

The York Herald
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest
mail, 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-
ket, and the greatest care will be taken to
render it acceptable to the man of business,
and a valuable Family Newspaper.
TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in
advance; and if not paid within Three
Months two dollars will be charged.

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Singles and under, first insertion, \$50 50
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or irregular customers, must be paid for when
handed in for insertion.
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vertising by the year.
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riod than one month, must be paid for in ad-
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All letters addressed to the Editor must be
post paid.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are
paid; and parties refusing papers without pay-
ing up, will be held accountable for the sub-
scription.

THE YORK HERALD
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.
ORDERS for any of the undermentioned
description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB
WORK will be promptly attended to:—
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LABELS
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,
BILL HEADS, NAME CARDS, TRAVELLERS' AND
FARMER'S.
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. 127-13p

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-
toria, and Provincial Licentiate,
H. A. (permanently) at Thornhill,
where he can be consulted at all times
on the various branches of his profession ex-
cept when absent on business.
Thornhill, May, 1862. 179-1

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
promptitude.
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 144-1f

A CARD.
W. C. KEENE, Esq., of the City of Tor-
onto, has opened an office in the Vi-
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. 104-13y

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 De-
arborn, Township of Thornhill, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-13y

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

EDWARD E. W. HURD,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Money
advances procured on Eorligages,
No. 3, Jordan Street,
Toronto, December 13, 1860. 108-3

A. McNABB,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.
King Street, East, (over Leader Office),
Toronto, C.W.
Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-13y

William Grant,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chan-
cery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office
in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street.
Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-13y

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 Stags.
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. 176

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. 27.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1862.

Whole No. 184.

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.
If Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in
waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-11y

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. 108-13y

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, 1862. 25-13y

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.
If 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 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. 145-13y

THE WELL-KNOWN

BLACK HORSE HOTEL,

Formerly kept by William Ralph,
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.
[EAST OF THE MARKET.] TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,
[Successor to Thomas Palmer].

Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers
always in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-13y

JOS. GREGOR'S

Fountain Restaurant!

69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

If Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.
always on hand.
Dinner and Supper for Private Parties got
up in the evening.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-13y

NEWBEGGING HOUSE,

ATE Clarkson Hotel, No. 29, 30 and 31
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per
day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars
and Boats.

W. NEWBEGGING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-13y

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 LENOX, Proprietor,
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-13y

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 horses.
N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-13y

THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Waggon

MAKER,

UNDERTAKER

&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill.
March 14, 1862. 172-13y

Poetry.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

[Written in German by His late Royal High-
ness the Prince Consort, and translated by
the late G. F. Richardson, Geologist of the
British Museum.]

It is the lofty Inselberg—a mountain high and
strong—
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants
held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and
lone;
And if he looks for giants there—they are all
dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle
gate before,
And played with all a child's delight before her
father's door;
Then, sauntering down the precipice, the girl
would gladly go
To see, perchance, how matters went in the
little world below.

With few and lonely steps she passed the moun-
tain and the wood;
At length, approaching near the place where
dwelt mankind, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a
field so green,
Before her wandering eyes appeared—a strange
and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the
scenes around,
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the
ground;
The little creature crawled about so slowly
here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough
shone out so fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cries the child, "I'll
take thee home with me."
Then, with her infant hands, she spread her
kerchief on her knee,
And, cradling man and horse, and plough as
gently on her arm,
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to
lose them.

She hastens with joyous steps and glad (we
know what children are),
And springing soon her father out, she shouted
from afar—
"Oh father! dearest father! what a plaything
I have found!
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain
ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine
so mild,
And, smiling with a parent's smile, he asked
the happy child—
"What struggling creature hast thou brought
so carefully to me?
Then leapt for every joy, my girl! come,
open, let us see!"

She opened her kerchief cautiously, and gladly,
You may deem,
And showed her eager sire the plough, the
peasant, and his team.
And when she placed before his sight the now-
found pretty toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud,
and cried for very joy.

But her father looked quite seriously, and shak-
ing slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl?
—this is no toy," he said.
"Go take it to the vale again, and put it down
below;
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could
you think him so?"

"So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my
will," he said;
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none
of us had bread;
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race
of gamesters—
The peasant is no plaything, child—no, God
forbid he were!"

Literature.

The Three Travelling Bags.

THERE were three of them, all of
shining black leather; one on top of
the pile of trunks; one on the
ground; and one in the owner's hand—
all going to Philadelphia; all wait-
ing to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggage-
man bustled, fuming, from one pile
of baggage to another, dispensing
chalk to the trunks, checks to the
passengers, and curses to the porters,
in approved railway style.

"Mine!—Philadelphia!" cried a
stout military-looking man with
enormous whiskers and a red face,
crowding forward, as the baggage-
man laid his hand on the first bag.

"Won't you please to give me a
check for this, now?" entreated a
pale, slender, carefully dressed
young man, for the ninth time hold-
ing out bag No. 2. "I have a lady
to look after."

"Say! be you again? to give me
a check for that are, or not?"
growled the proprietor of bag No. 3,
a short, pock-marked fellow, in a
shabby overcoat.

"All right, gentlemen. Here you
are," says the functionary, rapidly
distributing the three checks.—
"Philadelphia this?" "Yes, sir."
"1092—1740. 11—1020. All
right."

"All aboard!" shouted the con-
ductor.

"Who, who?" responded the
locomotive; and the train moved
slowly out of the station-house.

The baggage man meditatively
watched it, as it sped away in the
distance, and then, as if a thought
suddenly struck him, slapping his

thighs he exclaimed, "Blest if I
don't believe!"

"What?" inquired the switchman.
"That I've gone and given them
three last fellers the wrong checks!
The cursed little black things was
all alike, and they bothered me."

"Telegraph," suggested the switch-
man.

"Never you mind," replied the
baggage man. "They were all going
to Philadelphia. They'll find out
when they get there."

They did.

The scene shifts to the Continen-
tal Hotel, Philadelphia. Front par-
lor, up stairs. Occupants, the
young gentleman before alluded to in
chapter I, and a young lady. In
accordance with the fast usages of
the times, the twain had been made
one in holy matrimony at 7:20 a.m.;
duly kissed and congratulated till
8:15; put aboard the express train
at 8:45, and deposited at the Con-
tinental, bag and baggage, by 12:58.

They were seated on the sofa,
the black broad-cloth coat sleeves
encircling the slender waist of the
grey travelling dress, and the jetty
moustache in equally affectionate
proximity to the glossy curls.

"Are you tired, dearest?"
"No, love, not much. But you
are, aren't you?"
"No, darling."

"Kiss and a pause."
"Don't it seem funny?" said the
lady.

"What, love?"
"That we should be married."
"Yes, darling."

"Won't they be glad to see us at
George's?"
"Of course they will."

"I'm sure I shall enjoy it so
much. Shall we get there to-night?"
"Yes, love, if—"

Rap-rap-rap at the door.
A hasty separation took place be-
tween man and wife—to opposite
sides of the sofa; and then—
"Come in."

"Ay, ye place, zur," it's an M.P.
is waiting to see ye."
"To see me! A policeman?"
"Yes, zur."

"There must be some mistake."
"No, sir, it's yourself; and he's
waiting in the hall beyond."

"Well, I'll go to—no, tell him to
come here."

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said
the M.P., with a huge star on his
breast, appearing with great alacrity
at the waiter's elbow. "Believe
this is your black valise?"

"Yes, that is ours, certainly. It
has Julia's—the lady's things in it."
"Suspicious circumstances about
that 'ere valise, sir. Telegraph
came this morning that a burglar
started on the 8.45 Philadelphia
train with a lot of stolen spoons, in
a black valise. Spoons marked
T. B. Watched at the Ferry. Saw
the black valise. Followed it up
here. Took a peep inside. Sure
enough there were spoons. Marked
T. B. too. Said it was yours.—
Shall have to take you in charge."

"Take me in charge!" echoed the
dismayed bridegroom. "But, I as-
sure you, my dear sir, there is some
strange mistake. 'It's all a mis-
take.'"

"S'pose you'll be able to account
for the spoons being in your valise;
then?"

"Why, I—I—it isn't mine. It
must be somebody else's. Some-
body put them there. It's some vil-
lainous conspiracy."

"Hope you'll be able to tell a
straighter story before the magis-
trate, young man; 'cause if you
don't, you stand a smart chance of
being sent up for six months."

"Oh, Charles! this is horrid. Do
send him away. O dear! I wish I
was at home," sobbed the little
bride.

"I tell you, sir," said the bride-
groom, bristling with indignation,
"this is all a vile plot. What would
I be doing with your paltry spoons?
I was married this morning in Fifth
avenue, and I am on my wedding-
tour. You'll repent it, sir, if you
dare to arrest me."

"Oh, come now," said the incre-
dulous official. "I've heard stories
like that before. This ain't the first
time swindlers have travelled in
couples. Do you s'pose I don't
know nethin'?" "Tain't no use;
you've just got to come along to the
station-house. Might as well go
peaceably, 'cause you'll have to."

"Charles, this is perfectly dread-
ful. Our wedding night in the
station house! Do send for some-
body. Send for the landlord to ex-
plain it."

The landlord was sent for and

came; the waiters, and chamber-
maids, and bar-room loungers came,
without being sent for, and filled
the room and the adjoining hall—
some to laugh, some to say they
wouldn't have believed, and nearly
all to exult that the unhappy pair
had been found out. No explana-
tion could be given and the upshot
was that, in spite of tears, threats,
entreaties, rage and expostulations,
the unfortunate newly-married pair
was taken in charge by the relent-
less policeman, and marched down
en route for the police office.

And here let the curtain drop on
the melancholy scene, while we fol-
low the fortunes of black valise
No. 2.

When the train stopped at Cam-
den, four gentlemen got off, and
walked arm in arm rapidly and si-
lently upon one of the by-streets,
and struck off into a footpath lead-
ing to a secluded grove outside the
town. Of the first two, one was our
military friend in a blue coat, ap-
parently the leader of the party. Of
the second two, one was a smiling,
rosy little man, carrying a black
valise. Their respective compan-
ions walked with hasty irregular
strides, were abstracted, and appar-
ently ill at ease.

The party stopped.
"This is the place," said Captain
Jones.

"Yes," said Doctor Smith.
The captain and the doctor con-
ferred together. The other two
kept apart.

"Very well. I'll measure the
ground, and do you place your man."
"Now for the pistols," whispered
the captain to his fellow-second.

"They are ready in the valise,"
replied the doctor.

The principals were placed ten
paces apart, and wearing that de-
cidedly uncomfortable air of a man
who is in momentary expectation of
being shot.

"You will fire, gentlemen, simul-
taneously, when I give the word,"
said the captain. Then in an un-
dertone to the doctor, "Quick, the
pistols."

The doctor, stooping over and
fumbling at the valise, appeared to
find something that surprised him.

"Why, what the mischief?"
"What's the matter?" asked the
captain, striding up. "Can't you
find the caps?"

"Deuce a pistol or cap, but this!"
He held up—a lady's night cap!
"Look here—and here—and here—
—holding up successively a hair
brush, a long, white nightgown, a
cologne bottle, and a comb.

They were greeted with a long
whistle by the captain, and a blank
stare by the two principals.

"Confound the luck!" ejaculated
the captain; "if we have not made
a mistake and brought the wrong
valise?"

The principals looked at the sec-
onds—the seconds looked at the
principals. Nobody ventured a
suggestion. At last the doctor
inquired—

"Well, what is to be done?"
"Very unlucky, again, ejaculated
the captain. The duel can't go on."

"Evidently not," responded the
doctor, "unless they brain each
other with the cologne bottle."

"You are quite sure there are no
pistols in the valise?" said one of
the principals, with suppressed ear-
nerness, and drawing a long breath
of evident relief.

"We must go over to the city and
get pistols," proposed the captain.

"And by that time it will be dark,"
said the doctor.

"Very unlucky," said the captain
again.

"We shall be the laughing stock
of the town," consolingly remarked
the doctor, "if this gets wind."

"One word with you, doctor,"
here interposed his principal.

They conferred.

At the end of his conference with
his principal, the doctor advancing
to the captain, conferred with him.

Then the captain conferred with
his principal—then the seconds con-
ferred with each other. Finally it
was formally agreed between the
contending parties that a statement
should be drawn up in writing,
whereby principal No. 1 tendered
assurance that the offensive words
you are a liar were not used by
him in any personal sense, but solely
as an abstract proposition, in a ge-
neral way, in regard to the matter
of facts under dispute. To which
principal No. 2 appended his state-
ment of his high gratification at this
candid and honorable explanation,
and unqualifiedly withdrew the of-

fensive words, "You are a scoun-
drel," they having been used by him
under a misapprehension of the in-
tent and purpose of the remarks
which preceded them.

There being no longer any cause
for quarrel, the duel was of course
ended. The principals shook hands,
first with each other, and next with
the seconds, and were evidently
very glad to get out of it.

"And now that it is so happily
settled," said the doctor, chucking
and rubbing his hands, "it proves
to have been a lucky mistake after
all, that we brought the wrong val-
ise. Wonder what the lady that
owns it will say when she opens
ours and finds the pistols."

"Very well for you to laugh
about," growled the captain; "but
its no joke for me to lose pistols.—
Hair-triggers—best English make,
and gold mounted. There ain't a
finer pair in America."

"Oh, we'll find 'em. We'll go
on a pilgrimage from house to house,
asking if any lady there has lost a
night cap and found a pair of duelling-
pistols."

In very good spirits the party
crossed the river, and inquired at
the baggage-room in reference to
each and all black leather travelling-
bags arrived that day, took notes of
where they were sent, and set out
to follow them up. In due time
they reached the Continental, and,
as luck would have it, met the un-
happy pair just coming down stairs
in charge of the police.

"What's all this?" inquired the
captain.

"Oh, a couple of burglars caught
with a valise full of stolen property."

"A valise—what kind of a valise?"
"A black leather valise. That's
it, there."

"Here!—Stop!—Hollo!—Pol-
iceman!—Landlord! It's all right.
You're all wrong. That's my val-
ise. It's all a mistake. They got
changed at the depot. This lady
and gentleman are innocent. Here's
their valise, with her night cup in
it."

Great was the laughter, multifa-
rious the comments, and deep the
interest of the crowd in all this
dialogue, which they appeared to
regard as a delightful entertainment,
got up expressly for their amuse-
ment.

"Then you say this 'ere is yours?"
said the policeman, relaxing his
hold on the bridegroom, and con-
fronting the captain.

"Yes, it's mine."

"And how did you come by the
spoons?"

"Spoons, you jackapes!" said
the captain. "Pistols!—duelling
pistols!"

"Do you call these pistols?" said
the policeman, holding up one of
the silver spoons marked "T. B."