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Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England, Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL, 147-148

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

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ISAAC BOWMAN, M.D., Graduate of the University of Vic Coll. & Provincial Licentiate, HAS settled (permanently) at TORONTO, 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, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

AGREEMENTS: Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude.

A CARD. W. C. KEENE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, having opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.

Also a Branch Office in the village of Burlington, Township of Thorah, and County of Ontario.

The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended. Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-11

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-17

Mason's Arms Hotel! WEST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO.

ROBERT COX begs to inform his friends, and the travelling public, that he has taken the above Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. W. Strasse, where he hopes, by strict attention to the comforts and convenience of his guests, to merit an equal share of the patronage given to his predecessor.

Toronto, July 17, 1862. 190

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts and convenience of his guests, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

Good Stabling, &c. JAMES WATSON, Maple, July 17, 1862. 190

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 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

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. 37. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1862. Whole No. 194.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, 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.

Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in waiting. Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-11y.

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 Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-11y

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, 1859. 25-11y

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. 157-11y

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.

7 Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel. Deutches 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.

As this house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to call.

W. WESTPHAL, Corner of Church and Stanley Sts. Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-11y

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

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, (Successor to Thomas Palmer). Good Stabling attached. Finely Hostlers always in attendance.

Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-11y

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant! 60 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO

Lunch every day from 11 till 2. Sausages, Gaiters, Oysters, Lobsters, &c. always on hand.

Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-11y

NEWBICGING HOUSE, 1 ATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Finely Hostlers always in attendance at the Cars and Bouts.

W. NEWBICGING, Proprietor. Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-11y

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he has leased the above Hotel, and having fixed it up in the latest style travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house.

Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler always in attendance. WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor, York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-11y

Wellington Hotel, Aurora! OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. 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 driver always in attendance.

Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-11y

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862. 172-11y

Poetry. HOME.

"Where is thy home?" a stranger asked A simple village maid;

"Oh, just across the green," said she, Down yonder grassy glade,

A pleasant place and fair to see, Though we are of the poor;

Contented with our lowly lot, We never covet more.

"Where is thy home?" he asked again, "Where?" said a striding gay,

"Nay, ask me not, I cannot tell, My home is far away;

Far 'mid the battle and the strife, Where worlds are won and lost;

Or else upon the stormy sea, By wind and tempest tossed."

"Where is thy home?" a sad, sweet face Told of the stranger's tale,

"A thousand memories in her heart To sudden anguish wake,

"My home!—alas! long years have passed! Since I a home could claim;

Now husband, children, all are gone, And home is but a name."

The stranger paused, and cast his eyes Upon an old man gray,

So bent and feeble that he scarce Could wield his weary way.

"Where is thy home?" once more said he, "Thou lookest old and wan;

A cosy nook should be thine For the remaining span."

The old man rested on his staff, And feebly shook his head,

"I rest my worn-out frame," said he, "Upon a pauper's bed,

Yet I desire no better lot; Than God to me has given;

No earthly home I ask or crave; I have a home in Heaven."

Literature. HARRYING FOR A HOME.

(Concluded.) W—had never ceased to love her, and forgiveness is very easy to

ward those we love. He feels sure that he possessed her first affection, and that the second was only a fancy, which she would not have indulged had he been present, and from which she will soon recover.

Their friendship is renewed, and she listens again to the words of his deeper interest. Ellen is alone, with nothing to do. Friends cannot understand any cause of sadness, nor why William should be rejected, she begins to look forward to life, and think, "Oh, how can I live through all the long weary years alone?"

The world considers her engaged, and he who woos her is kind. She again has some one to attend her, and the monotony of her life is varied by his calls, their rides and walks, and the restlessness, the longing for something to fill the aching void is pacified though not subdued.

She tells him she cannot love him as a woman loves a husband—but this he does not understand and does not like to hear. She thinks she can never truly love another, and does not think that for this reason she should never marry at all.

She has little idea of what will be required of her as a wife, and does not shrink as she should from the responsibility she is assuming.

At length the vows are exchanged, and she is again betrothed. She is betrothed, and those around her wonder that she is not blithe and gay with all the hope and happiness of a glad young heart.

She endeavors to be her indifference, and to seem what she is not—and the effort only increases the repulsion. Day after day she meets the man with whom she is to spend a life, and dreads the meeting. Day after day he takes her hand and presses a kiss upon her cheek, and she recoils with a shudder.

And this is he whom she is to promise to love, and honor, and obey! This is he to whom she is to prove a dutiful and loving wife—whom she is to nurse in sickness and soothe in sorrow—with whom she is to share prosperity and adversity, and whom 'she is to love through all things.' Oh, mockery! How many a woman's lips have uttered those false vows. How many a heart has felt that it was given up to a life of perjury.

To Ellen the reality now comes up with all a reality's vividness, and the bitter draught has grown more bitter still. Yet what shall she do? What else is there in life for her?

Some one is ready to exclaim, 'Dependence, beggary, anything rather than thus to degrade herself.'

Ah yes, this is often and easily said, and would that there were more to act in accordance with such a spirit.

Barnestly did I remonstrate, 'Oh, what will life, be, in constant communion with one whose conversation—even one hour's conversation—already palls? Ellen, I beseech you not to do this thing—now, before it is too late, break the oppressive chain that binds you to so galling a servitude! Go back—brave the storm of the world and endure reproach and heartless rivalry; it will be a pleasant and flowery path compared to the one upon which you are entering.'

Then came the answer which was not hers only, but the answer which I have heard from so many, many lips.

'What can I do? Oh, would that there were some refuge for disappointed and desolate women—some position which she could occupy with honor and usefulness—some employment which would give her independence and absorbing interest! How can I sit down here idle, to eat the bread of those who will be continually reproaching me for not accepting an offer which promised me all I ought to ask or hope? No—I will marry him, and he shall never know that I am not happy!'

Four weeks from that day Ellen S— was a bride. There were no festivities upon the occasion—these would have jarred upon her feelings and increased her despondency. The orange wreath was in her hair, the bridal dress was a fitting one for such a bride, and her exuberant spirits were proof to others of her happiness. But I had been permitted to look deeper, and knew her gayety was but seeming.

There was a bridal tour, and I knew no more of Ellen for four long years. A new life and many journeys on my part prevented our meeting, and not once in all the time did I hear from her—so I could not judge whether my predictions had been verified; and when I inquired concerning her, I heard that she was happy—at least that she was brilliant and very gay.

Four years had passed away when we met. Oh, what a welcome was that which a warm heart gave to one before whom the veil of seeming could be torn away, and to whom the flood gates which had so long pent up the fount of feeling could be thrown open! Whatever Ellen had suffered, had not changed her heart—and indeed neither time nor suffering had left any perceptible footprints upon her brow or cheek, and they had not dimmed the lustre of her eye. She was not less brilliant and fascinating than in the days of girlhood, but there was a more terrible restlessness, and I had not gazed long before I saw that she was wretched beyond all that I had ever dreamed of wretchedness.

The wife had learned how irksome, how impossible are love's duties where love is not; and the husband had learned to hate one whom duty alone prompted to kindness.—In not one thing had they similar tastes; there was not a single subject upon which they could converse with pleasure. He talked of news and 'stocks' or horses, till she yawned or turned away with disgust.

Her love of books, pictures, and refined society was equally incomprehensible to him—and so wider and wider grew the distance between the paths they chose. He was a stranger in the circles in which she delighted to move, and she could not for an hour tolerate the ribald jests of his boon companions. She is sought, by those who could appreciate her, and he looks with a jealous eye upon the marks of homage which she receives.

Hour after hour, day after day, she sits utterly paralysed by the sense of her misery and humiliation, with not a glance of hope to brighten the years to which she must look forward to make up for her the sun of life.

Night after night she is alone, and the morning's dawn still finds her watching. She does not dare to sleep—for any moment she may be awakened by oaths that curdle her blood, and he who utters them has ceased to wear even the mask of human feeling, his hatred has

become fearful, and when returned from a drunken revel, there is nothing to curb his revengeful anger, if she is not ready to minister to his wants and listen patiently to his withering words.

Meekly she moves about, and slowly smooths the pillow for his restless slumber—yet full well he knows that love does not lend assiduity to her footsteps nor its own sunny hue to her smile.

'How is it possible you live?' asked I; 'how is it possible to bear up, to walk about, with such a weight upon you?'—for I was astonished, every little while during the time which we were together, to see her almost instantly assume her air of careless gaiety when acquaintances called—to hear her talk, and play, and sing as if she were a very bird in freedom and blitheness—and the moment we were alone sink as if a milestone were crushing her—'how is it possible for you to do it?'

Then came that woman's reason for so many of the unaccountable martyrdoms which she endures—Pride.

'I am too proud to seem unhappy. What a byword I soon should be, were I to permit the world to look in upon me as you do. No—the world shall never triumph over me! I will suffer even to the end, and go down to the grave unpitied! Whilst I suffer alone I can bear anything; but were I to become the object of pity and triumph, I should lose my reason!'

Alas! if she could have looked forward and seen what she must yet pass through, reason might have reeled at the prospect; but the heart has an inconceivable capacity for resisting the heavy pressure of woe.

We parted once more, and not again did I see her till the world knew more than I had ever learned of Ellen's calamities, and rumor, with her hundred—her myriad tongues, had exaggerated them a thousand fold. 'Now,' thought I, 'she will surely die!' But she did not.

How she dreaded a life of loneliness and shrank from a life of dependence; yet there she is alone and dependent! She is widowed yet her husband is alive—he is rich, yet she is poor. She married for a home, and yet is homeless.

Now indeed has gossip found something to feed upon—an I how she groans upon the misery of her victim. Ellen is at first paralyzed, then subdued. These are the words which anguish forced from her heart:

'Oh, merciful that all are not called to suffer alike in this world—for then there would be only one universal wail of anguish!'

Then she calls it a stroke of her Heavenly Father's rod, and talks of submission to the will of Heaven. But it seems almost blasphemy to call this a dispensation of Providence. She had disobeyed a specific law—she had done it voluntarily, deliberately—and disobedience brought its own punishment.—There are afflictions which God sends, but from misery like this He especially ordained that men should be free.

When God banished Adam and Eve from Paradise, and decreed that they should 'earn their bread by the sweat of their brows'—He left them this one great blessing—to love one another.

To Ellen it is plain now that she committed a crime not less heinous than one the world brands with a darker name, when she uttered those solemn vows to which her lips alone could give assent. They were not holy in the sight of heaven.

It was a wrong to herself, a wrong to him to whom she pledged a love she did not feel; and when he found that she was false, he hated her. He had expected a wife, a companion—and he was disappointed; when he found the smile of love would never brighten his fireside, he fled from it and sought compensation in scenes of revelry and haunts of vice. The steps are few and easy from wretchedness to desperation—from desperation to crime—and when there is no religious principle to restrain, the last is almost certain to follow the first.

William B— sank to rise no more, and I will not become apologist for his sin; but it was not he alone who deserved.

The beauty of this love which God gave to unite two in compa-

nionship for life, that it is so free from the dross of selfishness, so disinterested, and self-sacrificing.—What toil is not sweet for one who is dearer than self? However dark the shadows which may fall upon a household, if this pure ray is beaming it will never become all darkness.

Where true love once exists, it will continue to burn brighter and brighter; and were it the basis of every life-bond, the cement of every knot, it would form indissoluble knots, and there would not be so many broken links scattered through the world.

A BROKEN BUCKLE.—You have read in history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to a more rapid flight, coolly dismounted to repair a flaw in the harness of his horse.—While busied with a broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash upon him, the flaw was mended, and like a swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field, a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent in safety back to his bustling comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awakening, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping upon a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left ingloriously in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.

A SHREWDS TRISHMAN.—An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: 'Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your riverance? Mightily put out Pat?' was the reply. 'Put out! who'd put out your riverance? Ah you don't understand; it is just it; I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it's seven o'clock.' 'Oh, is that all?' was the cry; 'just now be asy your riverance, I'll settle that for you.' So saying away flew the good natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchen, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired, 'Is Father O'Leary here?' As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed, 'No; neither on Father O'Leary, he is not here; but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoilt. And all is waiting for Father O'Leary. Daddy, leaving from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, 'All is right your riverance; you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get.' Oh, Pat said the grateful pastor, 'the blessings of a hungry man be upon you.' Long life and happiness to your riverance! I have got your malady, I only wish I had your cure.'

INFINITELY.—We often read that the sentence on certain culprits is, that they should be detained in prison 'during Her Majesty's pleasure.' Would not dis-pleasure be a more suitable term?

FIGHTING FOR FAME.—Two boys going home one day found a box on the road, disputed who was the finder. They fought the whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally, but on opening the box, lo and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

Horace Walpole writes to Sir H. Mann: 'Your friend St. Leger is the hero of all fashion. I never saw a more dashing bravado and absurdity, with some flashes of genius. He had a cause the other day of jousting a sharper, and was going to swear. The judge said to him: 'I see, sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my lord,' replied St. Leger, 'my father was a judge.'

A Berlin journal states that at a fete recently given there by an ambassador, the political affairs of Electoral Hesse being the subject of general conversation, one of the ladies of the court who is no longer in the bloom of youth, suddenly exclaimed: 'For my part, I think Electoral Hesse is most fortunate!' Being requested to explain her meaning, she said, 'Why, there is nothing I should like better than to be able, like it to be able to restore my constitution of 1831!'

"POOR SCHOOLS."

From the Correspondence of the Leader.

A communication appears in last Wednesday's Leader, on the above subject, the writer of which seems to have fallen into a very common error, with respect to the aim and objects of our public schools. He assumes that they were originally founded to educate the children of the poor alone, and finds fault with other persons for using them. The same idea is evidently entertained by a few of our prominent citizens, as appears from the presentations of successive Grand Jurors, in reference to the vagrant youth of the city. Now it is quite a mistake to suppose that these schools were ever intended, for the exclusive use of any particular class. As their name indicates, they were designed to be common schools, for the education of all, irrespective of class, sect, or party.

This was the view held by those who, in the year 1852, took the most active part in establishing free schools in this city. Such also was the view enunciated by Dr. Ryerson, and fully recognized and endorsed by our legislature, when the present school system was first introduced into Canada. On what ground, then, can it be claimed that the indigent alone, are entitled to enjoy these advantages? 'A' says that 'one of the great evils attendant on our public schools in town is this: Parents who are in circumstances, which will enable them to afford the education of their children at private schools, tempted by the opportunity of gratuitous teaching, and totally devoid of moral honesty, which would scorn to be dependent on the bounty of other agents, send their children to be educated at the public schools, and by this means not only unjustly avail themselves of public bounty, but debar the class for which these schools originally were intended, from partaking of their benefits.'

Now, Sir, I profess to belong to the class which is here so unceremoniously held up to public censure. I can afford to pay for the private tuition of my children, but I prefer to send them to the public schools; and I can only regard it as insulting and impertinent, on the part of any man, to tell me, that on that account, I am 'totally void of that moral honesty which would scorn to be dependent on the bounty of others.' My city taxes amount annually to a trifle less than forty dollars, a large proportion of which is for school purposes; and am I to be told that I have no right to send my children to the public schools, simply because I may be able to educate them elsewhere? It might with equal propriety be said that I should be compelled to construct a sidewalk, or keep the street in repair in front of my own dwelling, because I may be rich enough to afford the cost; although I yearly pay taxes to the corporation to do it for me. Because I enjoy all the comforts and accommodations which our civil functionaries provide, do I therefore 'avail myself unjustly of public bounty?' Every man pays taxes according to his property or income; and it is sheer nonsense for 'A' to talk of 'paying for the children of his neighbor, who, so far as money goes, is on an equality with himself.'

'A' complains that the children appear at the public examinations much too well dressed. Now surely every man has a right to dress his children as he thinks proper, according to his means; and it is a commendable feeling on the part of parents to desire to see their children neatly clad, though they should indulge in a little finery on examination days. But well dressed children, it is stated, deter poorer ones from attending. This is not correct; the reverse is often the case. Poor children seldom object to associate with their more wealthy neighbors, although it must be admitted the feeling is not always reciprocated. If he prefers rags and dirt, however, he should not find fault with others who have not similar tastes; and he should by all means avoid public examinations.

But there is another light in which this question ought to be viewed. There are hundreds of parents in the Province—many of them in this city, ten times more wealthy than I am, who send their sons to Toronto University, an institution supported by public funds and a very large amount of them too. Do these persons also unjustly avail themselves of public bounty? Are they not 'totally void of moral honesty which would scorn to be dependent on the bounty of other agents?' Does 'A' send his children to a grammar school, or to Upper Canada College? If so he is in the same category; for these are also, in part, supported by public funds. Would it not then be unreasonable and unjust, to require me and others in similar circumstances to pay directly for the education of our children in addition to our school tax, while the rich man's son receives a costly University training, at the public expense? Why this invidious distinction? Is it fair, that the children of their li-