The Church's opening &c:- Fun!
James Daniels - burned out.
New Firm — Flood & Price

M Teefy, Esq

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. 13. **RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1862.** **Whole No. 170.**

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 will always be be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

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THE YORK HERALD

Book and Job Printing

ESTABLISMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:—

BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND PAMPHLETS.

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. 127-1yp

I. BOWMAN, M.D,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
One Door South of Lemon's Hotel
THORNHILL.
May 1, 1861. 127-1y

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT GENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude.
Richmond Hill, Aug 29. 144-tf

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
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1860. 104-1y

MATHESON & FITZGERALD,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c.
OFFICE:—
CORNER OF KING AND TORONTO STREETS
Over Whitmore & Co's. Banking Office,
TORONTO.
Agency Particularly attended to.
THOMAS G. MATHESON. JAMES FITZGERALD
Toronto, July 1, 1859. 31-tf

Mr S. M. JARVIS,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings, Toronto Street.
Toronto, January 9, 1861. 111-6m

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 Beaverton, Township of Thorah, and County of Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1y

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

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

A. MACNABB,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c. King Street, East, [over Leader Office,] Toronto, C.W.
Toronto, April, 12, 1861, 123-1y

William Grant,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street.
Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1y

A. MAIRS, B. A.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Main Street, Markham Village,

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.
☞ Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-1ly.

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 and his Old Friends to his establishment, feels satisfied he can administer comfortably to their wants and with mutual satisfaction.
Richmond Hill, April 20, 1860. 73-tf

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 Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1y

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, 1859. 25 1y

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. 137-tf

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.
☞ Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel.
Deutsches 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 Travellers 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. 145-1y

THE WELL-KNOWN
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,
Formerly kept by William Rolph,
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. 125-1y

JOS. GREGOR'S
Fountain Restaurant!
69 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. 125-1y

NEWBIGGING HOUSE,
LATE Claremont Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board $1, per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.
W. NEWBIGGING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1y

Eastern Hotel,
CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W. WM. MOSKHOUSE, Proprietor. Good accommodation for Travellers Large Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in attendance.
Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123 1y

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 LENNOX, Proprietor,
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1y

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!
OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.
GEO. L GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.
A LARGE and Commodious Hallaud 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. 126-1y.

Poetry.

OUR OWN LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief.
And sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to spend away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream;
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

Oh! life below! how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh
Oh, life above! how long, how fair, and glad!
And endless joy.
Oh! to be done with daily dying here,
Oh! to begin the living on yon sphere.

Oh, day of time, how dark! Oh sky and earth,
How dull your hue!
Oh, day of Christ, how bright! Oh, sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green!
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

Literature.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY W. S. SPEIRS.

'I AM a lonely and broken-hearted man. I have no one to care for me, no one to love me. The time was when I was loved, or at least believed I was so; but it is indeed hard to say whether I was really loved for myself or not.'

'How was it, Mr. Simeon?—You promised long ago to tell me something of the reason that you look so sad. If it will not harass up your feelings, or if you do not care to bring back to your remembrance circumstances that have long since transpired, I will be glad to listen to your tale or sorrow.'

'I promised, a long time ago, to tell you, so I may as well tell you now, for I feel as if I might be called away unexpectedly, and I should like to let you know what has brought me to a premature grave.

'I was the son of well-to-do parents; my father had a valuable bank situation in a provincial town. It was his ambition to see me in one of the learned professions.—I chose that of a lawyer; when I was fourteen years of age I was sent to the University of Edinburgh to finish my studies and make myself acquainted with the world. I remained there for six years, when I was fortunate enough to pass my examination, and was duly admitted to practice at the bar.

'When I had been about a year at the University I made the acquaintance of Alexander Jones.—Our acquaintance soon ripened into a strong attachment for each other. He was at the University studying for the profession of a physician; when I first made his acquaintance he had been two sessions, and only expected to remain another winter at college. His parents lived only a few miles from the city, and it was only natural that I should be invited to his home. I was often a guest from Saturday to Monday morning. He had three sisters and two brothers at home; they always all seemed glad to see me when I went, but I soon chose the society of the youngest sister, who was only two years younger than myself. The feeling that I entertained for her at first was not love; but gradually, as we became better acquainted, and saw more of each other, we loved—at least I did with my whole soul. She led me to believe that I was all the world to her, and I believed her implicity. The family seemed to look with pleasure upon the growing attachment that had sprung up between us, and, in fact, it was looked upon as a settled fact that Ellen and I should be husband and wife when I was able to support her. Her parents thought that she should have every advantage in education that money could give her, to make her a bright, shining light, so they concluded that it was better that Ellen should go to a distant city to a far-famed boarding-school, to finish her studies. This was our first separation—this is the foundation of all my troubles. While she was there we corresponded regularly, and our love seemed to grow stronger and stronger; 'absence seemed to make the heart grow tender,' and I was happy. I worked away, night and day, to be able to secure for my darling the prize that I was working for, namely, a comfortable home. She remained for two years at the boarding-school, during all of which time she was considered as my betrothed. I fondly hoped that all might be well; but truly man 'proposes, but it is God alone that disposes.' During her absence her eldest sister had married a physician in good practice. I often went to see them in their new home, and they always seemed pleased to see me; but I afterwards found that the feeling of affection for me was only exhibited when I was present—that when absent I was looked upon as a good riddance, in fact, my absence was 'good company.' This feeling was caused by the eldest sister wishing to marry my Ellen to an old beau of her own, one whom she had refused years before because he was not rich enough to suit her; but since that time he had gained considerable wealth. She had continued to have a great control over him, even after her marriage, and led him to suppose that Ellen loved him; all her letters to her sister were filled with his praises and with my disparagement. Hence a slight coldness began to creep into Ellen's letters to me, which I at first did not remark, but which at last became so palpable that I could not pass it over without remark; her letters became short, compared with what they formerly were, and did not contain the same loving sentiment as formerly. At last the letters came only occasionally; and when I asked for an explanation she told me that she was sorry that she had promised to be my wife; that she did not at the time she promised me know her own mind, and that she would be glad if I would release her. Here was a heart-breaking letter for me, after all my bright hopes and many air-castles that I had from time to time built, with her as the mistress of them all—to have myself deserted in this way for a man so much older than myself. I wrote to her twice and besought her not to altogether give me up until after she returned, which she said that she would do. This promise was a great consolation to me; I believed her implicity, and whatever she promised I would have believed. But how cruelly was I deceived? I did not discover the extent of the double dealing used with me, for years after, but the knowledge of it even now, after she is totally lost to me, grieves me more than I can describe—to think that she would so cruelly deceive me. Oh! it was hard to convince me of the truth of her unkindness.

'When Ellen had been at school for about eighteen months a great calamity befel the family; her father was struck down in the prime of his manhood by apoplexy, and died without rallying. He left his home in the morning after breakfast, and was brought home a corpse in about two hours. How grieved I was at the sad news; I mourned with the family as one of themselves. It was a great blow to them all—not in a pecuniary point of view, because he had left a will, and each had a considerable sum of money left in their own rights; but he was a kind and indulgent parent, and many times have I gone to get advice from him when he always exhorted me to bear up against adversity with Christian fortitude and suffer patiently. I never left him without being thoroughly reconciled to my late. He was truly a just and good man—his spirit must have flown to Him who gave it; and I am certain that now he looks down with compassion on me from his lofty throne, but I often feel that I will not be long before I join him in singing praises to our God and overlook the doctrines of this world. But I fear that I will weary you with rehearsing all my troubles.

'No—no; do not think of that I am all attention, and believe me I feel sincerely for you.'

He contirued—

'The time at length arrived that Ellen should return from her school; she sent me word the day that she should leave for home, I promised that I would meet her at her brother-in-law's, which was to be her home, for a time at least. It was with great heart-throbbings that I counted the days that it would take for her to reach her home. It is needless to say that I was there before her. I felt so anxious to see her that I could not rest at home, but set out to meet her. But oh! that I had never seen her! Her manner to me was icy; how little I expected that she would so soon and apparently so utterly have forgotten me and the love that she had professed to have for me. I waited patiently for an explanation from her, but she shunned me, knowing that she had wronged me, and was too cowardly to tell me so. How anxiously I waited for an opportunity, but her sister seemed to assist her in preventing a private interview until the evening on which I had to take my leave; then I desired to have a few words with her. We proceeded to the garden, and then I besought her, by all the love that she ever had for me, to tell me how I had offended her; she was cold towards me as the Arctic ocean, and tried to make me believe that I did not love her. I expostulated with her for her cruelty, and asked her if she loved me sufficiently to become my wife; she evaded a direct answer by saying that I was not prepared to marry yet, that I had not gained a position, such as she had supposed I would have before I asked her again to become my wife. I asked her if she would wait for me a year; she assented, and with this understanding we re-entered the house. I left soon, and since then I have never seen her.—Would that I had died after that last interview!—the grief and trouble that I have since experienced would have been spared me. I would not be a heart-broken man now, hoping and longing for death to remove me; but I feel that my time is not far distant—I feel that I will yet be happy, but not in this world. How different would have been my lot had I been gifted with her unbounded love. I would have had an object always before me—something to strive for; and the smiles of the only one that I have ever loved in this world would have comforted me and cheered me when I was weary, or when adversity had come upon me. But alas! how different has been my lot, my destiny. Here am I a desolate and unloved man. It is true that I have gained wealth and a proud position—but what are they all worth to me now? I have no one to smile on me encouragingly, no one on whose bosom to lay my weary head, no one to confide my sorrows to, nor pity me in my distress; how unfortunate has been my life, and have I deserved it?—I do not know that I have sinned more than many others; but I will not repine—it is all the working of an All-powerful Providence, who does all things for the best.'

'My dear friend, do not overtask your power of endurance, do not relate any more of your great sorrow until some future day, when you will have gained more strength, urged his listener.

'I must tell all now or never; I feel it, and if you have any interest in listening to what I have yet to relate, it must be to-night. I have been troubled with strange dreams lately, and I fear that I shall never see another day in this world,' replied he.

'Do not be so desponding; take a glass of wine and rest for a little time.'

Having partaken of a little wine and ice-water he again resumed his narrative.

'In three weeks after our last interview I lef. Scotland for America. I had written to Ellen before taking this step, but she did not give me any answer for a long time; at least until a few days before the ship was to sail. It seemed a long time to me, anxiously expecting her reply. She gave me no encouragement to stay; in fact, she seemed to think that it was better for me to go. You may imagine that it was with a sorrowful heart that I left all my relatives to come to a strange land, where I knew no one, and where no one knew, or cared to know, me. But I was fortunate in my place of residence. I gained worldly wealth and kind friends, who took an interest in me—a kindness which I have never forgotten.

'Shortly after I came to America I wrote to Ellen again. I got no reply. I heard, through my friends in Scotland, that her second brother was coming to America. Circumstances prevented our meeting for three years; and when we did meet it was on the occasion of his marriage with an old acquaintance of mine. Oh! how I envied him his happiness. I thought how happy I might have been had the fates permitted it. We talked often, during the short time I was with them, of the absent one, but they did not give me any encouragement to go back again and try my fortune with Ellen, but they promised to use their influence in my favor, and advised me to write again to her—which I did. And what do you think was the answer I received? You cannot imagine. Ah no! I could not have thought that she could give me such an unkind cut—she sent her wedding-cards, without one word of commiseration or a hope that I was well. I could have borne all before me without a murmur, but this was the unkindest cut of all. From that time I date the breaking out of my disease, which was latent, but which might never have been called forth but for this. I had never a day's sickness until after I received those fatal cards. I took cold, which produced inflammation in my lungs, and my life was despaired of. Would that I had departed then in my delirium! My attendants told me that her name was scarcely ever from my lips, but of course I can know nothing of my feelings or my thoughts during that time. It was long before I was sufficiently convalescent to go out to the garden unattended—and you now see the wreck that I am. I have scarcely strength to take the exercise that is necessary.'

After relating so much he suddenly became so pale that I feared he was about to faint, and went to assist him; but the feeling was only momentary. He recovered, and I again requested him to rest, but he would not until he had told all. He resumed at once again:

'I never heard again from her; and her brother, having procured a good situation in Scotland, returned there. I have not heard anything of the object of my love; my friends never refer to it, knowing how bitterly I felt her heartless conduct. I would be satisfied if I only knew that she was happy in her choice. I cannot believe that she chose the man to whom she was married; I think that the match was made for her, and she was led to suppose that I cared nothing for her. Who ever interfered and caused the separation has a great deal to answer for. I trust that she may have everything that she could desire; although she treated me so cruelly I can forgive her all, and I trust that we may meet where they 'neither marry nor are given in marriage.'

I had never seen him so weak as he was to-night. Before retiring he told me that he had made a will, and that I was sole executor; and he trusted that I would carry out to the letter all the instructions contained in it. I gave him my hand, and after he had grasped it and released me he rose to take his leave, but when he reached the door he turned again and made me promise again to fulfil all his bequests. I again assured him that I would most religiously, but I exhorted him not to give way to the gloomy feelings that were overpowering him, and hoped that in the morning he would feel better.

Alas! how uncertain are all worldly things; how little did I think that I was so soon to lose my friend. I thought that he was the victim of melancholy, but ah! how different it was with him I never saw him alive again. When the chambermaid went to his room in the morning she found him apparently fast asleep. She retired and told my wife, who came to me and informed me that Mr. Simeon was late in arising. A thought of what he had told me the night before took possession of me and I could not rest until I went to his room—and, sure enough, the spirit had departed, but had left no trace of a struggle of any kind. He had gone to rest with the portrait of the faithless one on his heart; and it was placed with him in the cold, cold grave.

I immediately informed the authorities, and my lawyer came and took possession of everything that belonged to him. Having found the will it was duly proved. I was sole executor, for performing which office he bequeathed me one thousand dollars, and to each of my three children the same amount.—All his valuable library he left to my wife, and a few other things were given to those of his friends whom he had learned to esteem; everything else he left to his former love, Ellen, and her children, which amounted to nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, all of which I had to invest for their benefit, as I thought best, and give her proof of having done so. He left it in such a manner that her husband could never gain possession of any portion of it unless she gave it to him.

And now, dear readers, this is the end of one of the most wronged men that I have met. Truly his love was overpowering; he sacrificed everything for her, and perhaps she never thought of him.—'The ways of God are wonderful and past finding out.'

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.—In ancient Sparta there was a law which compelled the youths to rise when an old person approached; to be silent when they spoke; to yield them the path when they met them.—With us, what the law does not enforce decency should prompt us to perform. Respect for the aged teaches such a beautiful moral that those who forgot to practice it themselves can do no less than applaud it in others. An ancient Athenian was looking for a seat at the Olympic Games, but the benches were already filled. Some of his youthful fellow-citizens called to him to approach them, and when he had, with much difficulty, complied with their invitation, instead of welcoming him to a seat, they only greeted him with coarse bursts of derisive laughter. Pushed about from one place to another, the gray-haired old man approached the place occup'ed by the Spartans.—These youths, faithful to the sacred custom of their country, modestly arose and gave him a seat among them. The same Athenians who had so impudently mocked the venerable man were the first to recognize the generosity of their competitors, and the loudest applause burst from all sides. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the aged man, as he exclaimed, with enthusiasm—'The Athenians *know* what is right, but the Spartans *practice* it!'

Can we see our own Eyes?—Yes; for sight is effected by means of the rays of light that proceed from the visible object to the eye. In every instance the rays are turned, more or less, from their course.—Whether this deflection because by refraction or reflection is immaterial; if the visual ray reaches the eye, the object is seen. We speak, indeed, of seeing an image in a mirror, but image has no existance except in the mind. The mirror merely turns back the rays of light so that they reach the eye, and thus enables us to as truly see the object itself as when we look directly at the object through the air, glass, or other refracting medium.

A solemn and beautiful thought is expressed in the following:—

'It is related of a well-known divine, who, when living, was called the Prince of Divines,' that, when on his death-bed, he was dictating words to an amanuensis, who had written:

"'*I am still in the land of the living.*'

"'Stop!' said the dying, '*correct* that. Say:

"'*I am yet in the land of the dying, but hope soon to be in the land of the living!*'

"Beautiful thought!—and is it so. In his closing scene, the Christian is enabled to contrast this passing, dying world with that 'which is to come.'

A HINT FOR SPORTSMEN.—Newly ground coffee sprinkled over game will keep it fresh for several days. Clean the game, that is, wipe off the blood, cover the wounded parts with absorbent paper, wrap up the heads, and then sprinkle ground coffee over and and amongst the feathers or fur, as the case may be; pack up carefully and all the game will be preserved fresh and sweet in the most unfavourable weather. Game sent open and loose cannot of course, be treated in this manner; but all game packed in hampers may be deodorized as described. A teaspoonful of coffee is enough for a brace of birds, and in this proportion for more or larger game.

At a recent bridal ceremony in Mellor, England the bride and bridegroom, who walked to the church arm in arm were preceeded by two men on donkeys—the men arrayed in white hats, white waistcoats white gloves, &c., while the donkeys had white ear caps. One of those heralds was armed with a bell which he rang incessantly. Following the bride and bridegroom, were the groomsman and bridesmaids who who also walked arm in arm. Then came came a cavalcade of ten donkeys, ridden by men who wore a uniform similar to that of the heralds; and in the rear a man on horseback who was armed with a whip with which he kept the unfortunate donkeys up to the mark.

Boston has nineteen hundred liquor shops, and there were, during 1861, eighteen thousand and five hundred arrests for drunkenness.