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LETTER-PRESS PRINTING done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS., THORNHILL.

ISAAC BOWMAN, M. D., Graduate of the University of Vic Coll. & Provincial Licentiate.

HASSELL (permanently) at Thornhill, where he can be consulted at all times on the various branches of his profession except when absent on business.

LAW CARDS. M. TEEFY, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT.

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.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

EDWARD E. W. HURD, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

A. McNABB, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.

William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

George Wilson, (LATE FROM ENGLAND) Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

THE Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.

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. 29.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1862.

Whole No. 186.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, 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.

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

Hunter's Hotel, Deutches Gasthaus.

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BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, (Successor to Thomas Palmer).

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

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

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.

WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor, York Mills, June 7, 1861.

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

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. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

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Purity.

THE GLOAMING HOUR.

I dearly love the gloaming hour, 'E'en when in sorrow pluin', When dew-drops bathe the faded flower,

I dearly love the gloaming hour, To watch the deepening shadow, O'er mountain, moor, and woodland lover,

What heart but loses the gloaming hour? Then comes rest to the weary; Love links in gleam and woodland bower,

I say I never guessed that she cared the least for me, but had I been more than the simple boy I was, I might have discovered it,

Thou art a priestess, gloaming hour, And aye thou givest us warning, That life, at best, is a fragile flower,

Oh, may we 'sao leave that we, Arrived at life's gloaming', May upward gaze we 'hopeful' see,

And wait the life that's comin'.

Literature. MY OWN FUNERAL.

'MUNICH!' exclaimed old Mr. G. as we were talking of my recent travels in Germany, over the port and walnuts, 'ah! how many a strange memory does that one name call up!

It was a terrible winter at Munich, where every winter is frightfully severe, and I was not strong. I was beginning to suffer from the intense cold, and Ida's conduct brought suffering of another kind;

'Died!' I exclaimed, doubtful whether I had heard aright. 'Yes, died,' replied the old gentleman, in a calm matter-of-fact tone, so that when I had opened my eyes to the full extent allowed by the School of Design to depict the passion of wonderment, and had asked myself two or three times whether he could possibly mean that he had died his whisks there, or had really talked himself into such an autobiographical state, that he thought it necessary to bring the narrative down to his own decease, I came to the conclusion that my old friend was joking.

'I suppose you speak metaphorically?' I suggested. 'Not a bit of it. I can understand that you should be surprised when I say that I died. But it is a fact, literal, positive, and unqualified, at least. But, not to spoil a good story, suppose I begin at the beginning.'

Now is it not pleasant to hear an old man talk of his youth? Is it not good for us who are entering on life to learn from one who is leaving it? With one foot in the grave, how calm is the far view he can take of the days of his strength, with all its self-satisfaction, its worldliness, and disappointments.—How complete is his experience—how valuable the lesson long since drawn and followed, now recalled and preached.

So then I listened: It is forty years since I went to Munich. I was attached to the embassy of that dear Lord E., the most popular, because the most amiable and liveliest minister that Bavaria has, perhaps, ever known. I had been turned out into this post from Oxford at one-and-twenty, and had not so much as seen a single London coach. My father's seat, Eton, and the University was all I knew of life, and how little is that! I can say now without vanity, that I was handsome and distinguished. Besides this, I was very ardent and rather romantic, and I had not been three months in Munich before I was in love—yes, desperately in love, with Ida Von Frankenstein, a young countess with a large fortune, and justly the Queen of Beauty in the Bavarian capital.

Ida was not vain, but she was a flirt, and therefore, by a common rule of the heart, when she learned from my silent devotion that my attachment was no mere admiration, of which she had so much, and more than enough, in the ball-rooms of the gay capital, she conceived for me a deep passionate affection. But Ida, being a flirt, never showed it. By no act, word, or look could I ever discover that she gave to me one thought more than to the most insignificant of the numberless young fads who laughed and danced and flirted with her. She was a queen in every respect, and she was determined that I should offer my homage submissively. Besides this, she was very clever and full of a brilliant, satirical wit, which sometimes wounded, though I am certain that her heart was too generous and good to hurt another's willingly. Like all monarchs, she felt herself privileged, and believed that it was as easy for her to heal with a mere smile, as to wound with a mere word.

I saw her turn, and throw a glance to Stockenheim, who was watching her, as a dog watches his master eating, with a strong appetite in his strong unmeaning eyes. We strolled from room to room, and I did not see that the officer was following us. At last, in a little boudoir, I stopped her short. 'You have laughed at me long enough,' I said, and my whole soul was in the words. 'You must listen seriously for one moment, and then—then, when you have killed me, you may laugh as you like—I can not help it. I know it will be my death-blow, but I must speak now. I love you—love you more than—'

'How very amusing! How delightfully absurd! Monsieur Stockenheim, and here, like an apparition, he appeared in the doorway. 'Do come to my rescue. Here is Mr. G.—making me an offer.—Ha, ha, ha!' 'Enough,' I muttered. 'Laugh now. It is your last chance.' And with that I fled.

For a week I lay on my bed, more dead than living; I nursed my grief, my rage, my despair, and every hour brought me lower. One or two friends came to see me, and one of them—one of those kind, charitable beings who always take care to tell you the news you least wish to hear—brought the intelligence one morning that Ida was engaged to Stockenheim.

I will not believe it! I cried, hoping against hope, and roused from despair by this new blow. 'I will go and judge for myself.' My vehemence gave me an unnatural strength. I dressed rapidly, and in spite of the entreaties of my faithful valet, who seemed truly attached to me, and had nursed me carefully during that terrible week, I rushed out and arrived at the door of the Frankenstein's hotel. I asked for Madame la Comtesse first, and when she was denied, boldly demanded admittance to see her daughter. The astonished porter assured me—and I thought I saw a lie in his face—that not one of the family was at home. I turned away in misery, and by one of those fatalities so common in life, Stockenheim at that moment lounged listlessly up; I bowed stiffly to him, and crossing the street, watched him. He was admitted, and there was now no doubt. That day I lay in a fearful state. For hours I was unconscious. I was afterward told the doctor had come and pronounced me in danger. I knew it well myself. I felt so powerless, so downstricken, that I could not hope to survive. Toward night, however, I recovered a little. I became conscious. But I lay without a movement, with one hand stretched upon the counterpane, cold as ice. The first thing I recognized was something warm beneath this hand. It was the broad muzzle of my dear old dog Cesar, who had watched beside my bed, fearful to disturb me, and now, ay that wonderful instinct which God gives the dog that he may be man's friend, had perceived that I was conscious, and quietly assured me thus of his presence and love. I tried to speak, and in low, gurgling sounds I bade my valet be kind to poor Cesar. 'I am dying, Karl,' I said. 'I know I can not live over to-night. You have been a faithful servant, and to you I leave all that belongs to me in the way of personal property. In return, you must take care of the dog. Never leave him; promise you will not. And—and when I am gone—you must write home and tell them all.' I could say no more, for I felt death was stealing fast upon me. The man bent over me, and wept, like a child amidst his promises. Then came the awful thoughts of

Stockenheim was there, she danced with me only, and we romped through the rooms together, and I talked rapidly and excitedly, now about the world in which I mixed, but which I hated, and now about myself, and my own awful presentiment of death.

At times she listened seriously, I almost thought, sadly; but then when she had drawn me on to speak still more fervently, she would burst out into a laugh, tell me I was made for a dreamer, or ask me if I had made my will and left her any thing.

Once as we quitted the ball-room, I saw her turn, and throw a glance to Stockenheim, who was watching her, as a dog watches his master eating, with a strong appetite in his strong unmeaning eyes.

'You have laughed at me long enough,' I said, and my whole soul was in the words. 'You must listen seriously for one moment, and then—then, when you have killed me, you may laugh as you like—I can not help it. I know it will be my death-blow, but I must speak now. I love you—love you more than—'

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death. From what a life of carelessness and idleness was I passing into eternity! I had been gay, indifferent, thoughtless. I had lived for the world, and with it. How many a vice or sin, which I had once thought trivial, now approached me with its glaring wickedness; and as eternity seemed to open upon me, and the awful judgment threatened, how vain, how wicked did all my life seem! Even that treasure, that one thought to which I had now long devoted my whole heart and soul, was a trifle, a folly, a vanity before God and that awful awakening. I was too weak to pray—I could only read—and gradually my thoughts grew dimmer and dimmer. My memory passed; I felt that life was going from me. It was dreadful. I struggled to keep it. I drew a long breath. It was in vain. The breath came quick and thick; I felt it growing weaker and weaker. My head, my brain seemed to melt even, and then the last breath rattled up through my throat, and I was—dead! \* \* \* You ask me what were my sensations in death. I had none. If death be what I suffered, or rather underwent, then the soul must be asleep or unconscious. I know not. I am a Christian, and not a Sadducee.

What I did feel, however, when feeling returned, I will tell you. At first it was an icy coldness, far surpassing any winter chill that you can imagine; no outer cold, but a complete absence of warmth, within as well as without, even in the breath of my nostrils. Still I felt it most in my hands and feet.—My next sensation was one of utter powerlessness, and that too of will as well as of muscle. I say—I was conscious of existence—but there was no thought in my mind, no movement in my body. My heart may have beat, probably it did so, but I knew it not. I scarcely even felt the breath pass through my open mouth, and as much as I did feel was cold and heavy. I say I was conscious. But that was all.—I might have been dead. This might have been the grave. I knew not. All thought—all memory was gone.

Then little by little my feeling grew sharper. I felt the cold more keenly still, and it was frightful agony. Then, too, I felt a strange pain in my stomach, as if it was shriveling up.

(To be continued.) A TOUGH STORY WELL TOLD

The Yorktown correspondent of the New York Tribune tells the following story of a 'potting' skirmish between a Federal and a Confederate soldier:—

A number of instances of personal daring are related, characteristic of the Maine regiment. During the first day's skirmish on our right, two soldiers, one from Maine, the other from Georgia, posted themselves each behind a tree, and indulged in sundry shots without effect on either side, at the same time keeping up a lively chat. Finally, that getting a little tedious, Georgia calls out to Maine: 'Give me a show,' meaning step out and give me an opportunity to hit.

Maine, in response, pokes out his head a few inches, and Georgia cracks away and misses. 'Too high,' says Maine; 'now give me a show.' Georgia pokes out his head, and Maine blazes away. 'Too low,' sings Georgia. In this way the two alternated several times without hitting.—Finally, Maine sends a ball so as to graze the tree within an inch or two of the ear of Georgia. 'Cease firing,' shouts Georgia. 'Cease it is,' responds Maine. 'Look here,' says one, 'we've carried on this business long enough for one day.' 'S'pose we adjourn for rations?' 'Agreed,' says the other. And so the two marched away in different directions, one whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' the other 'Dixie.'

A Reverend Sportsman Rebuked.—A reverend sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. 'If I said a Quaker who was present, 'I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure not to be disturbed from the first of January to the last of December.' 'Why, where would you go?' 'Into thy study.'

THE WEDDING RING FINGER.—This is the fourth finger on the left hand. Why this particular digit should have received such a token of honour and trust beyond all its congeners, both in Pagan and Christian times, has been variously interpreted. The most common explanation is, according to Sir Thomas Browne, 'presuming therein that a particular vessel, nerve, vein, or artery, is conferred thereto from the heart,' which direct vascular communication Browne shows to be anatomically incorrect. Macrobolus gives another reason, which may, perhaps, satisfy those anatomists who are not satisfied with the above. 'Pollex,' says he, 'or thumb (whose derivative pollex, and from its Greek equivalent antichier, which means as good as a hand,) is too busy to be set apart for any such special employment; the next finger to the thumb being but half protected on that side, besides having other work to do, is also ineligible; the opprobrium attached to the middle finger, called medicus, puts it entirely out of the question; and as the little finger stands exposed, and is moreover too puny to enter the lists in such a contest, the spousal honours devolve naturally on pronubus, the wedding finger.' In the British Apollo, 1778, it is urged that the finger was chosen from its being not only less used than either of the rest but more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be stretched out to their full length and straightness.

SEA-SICKNESS.—I will digress a few words of advice about sea-sickness. There are some occasions, such as this night, when all prevention or treatment is useless; but in all ordinary cases, if in dread of sickness, lie down on the back at least a quarter of an hour before the vessel starts. No position but that of recumbency on the back will do.—Let head, body and back become as it were part of the vessel, participating in its motion without any muscular effort. This precaution is often of itself sufficient. It will be of little use to assume this position after the sickness has commenced. It must be beforehand. Two years ago I met, at Naples, a gentleman about to embark, who said he could not describe the agony he endured in the best weather. I told him to go to his berth while the vessel was still at anchor, to lie on his back and shut his eyes, on no account to turn on his side. He took my advice; and next morning, when we cast anchor at Civita Vecchia, he came on deck with joy in his face to tell me that, for the first time in his life he passed through a voyage without being sick. If the sickness come on, neither eat food nor drink soup, nor anything of the sort. The stomach, once it begins to work, will neither be equal to solid or fluid food, and, as the shortest means of getting rid of it, sends it back as it is; but drink plenty of plain water, if you can get it; when, after some time, you begin to feel that you can think of swallowing, then take a little champagne and water, or soup with cayenne pepper, and you will soon feel comfortable.—Dr. Corrigan.

How it is Done.—We lately visited a Chinese tea-dealer's establishment, says the San Francisco Morning Call, where they were engaged in finishing up green teas for the market, and drying and re-dressing black tea which had been wet by the flood at Sacramento. The black teas were simply dried rapidly over a charcoal fire upon broad circular trays with bottoms of finely split and braided cane. While trying, it was recurred by hand, and was then ready for re-packing. The green teas were dried in the same way, and then finished with a preparation of Prussian blue and Glenfield starch, giving it a pearly-green color. A substance was also added, the name of which we could not learn, to give it the fine 'bouquet' or aroma so valued by tea-fanciers.—We took up some of the fine compound, and said to John, who stood at our elbow: 'Do you know that this is poison?' 'Oh, yes!' was his reply, 'me know him poison, but Melican man want him zis color.'

And such is the fact. There is poison enough in a single ounce of this green tea to kill a man, if taken at once. 'Tea tasters' employed in the custom-house soon sink into the grave from the effects of this slow poison.

When the late King of Denmark was in England he very frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarce any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, and boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added, that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England. 'Good God!' exclaimed Lord Chesterfield, 'how reports will lie! I heard no later than this day, that you never met but a great deal of bad language passed between you.'

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