

The York Herald

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All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

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THE YORK HERALD Book and Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned descriptions 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 pattern. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Leaders, for Carvers, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

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

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

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

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

A CARD. W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch.

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

Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, Toronto, January 9, 1861.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

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

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) Toronto, April 12, 1861.

William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto, April 12, 1861.

A. MAIRS, B. A., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Main Street, Markham Village.

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. 9.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1862.

Whole No. 166.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLS, 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.

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

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

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drove Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.

The Subscriber in calling the attention of the public to his Old Friends to his establishment, feels satisfied by the constant patronage of his friends and with mutual satisfaction.

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.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-ly

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands.

D. McLEOD, Proprietor, Aurora, June 6, 1858. 95-ly

Hunter's Hotel.

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.

W. WESTPHAL, Corner of Church and Stanley Sts., Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-ly

Albion Hotel, EAST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W.

J. SMITH, Proprietor, Toronto, April 19, 1861. 145-ly

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-ly

JO. H. SMITH, St. Lawrence Inn, 142 KING STREET, OPPOSITE THE ST. LAWRENCE MARKET, TORONTO.

Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a Capital Hostler in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 123-ly

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant! 63 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO

Lunch every day from 11 till 2. Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand. Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-ly

NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 141 E. Church St. No. 25, 29 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Parties always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.

W. NEWBIGGING, Proprietor, Toronto, April 8, 1861. 142-ly

Eastern Hotel, CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W. Wm. Mackintosh, Proprietor. Good Accommodation for Travellers. Large Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in attendance. Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-ly

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 always in attendance. WILLIAM LENOX, Proprietor, York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-ly

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.

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

Poetry.

THE MEASURE OF MY LOVE.

How many thoughts I gave thee! Come hither on the grave, And if thou'lt count unfeeling...

The green leaves as we pass: Or the leaves that sigh and tremble To the sweet wind of the West; Or the rippling of the river; Or the sunbeams on its breast; I'll count the thoughts I give thee— My beautiful, my bliss!

How many joys I owe thee! Come sit where seas run high, And count the heaving billows, That break on the shores and die; Or the grains of sand they fondle When the storms are overblown; Or the pebbles in the deep-sea cavern; Or the stars in the milky way; And I'll count the joys I owe thee— My beautiful, my bliss!

And how much love I proffer! Come scoop the ocean dry, Or weigh in thy tiny balance, The stars-ships of the sky; Or swim around thy fingers, The sunlight streaming wide; Or fold it in thy bosom, While the world is dark beside; And I'll tell how much I love thee— My beautiful, my bliss!

Literature.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Kind hearts are more than coronet, And simple faith than Norman blood."

Years and years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright summer morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale, but strikingly handsome face, great black melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wept and sighed, and clattered, as if a tortured human heart were through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said— "Pray, who are you, sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and came here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton, "why, you compass him that's dead and gone sir!" "No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans and began to play again to a grand organ, and the mysterious organist— "Looking upwards full of grace, Prayed in from a happy place, God's glory anore him on the face," like that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Gould.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with the far seeing gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he had caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, her eyes like the violet in hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her, and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lip quivered, her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed, and sighed and clamored.

"But by faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, 'tis the small play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ave, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he came. He was not soon again by the sexton till the vesper hour, when he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task—while he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers had dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder, and said— "Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I must close the doors!" "I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me!"

The sexton drew back to a shadowy niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, and his hand was still bowed upon the instrument, but he could not see the devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ-loft paused before the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured. Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court-dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, had been changed for a grasp serge robe and a long thick veil, which was pushed back from the fair girl's face.

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and sank at her feet and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

"A low moan was the only answer, and he continued— "You are to be married to-morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father requested me to play to the wedding, and I have promised to be there. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up!"

"It is like reading soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, go, in a few hours it will be said, 'Go, go, and God bless you!'"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had strength to do so, and he—how was it with him! He rose to leave her, then came back, held her hand to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor; at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame colored flowers nodded by the way-side, flame colored leaves came rushing down the trees, and lay in light heaps upon the ground; the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were unbarred, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant, far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossomy heads, and the festal robes that streamed down over the hoarings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a white palfrey, and clad in snow white velvet, looking pale and sad; and when on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which jubilant in sound, struck upon her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue,

EDUCATED FEET.

Who can tell to what uses the feet and toes could be put, if the necessity arose for a full development of their powers? There is a way of educating the foot as well as the hand or eye; and it is astonishing what an educated foot can be made to do. We know that in the time of Alexander the Indians were taught to draw their bows with their feet as well as with their hands; and Sir J. E. Tennent tells us that this is done up to the present time by the Rock Veddahs of Ceylon. And nearly all savage tribes can turn their toes not only to good but to bad account; like the aborigines of Australia, who, while they are cunningly diverting your attention with their hands, are busily engaged committing robberies with their toes, with which they pick up articles as an elephant would with its trunk. So also the Hindoo makes his toes work at the loom, and weaves with them almost as much dexterity as with his fingers. The Chinese carpenter will hold the bit of wood he is planing, by his foot like a parrot, and will work like a grindstone with his feet.—The Banaka tribe, who are the most famous canoe men on the West African coast, will impel their light canoes, (weighing only from 8 lbs to 10 lbs,) with great velocity over the waves, and at the same time will use one foot to bail out the water; and when they would rest their arms, one leg is thrown out on either side of the canoe, and it is propelled with the feet almost as fast as with a paddle. There was once Monsieur Ducrest, who died only four years ago, who, although he was born without hands, was brought up as an artist, and who annually exhibited at the Louvre, pictures painted by his feet. Then there was Thomas Roberts, the armless huntsman to Sir George Barlow, whose feet were made to perform the duties of his hands. And there was William Kingston, who with his toes wrote out his accounts, shaved and dressed himself, saddled and bridled his horse, threw sledge hammers, and fought a stout battle in which he came off victorious.

RAISING A SUNKEN SHIP.

The British ship *Sovereign of the Seas*, while at Sidney, New South Wales, last summer caught fire in her upper works, and to save her from entire destruction, she was scuttled and sunk in 28 feet of water. Various plans had been proposed to raise her, but all were rejected as impracticable by Lloyd's agent at that place. At last Captain Lachlan McKay, of Boston, arrived in the ship *Nigassaka*, and having examined the sunken vessel, offered to raise her in one week. The proposal was deemed somewhat fanciful, but it was accepted. A large bagging of canvass was made, sufficient to cover both sides of the ship from the bilges to the plank-sheer. The lower edge of this vast sheet was sewed securely to a small chain which sunk it to the required depth, after which it was hoisted tight with powerful tacks, which kept it in its place. The upper edge was nailed, and otherwise secured along the line of the plank-sheer. Extra pumps were rigged down all her hatchways and manœuvred by gangs, who kept them going without intermission, and in five hours she floated and became upright. In three days from the time Captain McKay commenced operations the ship was ready to have her cargo discharged. The *Sidney Herald* speaks in high terms of this feat of ship-raising. Captain McKay raised the clipper ship *Geat Republic* in the same manner, after she had been scuttled to save her hull from destruction by fire while lying at one of the docks of this port (New York), several years ago.

HUNGARY IMPROVING.

This country has entered upon a great career of progress. The landed proprietors have established a system of cultivation by paid laborers, in lieu of the feudal system they abolished in 1848, and a great network of railroads and river navigation is about to come into operation. In this year (1862) three lines of cheap conveyance, intersecting Hungary and ending in Trieste, will be opened. These routes include about 2,100 miles of steam navigation, fed by about 350 miles of rivers or canals, traversed by common barges or boats; and 1,400 miles of railways, not including the Vienna and Trieste lines.—To load the railway trucks and steamboats, Hungary has 25,000,000 acres of arable land, nearly 4,000,000 acres of meadows, 1,000,000 acres of vineyards, besides forest, moor, and mountain land; in all upwards of 60,000,000 acres of land, more or less agricultural in its character. The soil is fertile, the climate favorable to corn crops, the landlords intelligent, and well acquainted with labor-saving machinery. Nothing but peace and liberty are needed to make it the granary of Europe, as well as a rich source of revenue to Austria, if her Emperor will consent to free institutions.

AGES OF THE NOBILITY.

We find from *Who's Who* in 1862 that the oldest Duke is the Duke of Cleveland, whose age is 73, the youngest is the Duke of Norfolk, aged 14; the oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Lansdowne, 81, the youngest the Marquis of Ely, 12; the oldest Earl is the Earl of Charlemont, 86, the youngest the Earl of Charleville, 9; the oldest Viscount is Viscount Combermere, 89, the youngest Viscount Downe, 17; the oldest Baron is Lord Sinclair, 93, the youngest Lord Rossmore, 10; the oldest Archbishop is the Archbishop of Armagh, 88, the youngest the Archbishop of York, 67; the oldest Bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, 84, the youngest the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 42; the oldest Colonial Bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, 82, the youngest the Bishop of Madras, 41; the oldest Privy Councillor is Lord Lyndhurst—the youngest Earl Spencer, 26; the oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir Charles M. Burrell (the member for Shoreham), 87, the youngest Mr. R. A. Vyner (the member for Ripon), 23; the oldest Judge in England is Dr. Lushington, 79, the youngest Mr. Baron Wilde, 45; the oldest Judge in Ireland is Chief Justice Levey, 85, the youngest Mr. Justice Keogh, 44; the oldest judge in Scotland is Lord Wood, 73, the youngest the Lord Justice Clerk, 51; the oldest baronet is Sir Tatton Sykes, 89, the youngest Sir Grenville L. J. Temple, 3; the oldest knight is General Sir James Caldwell, G.C.B., 91, the youngest Sir Charles T. Bright, 29.

COX IN CRINOLINE.

The late Sir Thomas Cox found no other object among his "household gods" more fit for destruction than his wife's crinoline. "If hoops have no other advantage," sneered Lady Cox, one day, "they keep the men at a proper distance—and that's a great blessing." "To the men," growled Sir Thomas.

A WOMAN OF FEW WORDS.

A lady on one occasion entered Abernethy's consulting-room, and sat before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered the finger for inspection. "Better?" asked the surgeon. "Better!" answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed. "Well!" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well!" was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my soul madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "you are the most rational woman I ever met with!"

WHETHER DOES A PIANO GIVE A HIGHER TONE IN A COLD OR A WARM ROOM, AND WHY?

In a cold room, on account of the strings being tighter or more contracted.

USE THE PRUNING KNIFE DURING WINTER.

Mild weather in winter is the pleasantest time for pruning, because we then have more leisure and can work more deliberately, because we can see every part of the tree, and because there is nothing on the ground to be injured by the feet, or by the falling branches, or their removal to the wood pile. It is the experience of every body who has pruned ornamental trees, and especially apple trees, that sometimes the scars will heal, and sometimes they will not—the wood often becoming soft and penetrated by decay, and finally, seriously injuring the tree. It will be found that a limb less than two inches in diameter will seldom make any trouble in this way. Large limbs cut in the winter, and particularly toward spring, will bleed often profusely, so soon as the sap starts.—The sap in early spring is very fluid, and has the property of 'scalding,' that is, killing the live bark upon which it flows in any considerable quantity. Thus we often see, where a large limb has been cut off, a decayed hole and a strip of dead bark or bare wood for a yard or more beneath. After the leaves put out in the spring, the sap becomes thickened and sluggish in its motion, so that when the first evaporation takes place on the fresh cut surface, none will flow out, while the wood itself remains hard and impervious to water, and the scar, however large, gradually heals over. On the whole, therefore, we advise never to cut off large limbs except after blooming time, though these may be partly lopped off, and reduced in size in winter, so as to be conveniently removed altogether in May or June. To deny yourself the privilege of doing any winter pruning is, we find, to crowd work terribly in spring, and to make this otherwise pleasant labor a trial and a bugbear.—*American Agriculturist.*

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