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Poetry.

THE VOICES OF SPRING.

What melody arrests the ear! What rainbow hues do light the eye! When virgin Spring salutes the year, While earth and air resound with joy.

Literature.

THE CORK FINGER; A TALE.

(Concluded.)

'But if this was the case,' I suggested, 'would not the father send him remittances?' 'It is not known that he ever sent him anything. The man's name was never watched, but there are no doubt others in the plot, and if I could only see young Grene, I could so act upon him that I should know his secrets. Where did you see him, and how recently?'

weeks for the hoped-for letter, but months passed away, and year followed year, and no tidings came. Occasionally, as the smoke of my cigar curled into the air, I thought of my adventure, but it was nearly effaced from my recollection, when, but a few days since a letter reached me, which gives the sequel to the episode which I have related.

Paris, Dec. 21, 1861. MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hope this may find you in good health, and in the enjoyment of the world's prosperity. How many years have fled since I left you in Boston! Ah, time flies. What have you thought of me? I promised to write and inform you the result of my gear, after young Grene. Well, it had no result at all quite recently. You did see Grene, as you supposed; he remembered very well the incidents you related, and especially your advice to him as he left in the steamer. But let me be a little more systematic in my statement of facts.

When I left you I visited England, but could not find young Grene. I returned to Paris, and was ordered to investigate the case further, but the more I sought for traces, the less it appeared to me that M. de Grene and his son were guilty. In course of time I became satisfied that all suspicion of either had been unjust, but how to account for their possession of the counterfeit? It puzzled all our force. Our shrewdest detectives were engaged. They could not solve the problem, and we even called in the aid of the most expert London detectives. But it was useless. For a space of three years there was no new emission of the bills, and the whole question gradually lost all interest.

'I am sorry my information is only likely to discourage you,' I observed. 'For if the young man I saw was really the object of your search, he has gone to England.' 'Explain—explain, my dear fellow?'

'Well, to refresh your mind, it was about three weeks ago that I noticed a young man walking around the city, apparently engaged in no business, and intent only upon killing time. He walked, as you say, a little lame. One morning I entered a furnishing store to purchase a pair of gloves, and I found him engaged in the same business, and as he extended his hand I accidentally glanced at it and noticed the top of one of his fingers was gone. A day or two after, I met him again, looking into the window of a paint shop, and he wore the dark-green gloves which he had selected when I met him. I glanced at his hand to know what disposition he had made of the end of the glove finger which was missing, but I could not detect any difference between his hands. These little incidents naturally fixed the young man in my mind, and I next saw him on board the steamer which sailed for Europe. I was at the wharf to bid a friend farewell, and as the boat was leaving the dock there were exchanges of adieu between those on board and the many collected on the wharf. I saw my unknown among the rest, and as I caught his eye, he seemed to recognize me as one of his street acquaintances and smiled. I ventured to wave my hand and shouted "bon voyage," which he acknowledged by a touch of his hat, and that is all I know of the young man.'

'He had a very pleasant smile, had he not?'

'Yes, and his whole manner was very distingue.'

'Did you hear him speak?'

'Only a few words when he was buying his gloves, and then he spoke in a very low voice.'

'There can be no doubt it was he,' said the agent, 'and he has no doubt gone to England.'

I suggested the possibility of his stopping in Halifax, but he thought he had returned to Europe, and the next steamer which left for England carried back the French police agent who promised on leaving to let me hear the document of the drama. I waited patiently many

any love or my desire to renew his former friendship, let him come at once to

MARIE. P.S.—My father died yesterday. I have waited for that message for these many years. I knew it would come. I have kept myself informed of her fidelity to me, and at last I am rewarded, he exclaimed. 'And she evidently has not been ignorant of your position at life,' I added. 'But the postscript is singular. It merely records the death of her father.'

'She is in grief, evidently, and I must leave at once,' he replied, 'and you must go with me, for I am sure that she has discovered some explanation of the mystery of the bank bills, or she would never have sent for me.'

'You don't appear to understand it, but I do,' I remarked. 'How! What do you mean?'

'It may be only my suspicions, and I will keep them to myself for the present, if you will allow me.'

A rapid trip brought us to Marseilles, and we attended the funeral of the father of Marie. In the evening we were shown by her to a private room in the attic, and there, covered with dust and rusty for want of use, were the implements of a most expert counterfeiter. For years, unknown to any one, and unsuspected by all, he had earned on his trade. He had made his confession to Marie, and he confessed that he had changed the money in Alfred's pockets after he had retired at night for the false issues. The bill found on the elder Grene had, no doubt, been conveyed there by him, as Alfred's father visited Marseilles shortly after the affair. He died, however, poor and miserable, at last. I have not attempted to describe the scene. You can't imagine it. It was Marie's intention to enter a convent, but Alfred has rescued her from such a fate, and the altar will soon witness their union.

I must close my epistle, already too long.—You will see in the paper various versions of the affair, one of which states the counterfeiter was arrested, and you know you can rely upon his truth.

Yours truly, EMILE LEGENDRE.

'What an improbable story,' I near exclaimed, 'you seem to me to be the Albion Hotel should have any connection with a counterfeiter in Marseilles. It is not so strange, however, when we reflect upon it, as the fortunes of the Emperor Napoleon. He has walked through the streets of Boston when he was quite uncertain where he was to obtain means for another week's lodging. If you do not believe the story, go look at the register of the Aubion, and ask the Major if she mentions as that I relate in the first paragraph is not a positive fact. The room in which I passed the evening with the agent of the French police was recently occupied by my bachelor friend, Colonel—, and when I called there occasionally, I always saw Legendre taking from his valise the glove with a bit of cork in the finger.'

WHAT TEMPERANCE CAN DO.

In Mr. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following passage, which a person will hardly read without emotion:—

We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork; a young woman was knitting at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them:—'My husband is a wheelwright, and has always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, but the love of the drink was so strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had, out of the title I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge, and the next Saturday, he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night; still I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shilling I used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now.

Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and glory to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings; so I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week, when he came to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, four for the children, and one for himself; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes, and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt of them all, just the eight shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to parents' wishes, or will, or commands.

Would that parents more universally felt that! When they suffer their children to disobey them, they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God by breaking one of his commandments, and to whom the promise of long life is given. No wonder, if God, in just displeasure, remove the child from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli. There is much danger from an amicable wish to gratify a child, of counter-ordering your own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child as its enforced agent is in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority breeds love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children should grow up cherishing you in profound esteem and affection, insist upon this filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early. To begin right is the way to end right.

THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

How immeasurably small, what a very speck does man appear, with all the wonders of his invention, when contrasted with the mighty works of the Creator; and how imperfect is our apprehension, even in the highest flights of poetic imagination, of the boundless depths of space! These reflections naturally suggest themselves of the contemplation of the works of an Almighty Power, and impress the mind with a reverential awe of the great Author of our existence. The great revolution which laid the foundation of modern astronomy, and which, indeed, marks the birth of modern physical science, is chiefly due to three or four distinguished philosophers—Tycho, Brahe, Copernicus, Galileo and Kepler.—The son's spots have been probed, his 'luminous envelopes' counted, his rays analyzed, his portrait taken in various attitudes by the 'photography,' and his failed sympathy with the fortunes of the earth conclusively verified. It is magnanimity that has supplied this link. Observers have succeeded in tracing magnetic disturbances, which have for their respective periods the solar day, the solar year, and still more remarkably and until lately unsuspected solar cycles of about ten of our terrestrial years.—(Farbairn's Inaugural Address at the British Association.)

A Strange Story.—There lately died—never mind where—an exceedingly rich man. Suppose we call him Dives. He was not only enormously wealthy, but—well, what shall we say?—passionately. A few months before his death a friend asked him to whom he intended to leave his millions. Dives reflected for a moment, and then replied: 'I think I should like, ten minutes before I died, to buy the Koh-i-noor and swallow it!' But old Dives, there is no gastric juice that will dissolve diamonds. What says the Italian proverb! 'Shadows have no pockets.'

Illustrated News.

To rail against humanity for not being abstract perfection, and against human love for not realising all the splendid visions of the poets of chivalry, is to rail at the summer for not being all sunshine, and at the rose for not being always in bloom.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—I had a conversation this morning at Willard's with Cyrus W. Field, Esq., in which he mentioned some facts that I think have not been put before the public in so condensed a form, at least not lately. He said that on conversing with various grain merchants in England, he found that they sent very few orders here to what they would do if there were telegraphic communication between England and the United States, for this reason. They can telegraph to their agents at Odessa to purchase a cargo and by afternoon of the same day can receive advices of the purchase, and thus be enabled to offer the same for sale on arrival. Or that the purchase cannot be made at the limit fixed and act accordingly. But they seek to make a similar operation at Chicago, they must wait a month or five weeks for a reply, which perhaps is that prices rule a fraction too high for the limit assigned to the agent. And all that time their capital lies unemployed. I am not one of the sanguine ones on the subject of preserving the continuity of a cable through the Atlantic ocean, but it is impossible not to see the immense benefit which it would be to the United States. One of the advantages would be that above mentioned, and it would also put us in communication by telegraph with every capital in Europe, and with all the principal cities of Europe, and with the most important places even in Africa and Asia. Mr. Field speaks in the highest terms of the disposition shown in the matter by the English government.—N. Y. Commercial Correspondence.

A LIFE TRUENT.—I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, the crib, and the piano went to the hammer, he would be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voice and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of choiced instruments. Oh, how blessed is bankruptcy, when it saves a man's children. I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men are putting the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up, latted, lazy calves, good for nothing at twenty-five but to drink deep and squander wide, and the father must be a slave all his life in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them 'Work, and working makes them men.—Becher

A tipsy customer, who was seated on the box with the stage driver, swayed backward till he tumbled off. The mud was deep and he fell soft. 'There, now,' he exclaimed, as he crawled out of the slough, 'I knew you'd upset, if you didn't take care.' On being told they had not upset.—'Not upset!' he cried in amazement. 'If I'd known that, I wouldn't have got off.'

Duke Ferdinand and the Alchemist.—During the seven years' war an alchemist offered his services to Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, for the purpose of converting iron into gold. 'By no means!' answered the Duke; 'I want iron to fight the French; as for gold, I get it from England. But if you are able to convert mice and rats into calves and oxen, you are my man. The former make sad havoc in my military stores; and the latter I stand in great need of.'

The Hon. Henry Eschine was notwithstanding his powers as a humorist, once overcome in wit by a country clergyman. The Rev. Dr. M.C., minister of Douglas, and Mr. Eschine, had sat at the dinner table of a maine hotel, and after glasses being on the table, the reverend gentleman took a supply on his person, and proceeded to carousing his guests. Eschine remarked that the doctor's procedure reminded him of 'Columbo's sauce.' 'Ay,' retorted Dr. M.C.—'that he because I'm eatin' among the loaves.'

Sever.—A stout gentleman on his wife gazing at their children, a pair of twins, who were engaged in each other's arms in the cradle. Wife—'Do look at them lads! ain't they a precious pair of lambs? Husband—'If they are lambs, wife, what am I?'

Rennie, the Engineer, had been employed to make a new bridge across the lake at Musselsburg, and had completed a handsome and substantial one with an almost level roadway. When the engineer was taking the work of the hands of the contractor, one of the superintendents of the town, who was present, asked a countryman, who passed at the time with his cart, how he liked the new bridge? 'Bog,' said the man, 'it's the big one? You'll be ken when ye're on't, nor when ye're off't.'

Advice.—The market is glutted with it.—The offerers are plenty, but the takers few.