# Che York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING And despatched to Subscribers by the earlies mails, or other conveyance, when so desired

The YORK HERALD will always be be found to contain the latest and inost impor-tant Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-hets, 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, is abraces; and if not paid within Three Months two dollars will be charged.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements without written direc-ions inserted till forbid, and charged accordtions 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 ad-vertising 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

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

THE YORK HERALD

## Book and Job Printing ESTABLISMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:— BOORS, PANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LANG AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND FAMP'ALETTS.

## 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 Fane, Type and Borders, for Cards Circulars &c. kept always on hand

## Business Directory.

MEDICAL CARDS.

### DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeon

England,
Opposite the Elgin Mills,

RICHMOND HILI May 1, 1861.

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

# The Work Merald,

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor

AURORA

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

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1862.

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance

Whole No. 187.

Vol. IV. No. 30.

HOTEL CARDS.

AND

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL RICHARD NICHOLLS, 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.

[1] Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in
waiting.

Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-1ly.

White Hart Inn

THE Salascriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hetel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquois, &c. As this house possesses every accommodation Travel ere can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

CORNELIOS VAN NOSTRAND.

Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1y

YONGE STREET HOTEL,

AURORA.

A GOOL supply of Wines and Liquors all shaws on hand. Excellent According dation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Gigars of all brands.

O. McLEOD, Proprieter.

Aurora, June 6, 1859.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING SC. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARK, TORONTO, C.W.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor

Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.
Teronto, November 1861. 157-if

James Massey, No. 26 West Market Place TORONTO.

Every accommodation for Farmers and others attending Market Good Stabling.

EF Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167



Poetry.

TO MAUD

Sitting in my lonely chamber, Where I've sat since eventide I am thinking of thee only, Out of all the world beside.

And the midnight bells are ringing To my saddened senses bringing Consciousness of passing tim

Time that passing oft remind me Of the joy I've lost with thee, Time that passing only binds me Closer to my memory.

Life was aimless till I knew thee. All its purposes were vain. But thou carnest, and I, through thee, Fight life's battles o'er again.

With thee by me in the strife,
Theo-to break each earthly fetter,
Binding to a meaner life. I could wrestle bolder, longer,

I could fight it nobler, better,

With a more than human pride Daily, hourly, growing stronger 1f1 had thee by my side.

But in absence, I must wake me From this fatal letnargy, Striving every hour to make me Worthy of myself and thee. It were shameful now to faker.

More than shameful now to win; Since the past I cannot alter Here life's duty I begin. True to manhood's best achieving

Doing nobler day by day, Never faltering—only leaving
Time enough to watch and pray. Hoping thus to leave behind me

and longed to be free. Yet I could | It seeemed an age that I bung | ther. Up to this time I remembered not move. I felt as if imprisoned, and this feeling was almost worse the horror behind me—an age of the trance. All my past life was a

RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

and this feeling was admost worse than the rest.

I raised my arm agoin with an effort, and swallowed some more brandy. Then my sight became clearer, and I discovered a dim, gray light, as of the morning twilingth, stealing upon the darkness.

Presently I could move my arms, I passed them about my body, and felt a number of brans buttons and the smoother satin of a large embroidered waisteoat. This taught me nothing. I thought it quite natural but that was all. I remembered nothing at all

Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casting that held over the wooden casting the wood

the trance. All my past life was a blank, and I only remembered with a snudder the scene of death that I

Then I tried to pass my arms over the wooden casting that held me, and when I had succeeded in doing so, I found something crisp and flimsy, which reminded me of muslin, and something limp and smooth, which my returning nuemory told me was ribbons.

I asked myself what all this meant; whether I was alive or dead; dreaming, or awake. In vain I tried to remember anything about myself: my memory seemed bound up beyond those simple limits. But I could bear it no longer. I made a great effort, and by the aid of my arms, raised myself into a sitting posture.

Oh, how dreadful was the seene! I was surrounded by dead bodies in coffins in every direction, and torpses, too, not in a natural state for corpses to be in, but decked in fine clothes, and surrounded with flowers—sham flowers, made of crape or muslin, and gay ribbons—corpses in marriage garments.

I knew not what it meant. For some minutes I gazed in simple un-

accidental likeness. I was so com pletely German in appearance, that the two Englishmen began talking

the two Englishmen began taking to one another in English.

Just like poor G—; isn't he?' said the younger one. How completely I saw the commonplaceness

of that 'poor.'
'Yes; but he's evidently a German—can't be any relation. Besides, there has been no time for his friends to hear even of his first

There was a pause. If mand in a What a stupid thing a funeral is! began the younger one again. Think so? For my part fracther like it. The church-yard is al-

ways to my mind the most cheerful place going. But then it is not every day one gets a senior moved. from over one's head.

"Ah, my boy, and you think you will step into G— 's post. I wish you may get it, especially as I have been promised the first paid attacheship this six months."

ht of an old re-recalling he far past, to me. The was an old a clever in. aim, 'is the and. What of that you d I had you ouse that I roticed here that Stockenheim where the far the structure of the could only hear us fighting for his empty post on the way to his funeral! Ha! ha! and he, too, so awful proud as he was lial ha!

looked thoroughly disgusted at the merriment, and my heart melted to-

ward my rival. 'Yes, and he was one of those terribly affectionate men, who always want to make a bosom friend

of you, nolens, volens.'

'Ah,' thought I, 'I shall not attempt that a second time with you, my boy. Muke your mind easy on that score.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A TOUCHING STORY.

Among the well-known characters of the city of Cleveland is an old, gray-haired, weather-beaten man, dressed as a fisherman, who will stand on the dock, and at times making water-signals with a fragment a brown, a piece of paper, or day-thing he happens to have in his hand. This conduct greatly misti-fied the beholders, many of whom laughed and jeered at him, until the story of his misfortunes became

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