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Whole No. 240.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor. A LARGE HALL, is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

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NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 147 E. Chancery Street, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Bosts.

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

Poetry.

THE DOMESTIC OPERA.

Since the night when the west in the Opera he has been, as Mrs. Partington says, crazy, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become non pumposus mentis, through his attempt at imitating the operatics.

Literature.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSIO.

BY THE LATE D. M. NOH (DELTA.) (From Good Words.)

"My sweet young lady," said the commandant, in as soothing a tone as his military habits could be supposed to assume, "do compose yourself, you shall go with your father as you desire; and I pledge my honour on this sword, that while you are in my keeping, no harm shall be allowed to happen to either of you."

VIII. After a journey of two days, during which every attention was paid to the wants and wishes of the curate and his daughter consistent with their security, the commandant arrived with his charge at the hamlet of Wadderstone, about half a mile from the castle of Westor, where the Danish assembly was then sitting.

already meeting or met for their trial. To the questions of the curate he returned no satisfactory answer, but re-mentioned his injunctions as to secrecy. He ventured, however, to express the hope that things might yet turn out more favourably than was anticipated.

When the father, dressed out in his best sables, and the daughter in a white robe as pure as her innocent heart, lingered a moment at the door for the drawing up of the carriage, far borne through the silence of evening came, like a sepulchral voice, the toll of the great bell summoning them forward to the hall of trial.

Halting by an immense arched gateway, they passed through the vestibule of a building whose quadrangular turrets seemed to support the weight of the "ouring sky."

With the greensward under his feet, the rocks sowing, the trees flourishing, and the mountain winds whistling around him, the curate could think like a man, and feel as a patriot; but in the midst of such a dazzling assemblage, his spirit drooped like a caged bird, and he dwindled away in the overwhelming consciousness of his own insignificance.

At the door her master shook hands with her cordially, bidding Heaven bless and protect her; and Margaret, as she gave her a parting kiss, said, in a voice whose tremulous accents belied her smiles, "keep a cheerful heart, Katherine; we will be back to you ere long."

When he had reached the area in front of the judges, one from the centre stood up and addressed him, saying, "Are you the Curate of Suverdsio?" and, in a firm voice, he replied, "I trust, my Lord, I have done nothing to make me ashamed to say I am."

on every countenance; and alas! Justice is blind, and her scales are allowed not to be frightened with the load of pity.

"We shall see that immediately," said the spokesman of the assembly, in reference to the curate's answer; "meanwhile, let me ask you this simple question—do you confess, or do you not, having harboured sundry of the rebellious subjects of King Christiani, when your allegiance bound you to deliver them up to justice, knowing them to be outlawed for their rebellion against his supreme authority or for their personal crimes?"

"That I have given shelter to my countrymen, when travelling among the hills they required rest and refreshment, I do not deny—even to this time backwards for the last thirty years have I done so. If my word be gainsayed, let the traveller first hath been refused admittance at my gate be brought forward to testify against me. Had I withdrawn from the call of the wayfarer in these troublous latter days, I might, I confess, have been enabled to repose on my pillow in greater security; but strong was the voice of nature within me, and the duties of that religion which it is my glory to profess, compelled me to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked."

"No, father," cried Margaret, springing from her seat, her recollections seemed to come back at the allusions to her own situation; "I must not, dare not, shall not leave you. Shall it be said of me that I fled from my father in the hour of distress? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at me? Shall the voice of the good mock me and say, 'Behold the woman that has a heart of rock!' No, no, father, 'tis in vain. Whatever you are doomed to suffer, none on earth shall prevent my sharing!"

"Assuredly," replied the judge, "your request is most reasonable, and can be momentarily complied with." Then striking his rod on a large boll which hung suspended from the ceiling, he ordered to be summoned into presence "the Count Regner Beron."

"The curate looked as if he had heard the knell of doom rung in his ears; and Margaret—but we shall not attempt to describe her sensations.

ceived that it was no other than Regner Beron!

"For a moment, halt," cried the curate, recovering himself, and calling in the whole vigour of his soul to brave a fate which he now saw unavoidable; "for a moment, halt; and allow not that man to bow down his soul with a greater load of perdition. Regner! attend to me. I knew thee once, poor—the sole relic of an honourable sense; and I hear thee this night addressed by the title of count. Better had it been for thee to have been earning thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, like the lowest hind on our native Dalecarlian hills, than to stand in the assembly, arrayed in purple and fine linen, as the betrayer of thy country."

"Do you deny the authority of King Christiani?" asked the president.

"Before I answer that question," said the curate, seeing the dangerous turn that things were about to take, "methinks it were better to produce my accuser. You cannot, surely, wish to extort confessions which may ruin me from my own lips. But before we proceed farther, my lords, let me implore you to send back this girl, who is my only daughter, to her native hills. It must have been through error that she has been summoned here; she being a simple maiden, who knows nothing of the ways of the great world, and who has had no other object or delight in life than in rendering my declining years comfortable, or in visiting the orphan and the widow in their afflictions. If your hearts allow you to listen to the prayers of a distressed fellow-mortal, send her home, put her out of this danger, for she is blameless; and whether accused or without accuser, I will freely tell all, wherever my confessions may lead me, though it be from this hall to the scaffold!"

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POPPERY.

The mere pop is common enough—in fact, vulgarly plentiful; but the perfect dandy is fast disappearing from amongst us—dying out—in fact, killed for want of a little nourishing admiration; crushed by the limited scope the costume of today allows to a dressy master mind. We have not had a genuine perfected dandy for nearly 50 years. The last one gave up the profession when 'tights and Hessians ceased to be fashionable. The velvet and silken era, when the lace and perukian formations abounded, was the proper period for dandyism; but, after contending bravely against broadcloth and swallow-tails, it, despite basket buttons and straps, gave up the fight. Thoroughly crushed by the introduction of gossamer hats and the anti-having movement, the chaste science of decorative dressing yielded up its ghost to the fiery spirit of the times. And it was high time, for insult and ingratitude had taken the place of admiration and applause. The crowd which, 60 years ago, would have ranged itself in adoring silence to watch the beau taking the air, now-o-days jostles the finished volute of fashion. A wretch in corduroy, carrying a burden, spoils the miming pretensions of a carefully studied saunter by ordering a toilette that has taken hours in its elaboration to 'clear the road,' whilst idle street boys crush the poetry of the art-effort by the vulgar taunt of 'There's a swell!' When dandyism cannot meet with respect it is better, far better, that dandyism should give up business and retire. This is what dandyism has very wisely done. It has quitted its beloved Bond-street and cherished Pall Mall, and abdicated in favour of poppism. Now-o-days, fops and 'swells' have the pavement all to themselves.—Englishwoman's Domestic Mag.

MEN NOT AFRAID OF WORK.

Dr. Adam Clark said, 'The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire was an abominable lie.—Have all in it—shovel, tongs and poker.' It is not so much the multiplicity of employments as the want of system in them that distracts and injures both the work and the workman. Wesley said, 'I am always in haste, but never in a hurry, leisure and I have long taken leave of each other.' He travelled about 5000 miles in a year, preached about three times a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning, and has published works amounting to about 200 volumes! Ashbury travelled 8000 miles a year and preached incessantly. Cook crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions, begged from door to door for them, and labored in all respects as if, like the apostles, he would 'turn the world upside down.' At nearly seventy years of age he started to christianise India! It is said that Luther preached almost daily. He lectured constantly as a professor, he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant, fills many volumes; he was perpetually harassed with controversies, and was the most voluminous writer of his day. The same, or even more, might be said of Calvin.

A FATHER'S GENTLENESS.

I can remember yet how, when I crept about my father's study, a little boy of three years old, I felt the magic of the art of putting things. All children are restless. It is impossible for them to remain still; and we all know how a child in a study worries the busy scholar. All admonition to keep quiet failed; it was really impossible to obey him. Creep, creep, about; upset footstools; pull off table-covers; upset ink. But when the thing was put in a different way; when the kind voice said, 'Now, you'll be my little dog; creep into your house if ere under the table, and lie quiet still,' there was no difficulty in obeying that command; and except for an occasional bow-wow, there was perfect stillness. The art of putting things had prevailed. It was necessary to keep still; for a dog in a study, I knew, must keep still; and I was a dog.—A. K. H. B., in Fraser's Magazine.

THE QUEEN'S COOKS.

Queen Victoria has an expensive household. Her head confectioner costs three hundred pounds per annum; second, two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, with apartments and travelling expenses; three female assistants and an errand man, eighty pounds per annum each; chief pastry cook two hundred and fifty pounds a year, with one male and ten female assistants, seventy-nine pounds per annum; a butler and his assistant, at fifty and sixty pounds each. The total total expenses for making sugar plums, cakes, and tarts, independent of the cost of materials, is one thousand two hundred pounds per annum.

Why is the Probate Office a thoroughfare?—Because where there's a will there's a way.