

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 forwarded to 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.

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, \$0.50 Each subsequent insertion, 00 12 1/2 Ten lines and under, first insertion, 00 7 1/2 Above ten lines, first insertion, per line, 00 07 Each subsequent insertion, per line, 00 02

Advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

A liberal discount will be made to parties advertising by the year. All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be sent paid. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid; and parties refusing papers 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:—

BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, RECEIPTS, 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. 127-1/2

I. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur One Door South of Leman's Hotel THORNHILL, May 1, 1861 127-1/2

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. 144-1/2

A CARD. W. C. KEEL, 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 dispatch. Division Courts attended. Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto November 20, 1860. 104-1/2

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. 31-1/2

Mr. S. J. JEVIS, 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 Chancery office, Brock Street, Whistler. 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. Whistler, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1/2

JAMES BOULTON, Esq. Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1/2

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. 108-3

A. MACNABB, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c. King Street, East, [over Leader Office,] Toronto, C.W. Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1/2

William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street. Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1/2

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. 15.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1862.

Whole No. 172.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, 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. 145-1/2

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. 73-1/2

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. Travelers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

CORNELIUS VAN NOESTRAND, Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 105-1/2

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 1/2

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

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostler always in attendance. Toronto, November 1861. 157-1/2

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. Travelers 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. 145-1/2

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 Hostler always in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2

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

Lunch every day from 11 till 2. Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand. Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2

NEWBIGGING HOUSE, LATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 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. 124-1/2

Eastern Hotel, CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W. Wm. MCKENZIE, Proprietor. Good accommodation for Travellers. Large Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in attendance. Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123 1/2

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. 133-1/2

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE. GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. 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. 126-1/2

Poetry.

HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH.

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

My cottage home is filled with light The long, long summer's day, But, ah! I dearly love the night, And hail the sinking ray;

For 'ere restores me one whose smile Doth more than morning's match, And life afresh seems dancing while His hand is on the latch!

When autumn leaves are thick with sheaves, And shadows earlier fall, And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves Along our trellised wall—

I dreaming sit—in the sleepy blind— Faint twilight's in the thicket— To wake to joy when soft is heard His hand upon the latch!

In the short winter afternoon I throw my work aside, And through the lattice while the moon Shines idly and wide,

On the dim upland pads I peer In vain, his form to catch— I startle with delight to hear His hand upon the latch!

Yes, I am in his storm and shine; For me he tells all day; And his true heart I know is mine, Both near and the away!

And when he leaves our garden gate At morn, his steps I watch— Then patiently till eve await His hand upon the latch!

Literature.

LOST.

A parting glance round the office, to assure himself all the desks, closets and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up and prepares for the throat, and hat down over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps towards Islington, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and luzzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and bullet him, as he vainly hails omnibuses after omnibuses to receive the same answer 'Full.' But Mark makes no trouble of the outdoor inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well-covered tea table, bright fire, and best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return.

The picture is so pleasant, that he cheerily breaks forth into a line of 'Home, sweet home,' as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own trim little domicile.

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

'What a night for you, love!' says the little matron, brushing the rain drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately; and how late you are!

Edwards looked up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat: 'I am late indeed, he answers, but Mr. Pleadwell has started on his trip to the Lakes this afternoon, and there was a great many things to be attended to before he went—

And look here Fanny—this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the meanwhile I have to copy one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?

Fanny suggests his desk but that is the first article that a burglar would be likely to middle with.— The wife's cheek pales at the idea of such a visitor, and she considers. That old escritoire in the spare bedroom, will not that do?

Mark still hesitates. 'I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my possession, that I am afraid of even that.'

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it. 'Don't you remember,' she asks, 'what trouble we had to find it?'

'Had the very place?' So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable pocket-book is deposited in the hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly selected letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, and which, Fanny laughing and blushing confesses are Mr. Mark Edwards's love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes old and cross.

Perhaps it was a restless night and unpleasant dreams which made the clerk so uneasy—even in the hurry of the next day's work—

knowing that he had not visited the escritoire before leaving home in the morning to ascertain with his own eyes the safety of the papers in his charge. He pooh-poohs the idea as it presents itself, remembering that one key is in his own possession, the other on his wife's house-keeping bunch; but it returns so often, that it is with a feeling of relief that he hears the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to return home.

How is it that his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seemed depressed and her eyes looked as if they had been clouded with tears.

Have you had any visitors to-day her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his tea.

The hesitating 'No' is so faintly pronounced that the young man, hitherto preoccupied with business, looks up.

'That 'No' sounded like 'Yes'! Who has been here?'

'Only my brother George,' Fanny answers in a low voice, and Mark frowning, turns away, and takes up a book.

'My brother George,' is his aversion, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than rushing headlong into another, sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relatives able or willing to assist him.

Mark has seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is too tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although he knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old velvet bonnet.

Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them say anything, but Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and enconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so that her 'poor boy' must be bored with that odious writing when he ought to be resting.

However, Mark soon comes down stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather smartly, why she had moved his packet without mentioning it.— With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bedroom, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place, the old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with nor was the secret drawer open; and there undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal is gone!

The husband, suspected he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

'Tell the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money; that I might replace, these I cannot. Tell me at once where they are.'

'Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself.— They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer.'

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked; hammer and chisel are soon fetched and the back of the escritoire is knocked out, looking no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could lay unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of my possession. Has she been out? No. Is she quite sure of that? Quite; besides, as she ventures to remind him, the lock has not been forced, nor is aught else missing, as would have been the case if thieves had entered the house. In uncontrollable agitation, the bewildered young man paces the room, while Fanny, unable to prefer advice, or to assist him with any reasonable conjecture, watches him in trembling silence.

Suspensions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts' brother, and regrets uttered, even in his hearing, that a respectable young man

like Mr. Edwards should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife, and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet her voice flutters, for she is forced to own it was the want of money.

'And you told him I had these papers in the house,' Mark cries accusingly. With a crimson face, she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely that she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!

'Impossible,' Mark retorts, 'without he possessed the key.'

'It has not been out of my pocket,' sobs Fanny.

'Then where,' asks Mark, 'are the missing papers?' Their little servant maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?

Receiving for a reply a torrent of tears and protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss.— Meanwhile, Fanny goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboards and drawers where it could be possible to find such a parcel, although it would puzzle her to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the drawer to hide elsewhere. At last she returns to the parlor in despair. The packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom?— Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the mysterious affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers, or give any clue which might lead to their recovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit, and her half-made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both his children accused of such a crime is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself.

Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by his clamor, and she weeps so bitterly, and pleads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an easy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head, and still sits by his side, leaning on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her, if he persists in believing her guilty?

Equally bewildered, and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr. Roberts tried to soothe her with promises, not only to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's baseness, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So, at last, Fanny begins to feel more comforted, and to wish her father to leave her; but, tired as he confessed himself, he cannot quit her in such trouble, and they continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts' eyes close involuntarily.

A footstep overhead startles them. It is only Mark, says Fanny after a moment's listening. 'Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer.'

In the modern six-roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they hear him enter the chamber where now stands the shattered escritoire. After a short pause he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife raises herself from her reclining position, and smoothes her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr. Ro-

berts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. 'Look, child, look,' he whispers; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love-letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well-filled book-case, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the *History of England*, which grace the highest shelf, then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all, replaces the old numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, looks the glass doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakes him, snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, he sees her eager fingers dragging Home and Smollet from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth-rug and in the fender; the once treasured *Belle Assemblies* are scattered in all directions; the highly prized love letters receive similar usage, and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal.— Crying and laughing in one breath, the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed *ad libitum*.

Little explanation was needed.— The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.

How many times he has asked forgiveness is not recorded, but Fanny is a true woman, quick to repent, but easily appeased; and Mark has taken George and George's affairs in hand so heartily, that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in his total reformation being realized.

A SOUTHERN PLANTER'S HOME.— It is quite in the suburb, near the second Bayou; a great shapeless road, ankle deep in white dust, lies before it, fringed by those loathsome open drains that are the curse of New Orleans and the chief originators of the yellow fever. In this road negro children roll and scramble, and pigs root and grunt. Before Mr. Quackenboss's house there is a row of huge magnolia trees, at this time covered with tufts of pink and scarlet flowers, which contract beautifully with the small dark myrtle green leaves. My hospitable friend pushes open a wicket gate, and we pass up a garden walk and enter the cool verandah'd house.— Mrs. Quackenboss and the little Quackenbosses are on a visit to Cuba, so we are alone. My friend claps his hands and a negro boy appears, receives an order, and returns in a few minutes with two bottles of German wine, a bowl of sparkling ice, a box of cigars, and some tumblers. My friend gave a sign of satisfaction, took up with an air of reflection a feather fan of Mrs. B's that lay on the table, spat three times at a special knot on the floor, and throwing his feet over the back of a very high chair, began to open the conversation on the subject of the cotton supplies of England.

—Dickens's 'All the Year Round.'

TO DESTROY THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO.—A clergyman says that he cured his appetite for tobacco in the following manner:—'Whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh-drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued holding water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls, until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month I was cured.'

The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler, or decanter, can be rinsed, and you satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has but a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no hand moves the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can judge only of its purity by what comes from it.

YOUNG GIRLS.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth, than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn, with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew drop glistens on the half opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides among her grosser play fellows like a royal yacht among the fleet of coal barges. Unconsciousness (alas, how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar providence of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.—God Words.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.—I am now an old man. I have lived near a century. Do you want to know how to grow old happily and slowly?—Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnston's great memory was owing to his communicativeness.—Rev. D. Wald.

Two of Us.—'What do you see at the second course?' 'A truffled turkey!' Presented in the form last named, the turkey is at its culminating point of excellence, and, as another observes, 'when it makes its appearance on the table, all conversation should for the moment be suspended.' That it is also eaten in silence on some occasions—ejaculations, of course excepted—may be inferred from the following anecdote:—A certain judge of Avignon, famous for his love of good living said to a friend one day: 'We have just been dining off a superb turkey!' It was excellent! Stuffed with truffles to the very throat—tender, delicate, filled with perfume! We left nothing but the bones! 'How many were there of you?' asked the friend. 'Two?' replied the judge. 'Two?' echoed the other in astonishment. 'Yes, two?' repeated the judge, 'the turkey—and myself.'

SOCIETY IN SYDNEY.

Society in Sydney is in the highest rank nearly as refined and accomplished as in England. A border line is observed between the descendants of convicts and the families of the free settlers, as far as practicable; though in trade and merchandise, where wealth is possessed, society is, of course, as open and free in one case as in another; and where special merit has appeared in any one of the proscribed class, the governor, or some other high official, has led the way in public recognition. I attend the governor's levee, on the departure from New South Wales of Sir William Denison; and the dress, order, etiquette, and show, were almost equal to the Queen's own drawing room. The military and naval commanders, Government officers, bishops, professors of the University, clergy and ministers of different denominations, attended in their respective costumes and dresses, and presented a brilliant scene; while the soldiers, volunteers, and lines of carriages on the Government domain, and the regatta boats on the harbour around were stately and imposing. But there is a lower class of character and life in Sydney as well as a higher. There are 'slums' and dens of infamy and crime, where the greys of human corruption and seethe, ferment, and break out in terrible violence. There are more than five hundred public houses in Sydney and its immediate neighborhood, and some of them are as dark and cellar-like as any that can be found in our own Wapping, or that could have been found in St. Giles's, while others are as gay and garish as our own street-corner gin-palaces. Drunkenness and gambling are of gigantic strength in Sydney, and destroy their victims with fearful rapidity. The 'great social evil,' too, is apparent in the streets, both day and night; and that though woman's household service there has large remuneration. Thirty to thirty-five pounds a-year is a common wage for servant-maids; and then there are holidays required, and various conditions imposed, which are provokingly embarrassing to mistresses of households. Indeed, throughout colonial society there is a freedom of speech and manner surpassing what exists in the old country. Labourers and servants of all classes speak and act with greater independence; boys in the streets shout their ridicule upon 'new chums,' as newly-arrived persons are called; and little children, though not so precocious as in the United States, nevertheless, are ready to assert their 'rights.' Money is more plentiful; and though expenses may be greater, so as to reduce materially real profit, yet the handling of heaps of gold and silver gives conscious importance.