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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...

Business Directory.

MEDICAL CARDS. DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.

I. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur One South Street of Lemon's Hotel

LAW CARDS. M. TEEFY, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT

A CARD. W. C. KELE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora...

MATHESON & FITZGERALD, Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.

EDWARD E. W. HURD, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

A. MACNABB, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c. King Street, East, (over Leader Office.)

William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

A. MAIRS, B. A., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

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. III. No. 48.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1861.

Whole No. 153.

HOTEL CARDS. Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL, GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto, every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7 a.m.

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.

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.

Albion Hotel, EAST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W. THE WELL-KNOWN BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Ralph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts.

JO. II. SMITH, St. LAWRENCE INN, 143 KING STREET, TORONTO.

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant! 69 King Street, East, Toronto

NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 1 ATE Clarendon Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto.

Eastern Hotel, CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W.

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...

Wellington Hotel, Aurora, OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE. GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.

Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER. BY EMILINE K. SMITH.

Just after the death of the flowers, And before they are buried in snow, There comes a festival season...

These days, so serene and so charming, Awake a dreamy delight— A tranquil, peaceful enjoyment, Like strains of music at night...

The soft resonance of bugle and violin, and dulcet harp, that for the last half-hour had floated above the sound of tripping feet and gay young voices...

Literature.

WORKING FOR A LIVING. BY HENRY FORREST GRAVES.

The soft resonance of bugle and violin, and dulcet harp, that for the last half-hour had floated above the sound of tripping feet and gay young voices...

"Mamma," hissed a little girl of seven years, who had been rubbing her small blue hands together to warm them—alas! with no very satisfactory effect—'where did you learn to work so fast?'

"Well, now is it about the money to-night, Mrs. What's-your-name?" said he, in a rough, though not unkind tone.

"Who is it?" asked Julia, playing carelessly with the geraniums and rosobuds of her loggia.

And shaking himself once more, like a huge Newfoundland dog, the rough diamond started forth into the driving tempest.

"Heaven bless him," murmured Julia, through her tears. In the cheery glow of fire light and chandelier, sat Stanwood Harley, surrounded by luxury and splendor.

"Oh—the self-laughed genius whom you have taken up," she said, contemptuously. "My dear cousin, you must really excuse me. I don't think it is particularly desirable to be acquainted with a man who works for a living?"

The next moment he turned calmly to Mr. Ashby, who came to apologize that his cousin was too much engaged to admit of an introduction at present.

Ten years! what a marvelous alchemist it is! Sunshine on the pearl-white brows of new married brides—starlight on freshly heaped graves—joy and grief succeeded one another as rapidly as the changing colors in a kaleidoscope—and all within the compass of ten short years.

Oh, how pitilessly the wind howled on that bitter March night—how keenly the cold found its way into myriad crevices of worm eaten doors and rattling casements in that dreary tenement house, where a haggard, wild-eyed woman sat over the tenements of what once had been a fire, and straining her vision over a piece of fine needlework by the light of one dim candle.

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the buttons of my waistcoat, my knife, my pipe, my blanket, and my quantity of blue and red beads, in vain did I kill a dozen albatrosses and make a mantle for her of the down.

"Well, MacPherson, what is it?" asked Harley, who, in the multiplicity of his business cares, had almost forgotten the block of houses in street.

"Am I dreaming?" said Julia De Torre, pressing her wasted hand to her brow. "Who is there that would be thus kind to me?"

Julia took the narrow slip of paper from her daughter's hand, and read the signature with an indescribable thrill.

TATEA, THE SAVAGE'S SWEETHEART.

A Melbourne paper, received by the last mail, publishes the following on the authority of one of the best musical composers in France, who professes to have received it from the lips of Vincent Wallace, the celebrated composer.

"I was at Sydney (said Wallace) when the commander of an English frigate, with whom I was acquainted proposed that I should accompany him to New Zealand, whither, he was about to proceed for the purpose of chastising the natives in the Bay of Tavia Pownamou, who had pillaged a whaling vessel and eaten the crew. I accepted the invitation, and next day we set sail, and after a short run sighted our destination.

"So the silken hours glided away, and I had forgotten England and everything but my new life and my Tatea, when one day the frigate returned. I literally felt my blood run cold as I saw the vessel loom above the horizon. But the English ensign floating from the mainmast produced the same effect upon me which the diamond buckler did upon Ruado, and it soon appeared to me possible, if not easy, to tear myself from the embraces of my Armida. When my departure was announced, what tears, what despair, what agonizations of the heart it occasioned! Tatea showed herself at first to be the most resigned, but when the captain's gig came ashore for us, when she saw the doctor embark, and beheld me distributing my parting gifts to the chiefs, Emai and Koro, she flung herself at my feet, and conjured me to give her one last proof of my affection. 'Yes, yes,' said I, straining her in my arms, 'take all I have; for without you everything I possess is nothing worth.' She made a gesture of dissent; then seizing a knife from her father, who remained the impassive witness of our emotions, she presented the point of it to my naked breast, signifying at the same time that she wished to trace some sign upon it. I consented, and Tatea made a crucial incision, from which the blood flowed freely.

"The girls More and Moinga had swam to the frigate before I reached it, and another sad separation had to be undergone. On the shore I had left Tatea in a swoon; and here were two other faithful creatures swimming round the vessel with one arm, while, with the other, they waved me their farewells, repeating

with a broken voice, 'Walla, walla! and, when I stood upon the deck, I wavered in my purpose, and half resolved to leap overboard, to swim ashore, to take up my abode in the woods with my three dark-eyed houris, and to let the frigate sail without me. The captain seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, and told the regimental band on board to strike up 'Rule Britannia,' which had the effect of bringing about a complete revolution in my mind, and I descended into the main cabin, where I flung myself upon the floor, and remained there in a stupor until evening. When I roused myself, and went on deck, we were already far upon our course—land had disappeared from sight, and nothing was visible but sky and sea.

Not only manly beauty is produced and a manly firmness of character expressed by a habitual compression of the lips and teeth, but courage, steadiness of the nerves, coolness, and power are the infallible results. Men who have been jostled about among the vicissitudes of a long life amid their fellow-men, will have observed that all nervousness commences in the mouth. Men who lack the courage to meet their fellow-men in physical combat are afraid, not of their enemy, nor from a conviction of their own inferiority, but from the disarming nervousness of an open and tremulous mouth, the vibrations of which reach and weaken them to the ends of their fingers and toes. In public debates—in the forum or the pulpit—a similar alarm results in their certain defeat; and before a hive of bees, in the same want of confidence, the odor of fear which they emit is sure to gain them the sting. In one of the exacting scenes of my roaming life, I recollect to have witnessed a strong illustration of the above remarks, while residing in one of the Sioux villages on the banks of the Upper Missouri. A serious quarrel having arisen between one of the Fur Company's men and a Sioux brave, a challenge was given by the Indian and accepted by the white man, who were to meet upon the prairie, in a state of nudity and unattended, and decide the affair with their knives. A few minutes before the horrible combat was to have commenced, both parties being on the ground and perfectly prepared, the factor and myself succeeded in bringing them to a reconciliation, and finally to a shaking of hands, by which we had the satisfaction of knowing, beyond a doubt, that we had been the means of saving the life of one of these men; and a short time afterwards, while alone with the Indian, I asked him if he had not felt fears of his antagonist, who appeared much his superior in size and in strength, to which he very promptly replied: 'No, not in the least; I never fear harm from a man who can't shut his mouth, no matter how large or how strong he may be. I was forcibly struck with this reply, as well as with the conviction I had got in my own mind (and no doubt from the same symptoms) that the white man would have been killed if they had fought. And if I were to endeavor to bequeath to posterity the most important motto which human language can convey, it should be in three words—'Shut—your—mouth.'

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Knowing the Time of Day!—'Halloo,' ejaculated a guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlour and saw her in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a kiss. 'What's the time of day now?'—'I should think it was about half-past twelve,' was the cool reply of the blushing damsel; 'you see we are almost one.'

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SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

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