and then I was creeping away from the broken wreck, when I heard Ben, the driver, cry suddenly: 'Joshaphat, miser, mind her heels, or you're a gone coon!' And I have an indistinct remembrance of receiving two or three stunning blows from what seemed to be a blacksmith's sledge-hammer, and of hearing a loud shout of human voices as I fainted.

When I again opened my eyes I found myself lying on a bank, a few yards from the spot where the accident had occurred. The smashed gig lay in the roadway, but the mare had long since kicked herself free, and was gone. Ben my careless or unlucky charioter, stood dolefully whistling, with the whip in his hand. His face was scratched, and his garments were muddy, but he seemed uninjured, though dismayed. Six or seven men in working clothes were lounging about, and apparently conversing on the subject of the recent upset, but only one seemed to concern himself about my personal condition.

He was a tall muscular young fellow, with a fine handsome face, and a rich bronzed complexion.— He was better dressed as well as better looking, than the others, though he wore homespun cloth, while the rest of the party were in patched and discolored suits of black. Kneeling beside me on the bank, this young farmer—for it was easy

to guess his rank in life—was supporting my head with a gentleness that seemed wonderful for one of his tiens and sinews.

'Labor lost, Joe,' observed one shabby smoker from his seat; which, by the way, was on the very stump that had occasioned the accident. 'The Britisher, or Dutchman, or whatever he be, air as dead as Julep Cæsar.'

Weak and ill as I was, there was something in this conversation of the Dictator's name into a Yankee idiom which tickled my risible nerves, and I gave a feeble chuckle.

'He's alive, I tell you,' answered Joe; 'though it does sicken a chap, a few, to get such a pounding as that, I'd like to see you, Zack Brown, after such a dose of cold iron. You'd sing a trifle less positive, or I ain't Joe Mallory.'

There was a laugh, which Joe cut short by asking which of the bystanders had some 'whiskey medicine' about him? A bottle of this potent cordial having been produced, the farmer put it to my lips, and with arbitrary kindness forced me to swallow as much of the fiery liquor as I could imbibe without actual suffocation.

'I know'd,' said Joe, in a dogmatic way, 'what puts new life into a man in such a case as this, though I ain't overfond of the monongahela in gin'rat. Do ye feel to be stronger, sir, now?'

'This was addressed to me, and I contrived to answer by some feeble acknowledgement of his Samaritan kindness.

'No bones bruk?' inquired Joe, adding, as I shook my head, 'then mebbe you could make a shift to walk, leavin' on me? Sparta ain't above a big mile off.'

I tried to rise, and with the help of the young farmer I did contrive to reach my feet, but I could not keep them. One ankle was smartly sprained, the foot having been awkwardly twisted and r me as I fell; and I sank down with a groan, as helpless as a rag effigy of a man. It became incumbent to carry me; and the bystanders, now they were quite satisfied that I was alive, volunteered with a pretty good grace to assist in my removal. A light iron gate that gave admission into a field hard by, and which contrasted oddly with the rough worm fence of unbarbed wood, was taken off its hinges to form a litter, and I was borne away on this impromptu palanquin.'

Ben, the driver, had by this time set off in plodding pursuit of the truant mare; but, before starting, he hallooed out a stentorian request to know 'where they were takin' his stranger tow, because Major Strains might like to action him in county court for the gig.'

I could hardly help laughing again, though my bones ached cruelly, at the suggestion of suing a man for the damage done in half killing him, but I felt a thrill of languid pleasure when my protector rejoined.

'Darn the major and his accors! He won't clear many dollars that way, for 'tain't fust time that tearin' chestnut brute have made a smash of wood and iron, let alone humans. That mare's unpopular in the country, and no jury would give a red cent if her neck was bruk. Anyhow, if the major wants a dose of law, tell him the stranger's under Joe Mallory's roof.'

The other men gave a growl of surprise.

'Why, Joe,' said he who was called Zack Brown, 'I reckoned we'd just drop the chap at Dan Hunt's, the taverner's. You ought hev more wrinkles by this than to lumber up your house with a critter that wants a deal of waitin' on, and mebbe hasn't shimplaster enough to pay for his board.'

I made some answer to this, or rather I began to assure my hearers that I was better provided with money than they perhaps guessed from my scanty luggage and plain dress; but Joe Mallory pressed his broad hand on my mouth to silence me, and angrily told Zack that 'when he sent in a bill for food and shelter to a hurt traveller, he hoped niggers would trample on him.'

Zack said no more, and before long I was carried into the young farmer's house, and laid on a bed. The men were going at once, after taking a dram of whiskey, but I insisted on remunerating each of them with a dollar, which, after some he-

sitation, they consented to receive for 'loss of time.' Very odd fellows they were—honest, I am sure; proud, in their way, as Hoosiers are; and not wilfully unkind, but blunt of feelings themselves and coarsely indifferent to the feelings of others. Before they departed, I heard one of them ask Joe, in a smothered tone, 'what whim made him have the stranger up there?' to which Joe made answer, in a more subdued tone, that 'Dan's tavern was no place for a delicate town raised critter to be ill in, and that it was plain I felt the banging more than I said.'

When the men were gone, the master of the house called aloud the respective names of 'Auntie!' 'Phillis!' and 'Terence!' but no answer was returned. Muttering that he would soon return, my new friend strode out into the yard, whence issued the familiar sounds produced by gobbling turkeys, lowing calves, and grumbling pigs.— The house was a long low structure, mainly composed of timber, with chimneys of brick; but it was very substantial and roomy. The chamber in which I had been placed, was one of a nest of similar rooms, opening into a passage, at the end of which was the great kitchen, decorated with dangling hams, smoked venison, corn cobs, barrels of pickled pork, huge yellow pumpkins and sundry shelves of pewter and New England crockery. At the other end was a door, seldom opened, leading into the best parlor; where stood the smart furniture, the china, fine linen, and so forth, never used but at a wedding, funeral, or christening. The quilt on which I lay was of a coarse quality, but scrupulously clean; the brown rough sheets of the bed were very clean too, the pine planks of the floor, thanks to soap and water, were as white as the glaring walls on which hung a few cheap colored prints of Bonaparte's battles, and the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. The house was that of a tolerably well-to-do Western farmer; rather neat than the majority; but with no luxury or ostentation.

While I was musing on the strange quarters in which I found myself, my host returned, accompanied by a negro girl and an old white woman, dressed pretty much like in common cotton prints of Lowell make. There was a great difference in their behaviour, however, for while the negro, whom I sidrowly guessed to be the Phillis so often called in vain, merely grinned a salutation, the old woman bustled up to my bedside in a moment.

'You're welcome, stranger,' said she, 'but we can talk 'nother time, I guess. A nasty tumble!—What a bruiser that is on your temple—'I'll jest fix that—Phillis, the bottle off the shelf in my room, third from the end—jump and get it, and be spry, do. That gal moves as if shed' lead in her shoes. All them darkies do. Sprained your foot, eh, mister? Let me turn it about—so, does that hurt you? then run, Joe, and git the black box. I've got somethin' there, woundy good for sprains.'

Joe good-humoredly hurried off to fetch the rude medicine-chest, saying with a pleasant laugh that 'he knowed auntie be glad of the job. She was a nurse, if ever any woman was.'

Certainly Miss Esther Mallory, Joe's aunt, was a borne nurse as well as a born gossip. She could do anything and everything that was required in a sick-room, except hold her tongue. Talk she must, and while with real kindness and untiring skill she applied bandages and lotions to my bruised head and arm and my sprained ankle; while she brewed me tea and barley-water; while she adjusted the pillows under my head, and superintended Phillis in the boiling of a chicken for my supper; she never seemed to intermit the rapid flow of her discourse.

From this notable female, in the course of the evening, I heard all the family history. How the Mallorys had migrated West from their original abode in New Jersey, where they had been, my hostess rather boastfully said, since William and Mary. How she, Esther Mallory, had been induced, sorely against her will, to accompany her two brothers, Joe's uncle and father, to the then half-known wilds of Ohio. How she had been there

a long time, and didn't half like it, and had seen great changes, and didn't half like them, and thought New Jersey the true Eden upon earth.

Further, the good old maid related how Joe's uncle had died of fever, and how Joe had succeeded his father in the property, two years before, while she had stayed to keep house for him till he got a wife, being fully determined to go back as soon as his nephew's marriage should take place, and live on her savings, or as she called them, 'money-scrapes,' in her native village.

Miss Esther was about sixty; angular, raw-boned, with a hard-featured face puckered into as many wrinkles as a withered apple, with keen blue eyes, and brisk active movements. I had seen many women in New England who might have been her twin-sisters, and I knew the race well, thrifty clean bustling busy-bodies, with a supreme contempt for the dawdlers and slatterns down South. A good cook was Miss Esther, a good manager, a skilled seamstress, but a better nurse. If she could do any one thing better than other, it was tending the sick, and I believe she felt personally grateful to me for giving her an occasion of exhibiting her knowledge and adroitness. At any rate she was very affable and chatty, and took the opportunity of Joe's absence to sing her nephew's praises, adding:

'Poor lad! poor lad! He's a heavy heart, for all he tries to keep up a smilin' face. Drat love and sentiment, sez I.'

I started. Sure enough, my kind young host had a melancholy look, unaccountable in one in robust health, tolerably well off, and evidently respected by his neighbors. I had noticed it before, but my bruised limbs and throbbing temples had put the matter out of court, until Miss Esther's remark aroused my curiosity and sympathy. Little pressing was needed to elicit from the garrulous aunt what, after all, was no secret. Joe Mallory had been for some time the accepted lover of Susan Boone, only daughter of Deacon Gabriel Boone, one of the most comfortable farmers in the district, and who, as Miss Esther said, was 'rather uppish' about family, being own cousin to the renowned General Daniel Boone, the explorer of Kentucky. The marriage had been unluckily postponed; a circumstance due, I sidrowly guessed to be the Phillis so often called in vain, merely grinned a salutation, the old woman bustled up to my bedside in a moment.

In the interval, a new discovery had subverted the old order of things. This was no other than the discovery of petroleum, or, as Miss Esther called it, the 'oil.' It had been found, its value had been greedily appreciated by a population not very apt to let any source of profit slip through their fingers, and the favored tract of country, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania, as well as Canada West, had ever since been in fever of speculation. Here were diggings, not indeed auriferous, but of a substance capable of transmutation into five dollar notes, brought home to the very doors of the people. Of course property maintained its rights; there was no scramble; but some grew rich by finding wealth bubbling up at their very thresholds, and among this number was Deacon Boone.

One of the two 'flowing wells' of rock oil which had come to light in the parish of Sparta, was on Deacon Boone's land. Luckier than most of his neighbors, almost all of whom had oil beneath their fields, but oil only to be raised by expensive pumping, after the spade and mattock had done their work, the old deacon was proprietor of an absolute spring of the odoriferous fluid, which seemed inexhaustible. Thousands of gallons, every drop of which had its market value, daily spouted and splashed into the air, and an immense percentage of the produce was lost for lack of barrels and labor.

Under these circumstances, it is not wonderful that Deacon Boone, always a weak, vain man, lost his head, and grew, as Miss Esther quaintly said—'most too proud to dirty his shoes walkin'.' This elation was accompanied by coldness of demeanor towards his old friends,

whom he was loth any longer to regard in the light of equals, and by an ominous coldness to his intended son-in-law. Besides this, he had dropped hints of the brilliant prospects in store for his family: hints that struck poor Joe with dismay, since his position was altered now. A little while before Joe, with a tidy farm and a little sum in bank, had been a reasonably good match for the daughter of a corn and cattle factor; but he has become relatively poor when compared with the fortunate owner of a flowing well of wealth.

'And the young lady herself?' asked I, with some interest; 'is she as mercenary as her father?' As ready to give up a poor suitor, in hopes of a better match afterwards, I mean?

Miss Esther answered rather slowly, as she plied her knitting needles over the fast growing stocking of unbleached wool.

'Wall! I hardly know, sir! Young gals are that flighty and firm, they don't know the differ between yes and no sometimes. Susan likes our Joe well well enough, but her father and mother are noughter of them overstocked with sense, and they go clack! clack! about how she's to be a fine lady and that, and visit Europe, and keep cunny with grand folks and wear sat'n' and ace, and meb be the gal's little head's getting turned. But I believe, I do believe, her heart air a good and tender one, as it oughter, seein' Joe deserves a good wife.'

Joe, I must observe, was out just then, looking after a 'looping deer,' which Terence the old Irish herd man who helped on the farm, had caught a glimpse of in the corn; and therefore I had time to hear a great deal about the Boone family.

Among other things was a story, the moral of which was, that Deacon Boone owed Joe a debt of gratitude, which rendered his present conduct in giving him the cold shoulder peculiarly mean and contemptible. Years before, when the State of Ohio was more thinly settled, the deacon had joined a party of hunters, who had brought a bear to bay. Old Boone was no experienced woodsman, but was vain and fond of applause, and perhaps had a notion that sylvan prowess ran in his blood, as a kinsman of the great Nimrod, Daniel Boone; and he rashly approached the desperate animal and was caught in its dangerous embrace.

'I've heard tell,' said Miss Esther, 'that the sight wur horrid. There wur the b'ar, with red eyes glittin' with rage, and a mouth full of blood and foam, and the deacon faintin' with fright and the hug he got, and never a man durst fire, for fear they'd miss the beast and hit the man. But our Joe—a mere boy then—what does he do but run in with his hunting-knife, and soon med the b'ar drop the deacon and tackle to him. That war a tussle, mister, for a b'ar takes a deal of killin', and when they brought back our Joe here, he war tore to bits and all blood. You may see the great scar on his forehead yet, whar the b'ar's claws scratched him, just as he drove the knife to his heart. 'Tain't every big man in the settlements, let alone a lad, cares to face a b'ar with only a knife; and no wonder the deacon always petted Joe afterwards, and used to take a pleasure in seein' him and Susan together, and sayin' they'd make a handsome couple, and so they might, if 't'war'n't for this weary ile.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FEW MAXIMS ABOUT MANURES.—Without manure no good farming is possible. The right way to purchase manures is only by analysis. For practical ignorance cannot be blessed; unless it be pleasant to buy things at double their value, and lose good crops into the bargain.— In manuring grass lands 't is the safest and soundest economy to obtain the effect at once, and not by niggardly or piecemeal applications. Manure is the farmers' capital.

OATH FOR CORRESPONDENTS.—The Fredericksburg correspondent of the New York Post says: 'The oath usually administered by our quartermaster is as follows: 'You, Cicero, do solemnly swear that you will bear true allegiance to the United States; that you will take good care of the horses and mules, and if any of them get away, you will go after them, no matter how dark it is; and will also black boots to the best of your advantage and belief. So help you General McDowell.'

THE DONKEY AND THE THISTLE.—Donkeys are very fond of thistles, and we recollect seeing a picture portraying a donkey race, in which the animals appeared to be doing their utmost in the way of galloping to reach a thistle held a few inches before their noses by their respective riders. The idea was good; but the artist had made one grand mistake—he had painted the thistles green and blooming, a state in which they never look at them. They only eat them in the fall when the seedings or kernels are ripe, or nearly so; and when the thistles are in this state it is difficult to get a donkey past them.—Scottish Farmer.

Many poor fellows seem to have a less horror of water upon the brain than upon the stomach.