

Henry Laws
Meeting of Yonge St. Agricultural Society

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

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THE YORK HERALD

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

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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 Headers, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in England.

Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL. 147-11P

I. BOWMAN, M.D.,

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucher

One Door South of Lemon's Hotel THORNHILL. 127-1Y

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY,

COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER, AND

DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

A GRIEFMENTS, Bills, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude.

Richmond Hill, Aug 49. 141-1F

A CARD.

W. C. KEELER, Esq., of the City of Toronto, Ontario, 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 26, 1862. 104-1Y

MATHESON & FITZGERALD,

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

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. 31-1F

DR. S. M. JARVIS

BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings

Toronto, Toronto, January 9, 1851. 111-6U

Charles C. Keller,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Clerical office

Brook Street, Whitby.

Also a Branch Office in the village of Beaverton, Township of Thorvald, 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. 119-1F

EDWARD E. W. HURD,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Money advanced procured on Mortgages, &c.

No. 3, Jordan Street, Toronto, December 13, 1860. 108-Y

A. McNABB,

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.

Residence—Near opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

March 14, 1862. 172-1Y

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. 20.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1862.

Whole No. 177.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

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

A SFAGE 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. 145-1Y

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 for Travellers, Farmers, and others.

Cornwallis Van Nostrand, Proprietor.

Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1859. 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. 157-1F

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 Casinhaus,

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 for Travellers, and others who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

Cornwallis Van Nostrand, Proprietor.

Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1859. 108-1Y

THE WELL-KNOWN

BLACK HORSE HOTEL,

Formerly kept by William Kolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. [EAST OF THE MARKET.] TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,

[Successor to Thomas Palmer.]

Good Stabling attached. Truery 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.

Supper, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand.

Dinner and Supper for Private Parties got up in the best style.

Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1Y

NEWBICGING HOUSE,

111 Front Street, Toronto. Floor \$1, per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cais and Boats.

W. NEWBICGING, Proprietor.

Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1Y

YORK MILLS HOTEL,

YONGE STREET,

THE Subscriber begs to inform 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 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. 126-1Y



THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Waggon MAKER.

Residence—Near opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

March 14, 1862. 172-1Y

Poetry.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow. The house so mossy and brown, With its cumbrous old stone chimneys, And the gray roof sloping down. The trees full their green arms around it. The trees a century old; And the winds go chasing in through them, And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes, And the roses bloom on the hill; And beside the brook in the pastures The herbs go feeding at will. Their children have gone and left them; They sit in the sun alone! And the old wife's ears are failing, As she harks to the well-known tone.

That won her heart in girlhood, That has soothed her in many a care, And pruned her now for the brightness Her old face used to wear. She thinks again of her bride— How, dressed in her robe of white, She stood by her gay young love In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning's rosy as ever, But the rose for her cheek has fled; And the sunshine still is golden, But it falls on a silvered head. And the girlhood dreams, once vanished, Come back in her winter time, Till her feeble pulses tremble With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window. She thinks how the trees have grown, Since, clad in her bridal whiteness, She crossed the old door stone. Though dimmed her eye's bright azure, And dimmed her hair's young gold, The love in her girlhood plight Has never grown dim nor old.

They sit in peace in the sunshine, Till the day was almost done; And then, as it closes, an angel's Sole over the threshold stone. He folded their hands together— He touched their eyelids with balm; And their last breath floated upward, Like the coo of a solitary psalm. Like a bridal party they traversed The unseen mystic road That leads to the beautiful city Whose builder and maker is God."

Literature.

The kind word that Saved Him

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

This car stopped and a young man entered. He did not look to be over twenty years of age. Glances were exchanged between three or four gentlemen and ladies, from each of whom the young man received a very cold nod. There was not so much as the ghost of a smile on any of their faces; but rather austere reproof. The passenger flushed a little at finding so many persons in the car with whom he had some acquaintance, and all disposed to let him feel that he must keep at a distance. He sat down close beside a lady who had recognized him; but she did not address him a single word, but rather leaned away from than towards him.

"A pleasant morning," the young man said to the lady. "Quite pleasant." She did not so much as turn her head, but drew herself up with the air of one who felt the remark as an intrusion. The young man said no more, but sat very still, with a gradually clouding face, and a severe almost desperate expression passing into his tightly closed lips.

Conversation, which had been checked at his entrance, flowed on again. The gentlemen and ladies talked cheerfully together; but no one addressed a remark to the young man, who, it was evident, had some taint of bad conduct about him, which now erected a barrier between him and former friends and acquaintances.

The car stopped again, and this time a lady passenger entered. She nodded and smiled to most of those who had recognised the young man, and then, taking a seat beside him, and offering her hand, which he took, said, in a kind, interested voice.

"How do you do, Charles?" The warm blood mounted to the boy's face—he was only a boy, yet unfortunately with a man's freedom and self-confidence—as he answered:

"Very well, Mrs. Elder; thank

you." His eyes filled suddenly with light, and his rigid lips parted with a smile as soft and gentle as a woman's.

The other passengers, who had 'cut' the young man, exchanged surprised and questioning glances. "You haven't called to see me for some time, Charles," said the lady. "How is this? Old friends must not be wholly set aside for new ones."

"I have been neglectful, and I'm ashamed of it, Mrs. Elder," was replied and in a way that showed the young man to be gratified by the manner in which the lady had addressed him; "and I'm going to very soon."

"How soon?" "This week sometime." "Why not say this evening? I shall be at home."

"This evening, then, if it will be agreeable, Mrs. Elder." "That's right. It will be pleasant for me to see your face again in my house, Charles. You must neglect me again, if I am getting to be an old woman. I shall grow jealous of your younger and more attractive friends."

"There is no occasion for you to be jealous of any of my young friends, Mrs. Elder. They can never take your place in my heart—never!"

The young man said this with evident feeling; then adding, as he rose:

"Good morning; I must leave you here." And he made a sign for the conductor to stop the car. "Good morning, Charles," said the lady, kindly giving her hand at the same time. "And don't forget that I am at home this evening."

"I shall not forget that, Mrs. Elder, you may be sure." And without even glancing towards the other passengers in the city railroad car who had treated him so coldly, he stepped upon the platform, and thence to the street. As the bell sounded for the car to move on again, a lady turned to Mrs. Elder and said, with a very grave countenance:

"Are you aware how badly that young man has been conducting himself of late?" "I have heard something about him," was replied, "that cause me great pain."

"Why, he was actually staggering in the street, no later than last week!" said the lady, in virtuous indignation.

"Our boy!" Mrs. Elder spoke, in a tone of deep pity. "And worse than that. He was seen in company with persons of notoriously vicious habits. The fact is he is going to ruin as fast as his feet can carry him."

"I hope not," replied Mrs. Elder. "He may have gone astray from weakness—poor motherless boy! Not, I am sure, from an evil proclivity. And now is the time to put forth the hand to save him, instead of pushing him off coldly. Are all without sin—all without some sad memory of straying—that we visit a boy's first evil ways in such stern, repelling displeasure?"

"Conduct like this," spoke up a gentleman, "must be met with disapprobation. If you smile upon him, and tolerate him, as of old, he will think his sin a light one; but if he discovers, at once, that he must lead a good life or forfeit the approval and society of the virtuous, he will be made fully aware at the outset, of the loss or gain involved. I think, to speak freely, Mrs. Elder, that you did wrong to meet him in the free, kind way that you did, and invite him to visit you as of old."

"Do you think an evening spent with me likely to make him worse or better?" asked Mrs. Elder.

"No worse, certainly," was answered.

"Yet he might spend the evening in company with those who could not fail to do him harm."

"Yes." "I want no other argument in favor of what I have done. It is in the quality of social life which surrounds a young man that we must look in the main for the causes of his elevation or depression. If, because of a single wrong step—or for many wrong steps—taken in the blind health of youth, we trust him out from various associations, do we not make his return to right paths a thousand times more difficult? Depend upon it, these wan-

dering ones can be reclaimed much easier by the attractive force of loving kindness, than by stern visitation of penalties, which they may feel as disproportionate to the evil thing done."

"He can never visit my house as of old," said another of the ladies in the car, speaking in an indignant manner. "The last time I had company he was there, and became so much intoxicated, during the evening, as to annoy every one. I was really mortified at his conduct."

"It was on the tip of Mrs. Elder to say that she trusted the lady would keep to her resolution, but she forbore."

As Charles Tilden, the young man to whom we have referred, was going home in the evening, he met a young friend, who greeted him warmly.

"I was just thinking of you, Charles," he said, as they stood with clasped hands.

"There's to be some sport to-night, and you must enjoy it with the rest."

"What kind of sport?" asked Tilden. "Billiards first, and oysters and champagne afterwards—all just in your line."

"Who makes up the party?" "Harrison, Reed and Colton for three. Fine fellows, as you can testify."

Tilden was about yielding his assent to join the party, when he remembered his promise to call and see Mrs. Elder. Then there arose a debate in his mind as to which he should forego. The visit could be paid to Mrs. Elder on almost any evening; but this convivial party must be joined to-night, or not at all. The temptation to break his promise was strong. He liked billiards; the oysters and wine were strongly alluring to his sensual appetites. Still he could not satisfy his mind that it would be right to break his promise to Mrs. Elder, particularly as she appeared to be the only one of many friends and acquaintances who had not grown suddenly cold to him. As to the reason of this change he was getting a little astray, as he mildly termed it, but flattered himself that any serious danger was remote; and was rather more indignant than repentant at the mortifying cuts which he had received from certain people who had once given him freely the entree of their houses.

"I believe," said he, after standing silent for a few moments, "that I am engaged for this evening."

"I am sorry for that, Charles, replied the other, in a tone of regret. "What is the engagement?"

"I promised to call on Mrs. Elder to-night," said Charles.

"O, that is all! Hang Mrs. Elder. The idea of a gay young chap like you giving up billiards, oysters and champagne, for an old woman's company! That is what I call rich."

Mrs. Elder and the mother of Charles had been friends in girlhood, and their friendship had continued a closely clinging bond up to the hour of Mrs. Tilden's death, which took place nearly ten years before the period of which we are now writing. Charles, who still retained a vivid recollection of his mother, knew of this warm attachment, and the knowledge of it had always served to draw him with something like affection towards Mrs. Elder. He loved her with a kind of filial love; for he always seemed nearer to the sainted one when by her side. Now, this light speech of his young friend, instead of producing the effect designed, led him wholly in an opposite direction. Charles felt shocked at hearing the name of Mrs. Elder spoken so irreverently—and more particularly so at this time, when she, of all the old circle, was nearly the only one who still offered him her hand, or spoke to him in tones of kindness and welcome.

"I shall keep my promise to Mrs. Elder," he answered firmly.

"Oh! you are not such a fool as that," said the other, coarsely.

"Yes, just such a fool, if you will," replied Charles Tilden. "My word is passed to Mrs. Elder, and it shall not be broken."

"Thank God!" said Charles as he walked away, and the recollection of two or three evenings like the one in view, came vividly to his mind—"Thank God that I had sufficient resolution to say no! I do not think the way just safe for my feet."

More than once, already, have I slipped in this way—slipped and fallen into the mire."

And he drew a deep breath, with a sense of relief.

"Ah, Charles, it is pleasant to see you here again," said Mrs. Elder, with the blindest of welcoming smiles, as she took the young man's hand that evening. "Your mother's son must not desert an old friend. How have you been during these many weeks?"

"About as well as usual," replied Charles. But Mrs. Elder, whose eyes were reading every line of his face, missed something from his countenance—and she also missed something from his voice.

"As happy as usual?" she asked. The question, altogether unexpected, made Charles drop his eyes to the floor. Looking up in a moment, he answered:

"No, not so happy as I have been. Is it different with any, Mrs. Elder? Do we not grow sadder as we grow older?"

"Not if we grow wiser and better," she replied.

He looked down to the floor again, but made no reply.

"At your age, Charles," said Mrs. Elder, when the feelings are warm, the appetite keen to relish every indulgence, and reason not firmly seated on its throne, there are few who do not fall into some excess. But it is a law of our being, that excess of any kind brings punishment with it. It always leaves the mind oppressed with a sense of wrong doing, and consciousness that something of true manhood has departed. How is it in your experience?—Are my words true?"

An involuntary sigh parted the lips of Charles Tilden as he answered:

"They are true, Mrs. Elder—true in any case; I speak it with shame." The young man lost his calm self-possession, and showed considerable agitation.

"It is not surprising, then, Charles, that you grow sadder as you grow older," said Mrs. Elder, speaking with even a tenderer interest than before. "Your experience is that of every young man who has gone one step astray from the right path. The evil that enters with its offer of wild pleasure in the present has no opiate to dull the pain of self-consciousness after the brief excitement is over."

The face of Charles was very sober. True words were reaching him with convictions. He saw in the light of another mind that was helping him to a clearer vision. Vice looked more hideous in his eyes, and more to be dreaded than it had ever done, and virtue more beautiful and more to be desired.