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HOTEL CARDS.

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WELLINGTON HOTEL, AURORA.

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George Wilson, (LATE FROM ENGLAND)

Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER.

Poetry.

THE BROOK.

I come from fountains of cool and health, I make a sudden rally,

With many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fallow,

I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom trailing;

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I side by forest covert,

I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers;

I sing, I sigh, I gleam, I dance, Among my skimming swallows,

I make the netted sunbeams dance Against my sandy shallows;

I pierce by my shrubbery, And loiter round my cresses;

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Wall, no,' said Joe, reluctantly, 'her parents war following,'

she war walkin' along of a smart town chap, one I know by head mark, Mr. Peter Clovis Tapper,

the lawyer to Lonsville. Such a dandy fellow, with rings and yaller gloves, and snuff on his white canonic hair-creaser;

The many young fellow cast a glance, half proud, half depreciating, on his plain working garb and brown muscular hands.

As I saw the dark flush of wrath that crimsoned the backwoodsman's sun-browned face,

Malory, however, like most men of genuine bravery, was remarkably modest and quiet in his general demeanor,

At that moment it came Joe, moody and care-worn. In answer to the question whether he had shot the deer, he rejoined bitterly that he had not,

'I know what's amiss,' said his aunt, glancing up in her keen way. 'You've seen Susan Boone, and she's vexed you.'

'Hush, aunty!' said the young farmer, looking askance at me; but Miss Esther assured him that my presence need be no restraint,

'You hev?' the young man exclaimed, with an angry stamp of his massive foot on the floor.

'I oughter remember she falls were born to chatter, specially them that hail from down east-ward.'

'You have no cause to be, I am sure,' said I, half apologetically, 'and I hope I am not intrusive when I say that, quite apart from the kind service you have rendered me, my best wishes would go with you.'

The young woodsman stretched out his mighty hand, grasped mine, and gave it a friendly squeeze that seemed to make every joint and sinew crack.

church assemblies, sheriff's courts, market, or merry-making, they never met but to bicker and oppose each other.

But in Susan, whom I had fancied a cold coquette, I found to my surprise a very charming girl, extremely pretty, gentle, and sweet-tempered; rather too much so, indeed,

Poor Joe was willing and able to keep her as became a farmer's wife and a farmer's daughter, and he did not ask for a cent of dowry;

At Waterloo, where the star of Napoleon's fortunes set in blood on the 18th June, 1815, Wellington and Blucher together led upon the field 110,000 men.

At Inkerman the Allies numbered 43,000, the Russians 46,000. The Allies lost 4,126, the Russians, 10,550.

At Magenta, the Allies under Napoleon III. numbered 110,000, the Austrians under Marshal Hess, 140,000.

Upon what is called the field of Solferino, over 400,000 French, Sardinians and Austrians were marshaled on the morning of June 24th, 1859.

A SHORT HOMILY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.—Go to the grave of buried love, and meditate.

'Sorry for it, for your sake, Mr. Malory,' said the old well-digger, when the excavation had been made, and deepened, and deepened, all in vain.

This was sad news for poor Joe, who had been informed that moping by Deacon Boone that the day of grace was nearly spent,

I could give the poor fellow no comfort. Indeed I had been compelled to endorse the verdict of the experienced old well-digger, and my opinion, as that of a professional engineer, had great weight with Joe.

But the two who profited most by this sudden outpouring of an oleaginous cornucopia were Deacon Boone and other farmer, with whom the deacon was on bad terms.

'Thank'ee, mister,' said Joe; 'but I reckon I'm an outlucky cove. I some fear I air. This ile that's a fortin to thousands, air just partidion to me. Bad enough the deacon should be hully and queer, but Susan! She hadn't oughter—she hadn't oughter sot more store on a pocketful of dollars than an honest man's heart.'

and the commercial firm in whose behalf I was engaged, and who had purchased my patent of a new process for refining the crude petroleum.

I had not neglected this duty, and had concluded a bargain with Elder Rutlandford for the delivery of a certain quantity of spar oil at specified periods.

To be concluded in our next.

THE GREAT BATTLES OF MODERN HISTORY.

At Blenheim, on the 13th of August, 1703, the day which established the glory of Marlborough and Eugene, and the overthrow of the army of Frenchmen that was sweeping the Continent, the Allied loss was 5,000 killed and 8,000 wounded,

At Jena, France had 80,000 of its sons engaged in the action. The Prussian legions numbered 100,000. The French lost 4,000, and the Prussians, 43,000.

Austerlitz has been called the greatest, as it was certainly one of the most brilliantly fought and desperate of Napoleon's battles.

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Miscellaneous.

As wet as a fish—As dry as a bone, As live as a bird—As dead as a stone, As plump as a partridge—As poor as a rat,

Always laugh when you can—it is a cheap medicine. Why is a London milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

Why does a person that is poorly lose much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well. The young lady who burst into tears has been put together, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a recurrence of the accident.

McKellan's Last He that fights and recedes for a strategic reason, May live to fight another season Punch.

Fanny Kemble is reported to have said that there was only one thing she detested worse than a newspaper critic and that was a bug. Carlyle is said to have characterized the American civil war as 'the dirtiest chimney that has been on fire for a long while, and one which wise men will look on quietly, and let it burn itself out.'

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plough on a stall in a market place. 'I'll bet you a crown, said one, you don't know what it is for.' 'Done,' said the other; 'it's for sale.' The bet was paid.

A laugh was recently raised in one of the Common Courts by an official, who, when the chairman called out for the entries to open the Court, said: 'May it please your Honor, the clerk don't cry to-day, because his wife is dead.'

Webster 'How'n of Wives and Widows.—It is a singular fact that neither wives nor widows are defined in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Are they 'indefinite articles'? As Webster was not a bachelor, we don't see why he was so 'down on' these two classes of the antil—we meant to say the amiable—sex nor to put the women down in their proper places. Did he ever do so anywhere? Let his own answer.

After all, says an modern writer there is something about a wedding gown precluded to any other gown in the world! All the girls agree to that. In fact lots of 'em marry just for the sake of the new 'togey.' To them the bridal is more attractive than the bridegroom, the milliner more interesting than the minister. Men, however, take more substantial views of things, and would prefer to wed a down-right pretty girl 'without a rag' rather than an ugly woman with as many gowns as the executor found in Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe!