

Midland Division Soc. Council Election
Gamble and M^r Master
The vote

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest
mails, or other conveyance, when so desired
The YORK HERALD will always be
found to contain the latest and most impor-
tant Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-
kets, and the greatest care will be taken to
render it acceptable to the man of business,
and a valuable Family Newspaper.

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THE YORK HERALD
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the above mentioned
descriptions of PLAIN and FANCY JOB
WORK will be promptly attended to:—
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, TABLETS,
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,
BILLS, HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND
PAMPHLETS.
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 patterns. 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. 127-1/2
JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS.,
TORONTO.
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,

where he can be consulted at all times
on the various branches of his profession ex-
cept when absent on business.
Thornhill, May, 1862. 179-3/4

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. KEELER, 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, 1862. 104-1/2

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

Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-
revoir, Township of Thornhill, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1/2

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

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

ROBERT COX begs to inform his friends,
and the travelling public, that he has
taken the above Hotel, lately occupied by Mr.
W. Strains, 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 predecessors.
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 atten-
tion to the comforts of the travelling commu-
nity, to merit a share of their patronage and
support. Good Stabling.

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 Race Horses
and Sticks.
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. 16

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. 46. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1862. Whole No. 203.

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. 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. 108-1/2

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. 25-1/2

CLYD 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 Caschau,

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. 145-1/2

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. 125-1/2

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. 125-1/2

NEWBIGGING HOUSE,
LATE Clarence Hotel, No 28, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per
day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars
and Boats.

W. NEWBIGGING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 121-1/2

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 al-
ways in attendance.
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 them-
selves and baggage.
N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1/2

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage and Waggon
MAKER,
UNDERTAKER.
&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill
March 14, 1862. 172-1/2

Party.

NOTHING TO GIVE.

"Nothing to give!" said the rich man bold
As he listened on in the bitter cold,
While so closely wrapped was his stately form,
That heeded not the driving storm.
"Nothing to give!"—and a waiting cry
Went up to God as the blast swept by.
"Nothing to give!" said the lady fair,
While jewels gleamed in her raven hair,
And the Eastern looms their skill had sought
For her gorgeous robes in beauty wrought.
"Nothing to give!"—and a shivering form
Went sadly forth 'mid the raging storm.
"Nothing to give!" said a maiden gay,
As she lightly sped on her joyous way,
And thoughtlessly turned from the pleading
face,
Where famine and want their impress trace.
"Nothing to give!"—and w'd despair
Is mingled now with the pleader's prayer.
"Nothing to give!" said a bright-eyed boy,
Of his princely home the pride and joy;
"Your clothes are ragged, your eyes are wild,
So go away, little beggar child."
"Nothing to give!"—and the naked feet
Go patter on 'mid the ocean sleet.
"Nothing to give!"—he it not our cry,
As we listen to the pleading sigh,
But with generous heart and open hand,
May we gladly aid earth's suffering band,
Something to give, be it ever so small,
Something to give when the needy call.

Literature.

NAPLES, THE CITY OF
BEGGARS.

(From Italy under Victor Emmanuel. By
Count Chas. Arrivabene.)

The news immediately spreads that a
'Milorio Inglese' has disembarked;
that he gives alms; and that he
lodges at the Crocele or at the
Victoria. In the innocence of his
soul, the newly-arrived traveller is
ignorant of all this. He has been
told so often to see Naples and then
die, that as soon as he has reached
the hotel, and plunged his face and
hands into fresh water, he opens his
window to look at the beautiful
view which is before him—the
Gulf Capri, Posillippo, Vesuvius—
He sees all this, and a cry of admi-
ration escapes him. But at the
same moment, in all the notes of
the scale, in all kinds of intonation,
he hears, 'Excellency—General—
Highness! we are dying of hunger!
—we are dying of hunger!' He
looks down, attracted by the noise,
and sees no longer the five or six
beggars to whom he has given
some trifle in coming to the hotel;
but a band of beggars—a troop of
beggars—a very army of beggars—
who are all endeavoring to exhibit
their misfortunes. The heart of
the traveller is touched: he throws
to the miserable creatures all the
change he has, and shuts the win-
dow. Thenceforth he is condemned
to look at the port, at Capri, Posil-
ippo, and Vesuvius, through his
window-panes; he dares not open
the window again. He rings the
bell, and asks the waiter what he
can do to get rid of this eighth
plague—a plague unknown to Pharoah.
'You have probably given
them some money,' says the waiter,
philosophically. 'Certainly,' re-
plies the traveller. 'Then, excel-
lency, there is no remedy,' rejoins
the waiter, in the tone of a man
who has made up his mind to an-
other martyrdom. An idea sug-
gests itself to the traveller. 'Order
a carriage; I am going out, only I
wish to get into it in the court-
yard, and not at the door.' The
waiter bows, and leaves the room
without replying. Ten minutes af-
terwards, he comes up again, saying,
'The carriage is ready, excellency.'
His excellency goes down; the
beggars, however, have made an
irruption into the court-yard, and he
is obliged to pass through the midst
of them, and to push them forcibly
aside ere he can reach his carriage.
Hardly is he seated before he
shoots with all the strength of his
lungs—'Quick, coachman, quick!
The coachman hesitates; some of
the beggars are too close to the
horses; some are before the pole,
some before the wheels. At last,
however, he starts. His excellency
hears cries, groans, lamentations;
no one has been touched, but every
one appears to have been frightfully
hurt. As long as the carriage rolls
along a plain or descends a hill,
there is rest; but the beggars know
that in those situations his excel-
lency has the advantage of them;

but at the first ascent they are
waiting for him. From the distance
he perceives them in two rows—one
on each side of the street—leaning
against the wall, or seated; all
immovable, talking of their affairs
until he arrives within ten steps of
them. Then the two lines join and
encircle the carriage, and his tor-
ments recommence. They stick
close to the carriage all the time the
horses are obliged to walk; and the
coachman, who is himself a beggar
of another kind, will keep the
beasts walking as long a time as
possible, so as not to injure his col-
leagues; in fact, he will only put
them into a trot when his complicity
would become too evident. A
little girl runs after the carriage,
and throws into it a yellow flower
which has a horrid odour. She,
too, is a beggar. If the traveller
does not fling back the flower, she
will be sure to throw him one
every time he passes, and some day
when she meets him walking, she
will present him her account. A
Capuchin jumps on the carriage
steps, shaking his bag. He, too, is
a beggar. He begs for the souls
in purgatory. If his excellency
gives him anything, he is off with-
out even saying 'thank you,' if he
does not, he excommunicates him
in the name of our Lord. On reach-
ing the Toledo, where the carriage
is obliged to fall into the rank, a
man nearly as well dressed as the
traveller speaks to him, putting his
hand to his hat, and bowing; his
excellency touches his hat, and re-
turns the bow. Some words pass
between them, and then the travel-
ler discovers that his interlocutor is
a beggar like the rest, with only
this difference—that he begs in a
black coat and cravat, or, if he does
not actually beg, at least finds some-
thing to solicit. Should his excel-
lency stop before a cafe to take an
ice, or at a shop to buy some trifle,
he probably gets out of the vehicle
quietly enough; but, in returning to
his carriage, he finds it literally
stuck fast, hemmed in by women,
old men, and children—like a ship
in the ice in the midst of the Polar
Seas. He imagines that, on leav-
ing Naples, he will escape this an-
noyance. Half-distracted, he cries,
'To Pozzoli!' Alas! mendicity
outside the city is even better or-
ganized than within. The fellow
who runs after him to sell anti-
quities—the one who insists upon con-
ducting him to the baths of Nero—
the one who goes before him into the
temple of Diana at Belem—all are
beggars. This man who almost
loses his breath in running after the
carriage as soon as he sees fit, and
who leads two pensants who dance
the tarantella—he too is a
beggar. This other, who strokes
and pats your dog, if you happen to
have one—he also is a beggar; he
will ask you for something for hav-
ing patted your dog? This goes
on day after day. At the end of a
fortnight, the traveller's patience is
exhausted, and he is almost tempted
to say, 'It is not 'see Naples and
die,' but rather die than again see
Naples.'

A COOK ON TRIAL.

(From Kangaroo Land, by the Rev. Arthur
Polekhampton.)

I knew a man—a gentleman by
birth—at Geelong, in a like predicam-
ent about this time, who was so
hard pushed for something to do,
that he went into a labour-office,
where the proprietor read out a list
of vacancies, but none seemed suit-
able. The proprietor, however,
urged the advantages of a cook's
place at an inn, telling him that he
could do very well there if he
could cook a beefsteak or make a
plum-pudding, which indeed was
the utmost that he could pretend to
do. The wages—£3 a week, board
and lodging—were not bad. After
a few minutes' consideration, my
friend agrees to give the place a
trial. He confessed that he had
certainly had a few misgivings with
regard to his fitness for the place,
as he wended his way towards the
inn; so much so, that at times he
had almost made up his mind to
turn back, especially when he found
that the inn was a much more im-
portant-looking affair than he had
been led to suppose, and situated in
a rather central position; but as he
had gone too far in the matter to re-
treat with honour, he endeavoured
to delude himself into the idea that,
after all, cooking inspirations might
attend upon him as it had upon
other chefs de cuisine, which would

possibly enable him to rival Soyer
himself; and having thus worked
himself up into a state of self-assur-
ance and faith in his own latent
powers, he boldly entered the bar,
and presented himself to the land-
lord as the new cook, ready to dis-
pose of anything in the most approved
style. The landlord appeared to
be duly impressed, and even asked
this new-found treasure of a cook
to join him in a friendly glass. Not
so his wife, however, to whom my
friend was then introduced. She
put one or two questions to him, but
his repeated assurances that he
would undertake to cook anything,
from toast elephant to baked oppo-
sums seemed to make less impres-
sion on her than on her husband;
and the manner in which she as-
sured him, more than once, that
some friends were coming next
week who were very particular
about cooking, implied a lack of
confidence which my friend se-
cretly resented as almost unjust;
for he had worked himself up into
such a state of faith in his improv-
isator powers in the cooking line,
that he actually felt equal to any-
thing. The fact is, that he had, in
his colonial experience, so often
found himself in novel situations, the
difficulties of which he had generally
managed to overcome by a brazen
assurance which, although it was
not habitual to him, he was able to
call up on occasions, that he saw no
reason why the same assurance
should not stand him in like good
stead now. In this frame of mind
he withdrew to his domain, the kit-
chen—the waiter, a Frenchman,
going with him to point out the cup-
boards and other dependencies. Presently, a smart housemaid came
in with a brace of wild ducks to be
roasted for dinner; but not content
with delivering the birds, she lingered
about in the kitchen, much to
my friend's annoyance; for though
his assumed self-confidence was such
that he would have undertaken the
roasting of a rattlesnake, if neces-
sary, still he knew very well that
his manner of procedure with the
defunct duck would not bear the test
of prying eyes. At last, she took
herself off; and then, as a prepara-
tory step, he began to chop up the
stuffing; but he had hardly begun
when the housemaid, under some
pretext or other, returned again;
and no sooner had she gone than the
French waiter came in with a mes-
sage, and, instead of departing with
the answer, remained, evidently to
watch. The new cook naturally
felt indignant that the sacred mys-
tery of the kitchen should be thus
open to vulgar eyes, so he told the
Frenchman that as the kitchen was
small, he wanted all the room to
himself, but the fellow evinced no
intention of going. The prelimi-
nary operation of preparing the stuff-
ing would not last for ever, and the
water was evidently remaining to
see the next move. Had the ducks
required plucking, the evil
moment might have been put off a
little, as the waiter could have had
no reasonable pretext for idling in
the kitchen any longer; but there
was nothing left to be done but pre-
pare the birds at once for the spit,
and cooke felt convinced that the
waiter was sufficiently versed in
cookery to see at once, from his
manner of handling the birds, whether
he understood the minutiae of
his business; and no sooner had he
begun upon the birds themselves
than the waiter interfered. What
cook could stand this? A chef,
who trusted to the inspiration which
is common to the highest walks of
all art, to be interfered with by a
vulgar, matter-of-fact waiter, with
his nasty French ideas! With an
indignant sense of injury, he ejected
him very summarily from the kit-
chen, with an injunction to go back
to France and eat frogs. No
sooner was the man turned out than
the inspiration left my friend, and
he regarded his position as any other
ordinary mortal with average com-
mon sense would have done under
like circumstances. It was useless
to make any further attempts, for
the Frenchman was evidently a
spy, and was even then probably
employed in effectually undermining
the character of the new cook; so
the latter, taking everything into
consideration, resolved to beat a
speedy retreat. Devoutly hoping
that he might not stumble upon the
landlady, he sought the landlord at
once in the bar, and told him hon-
estly how matters stood. As it
happened, the landlord was far too
much amused by the whole thing

to be angry; and probably rather
admiring the impudence of the man
than otherwise, asked him to take
a parting glass, besides paying him
half a day's wages. So began and
ended my friend's experience as a
cook.
RESPECT FOR OUR QUEEN.—On
the day after, the 6th of March, the
Queen held a levee at St. James's
Palace. A long and monotonous
ceremony, which, nevertheless, in-
spired me with real interest. I re-
garded with excited esteem the
profound respect of that vast as-
sembly, courtiers, citizens, lawyers,
clergymen, officers, military and
naval, passing before the Queen,
the greater portion bending the
knee to kiss her hand, all perfectly
solemn, sincere, and awkward. The
sincerity and seriousness were both
wanting to prevent those antiquated
habits, wigs, and purses, those cos-
tumes which no one even in Eng-
land now wears, except on such
occasions, from appearing some-
what ridiculous. But I am little
sensible to the outward appearance
of absurdity, when the substance
partakes not of that character.—
*An Embassy to the Court of St.
James's in 1840.*
PERCEPTION.—That wise little
man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in
body but not little in mind, in brain,
and in worth, used to give an in-
stance of this. A young well-
educated surgeon, attached to a re-
giment quartered at Musselburgh,
went out professionally with two
officers in search of 'satisfaction.'
One fell, shot in the thigh, and in
half an hour after, he was found
dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and
grim over him, with his two thumbs
sunk in his thigh below the wound,
the grass steeped in blood. If he
had put them two inches higher, or
extemporized a tourniquet with his
sash and the pistol's ramrod and a
stone, he might have saved his
friend's life and his own—for he
shot himself that night.—*Dr.
Brown's Horæ Subsecivæ.*
WELLINGTON'S TENDERNESS FOR
HIS YOUNG AIDE DE-CAMP.—For a
second, Wellington leaned against
the mantelpiece, suffering from the
most poignant grief. Suddenly
Lord March awoke, and, recognis-
ing his chief, faintly expressed a
hope that he had been successful on
the previous day. 'I've given
them a good licking,' the great
man replied, 'and I shall follow it
up.' The exhausted youth then
turned to doze again; and as the
Duke quitted the room, tears slowly
trickled down his cheek, at the
thought that he had taken a last
farewell of the son of one of his
dearest and oldest friends.—*Me-
moirs of the Duke of Richmond.*
SERVANTS AT JERUSALEM.—A
beautiful contrast to these Partippes
is presented by the Bethlehemite
women—the Greek Christian Arab
women—who come to Jerusalem,
and take service in good families.
Their countenances are unveiled,
they have fresh, blooming com-
plexions, handsome features, and a
natural dignity which is enhanced
by their costume. They are easily
recognized by their lofty head-
dress, and by the long white veil
which falls from it over their shoul-
ders and back; some gold coins
may generally be seen shining
amongst the silver coins of the
bandeau on their foreheads. Mrs.
Gobat's cook might serve as the
model for a picture of the Queen of
Sheba, and my servant Maria for
one of Judith.—*Miss Bremer.*
A son of Erin having hired his services
to cut some ice, was asked if he could use
the cross-cut saw. He replied that he
'could surely.' He was sent accordingly
in company with his co-labourers to cut
some ice, and on reaching the centre of
the pond, the saw was produced with both
handles still in their places. The verdant
son, looking at the saw very coolly, put
his hand in his pocket, and drawing from it
a penny, said,—'Now Jamie, fair play;
head or tail who goes below?'

Baby.—A problem which is propounded
by the world to be solved by Time.

Typographically speaking, a short article
with a heading in small caps. Graphically
speaking a morsel of humanity, which is
generally the admiration of one sex and
the aggravation of the other. Philosophi-
cally speaking, moral lessons in long
clothes set before us to remind the great-
est of what we have once been, and to
warn the wretched old bachelor with what
he has a great dislike to come to.

Miscellaneous.

[For the York Herald,
OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

Woe to that day which gave me birth,
Tarnish happy I if no'er boon born;
Happy the day when laid beneath the earth,
And no more live to be scorn.

For sixteen years, by night and day,
I've dream'd of matrimonial bliss;
Yet sixteen years have pass'd away,
And I am still a Miss.

My friends of youth have long been blest
With partners of their choice;
And new in that happy lot they rest,
With nought but to rejoice.

But I, alas! ah wretched fate,
In spite of all my wish to woo,
Have still to live without a mate,
And likely so to do!

Where is now the tows of all my friends?—
Fondels! why not that name forget;
Why should I give the name of friends
To such a worthless set.

Away, away, ye dismal thought,
Why doth thou rack my brain;
And tell me of that wretched lot
In which I must remain.

But to forget I've tried in vain,
I've tried with all my human skill;
Yet thoughts which have long in oblivion lain
Force their way against my will.

But all is past—it's now too late,
No hope but one to wish I dare;
And may ye Gods who guard our fate
Answer me that simple prayer:

That is that every kind of woe,
That human flesh is heir to,
May fall upon those faithless beaux
In number not a few.

May all the power of a woman's tongue
Forever sound within their walls;
And all the music which they hear sung
Be children's peevish squalls.

And if they wish to rest in sleep,
Front a life end and forlorn;
May certain lectures lull them to sleep,
And wake them in the morn.

AN ABSTRACT DEED.—Having four
tooth drawn.—*Fun.*

The Best Cure for Vanity.—De photo-
graphed.—*Fun.*

A Splendid Climate.—In California a
'showers' continued about three weeks,
when it 'set in to rain.'

Grown-up men may be seen in the
street every day with their 'peg-tops.'

Proverbial Philosophy (by Mr. W.
Koupell).—Where there's a will there's
a way of making away with it.—*Fun.*

Bread is the staff of life and liquor the
sticks—the former sustaining a man, and
the latter elevating him for a fall.

'Say, Cæsar Augustus, why are your
legs like some organ grinders?' 'Don't
know.' 'Cos they carries a monkey
about the streets.'

'I stand upon the soil of freedom,' cried
a Yankee stump orator. 'Yes,' exclaimed
his shoemaker 'and you also stand in a
pair of boots that have never been paid
for.'

If the North American President were
to take a trip to London, what would be
the most appropriate place for him to put
up at? Lincoln's Inn, of course.—*Fun.*

Hungry customer: Here, waiter, bring
me another knife; I can't cut anything
with this villainous thing! Honest waiter:
Beg pardon, sir; but I never sharpen
the knives for the sixpenny plates.

A thief who was seized for stealing snuff
out of a tobacconist's shop, by way of
excusing himself, exclaimed 'that he never
heard of that law which forbade a man to
take snuff.'

A Frenchman was recently bargaining
for half-a-dozen sheep. 'What are you
about?' said a friend. 'I have heard say,'
replied Monsieur, 'that if you want to
make money you must buy sheep and sell
deer. I shall buy do sheep and sell do
venison.'

A clergyman having buried three wives,
a female acquaintance jokingly asked him
'how he happened to be so lucky.' 'Madam,'
replied he, 'I knew they couldn't live
without contradiction so I let them have
all their own way, and you know the result.'

'IT WAS THE CAT, SIR!'—If anything
goes wrong in our household, or if we miss
anything, we usually get a very remarkable
answer to our inquiry into particulars.
All blame is laid to the charge of the Cat!
Pussy brings it upon herself, however, for
she is of thoroughly selfish principles.
She always chooses a warm berth on the
hearth-rug; and if you attempt to remove
her, she immediately ceases purring and
will sulk for a week. Sometimes she will
leave you, without permission, for a whole
fortnight, and return home—artful hussey!
—as if nothing had happened; looking,
too, demure as a Jesuit. Now you find
her peeping into every cupboard in the
house; presently she is in the coal cellar,
staring at you most mysteriously with those
two great glassy eyes of hers. In every
case, find her where you may, she is creep-
ing about stealthily and noiselessly. And
see, there she is now, at this very moment,
looking down upon us from the house-top
—the Sly-boots! No wonder if anything
goes wrong, or is missed, that all should
be laid to the charge of the cat! I can
trace many very extraordinary losses, in
years gone by, to 'the cat.' Tea, sugar,
wine, and even ardent spirits, have disap-
peared in quantities—all I was told under
felicitous agency. 'Hang the cat!' said I.
'It's no use trying to do that, Sir,' was the
reply I once received, 'Cats won't die.'
'Obstinate thieves!' muttered I.—*Wid-
lum Kid's Notes on the Domestic Cat.*