

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greater 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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Six lines and under, first insertion, \$10.00.

All transient advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

A liberal account will be made to parties advertising by the year.

All advertisements published for a less period than the month, must be paid for in advance.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid; and parties refusing payment without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

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.

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 in England.

I. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur.

LAW CARDS.

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

GREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., drawn with attention and promptitude.

A CARD.

W. C. KEELER, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business.

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 Streets.

Edward E. W. Hurd, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

A. Macnabb, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.

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

A. Maurs, 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. IV. No. 4.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1861.

Whole No. 161.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, PROPRIETOR.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR.

Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers.

White Hart Inn, RICHMOND HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, RICHMOND HILL, DEC. 28, 1860.

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand.

Hunter's Hotel, Deutches Gasthaus, TORONTO.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel.

ALBION HOTEL, TORONTO.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, TORONTO.

JO. H. SMITH, ST. LAWRENCE INN, TORONTO.

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant, TORONTO.

NEWBICGING HOUSE, TORONTO.

Eastern Hotel, TORONTO.

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he has leased the above hotel.

WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor, YORK MILLS, JUNE 7, 1861.

Wellington Hotel, Aurora.

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.

Portry.

LET US DO THE BEST WE CAN.

BY EVAN M'CALL.

Not in riches, rank, or power.

Is true greatness to be found—

More possessors of an hour,

By the sword often own'd.

Men of true worth, as they should,

Take on deeds alone their stain;

If we can't do all we would,

Let us do the best we can.

Mark you wording, lost in self,

Dead to every social good;

Wouldst thou, for his sake of self,

Ever choose to sink so low?

Trust wealth is doing good;

Doctrine strange to him, poor man!

If we can't do all we would,

Let us do the best we can.

Charity begins at home—

Yet, wretch, no good man fears

That unless 'er goes the sum

He to the poor stranger spares.

Better than ten Levites rids

In one kind Samaritan;

If we can't do all we would,

Let us do the best we can.

Did we all, with one accord,

Labor for the common good,

Eden soon might be restored,

Peace brood over land and flood.

Strive we then, as true men should,

Forasmuch in Progression's van:

If we can't do all we would,

Let us do the best we can.

Literature.

[From the Household Journal.]

MARK STRETTON;

OR,

THE TABLES TURNED;

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE OFFICER.

A FIRE suddenly burst forth late one winter evening in the stables attached to a large house on Wimbledon Common, then in the occupation of David Stretton, Esq., a retired merchant of large wealth.

I happened to be not far off, and, as in duty bound, hastened to afford what assistance I could.

By great exertions and good fortune, the fire was confined to the stables, which were totally consumed; and being, like most Yorkshiresmen, pretty skilful in the management of horses, I succeeded in saving two very valuable fillies, which, frenzied by the flames, and plunging wildly, could not be brought out till, with considerable difficulty and danger, I had managed to blind them to the red glare of the conflagration.

There could be no doubt that the fire was accidental—a groom had let fall an open lighted lantern upon a heap of loose straw, and being satisfied upon that point, I was about leaving, when I was told that Mr. Stretton wished to speak with me.

Obediently, as a matter of course, I, in two or three minutes, found myself in the presence of David Stretton, Esq., an aged invalid, very nearly used-up by the fret and fever of fifty years of successful trade.

Mr. Stretton was by no means of a niggardly disposition, as I've present he made me gave twenty golden proofs.

The fillies I had mainly helped to save were not only of great value, but his especial pets; and he would not, he said, for any sum, that they should have been injured, much less burned to death.

Besides the master of the house, there were in the drawing-room two gentlemen whom I had noticed at the fire, and a Miss Clara Vignolles, Mr. Stretton's niece.

This lady was plain in features, which were somewhat coarsely marked by smallpox, and could not, I guessed, be much less than thirty; but there was an expression of sweetness of mild good nature about her clear brown eyes and placid mouth, which was pleasing at first sight, and would, I was quite sure, improve on acquaintance.

Miss Vignolles was, I observed, an object of sedulous attention to the elder of the two young gentlemen, whom I heard addressed as Monsieur Moroy.

A tall, well-set-up personage was M. Achilles Moroy. His face was a hard, handsome one; his complexion a swarthy saffron; and his dark eyes were full of light—not light from heaven, was clear to my practised ken at a glance.

Mark Stretton, the younger man (Mr. David Stretton's nephew), was unmistakably a product of home growth. His complexion was as fair as that of his cousin, Miss Vignolles; his eyes and hair bright

brown, like her's; the ensemble of his countenance presenting a much more striking contrast to that of M. Achilles Moroy than even the difference of colour and color.

He looked me sharply in the face, upon hearing my name mentioned by his uncle, and as quickly withdrew his gaze; a slight color flushing his fair, pale face as he did so.

Had I been professionally engaged in an affair with which Mr. Mark Stretton was ever so slightly connected, I should have felt a curious interest in those symptoms of a mind disturbed; as it was, they excited but a momentary curiosity, and vanished from my memory, till revived by sudden events.

M. Achilles Moroy did not honour me with the slightest notice, which, as matters turned out, was fortunate.

Five or six months had slipped away, and I was passing along Piccadilly, when my attention was attracted by a violent uproar in the first floor of No. 11 in that street.

Up flew one of the windows, giving egress to volleys of glass and crockery, flung out upon the pavement by a woman, who, whilst doing so, screamed 'Murder! murder!' with might and main.

I hurried to the street door, and knocked peremptorily till it was opened by the landlady, a Mrs. Parkins, whom I knew to be the widow of a naval officer, eking out a scanty pension by letting furnished lodgings.

She explained that the furious hubbub going on up-stairs was merely a violent quarrel between a foreign gentleman and his wife who occupied her first floor.

The lady, who was of a very jealous temperament, suspected her husband of an intrigue with a Miss Vignolles—

'Vignolles! Vignolles!' I interrupted; 'the name seems familiar to me.'

'The husband, Monsieur Moroy—'

'Moroy! Vignolles!—I remember now. Excuse me. Pray proceed.'

'From what I can make out,' resumed Mrs. Parkins, 'the husband, in changing his dress for dinner, left a note in the wastebasket which pulled off, which Madame Moroy, chancing to pounce upon, found to be from a Miss Vignolles, and at once gave way to a torrent of invective rage, accompanying the same by smashing every breakable thing of value upon the floor, or by hurling it out of the window.'

This explanation was given during a partial lull in the martial storm, which again broke forth with augmented fury and renewed cries of 'Murder! help! &c. &c.'

Remembering that I was bound to ascertain personally, the cause of those frantic outcries, I ascended the stairs, two or three at a time.

I passed into the back first-floor room, which communicated by folding-doors with the front apartment.

The violence of the altercation going on prevented my entrance from being noticed, and I paused to ask myself whether I had a legal right to interfere.

I saw that not only a furious conflict in words was going on, but a bodily struggle for the possession of a note, which, as I came upon the scene, the gentleman was on the point of wresting from the lady's clutch.

This was not the kind of degree of violence to justify cries of murder; and I was about to make a movement in retreat when the man turned round by the swing of his successful effort to secure the note, and brought within my view the reflection of his face in a chimney-mirror, which at the same moment revealed my presence to him.

I at once recognized the M. Moroy I had seen at Wimbledon Common.

Fiercely confronting me, he asked who I was, and what I did there?

'I am a police-officer; and I am here because I heard cries of murder, which issued from this room.'

The lady, a fine creature, in a frenzy of rage, rushed by him towards me.

'A police-officer, are you?' she exclaimed. 'My God! that is what I wish! This man is a wretch—a monster! He is trying to seduce—'

'Silence!' thundered M. Achilles Moroy, catching her by the arm, and swinging her away with such force that she fell over an ottoman on the floor.

'Silence, fool!' he added with deadly malignity of tone, as he seized and raised her; 'or, by all the devils, thou shalt repent of it!'

Far quelled the woman's rage, and she burst into tears.

'And now, sir, will you begone, said M. Achilles Moroy, turning fiercely upon me, 'or must I kick

you from my apartment?'

'If the lady is willing to declare upon oath that she is in fear of personal violence at your hands, I will take you to the nearest police-station at once.'

'You take me to the police-station, you cursed English dog!'

'Do you, madam, apprehend further personal violence from this man?'

'No—no—no,' sobbed the woman; 'I was violent—wrong. It is a man and-wife quarrel. Go away—go!'

'And quick! in one moment I shouted the husband; 'or, thunder of hell, I shall help you down stairs! Like this, do you see?'

He seized my arm to help me down stairs, and was unpleasantly surprised to find himself tripped up and sprawling on his back. I laughed and walked away.

In the passage below I found Mrs. Parkins awaiting me. She said Monsieur and Madame Moroy had resided in her house about six weeks only, and that such scenes as I had witnessed, though not always so violent, were of frequent occurrence.

What was she to do? I could only advise her to get rid of such undesirable lodgers as quickly as she could, and then left the house, outside of which a small crowd of curious idlers were still assembled.

Extraordinary! very extraordinary! I thought I, that such a person as this Moroy appears to be should have a footing of intimacy in Mr. David Stretton's family!

The wife's suspicion, that he is engaged in an intrigue with Miss Vignolles, must be the coinage of her own jealous brain.

The supposition was simply absurd. Far likelier that the lady calling herself Madame Moroy was her pretended husband's mistress, and that the handsome Frenchman was wooing Miss Vignolles for his wife.

A pity it that were so; but certainly no business of mine.

M. Achilles Moroy could not forgive the outrage I had inflicted on his personal dignity; and, chancing to see me about a week afterwards, he seemed much the worse for wine—

was leaving Crookford's Club-house, St. James's street, he seized the opportunity of taking a little pleasant revenge. He had recognized me by the glare of the gas-lamps before I noticed him, and with arms akimbo, huddled full at me, with the intention of tumbling me upon the slopily pavement (it had been raining all day), or, better still, into the roadway slush, by accident, as it were.

He nearly succeeded, too—would have done so, entirely to his own satisfaction. I have little doubt, but that he was half-drunk. As it happened, I had just managed to step back clear of his rush, and unable to check himself, he went headlong across the pavement, slipped, stumbled, fell into a heap of slush-mud, and quite unable to regain his feet, wallowed helplessly therein, till picked up by his friend and one of Crookford's porters.

The mud slush-soused spectacle which he presented was so irresistibly ludicrous, that the volleys of abuse he sputtered at me were quite powerless to check the malicious merriment it excited; and it seemed that the man must have gone mad with rage had not Mr. Mark Stretton, whom I had not at first recognized, compelled him, with the porter's help, to re-enter the club-house.

I had not gone far when I was overtaken by Mr. Stretton, Jr.

'May I ask Mr. Waters,' said the young man, abruptly, 'where he became acquainted with Monsieur Moroy? and how he has contrived to make an enemy of that gentleman?'

'My acquaintance with M. Moroy is of the slightest,' I answered, 'I happened that I witnessed a respectable scene between him and his wife. That's all.'

'He has no wife,' was the rejoinder. 'Would to God he had! You must mean Adele St. Ange, a fine brunette, some thirty years of age.'

'Yes; a fine brunette, as you say, but not, I think, so old as that.'

'Mademoiselle St. Ange bears her age well.' Having said that, Mr. Mark Stretton was silent for a minute or two, looking me in the face the while with anxious inquisition.

'You have a reputation, Mr. Waters,' he resumed abruptly, 'for singular acuteness and daring in your profession.'

'I am sometimes fortunate. Quite as often the reverse.'

'I have vital need of the services of a sagacious, resolute man. Yet see not,' he added, checking him-

self, 'yet I see not how any degree of skill or resolution could help me! At all events, it's ill talking in this wretched weather. Some other time, perhaps. Good-night.'

Another faint gleam of light was now thrown over what I could well believe was a very gloomy business.

Accidens Moroy must, in some way, have got young Stretton in his toils—most likely by pillaging him at the gaming-table—and was now making use of that evil influence to obtain the hand of amply-dowered Clara Vignolles.

Else what meant, 'He has no wife—would to God he had! It might be, too, that Mark Stretton himself loved his lady cousin! No, that was not likely. She was four or five years his senior, and young men seldom get crazed by charms of which thirty winters, to say nothing of small-pox, have marred the bloom and beauty.

The affair would, no doubt, run its course without, or in despite of my assistance, should it be asked for, to its natural termination—a mercenary marriage, desertion by the foreign husband, followed by years of unavailing regret and bitter self-reproach on the part of the wife.

A trite story, old as rascaldom, common as woman's faith and folly!

I erred in supposing that my aid would not be required in a matter which seemed quite out of my line. It was near upon the close of that year's autumn when my attention was caught by the following paragraph in a morning paper, copied from Felix Farley's Bristol Journal:

"DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT.—We deeply regret to announce that Mr. David Stretton, of Bellevue House, Wimbledon Common, near London, who had been, for some time past, residing at Clifton for the benefit of his health, fell, on Tuesday evening, at near dusk, from the lofty cliffs which beetle over the Avon. He was watching the play of the fading light upon the Leigh woods opposite from the very edge of the precipice. Some portion of the ground gave way suddenly beneath his feet, and, unable to spring back, the unfortunate gentleman toppled over with a loud cry, and fell headlong down the face of the cliff. This, it will be seen, is the account given of the fatal accident by Monsieur Moroy, a French gentleman, the only person within sight or hearing of the deceased when the catastrophe occurred.

The lamented gentleman's property is said to be bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. Mark Stretton, and his niece, Miss Clara Vignolles, in equal portions. The verdict was, of course, 'Accidental death.'

I need not dwell upon the vague doubts, suspicions, which, knowing what I did of M. Moroy, arose in my mind as I ran over the above paragraph; and I turned eagerly to the report of the proceedings at the inquest, which, considerably condensed, was given in another column.

Only one witness besides M. Achilles Moroy had, I found, been examined—a Mr. Leonard Bayton—who deposed that when it was quite dark he heard, not one cry only, but several of horror and despair, it seemed to him, from about the spot where the accident must have occurred.

He hurried in the direction of those cries, but could see no one, and after searching about for some time he returned his way homeward.

This evidence had passed without remark; in fact, the only pertinent question put to the witness Moroy was this, by one of the jurymen: 'How, if it was dark at the time of the accident, could the deceased have been watching the play of light upon the Leigh woods?'

Before M. Moroy, 'who was much agitated, Mr. Stretton having been his intimate and attached friend,' the coroner, referring to his notes, said the witness Moroy had stated it was dusk, not dark, when the catastrophe occurred.

This explanation must have been held to be satisfactory, as a verdict of accidental death was at once and unanimously agreed to.

Strange! Passing strange!

Late in the following week a hurriedly scrawled note, directed to me, was delivered at Scotland Yard. It was signed 'Mark Stretton,' and expressed an urgent request that I would write at once to Bellevue House, Wimbledon Common, stating where he, Mark Stretton, could see me privately on the morrow.

(To be continued in our next.)

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE IN EDINBURGH.

A CALAMITOUS and heart-rending occurrence took place in Edinburgh on Sunday morning, November 24th, in the sudden fall of a densely-populated 'land' or tenement-house in the lower division of the High Street, which resulted in the death of thirty-five persons, and the injury, more or less severe, of fifteen others.

The tenement was situated on the north side of the street, between Bailie Fyfe's Close on the west, and Paisley's Close on the east, and was joined at the back (on the east side) by the gate-end of another 'land,' which extended down Paisley's Close.

The ground floor was occupied by the shops of Mr. Cairns, grocer, and Messrs. Brown & Co., victual-dealers, while Mr. Moir, brewer, and Mr. M'Luskie, shoe-merchant, occupied the first floor.

The tenement—which consisted of six stories at the front and seven at the back, including attics—was occupied as dwelling-houses by workmen and their families, many of them weekly tenants of the poorest class.

Altogether, it is believed that the building contained about twenty-five householders, many of whom kept lodgers, and that the total number of inmates was not less than eighty or ninety. The majority of these persons had retired to rest; but a number of the younger men and women had not been housed for the night at the hour when the disaster occurred, and so escaped.

Sergeant Rennie, of the night police, was passing down the High Street, and had got in front of Cairns' shop, a few minutes after one o'clock, along with another policeman, when they heard a loud noise, and beheld the whole 'land' of houses fall in with a tremendous crash, and in other instances it was apparently swallowed up amid clouds of dust and rubbish.

As the dust cleared away, a yawning chasm, thirty yards in breadth, became visible; the whole of the floors from top to bottom had given way and fallen perpendicularly downwards, while the front wall fell outwards, and only the back wall (partly supported by the back 'land' before-mentioned) and the two gables, being party-walls connected with the adjoining houses, were left standing.

Instantly wailing sounds arose from the ruins, with here and there cries of 'Mother, mother!' from little children rudely awakened out of sleep by ratters and rubbish falling upon them in their beds; but over the greater portion of the mass brooded a ghastly silence which was yet more deadly.

In a few minutes the street seemed alive with people running about, eagerly inquiring what had happened; and the occupants of the surrounding houses, startled from their sleep, raised their windows, and as soon as some vague idea of the awful nature of the calamity reached them, poured forth into the streets.

In the meantime, Rennie and Douglas had rushed to the Police Office with the intelligence that a house had fallen in the High Street, on which Mr. Milligan, the lieutenant on duty, immediately rung up the firemaster, Mr. Mitchell, as well as Mr. Superintendent Linton. Mr. Mitchell summoned the whole of the fire brigade. Intelligence was also sent to the Lord Provost and magistrates, the sheriff, the members of the Dean of Guild Court; Mr. Macpherson, Superintendent of Streets and Buildings; Mr. Dymock, Procurator-Fiscal; Dr. Littlejohn, police surgeon, &c.

Shortly before two o'clock, a detachment of the Twenty-Sixth Cameronians, consisting of forty-two men under the command of Lieutenant Storey, was kindly placed at the disposal of the magistrates to aid the police in keeping the ground clear.

By two o'clock, a.m., the street was blocked up with people, and barricades were placed across it, above and below the ruined building.

The firemen, reinforced by a number of laborers who volunteered, were formed into gangs by Mr. Mitchell, and immediately commenced operations. The night was calm, but frosty, and