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"Early settlement of Canada" - a question!

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# 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. 31.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1862.

Whole No. 188.

### HOTEL CARDS.

**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 9.  
Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in waiting.  
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-1ly.

**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 the elegant and those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort and respectability invited to give him a call.  
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,  
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1ly.

**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, 1862. 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 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. This house possesses every accommodation for the elegant and those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort and respectability invited to give him a call.  
W. WESTPHAL,  
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,  
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1ly.

**THE WELL-KNOWN  
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,**  
Famously kept by William Ralph,  
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.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1y.

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

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.  
Sops, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.  
Dinner and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1y.

**NEWBIGGING HOUSE,**  
LATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 31 and 32  
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.  
W. NEWBIGGING, Proprietor.  
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1y.

**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. 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 hostler always in attendance.  
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1y.

**THOMAS SEDMAN,  
Carriage and Wagon  
MAKER,  
UNDERTAKER**  
&c. &c. &c.  
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,  
Richmond Hill.  
March 14, 1862. 173-1y.

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

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drays, Carts and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.  
The best of Liquors and Cigars kept constantly on hand.  
The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.  
Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862. 167

### Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

O where will be the birds that sing  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip, the lily brow,  
The heart that beats so gaily now,  
O, where will be love's dreaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Fate, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land and sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?  
We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come?  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come?  
But other men our lands will fill,  
And others then our streets will fill;  
While other birds will sing as gay:  
As bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come!

### Literature.

MY OWN FUNERAL.

(Concluded.)

'Yes, a good fellow, very,' answered the younger. 'But a thorough ass, so awfully romantic and spoony.'  
'Ah, talking of that, I wonder how the fair Frankenstein stood the news of his death. But Stockenheim can tell us more about that.'  
I could feel my heart thump like an earthquake within me as he said this.  
The speaker turned to Stockenheim, to whom he spoke in German. 'Have you seen Mademoiselle Frankenstein since the unhappy event?' he asked, with profound misery in his voice.  
'Alas, no,' answered the heavy officer. 'She has shut herself up; she accuses herself of being the cause of it. She is quite mad with grief, they say; and, indeed, they will not even admit me to the house, though I was—'  
'Quite her cavalier servant,' suggested the elder attaché.  
'No, not that. I always had an idea that she was attached to this young Englishman, and now there can be no doubt of it.'  
Good Heaven! I was beside myself with joy. I longed to leap from the carriage, and rush to the Frankenstein, and clasp Ida in my arms. But I had deeper plans, and dared not yet. I longed, however, to question him as to the proofs of this; but then my voice would have betrayed me, and there I sat, oh! how happy, straining my ears to catch every syllable.  
'But really,' resumed the elder of the two attachés, 'I am very much astonished at what you tell me about Mademoiselle Frankenstein. Of course I do not mean to say that our poor dear friend was not worthy of all her sympathy and affection. Undoubtedly he was a young man who not only deserved all our esteem, but engaged all our affections.' (I could scarcely keep my countenance at this flagrant hypocrisy, after what he had just been saying in English.) 'Then, too, he was very good-looking, poor fellow! and so engaging and agreeable in his manners. But no—; I meant to say that I had always observed about the lady in question a decided indifference to our poor friend, at least in all matters of the heart; though, I confess, she seemed to enjoy his society and superior talents.'  
'Just so,' answered the officer. 'Just what I always felt myself; and without appearing vain, I may say that the young countess seemed to show too decided preference—'  
'Yes, your lucky dog! she was always making *les doux yeux* at you, even while talking to G—.'  
'But I grieve to say that this death,' continued Stockenheim (and there were tears in his eyes) 'has not only deprived me of a man for whom, as a constant rival, I had nourished a real friendship; for, after all, although my rival you may say, did he not also at the same time advance my interests—at least I thought so then—by affording a blind society? However, I was saying I have not only lost an excellent friend, but this event has disclosed many very bitter truths to

me. I confess, gentlemen, that I can now have no doubt that this lovely girl was making me the blind, and was really attached to this unfortunate Englishman. And do you know why she acted in this strange manner?  
'Not the remotest, except that young ladies will flirt occasionally; and I believe making love to one man while you feel for another, is one of the first rules of the charitable art of flirtation.'  
'Well, however that may be, even admitting, as I fear is the case, that the young countess is a flirt—'  
'You, at least, ought to admit it, Eh?'  
'Ah, you are cruel—'  
'Forgive me, only just to you.'  
'Well, in this case it was otherwise. I have learned that her parents were, and still are, most anxious that she should marry the young Duc de P—, who, as you know, is no less wealthy in lands than in rank.'  
'Ah, I see; and so the young lady concealed her real preference by making you the pretext.'  
'Alas! I fear so.'  
At this moment, fortunately for me, the carriages, which had been moving along at the slow pace which is supposed to be agreeable to grief, during this conversation, stopped near the cemetery, and we all adjourned to the grave.  
Near it was the empty coffin covered with a black pall. I stood by while the funeral service was going on, and, really, at first, there was something so ludicrous in all this pomp and ceremony and well got-up grief over nothing but deal boards and brass nails, that I could scarcely refrain from laughter.  
But when Lord E—, the tears really in his eyes, came forward when all was done, and in a hoarse voice said: 'We have lost a good friend in the very flower of his youth—one whom I had learned to love, and who can never be replaced to me—a diligent and hearty assistant, a true gentleman, and a man of heart,' then I felt almost sorry I was not really dead, to merit such kindness—kindness never shown to a man till he is stiff and cold, and you may believe me, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself for thus befogging an honest friendship.  
I looked round on those present, and from that moment, for the first time, I could detect who were true, who were false friends, for grief is the most difficult passion to simulate.  
We dispersed, and so far I was delighted with my adventure. My death had not only revealed my true friends, but, far more glorious, had given me the heart that I prized above all. Still, with a perversity peculiar to my nature, I doubted of the whole truth of what I had heard, and, to be brief, I resolved to judge for myself.  
The day passed, and when evening came I had made up my mind to go and call at the Frankenstein, in my disguise, and announce myself as a friend of my deceased self, charged by myself to carry some message to my own lady-love. The scheme was bold, but I determined to try it.  
As I went, however, I thought I would just look in at the cemetery. You probably know that it is the custom abroad to decorate the graves of your friends and relations with flowers and *immortelles*. Now I had no relations in Munich and very few foreign friends who cared sufficiently about me to undertake this. Still, I thought that my faithful valet, whom I had been astonished not to see at the funeral, might possibly bring his little token to a master he had loved so much.  
I determined at any rate to see if any one cared about me.  
Just as I was entering the graveyard, I saw two figures before me, one of which, clothed in deep mourning, I instantly recognized as that of Ida. I was amazed. What friend was she going to weep and pray for? I remembered that her grandmother was buried there—'  
This possibly explained it. But full of vague hope that this was not her object, I followed her. She first went to the keeper, and presently I saw him conducting her—yes, oh, joy—to my grave.  
I slipped from monument to monument, and finally concealed myself behind one from which I could watch her movements. The other figure, which was her maid, carried a basket of fresh flowers. Ida took them from her hand, and scattered them over the fresh-turned earth—

Then bidding her retire a little, she knelt down beside the grave.  
On joy! oh joy! why was I not dead to drink her tears as they flowed—for I saw them—upon the sod! Why was I alive to turn her grief to foolishness.  
But I could no longer endure this restraint. The joy was too great for me. I stole quietly up, and stood near her. I heard her bitter sobs for a while, and—yes—her prayer, her fervent prayer—that she too might follow me soon.  
Then she rose slowly and sadly. She turned and saw me, and at first her face was deadly pale. Then recovering herself, she looked strangely at me, as if to ask why a stranger intruded upon her grief—'  
I made a great effort to conceal my voice and my emotion, and then spoke.  
'Mademoiselle,' I said, bowing respectfully, 'pardon my intrusion. This is the grave of my best friend. You can guess why I came thither. But when I found you here, knowing as I did that my poor friend had no relations in Munich, I immediately guessed that you must be Mademoiselle Frankenstein. Am I right in my conjecture?'  
She colored violently, even in spite of the deadly whiteness of her sunken cheeks, and replied with dignity, 'You are right, sir; but permit me to ask what reason you had for this strange conjecture?'  
'I will tell you. You may not perhaps be aware that I was present at the death of my poor friend. I was the only person there besides his servant. He charged me with a message to you—'  
'Oh!' (she pressed her hand to her heart) 'is it true? Oh, tell me, tell me what he said?'  
'This message I should have delivered before, had I not learned that you were in affliction. I scarcely dared to hope that the death of my dear friend could be the cause of your sorrow, but I learned it this morning by accident, and I need scarcely tell you how rejoiced I was to hear it, for you must be fully aware that he was deeply—deeply attached to you.'  
'Oh me!' she exclaimed. 'If I had been certain of that. Alas!—But tell me now his message—quickly.'  
'It was a strange one. He imagined—I know not whether rightly or not—that you were attached to another person. But such was his devotion, I may almost say his madness, that he bid me warn you, for your sake, that he felt certain—that he knew it by an inward instinct—that he should be with you after his death.'  
'I was so fervent in uttering these words, that my voice resumed its natural tone in spite of myself. She started as she heard it, and her pale cheek grew paler yet. She stopped and looked me steadily in the face, and as she gazed her own became more and more troubled. I felt I could not endure it much longer.  
'You would be happy,' I said, hurriedly, 'to see him once more, would you not?'  
'Yes, yes!' she cried. 'But, oh! how your voice resembles his, and though it is dark, I seem to see some likeness even in your face. You are an Englishman. Tell me if you are not his brother, or some—'  
She stopped still, gazing on me intently, with a look of uncertainty and almost of dread. I felt a tantalizing desire to tear off my disguise, to reveal my living self, and throw myself at her feet, but no—I saw the ravages grief had made. I knew that this shock would be too much for her, and in gratitude for her love I made a strong effort and restrained my eagerness.  
'You are not wrong,' I said, again disguising my voice, 'I am a relation, but I can not now explain how. I have still, however, to complete my message to you. It is a strange one; prepare yourself to hear it.'  
'I am prepared; go on,' she replied, but in a voice so tremulous that it belied her words.  
'It was this: he bids me say that death is a strange thing, a deep mystery which none of us understand. He felt that he was dying, but he knew he might live again.'  
'Yes, yes, and I shall see him again, I know, but—'  
'You will. You have only to name an hour to receive him, and he will be with you alive.'  
'Alive!—What do you mean, sir? You are jesting on a sacred subject. How dare you, sir, come

here to mock me? Leave me immediately.'  
'I will leave you if you wish it, certainly. But I am bound to warn you. To-night you will see him.'  
I turned hurriedly away. She called after me, but I did not return. I felt that this assumption of mystery, and this excitement of a vague hope, was the best way to prepare her.  
When I had gone some distance, I looked back. I saw her standing over the empty grave, with her head sunk upon her bosom. What prayer, what wish was she uttering?  
I now made haste to get back to my own lodgings, so as to resume my real character, and to prepare for the evening. I had scarcely entered the *porte-cochère* of the large house in which I had lived before my death, when I heard a joyful, uproarious barking in the yard. It was Cæsar, my own dog, my best friend. 'Ah!' thought I, 'what is human friendship compared with this? All my friends, even Ida herself, have been deceived by a mere wig and moustache; but the dog we kick and beat and despise knows even the sound of my distant footsteps.' I went to him, found him chained in the yard—he had never been chained when I was alive—received his wild caresses, and unloosed him.  
'Ah!' I thought, 'this is a strange way of fulfilling my dying injunctions. What does Master Karl mean by chaining the dog up?'  
I was not long left in doubt. As I mounted the stairs I heard a noise of most unwonted merriment in my own apartment. I knew the reputation possessed by undertakers all the world over for joviality, but still I thought this going a little too far.  
I found the outer door open, and, walking in, opened that of the dining-room; and there, to my amazement, amidst an uproar of intoxication, with glasses rattling on the table, and the room filled with a dense smoke from some dozen pipes, stood my faithful valet, addressing a speech to some ten or twelve grooms, couriers, butlers, powdered mercuries, and sleek French cooks, from the embassy and the houses of the nobility. I was certainly more amused than annoyed, and thinking it just possible that it might be the custom in Munich to hold a wake after a master's death, I bowed to the company.  
'Don't let me disturb you, gentlemen,' I said, very blandly, 'my business will do it any time.'  
'I'm glad to hear it!' cried Karl from the end of the room, and more than three parts drunk, 'I'm not much in the humor for business just now. But don't go away, my friend. Come in, bring yourself to anchor, and take a glass of port—very fine port—too.'  
I took a seat meekly, and a gentleman in a push and powder did me the honor to pass me the decanter which contained my own suberb wine, which had been bottled in 1795, and which those rascally valets were pouring down their throats in tumblers! No wonder they were rather unsteady.  
Meanwhile I was observing my very faithful valet. He was certainly magnificent got up. He was not content with having arrayed his person in the very cream of my wardrobe, in the most 'chaste' of my 'continuations' and the most delicate of my vests, but he had gone to the extent of mimicking my 'get-up' in every particular. By dint of a liberal supply of my Macassar, he had given to his naturally stubborn hair all the elegant twists and curls of my own *négligé* locks—a style which was then just coming into fashion. The large frill, the most *recherche* I possessed, was disposed in the same careful, careless manner which it was generally supposed I was wont to study; though with my dying breath I will assert that I never spent two minutes over its arrangements. Then he had drawn on with considerable difficulty a pair of my Paris gloves of the most delicate lavender hue, which I kept expressly for the purpose of going to court in; and in his hands thus reduced—he had not succeeded in bringing the buttons to meet—he waved, with all the *abandon* of a young exquisite, a handkerchief of the choicest cambric, which—till it lay in Munich—I had stolen from Ida herself. This was too much for me. But I was now accustomed to

restrain my passions, and I bore it all with the most Christian humility.  
In the other hand he waved one of my sixty-shilling Havanns, took a slight puff at it, and then throwing it down with an inimitable air of disgust, exclaimed, 'These cigars is not worth a farden—a jest and phrase which elicited the admiration of all his compeers.  
'Gentlemen,' he then began, still waving the sacred cambric, and with his eyelids evidently weighed down by the fumes of my old port. 'I will resume my observations. I was saying, gentlemen, that our departed friend, Mr. G—, regarded me in the light of a brother—a brother did I say? Gentlemen, I should rather say a (hiccup)—a thingimbob—you know what I (hiccup) mean, gentlemen—in the light of his buzzom friend. You will understand, gentlemen, that it was impossible for him (another hiccup) to leave his property to any one else; and in my hands, you will admit, gentlemen, that it is better lodged than in his own. As long as it lasts, gentlemen—and there's wine in them cellars down stairs as will keep us going many another night like this—as long as it lasts you will always find in this house, gentlemen, that beverage which inebriates, though it does not—I mean to say—Well, gentlemen, I will not detain you. I have only to propose a toast, in which I am sure you will all unite, 'To my late friend, Mr. G—, and may he rest in peace forever.'  
For about ten minutes after this lively discourse there was a continuous uproar of applause and health-drinking, mingled with numerous epithets applied to myself, which were neither choice nor flattering, and one individual near me remarked that 'he was doosed glad the old boy was under the ground, and he hoped a certain gentleman in black would take care of him,' to which I replied, 'Indeed, are you?'  
When the uproar had subsided a little I got up.  
'I rise to return thanks,' I began; but here I was assailed with an indiscriminate clamor, and cries on all sides of 'Shut up!' 'Turn him out!' 'Hold your jaw!' and 'Put his nose in a bag, do!' from the Englishmen, while phlegmatic 'Donnerwetters' and 'Poitensens' from the Germans, kept me silent for some minutes. At length I began again:  
'I am sorry, my good men, to disturb your very innocent amusements, and put an end to the agreeable position of Mr. Karl, over there. But, unfortunately, the gentleman over whose death you are now so amiably rejoicing is not dead at all.'  
Another volley of interjections now stopped me again, but at length the majority seemed interested in what appeared to them the originality of my remarks, and silence was restored.  
'The best proof of what I say,' I continued, 'will be to introduce him personally to you. I believe most of you know Mr. G— by sight—here to the utter amazement of all present, I pulled off the wig—and most of you would know him again, if you were sober enough to have your senses about you'—at this time I pulled off the false moustache, and I stood in *propria persona* before them.  
My faithful valet reeled in horror and fell back. The other servants, most of whom had seen me often enough to recognize me at once, turned pale as death, and jumping up from their seats, pushed frantically, tumbling one over the other, to where their quondam host lay gasping, and shouted 'Fire! robbery! it's his ghost, it's his ghost!'  
It was as much as I could do to keep my countenance at their dismay, but the tables were doomed to be turned. Two or three of his associates helped the luckless Karl to his legs. He stared at me in bewilderment for a moment or two, and then, seizing a decanter from the table, flung it at my head with all his might.  
I bent down and avoided the blow which would certainly have killed me. But the next minute the rascal shouted with exultation, 'Never mind him, you fools! it's all a hoax, it's a flam; some fellow as wants to frighten you. It's not G— at all. He's made a mess of it this time, for he's forgotten the whiskers, and G— was too fond of his to come without them.'  
This was certainly a 'stumper' for me, for I had quite forgotten that I had made a sacrifice of those favourite appendages that very morning. I was now in the midst of a dozen infuriated drunkards, and the position was embarrassing, for I was in a hurry to get dressed to go and see Ida. Luckily I remembered that Cæsar had slipped into the room after me when I came in, and I now saw him lying at my feet—He might help me.  
'Now you scoundrels!' I cried, 'you pretend to doubt my identity, but I'll show you that I am really myself, and the dog shall put you to shame. Here, Cæsar—here boy!'  
Continued on 4th page.