

Immigration

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

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. 36. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1862. Whole No. 193.

HOTEL CARDS.
RICHMOND HILL HOTEL
RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

White Hart Inn,
RICHMOND HILL.

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.

CLYDE HOTEL,
KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE,
TORONTO, C.W.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers
always in attendance.

James Massey,
(Late of the King's Hotel, London, Eng.)
No. 26 West Market Place,
TORONTO.

Hunter's Hotel,
Dutchess Easthaus,
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,
[Successor to Thomas Palmer.]
Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers
always in attendance.

JGS. GREGOR'S
Fountain Restaurant :
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

NEWBICCOMB HOUSE,
1 AYE Church-st Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per
day. Parties always in attendance at the
Café and Boats.

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 their first-class house.

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.

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage and Waggon
MAKER,
UNDERTAKER
No. 46, &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill
March 14, 1862. 172-17

Poetry.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND,
Linger not long! Home is not home without
thee,
His dearest tokens only make me mourn;
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that
sees me,
Gleam through tears that makes its splendor
dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with
me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!

MARRYING FOR A HOME.
'Do you love him?'
'No—and I do not pretend to love
him—I have told him a thousand
times I did not love him!

'What can I do? I cannot live
here alone; my father is not able
to support me, and I have not been
educated to support myself! I
shall be an old maid at home! Oh,
mercifully—anything but that! Yes!—
I will marry him! I shall not be
happy, but I will not be so miserable
as y—o predict!

'What can I do? I cannot live
here alone; my father is not able
to support me, and I have not been
educated to support myself! I
shall be an old maid at home! Oh,
mercifully—anything but that! Yes!—
I will marry him! I shall not be
happy, but I will not be so miserable
as y—o predict!

My efforts to change this resolu-
tion were unavailing, and in four
weeks Ellen S— was a bride.
'Oh, that fathers and mothers
would provide for their daughters
some refuge from such a doom as
this! Her father was not able to
support her; she might not have
another offer; she had been reared
in luxury, and none of the ordinary
occupations of woman would give
her a portion congenial to her taste
or remuneration sufficient for her
needs.'

Nature endowed her with talents
far above the common order—
talents which, if they had been cul-
tivated, might have won for her a
fortune. She had been educated
like other young ladies, had studied
with the same motives, with the
same end in view. She did not
need knowledge to gain her a hus-
band, and she had no idea that it
would be needed to gain her any-
thing else.

lightful to have some one always
ready to attend her. Was there
a party in winter, she knew that
William B— would invite her;
was there a picnic in summer, there
was no danger that she would be
obliged to stay at home. She was
young, and gay, and thoughtless,
and whose fault was it that she
thought only of the present, and
prepared not for the future?

But Ellen did not look upon it so
seriously; she liked his attentions,
she accepted his presents, scarcely
thinking of the consequences. He
loved her—and she knew it; and
she thought she liked him well
enough—if she should find no one
she liked better, she supposed they
would some day be married. But
this was something far off in the
future; she tried not to dwell upon it,
thinking it sufficient to enjoy the
present.

Those who looked on considered
it a settled affair, and the village
gossips said 'it would be shameful
if she were flirting all this time;
but they would not wonder if all
came to nothing.' Ellen, though
not handsome, had other qualities
which were sure to excite envy in
youthful companions, and William
was considered by many 'altogether
too good for her.' And she liked
very well to defy them; so she
rode, and walked, and talked,
and let every body know she should
do as she pleased.

Neither did she know her power,
and I trembled when I saw her trans-
ferred from her quiet home to the
saloons of the rich, gay, and culti-
vated.

Very soon did the homage which
she received make known to her
the fascination of which she was
capable, and I cannot say that she
was entirely above yielding to the
temptation so strong to woman, of
winning admiration for admiration's
sake. She felt that she had no
right to win love; her friends had
seriously warned her, before she
went forth into the world, that her
acceptance of William B's atten-
tions so long was equivalent to an
engagement, and she must not dream
of breaking it.

Now to Ellen the hour of trial
has come. A heart has been of-
fered—a heart that beats in unison

with her own—by one who is gifted
noble, and cultivated—one to whom
she can look up as her superior—
whom she can lean upon and cling
to with a true woman's perfect
trust.

There are many—very many—
who go all the world through life
without learning its value, without
any conception of its meaning.—
Some, because they are not capable
of it, whose natures are too coarse
to become a dwelling-place for
ought so delicate and pure; and
many because the life-links are
formed ere the heart has learned its
necessities; and then marriage, its
duties, and seclusion kindly shield
them from communion with those
who might have inspired the true
love, which becomes like burning
love in the bosom, where it is not
another and concealed—especially
where it would be sin to indulge
it.

She thinks she would willingly
relinquish the hope of happiness, if
she could be released from the cer-
tainty of misery. She has but just
begun to pass through the ordeal
which is preparing for her, and has
yet learned nothing of temptation
and trial.

They have talked of their own
hopes and their own future, and
Ellen has faithfully revealed to Eugene
the folly of her early betrothal—
and he, of course, assures her that
her love for him severs all other
bonds. She sits hour after hour
with her hand clasped in his, feel-
ing how sweet it is to give up self
with a perfect love and trust, and has
no fear.

But the home of Eugene is far
away in the sunny south, and he
must return to it, and leave Ellen
alone while—for it is indeed to
dwell alone where there are none
to understand the heart. She has
given up the world—why is it that
his pleasures are so palping to her
now? She sought excitement and
change when she was engaged to
William B—.

How instantly will a true love
transform a woman; and if women
were not obliged to marry till this

alone induced them, homes at least
would be exempt from misery.
Sorrow and affliction might visit
them, but wretchedness would be
ever a stranger. He who complains
that discord and darkness are the in-
mates of his dwelling, need not ask
the cause. Love has never taken
up his abode there.

Is not love stronger than ambition
—is it not holier, too?
A few days have passed, and there
come rumours of a fearful storm at
sea. It is said vessels must be lost
that were far out, and Ellen knows
that Eugene could not have reached
the port ere the tempest swept over
the waters. Day after day she lis-
tens, but 'there are no tidings';
day after day she takes the papers
to her room, to search with aching
heart and streaming eyes for one
dear name—but it is in vain. No
messenger ever returned from the
silent deep to the bosoms which were
rent with anguish. All went down
in the darkness.

She is indeed cold to her old lover,
but she has told him the cause—
her heart is bruised, and freely does
she talk of the sin of her thought-
less engagement, when she felt
scarcely a common interest for him
with whom she was planning to
spend a life. He listened in aston-
ishment—for though he had not
heard from her often, it was not
many weeks since he had received
a letter, with no change visible
upon its pages. She had never
written him love-letters, to be sure;
but she had never expressed what she
never felt, but she had written
kindly. Yet there was great wrong
in the course she pursued. There
was always a faintly-defined pur-
pose in her heart to keep up the
correspondence no longer than
while she was better pleased else-
where. She did not acknowledge
this to herself then, and a still
greater wrong it was for her not to
tell him the truth when her heart
was given to another. It was a
double betrothal, but she did not
look upon it in this light.

At a sale of books, lately, some merriment
was created by the following inci-
dent: Auctioneer (holding up a pretty
large sized volume); 'How much is bid
for this book? This book, gentlemen, con-
tains a minute account of the names, resi-
dences, &c., of all the eminent gentle-
men who flourished in this great city ten
years ago. Six shillings, sir! Eight—
ten—twelve. Going—gone! It is now
bound to the fortunate bidder, who of
course thinks himself more fortunate still
when he finds he has in his possession an
old dictionary.'

A German prince, when introduced to
an Englishman, by way of appropriately
commencing the conversation, observed,
'It is bad weather to-day.' The English-
man shrugged up his shoulders, and replied,
'Yes, but it is better than none.'

NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES OF
FRANCE.—In the papers which the
Government has presented to Parli-
ament there are several reports from
Captain Hore on the strength of the
French navy. At the beginning of
this year he reports that France had
319 steam vessels afloat, and 119
sailing vessels, and that there were
41 vessels building. Of the ships
then afloat 48 were ships of the line,
and 71 frigates. There were afloat
6 iron-plated frigates and 12 iron-
plated floating batteries; 10 more
of such frigates were building, and 2
more of the batteries; and in May
Captain Hore reported that 7 iron-
plated floating batteries had just
been commenced at Bordeaux and
Nantes. In the same month he
states the number of men at 46,391.
The normal budget for the navy
was £7,748,240, and the extraordi-
nary £680,000, but that was inde-
pendent of the expense for colonial
stations. The French have five
aviso steamers that can be taken to
pieces for easy transport. They
have also a small vessel about 60
feet long and twelve feet wide, draw-
ing only 2 feet 6 inches; the object
is to obtain great power by the use
of two screws and a light draught of
water. From the middle of the
ship aft she is divided into two por-
tions, and there are three keels;
from the middle of the vessel the
centre keel rises gradually near to
the taffrail, and other two are con-
tinued. Thus the afterpart of the
vessel becomes divided, and has the
appearance of two vessels joined at
a short distance above the water-
line. A model of a frigate on the
same plan has been made. The re-
port of the state of the army in
France is by Colonel Claremont.
He describes the available military
force at the beginning of this year
as consisting of 446,548 regulars em-
bodied, the reserve 170,000 men, the
National Guards 265,417, making
881,965, and the contingent of this
year he takes at about 70,000 men;
but, since then, many men entitled
to their discharge at the end of
the year have been at once
struck off, and the *Moniteur* of the
25th ult. stated the active army as
numbering 409,000 men, with a re-
serve of 200,000, and of course the
National Guard. There are 20,000
supernumerary army horses lent to
farmers—a valuable reserve—the
keep of which costs the country nothing.
The army vote for 1863 is
stated at £14,715,569, besides an ex-
traordinary estimate of £395,560;
the expenditure for the current year
is about £15,659,380.

ECONOMY IN SMALL THINGS

Few persons properly reflect on
the importance of economy in little
things. Supposing two commence,
say at fifteen—the one to pay three
cents a day on tobacco, the other to
lay aside that sum, and at the end
of each year put the amount at
compound interest at six per cent;
supposing both to continue the prac-
tice to the end of life. The differ-
ence will be indicated by the follow-
ing table, which gives the amount
at intervals of five years. Three
cents a day amounts in one year to
\$10.95; this sum being put to inter-
est, a like sum being added at the
close of each year, amounts to—
In 5 years.....\$ 65.43
In 10 ".....153.97
In 15 ".....270.10
In 20 ".....426.83
In 25 ".....626.56
In 30 ".....871.21
In 35 ".....1192.76
In 40 ".....1705.66
In 45 ".....2468.22
In 50 ".....3584.24
That is, a useless expenditure of
three cents a day, or \$10.95 a year,
on tobacco, or anything else,
amounts in fifty years to \$3,368.24,
a handsome property. One cent a
day would amount to one-third as
much, six, to twice, and nine to three
times as much, or \$10,044.82.—
How very many spend this sum on
the single article of tobacco!—
Boston Recorder.

TELEGRAPHING IN THE OLD
WORLD.—The London *Mechanics'*
Magazine states that there are 10,000
miles of telegraph lines in Great
Britain, and that there are 12,600
miles of submarine cable laid in va-
rious parts of the world. Between
London and Algiers there are 600
miles of cable laid at a depth of
1,700 fathoms, which conveys mes-
sages regularly at the rate of four-
teen words per minute. There are
eight submarine cables in operation
between England and the continent
of Europe. These contain thirty
conductors and are of the aggre-
gate length of 1,000 miles. A won-
derful feat of telegraphing was exe-
cuted at a telegraphic soiree given
by Mr. Gurney, in London, on the
26th of last March. The wires of
the different telegraphic companies
were brought into Mr. Gurney's
house, and from thence the Earl of
Shaftesbury sent a message to St.
Petersburg, and received a reply in
four minutes. An unbroken circuit
of wire, 5,000 miles in length, was
then formed to communicate with
Verona, Berlin B-nssels, St. Peters-
burg, Moscow, Trieste, and Ven-
ice, and through this great distance
the electric message was flashed in
the space of two seconds!