

Tribute to the memory of Rev. E. H. Sewall M.A.
"Kilfedder's sentence"

The York Herald

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

DR. HOSTETTER,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England,
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL,
May 1, 1861. 127-12P

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURNE 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.
Thorahill, April 9, 1862. 176

ISAAC BOWMAN, M. D.,
Graduate of the University of Vic Coll. & Provincial Licentiate,
HAS settled (permanently) at Thorahill, where he can be consulted at all times on the various branches of his profession except when absent on business.
Thorahill, May, 1862. 179-3

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
AGREMENTS, 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 Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch.
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto November 20, 1860. 104-1y

Charles C. Keller,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beaverton, Township of Thorah, and County of Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860 104-1y

JAMES BOULTON, Esq. Barrister,

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

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. STEWART, 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 Race Horses and Studs.
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. 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. 50. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1862. Whole No. 207.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, 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. 145-1ly.

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 Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1y

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all Brands.
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-1y

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 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. This house possesses every accommodation Travellers 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. 145-1y

THE WELL-KNOWN BLACK HORSE HOTEL,

Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. (N.E. of the MARKET,) TORONTO.
WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, [Successor to Thomas Palmer].
Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1y

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. 125-1y

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. 124-1y

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET,

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

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 Hostler always in attendance.
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1y



THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER

&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill
March 14, 1862. 172-1y

Poetry.

THE BLUSH IS ON THE MAPLE LEAF.

A CANADIAN SONG FOR MUSIC.
[The Author—a stranger almost to Canada—tendes this song to whoever may feel desirous of arranging it to music which shall be worthy of the beauty of a Canadian autumn.]
The blush is on the maple tree,
Canadienne—Canadienne!
Remember all you promised me,
Ma belle Canadienne!
For, when the maple leaves were green,
You held them as a dainty screen,
And blushed, yourself, those leaves between,
Ma chere Canadienne!

The maple leaf is blushing now,
Canadienne—Canadienne!
I hold you to your loving vow,
Ma belle Canadienne!
You pledged yourself to be my own,
When all the summer days were flown,
And crimson all the maples grow,
Ma chere Canadienne!

You blushing tree—that blush of thine,
Canadienne—Canadienne!
Declare you to be ever mine,
Ma belle Canadienne!
Our love through life shall last and be,
And we together, love, shall see,
The blush on many a maple tree,
Ma chere Canadienne!

St. Lawrence Hall. E. P. HINGSTON.

Literature.

HOW PAUL FELL THROUGH IN HIS COURTSHIP.

Farmer N—having come originally from one of the best parts of the country, when he came to settle on his new farm in our neighborhood, determined to erect a dwelling which should be comfortable within and tasteful without. And the house he had built did indeed combine these very desirable qualities; but much to his vexation, when he came to dig the cellar, he found that it filled with water faster than he could empty it—in short, a spring had been struck. "Weel, weel," said the canny old man, desirous of making the best of a bad bargain, "it'll just make a braw well, and the lassie'll no hae to gang out in the cauld in the winter." So the idea of a cellar was therefore given up, although a trap door was left for convenience in obtaining water. Inside, the house was roomy, but not quite finished at the date of our story.—The stove was at one end of the largest room, the pipe being thrust out of a temporary hole in the wall near the ceiling, to leave the place cut for a flue for the operation of the mason. Over this unsightly aperture the good wife pasted an old newspaper, "to mak' it snuggler lookin'," as she herself remarked.

His daughter, Mary, who attended the singing-school, had just reached the door, accompanied by a young gentleman who answered to the aristocratic appellation of Paul Ringlewood. Acquainted almost unconsciously by an innate sense of politeness, Mary turned to her companion and said—
"Will you come in?"
Paul had not discernment enough to see that it would be more seemly for him to take his leave on the spot. He seemed rather flattered at the invitation, and as the hour was not a very late one, he accepted. They entered and Paul was ushered into the large sitting room. Mr. N— was sitting in the dim light cast from the stove, alone, Mrs. N— being in some other part of the house.
"Father," said Mary, frankly, "this gentleman is Mr. Ringlewood, who has accompanied me from singing-school."

Paul advanced, and Mary's respected parent arose, partly for politeness's sake, and partly, perhaps, to get a better look at the young man who had the hardihood to come home with his darling Mary.
Paul Ringlewood, as became a fashionable young man, had studied to perfection the science of introducing and being introduced. Locked up in his own room, he had practised the noble art of genuflection before a large looking glass until he considered himself able to compete with even Beau Brummel himself. Now was his time, therefore, to bow his very best. Gracefully inclining his body he touched the horny hand of his intended father-in-law, and then by a dexterous sliding movement, threw back his right foot, so as to regain the centre of gravity.
But alas and alack for unfortunate Paul and his centre of gravity—the

right foot rested for a moment on emptiness, and the graceful, exquisite, love-smitten Paul Ringlewood, with the spasmodic gulp of a drowning man, fell through the open trap door into farmer N—'s wet cellar!

Mrs. N— had gone down the steps with a candle in her hand, and was just in the act of drawing a pail of water, when the descending young gentleman knocked candle and pail out of her hand, and with a dismal splash plunged into the water. Scrambling up the steps, the good matron, who was frightened almost out of her wits, exclaimed—
"Gude save us, John, what's tae in the cellar?"

John was at first almost as much astonished as she was, at the sudden and ludicrous termination of Paul's bowing, and it was not till the latter had commenced to cry lustily for help that he ran down and assisted our dilated hero out of his sorry predicament.

Reader, have you ever seen a drowned rat? If so you can imagine how Paul looked when he reached the floor. His superb coat was torn in several places, his hat caved in, his boots filled with water, and the sensation was decidedly unpleasant as the icy fluid trickled down his back. And then the mortification of appearing in such a plight before his late companion and her parents. He almost wished he had been drowned. However, the old lady prevailed upon him to remove his wet clothes in an adjoining room, and don a suit of Mr. N—'s Canadian grey until his own should dry.

The farmer being a burly specimen of humanity, the clothing fitted Paul very much as a sack would and when he went out to the stove he had the rather doubtful satisfaction of seeing the fair Mary stifling a laugh at his uncouth appearance.—Here was a fix for a young exquisite to find himself in. How was he to get back home? To make his entrance in a pair of enormous pantaloons, a huge gray coat which reached to his heels, with his feet embedded in a pair of the farmer's cow-hide boots, was too much, and to put on the wet garments was impossible. In such trying emergencies the ready wit of woman always contrives some way of escape.—The good-natured Mrs. N— at last compromised the matter by persuading the hapless youth to stay all night. Paul was but too happy to consent, and as it was impossible to draw any conversation out of him, he was shown up stairs to a bed which had been hastily fitted up in the farthest corner. He was informed that his wet clothing would be dried and placed at the head of the stairs in the morning.

Hastily throwing himself on the bed, our hero gave himself up to such thoughts as he could at the moment collect, but his ideas had been so scattered by the fall into the fatal cellar, that the results of whatever reasoning process he went through would be of very little interest to the reader. Sleep, which so often comes to our relief in time of distress, at last visited him, but his slumbers were not by any means of the balmy kind. Distorted and dismal were his dreams. At one moment he was swimming in a vast stygian lake of black hair-dye (Paul's hair by nature was of a lively brick color)—and again he would fancy himself tumbling backwards down some unfathomable chasm, yawning black as Erebus, yet illuminated with innumerable Mary N—'s, convulsed with hideous laughter. Had it entered into the sleeper's head to dream of Pandemonium, the presiding devils would have been pretty girls with hazel eyes.

But time waits not, even upon so-journers in dream land.
"Morn, with rosy fingers,
Unbarred the gates of night,"
and when friend Paul opened his eyes it was broad day-light.

Before he comes down stairs, let us see what is going on in the kitchen. Mary had risen with the first meadow-lark, and was busily engaged in assisting her mother to prepare breakfast, while her father attended to some out-door employment. Mrs. N— had just placed a pan on the stove, and the savory odor which speedily arose therefrom, told unmistakably of that good old breakfast dish—ham and eggs.

While the latter are frizzling and sputtering away, let us go up-stairs again.
We left Paul rubbing his eyes, probably to discover whether he was still in the flesh.

Having fully satisfied himself on this important particular, he peeped around to see if there were any toilet articles in the room. There was close at hand a tiny table with a snow-white cover, upon which were all that an exquisite could wish, and above which hung a mirror. So far all was well. Now for the clothes. Sure enough, there they were, on a chair at the head of the stairs. A vigorous effort, and Richard, or rather Paul, would be himself again. Paul crept out of bed, and ran towards his clothes. About midway was a sheet of paper, he stepped upon it, when horrible to relate, with a crash it gave way under him, and in the twinkling of an eye he descended bodily into the kitchen below, falling plump into the great pan on the stove. One moment Mary stood aghast at the hideous apparition, and then ran screaming from the room.

The old lady also screamed 'Fire and Murder,' but she instinctively saw the necessity of rescuing the sufferer from his painful position.

Having a large fork in her hand, with which she had an instant before been attending to the meat, she applied it in utter absence of mind to his ribs, as if he had been an Indian captive, undergoing torture at the stake.

With a yell of pain, Paul sprang to the door, just as Mr. N—, who had heard the screams, and supposing the young man was murdering his house-hold, entered, armed with a bludgeon. Surprised beyond measure to see the young gentleman of the night before in such scanty apparel, he was about to apply the cudgel to his shoulders, when Mrs. N— interfered, and explained the accident.

"Go up stairs, sir," shouted the stern farmer, "put on your breeks, and never let me see your unlucky face in my house again."

Paul darted up stairs, donned his clothing without even looking at the glass, and limped out of the front door, all the family having absented themselves to leave the way clear.

And that, gentle reader, was how Paul Ringlewood "fell through" in his courtship. It is useless to state that he afterwards kept a pretty safe distance from singing schools and pretty girls with hazel eyes.

Ever after the adventure I have recorded, when the lads of the village wished to take Paul Ringlewood down a peg, they had only to ask him if he was fond of "ham and eggs."

POLITICAL DETERIORATION.—It is a just and forcible remark of John Stuart Mill, in his recent work on "Representative Government," that "we ought not to forget that there is an incessant and overflowing current of human affairs toward the worst, consisting of all the follies, all the vices, all the negligencies, all the indolence and supineness of mankind, which is only controlled and kept from sweeping all before it by the exertions which some persons constantly, and others by fits, put forth in the direction of good and worthy objects. He adds, moreover, that "a very small diminution of those exertions would not only put a stop to all improvement, but turn the general tendency of things to deterioration," so that the result would be such a state of things that hardly anything short of super-human power seems sufficient to turn the tide and give a fresh commencement to the upward movement.—

These words are weighty in themselves, but, coming from such a source, they are specially important as indicating that mere political sagacity must endorse the conclusions of a sound philanthropy and a Christian judgment.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—I have been troubled more or less the past few weeks with the toothache, and failed to find any relief, until I received the following from a friend:—Take a small piece of alum and burn it on the stove or shovel, mix with it an equal part of common salt and pulverize; then saturate a piece of cotton with water and sprinkle the powder over it, and place it in the cavity of the tooth. In five minutes thereafter all pain will have disappeared.—*Typo*,

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urban to an old maid, proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because you would have eaten all the apples instead of dividing with Adam."

BEST WAY TO DRY APPLES.

The most general method adopted in drying apples is, after they are pared, to cut them in slices, and spread them on cloths, tables or boards, and dry them out-doors. In clear and dry weather this is, perhaps, the most expeditious and best way; but in cloudy and stormy weather this way is attended with much inconvenience, and sometimes loss, in consequence of the apples rotting before they dry. To some extent they may be dried in this way in the house, though this is attended with much inconvenience.

The best method that I have ever used to dry apples is to use frames. These combine the most advantageous with the least inconvenience of any way, and can be used with equal advantage either in drying in the house or out in the sun. In pleasant weather the frames can be set out-doors against the side of the building, or any other support, and nights, or cloudy and stormy days, they can be brought into the house and set against the side of the room near the stove or fire-place.

My frames are made in the following manner:—Two strips of board, 7 feet long, 2 or 2 1/2 inches wide—two strips 3 feet long, 1 1/2 inches wide, the whole three-quarters of an inch thick—nail the short strips across the ends of the long ones, and it makes a frame 7 by 3 feet, which is a convenient size for all purposes.—On one of the long strips nails are driven three inches apart, extending from top to bottom.

After the apples are pared, they are quartered and cored, and with a needle and twine, or stout thread strung into lengths long enough to reach twice across the frame; the ends of the twine are then tied together, and the string hung on the nails across the frame. The apples will soon dry so that the strings can be doubled on the nails, and fresh ones put on, or the whole of them removed, and others put in their place.

As fast as the apples become sufficiently dry they can be taken from the strings, and the same strings used to dry more on. If large apples are used to dry, they can be cut in smaller pieces.

I suppose that pears and quinces, and perhaps other fruits that can be strong, might be dried in this way, although I have never dried any in this way except apples.—*C. T. Alford in Country Gentleman.*

A "TIMMER HAT."—Somewhere about the year 1780, so runs the tale, a travelling millwright—in those days the king of mechanics—foot-sore, and with the broadest northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, a locality once indicative of field sports, but then the engine-factory of Boulton & Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of "beggary and poor looks," and Mr. Boulton had bidden him God-speed to some other workshop, when as he turned away sorrowfully, Mr. Boulton suddenly called him back: "What kind of hat's you ye have on your head my man?" "It's just timmer, sir." "Timmer, my man! Let's look at it. Where did you get it?" "I just made it, sir, my ansel!" "How did you make it?" "I just turned it in the lathe." "But it's oval, man! and a lathe turns things round?" "Aweel! I just ga'd the lathee gang anither gate to please me. I'd a long journey afore me, and I thoct I'd have a hat to keep out the water; and I hadna muckle siller to spare, and I just made ane." By his inborn mechanism, the man had invented the oval lathe, and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Mr. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a helper, at least in those days, when good men were scarce, and so the after-famous William Murdoch took suit and service under Boulton & Watt, and in 1784 made the first wheel vehicle impelled by steam in this England of ours—and made it with the very hands and brain-cunning that had produced the "timmer hat." Out of that seed, after 73 years of sowing and reaping his produce, a goodly crop has sprung up, that, like the grain of mustard seed, replenishes the civilized earth, and will yet civilize the uncivilized.—*Roads and Rails.*

In Ireland, this year, 150,000 acres have been under flax—being 2,000 more than last year.

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.—

The total number of human beings now on the earth is computed in round numbers at 1,000,000,000. They speak 3,064 now known tongues, and in which upward of 1,100 religions and creeds are preached. The average of life is 33 1/2 years. One-fourth of the born die before they reach the age of seven years, and the half before the 17th year. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years—and upward, while only one in 1,000 reaches the age of 100 years. Out of 500 only one attains 80 years. Out of the thousand millions living persons 330,000,000 die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,780 every hour, 60 minute, consequently 1 every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in new births. Tall men are supposed to live longer than short ones. Women are generally stronger than men until their 50th year, afterward less so. Marriages are in proportion to single (bachelors and spinsters) as 100 : 75. Both births and deaths are more frequent in the night than in the day. One-fourth of men are capable of bearing arms, but not 1 out of 1,000 is by nature inclined for the profession. The more civilized a country is, the more full of vigor, life, and health are the people. The notion that education enfeebles and degenerates the human frame is not borne out by the fact.—*Once a Week.*

TO MAKE CIDER WINE.

Take pure cider, made from sound ripe apples, as it runs from the press, put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, fill it up within two gallons of being full, with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out forty-eight hours; then put in the bung with a slight vent until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and in one year it will be fit for use. The wine needs no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees the better. The wine is almost equal to grape wine when managed rightly.

A NEW EPIDEMIC.

To be rated 'unsound,'
Showeth wisdom profound,
But our invalids puzzle the craft;
For the common disease,
Incidental to these,
Is—an *ague fit*, caused by a *draft!*

Can you tell me how the word Saloon is spelt? was asked of a Cockney by a Philadelphian. "Certainly," said the Londoner with a look of triumph; "there's a hee, and a lay, and a hell, and two hees, and a hee."

A housemaid boasting of her industrious habits, said that on a particular occasion she rose at four, made a fire, put on the tea-kettle, prepared breakfast, and made all the beds, before a soul was up in the house!

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

LAW.—"Talking of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who liv'd more than a thousand years ago, says. Him say, 'De law is like a ground glass window, dat give light enough to light poor errin mortals in de dark passage of dis life; but it would puzzle de debil himself to get out of it!'"

A correspondent has sent a piece of poetry with these words, "The following lines were written more than fifty years ago by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement!"

While walking out the other day,
To spend my lonely hours,
And see the merry small birds play
Amid the woodland bowers,
Methought I heard a little bird,
Sing sweet and sweeter still,
And as the song I plainer heard,
'Twas, "Pay Your Priests' Bill."

AN EDITOR IN DISTRESS.—A poor editor somewhere out west, falling into the hands of the Philistines, speaks forth in the following gizzard moving appeal:—
Shenit, spare that press,
Touch not a single type;
Don't put me in distress,
To stick me thro' life.
'Tis all in all to me,
If lost what shall I do?
Then why not let it be?
Oh, Shenit! boot hoo! hoo!

RECRUITING FOR THE FEDERALS.—It is certain that numerous enlistments are being made for the Federal armies at present throughout Ireland. The recruit receives £10 on his departure for America, and the remainder of the bounty on landing.—*Post.*

THE RIOTER AND RECTOR.—About 25 years ago, the present Bishop of Cork went to lecture at Tralee against the errors of Popery. There was a disturbance, and foremost among the Roman Catholics who gave annoyance was a young man named Moriarty, belonging to a clan of that name. This same gentleman has just been appointed Rector of Tralee. He became a convert to Protestantism, and has, as a clergyman, labored for many years propagating its doctrines in the county of Kerry.—*Times' Letter.*