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The York Herald

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ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1862.

Whole No. 178.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

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

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.

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

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

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

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

James Massey, (Late of the King's Head, London, Eng.) No. 26 West Market Place, TORONTO.

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.

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.

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

NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 1 ATE Chancery Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.

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.

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.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

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Poetry.

SWEET LILLY BELL.

"The dew is on the rose, my love, The blossom on the tree; The little birds are singing, love, Their sweetest notes for thee;

"Sweet Lily, lovely Lilly Bell! Where'er my footsteps roam, My thoughts return to thee, my love, A weary wanderer, home, To gaze on thy sweet face, love, Whence smile I love so well, And worship at thy shrine, love, My own sweet Lilly Bell.

"Thou star of all my hopes, my love, May thy lustre ne'er decline, May peace in gentle murmurs breathe On that sweet face of thine; May fortune strew with purest flowers, From mountain, nook and dell, Around the path of my fond love, My own sweet Lilly Bell."

Literature.

THE CORK FINGER; A TALE.

The reader is not very much advanced in years who recalls the period when the Albion Hotel in this city was one of the most popular resorts we had. It was under the Major's roof that one found comfortable apartments, a most unexpectedly good cuisine, and a cellar stocked with the choicest vintages; and for many years the aroma of the cigars which came from the Albion could almost be distinguished, so rich and fragrant were the brands.

It was the month of August, 18—, just as twilight was fading into darkness, that I entered the office, to meet, as every one did, with a pleasant salutation from the most even-tempered of hosts. Near the window sat a rather good-looking man, about forty years of age, evidently a foreigner. As I passed him our eyes met, and the thought struck me that he was not a stranger to me, though where to place him I was unable. I glanced at the hotel register and read over the list of arrivals for a week, when I described in the usual style of French calligraphy the name of Legendre, Paris. Years previous I had been in Paris, and one of my business acquaintances bore that surname. The age of the stranger prevented it from being him, but there was a family look which I could not be avoided. As I look I could trace a strong resemblance to my former friend, and I solicited an introduction from the Major, and before I ventured to inform my new acquaintance of my suspicions, I endeavored to ascertain the cause of his visit. He was communicative and intelligent upon every point, but when I attempted to draw him out as to the purpose of his trip, he snappily evaded it by an ingenious turn or some sparkling remark. I ventured to inform him that though he spoke most excellent English, I was not entirely acquainted with his language, and I gradually spoke of my friend bearing his name, whom I had known in Paris.

"Anote Legendre?" he said. "Yes—Rue St. Augustine." "The electric fluid of his nature was started instantaneously, and as he grasped my hand and shook it with all the vigor that he could have shown had he found a long lost brother, he exclaimed, while the tears stood in his eyes:—"You are the only person who really knows me on this continent. A few inquiries after his brother, and some pleasant recollections of him which I related, established the *intimate cordiale*, and we walked toward the Common, he giving his tongue a license, which, as he confessed, it had not known since he left Paris.

My natural curiosity was not yet satisfied as to the cause of his visit, and as we reached the mall and took a seat to finish our cigars, I inquired the probable length of his stay in Boston. "Uncertain," he replied, and saying which he indulged in a few minutes of brown study, as if discussing in his own mind the propriety or feasibility of some mental query which had suggested itself, I puffed away, for I knew that when a

Frenchman ponders, which is very rarely, he dislikes to be disturbed. He finally solved the doubt, and said to me, he said:—"I am an agent of the Paris police."

As I had committed no crime in Paris, I was not alarmed at that abrupt announcement, and my friend was evidently surprised that I did not show some strong emotion. I contented myself by remarking:—"Ah! indeed, and what brought you here?" "Well, to tell the truth, I came out here after a counterfeiter, and possibly you can help me to find him."

"And when found you can do nothing. You cannot arrest him." "True, but he had evidence which I might buy, which would be valuable. I want to purchase certain secrets which he possesses. Do you understand?" "Yes; I can imagine such a thing as on the list of probabilities, but I confess I do not understand."

He had another brief spell of self-interrogation, which I allowed him to enjoy, for I knew his story would be mine, if I only gave him time enough. As a bit of advice, *en passant*, let me suggest that one who attempts to extract information from a Frenchman, by what is called "punning," makes a poor investment. Wait for a rabbit to come out of his hole, if you wish to catch him, for if you ask him to come out he will only burrow deeper. Let a Frenchman think he possesses a secret which you desire to obtain, and he is the most adroit man in concealing even his own knowledge of it, that the world affords; but let him talk long enough and he will tell you his family history from the day his grandfather first saw light, and he will not omit even the peccadilloes of some maiden who could not resist the handsome aid-de-camp to General So-so—no, not even if he confessed that you be hold in the person before you the result of that unfortunate liaison.

"Well," said my new friend, "I think that the man I want to see is or has been in Boston. I traced him to New York, thence to Montreal, and then I have positive information that he came here, and that is all I know."

"But, after you find him, what if he refuses to disclose his secret? If it is a secret worth having, it may be worth his keeping. If there are others interested, others may possibly pay him for his silence."

"That is possible, but, in his case, not probable. He is a rich counterfeiter in his expectations, but if he is suffering for means he may divulge."

"I don't understand your meaning." "That is true, for you do not know the case; if you did you would understand the case very clearly." "I have no doubt I should. But in what can I be of service to you?" "Possibly you may have seen him. He is a tall handsome young fellow, about twenty-eight, with light eyes, and wore, when at home a thin moustache. He walks a little lame, and when he left Paris, six or eight months ago, could speak but very little English."

"And," I added, "he lost, at some period of his life, the upper joint of his fingers on his left hand, I think." "Great heaven!" exclaimed the agent, in a whisper, "and where is he?" "That is my secret."

neatly adjusted, which gave to it a perfect ring, so that it resembled, except that nail, a glove upon a human finger. Here was a singular position. Romance and plot for a comedy at home.

"Take a seat, my friend, and I will tell you the story briefly. We pulled our chairs toward the window and, looking out into the street, after he had lowered the gas, he asked my attention. I gave it, though I confess I was confused; for it appeared more like a dream or an imaginary tale than the reality, for we were in the matter-of-fact City of Notions, and I could scarcely realize, as I looked out upon familiar objects, that I had become a participator in a life drama which I had dreamed of an hour before.

"The circumstances of the case," said the agent, "are these: M. de Greme is a retired millionaire, and is now acting President of the Bank of France. For many years he has enjoyed the confidence of the government and the bank, and no man stands higher. His son, Alfred de Greme, the young man whom I am in search of, a highly educated, talented man, who passed through the usual dissipation of a wealthy young Parisian without a sing that nobility of character which many too often sacrifice. A year ago he became engaged in marriage to the daughter of a rich retired merchant of Marseilles, and the wedding was to have taken place when I was called upon by the bank to assist in ferreting out the perpetrators of a nicely executed counterfeit upon our bank, which has defied our force of detectives for many years."

"That is strange," I remarked. "I thought your police system perfect." "It is, but these counterfeiters appear but occasionally, and then only in comparatively small amounts. It is rarely that over ten or twenty thousand francs are put out at one time. They are so nicely executed that even the bank has been deceived, and though new plates, private numbers and new papers have been procured, still there is an annual loss to the bank, which, when detected, to pay them, rather than throw distrust upon their bills and create a panic.

"As I remarked, I was called in. Having shown some skill in detecting crime, and I traced the issuing of one of these bills to young Greme. There was not a doubt of his guilt, and when I informed his father of the fact, he could not believe it, but that night he searched his son's writing desk, and there were five in a single envelope and two in his own portfolio. In my presence the father charged the son with the deed, but he maintained he was innocent. He was arrested, and while in jail a letter came from the father of his intended, who, having been informed of his guilt, though the affair was not made public, refused him his daughter's hand, and, though she could not but follow the dictates of her reason, with such overpowering proof, she said—for I saw the letter—that she still holds that he was innocent, and she felt that one day perhaps he might be able to prove it. It was a heavy blow for the poor boy. He became delirious, and with the consent of the authorities he was allowed to leave the country. His father had him conveyed, when he was able to travel, to England, but it was only after many weeks' travel that I found he came to this country."

"Why did you not seek information of his father?" "Ah! that is the point. After young Greme had been gone some months, the new bills were counterfeited."

"And the director himself is suspected?" I said. "Hush!" said the agent, as if afraid some hidden spy would leave that moment the quiet city of Boston and inform the Parisian millionaire of the web which was weaving for him. "Hush! I found one of the new counterfeiters on him. He does not know it yet. The bank knows it, and he is watched day and night. It is feared that the wrong man has suffered; or, what is still more probable, that to save his father from deep degradation he suffered the imputation and left, that he might show his devotion."

"The fairest privilege of friendship lies in this—that the friend loves us with our faults, while others only love us because they do not see them."

TO BE CONTINUED.

RECREATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Socrates did not blush to play with the children.

Ancient Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; and after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hour of relaxation, that he might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours.

Tercho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glass for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Braley, the author of Argennes, in his leisure was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Pereire found amusement among his medals and antiquarian curiosities; and Politian is singing airs to his lute.

D-scars passed his afternoon in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden in the morning.

Granville Sharp, amid the severity of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends.—There was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents, and rank. His little voyages to Putney, Kew, and to Richmond, and literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones.

Erasmus, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, composed his papyrus in *Moria* or *Folly*, which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas Moore.

Encyclopedias.—Oh, if the public at large but knew what secret pillage goes on night and day of these and similar works of reference! It is almost the interest of those who professionally instruct the public that these works should not be generally bought. What would become of them if there were an encyclopedia in every house, or even in every parish? You read a fine leading article in a newspaper. It tells you much its small compass about the constitution of the United States, or the area of slavery, or about Mexico, or about the life of the last public man that has dropped into the grave, or about whatever other topic is uppermost; and the writer seems to you a man of extraordinary information. What! it is all out of the encyclopedia; and the writer knew nothing about the matter himself till he prigged it out of the encyclopedia last night for your benefit. An encyclopedia is kept on tap for the contributors in every newspaper office; half the contents of a certain kind in all our magazines and reviews are only mimed or washed encyclopedia. Within the last two paragraphs, in writing about encyclopedia, I have myself consulted an encyclopedia. Why is the public such an ass? Can't every man get an encyclopedia for himself, and be independent?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Test for a Damp Bed.—I generally, before going to bed, warm a tumbler—in fact, make it hot and dry—then put it in my pocket, and off to bed. I first put the tumbler (inverted) in the bed, and then have a look under the bed, or in any closet in the room, and by the time my inspection is finished the tumbler is ready to come out, and if any steam be in it, I should recommend everybody to do as I do, and sleep it out on these chairs, and not risk his life, I may even say, for the sake of a few hours' uncomfortable sleep in a damp bed. Wash-leather sheets are really a good thing; but give me three chairs against any semi-preventive of that sort.

NATURE IN THE HOUSE.—Any one who loves the study of Nature, can easily have at his hand, where he may indulge his passion at any hour of the day and in all adventures, the means which ingenuity and skill have secured. For instance, there is the Aquarium; a little affair, that costs some time and study to begin with; to be sure, but repays, all trouble four fold, with the delight it brings. Many lay nature under tribute in this way, and indulge in studies of natural history right at home. The fish that swim in the brooks and rivers are become domesticated in their own houses. They can quietly sit by their fire-sides and observe the habits of finny creatures whose lives would otherwise remain once-work and a mystery to them. Modern science has achieved no prettier triumphs than the Aquarium. The secrets of the sea may be in the mouths of any who have the taste and will take the trouble to observe. And how such studies elevate and refine those who pursue them! Little danger is there that in a family, where such evidences of taste and intelligence are to be found, a generation of rude or ignorant men and women will ever go forth into the world—*Banner of Light*.

OLD BONNETS.—There is often a brave and heroic history entwined with the faded knots and ribbons of the old bonnets. We never see frivolous and heartless faces under old bonnets. We expect to find patience and unselfishness there. The formal, selfish, repining hypocritical professor will stay at home from church sooner than wear an old bonnet. There is a true, moral heroism in the young girl who wears a look of calm content under an old bonnet, and sits in church through two services with apparent unconsciousness of the gay, new bonnets of her companions, and her own old bonnet, which has seen a year's constant service. Pretty young girls love to dress prettily, and it is true feminine nature to dress as well as our associates. We don't deny it. So, when circumstances forbid the indulgence of such harmless desires, the weak-minded and selfish repine and make themselves miserable, and all around them unhappy; while the noble-hearted, great-souled woman submit to such slight annoyances, and place their minds upon nobler things, and go cheerful and happy through the world in spite of old dresses and old bonnets. They are the touchstones of families character. The girl that wears them gracefully and smilingly now, will wear all her little crosses cheerfully through life. Take her to your home fearlessly; she will be a sweet blossom in your house.

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 playfellows like a royal yacht among a 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 province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.—*Good Words*.

VALUABLE SWEEPINGS.—The New York correspondent of the "Philadelphia Press" narrates the following incident:—Happening to be in at the great publishing house of Harper Brothers, this morning, I was not a little surprised at a fact that transpired during my chat with one of the firm. The forams of their bindery, who has filed that position for 30 years, came in with a bar of gold, valued at 308 dollars, (about £62,) accompanied with the assayer's certificate. This was the proceeds of gold dust ("leap") swept up from the floor, and wiped off on the rags used by the binders, during three months! I was so much surprised at this bit of economy, that I asked what might be the value of their picked-up things in the course of a year? I was told, in reply, that the gold sweepings were worth about \$1,500; paper shavings \$5000; paste-board shavings \$700; and scraps of leather \$150; making an aggregate from these four sources, of \$7,350 per annum.

An Irish auctioneer, pulling off a pair of jet earrings, said they were just the sort of article he himself would purchase for his wife, if she were a widow.