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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. STEWART, 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.

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George Wilson, (LATE FROM ENGLAND) Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL. GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drove Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

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The York Herald

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HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor. A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

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CLYDE HOTEL, KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W. JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

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JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant! 69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO. Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

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Poetry.

ON THE DISTRESS IN BRITAIN, All ye who feel for man oppressed, By adverse fortune driven;

O think of Britain's starving sons, In this their day of grief; Her tender, fair, her little ones Cry loudly for relief.

O think of many a feeling heart; They've feelings, yes, believe; And hands would act a nobler part: Could they but work relieve.

And draw their life from cherished cares, That piteously do cry, While pallid looks their needs declare, Yet answer with a sigh.

Kind plenty reigns throughout our land, Our fields yield rich increase, Contentment waved the olive wand, And chants the song of peace.

A bounteous Providence has blest Us with abundant stores, In heaped measures downward prest, And still in flowing o'er.

Then in the hour of Britain's need, The starving's case regard, And rest assured the generous deed Will amply meet reward.

Literature.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE: OR THE STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMERS," (Form Godoy's Magazine.) 'Go ahead, driver; don't wait no longer for me,' said I to the conductor, as I stepped aboard the train.

It was on a Tuesday I started.— Wall, the Tuesday before I'd come of age. I'd been out all day, breaking ground for corn and potatoes, and thinkin' to myself that I was twenty-one at last, and wonderin' if Kitty Caraway didn't feel sorry she'd give me the mitten, and gone home with Reub from spellin'-school the last time it kept; likewise if father had any intentions of givin' me part of the farm to work for myself.

When I washed myself at the pump and went in to supper, I thought at first mother had company, the table was set so nice, with a white tablecloth and custard pie and preserves.

'Come, Bijah, sit by; the biscuits is getting cold,' said she. 'Who's here?' says I. 'You be,' says she; 'you're company to-night, Bijah. We're a keepin' your birthday. Come husband, sit by.'

So we sat down. First I went round and give mother a smack, comin' nigh to breakin' the china teacup she was sitting in its saucer; but I believe if I'd broke it out and out she'd only have laughed, she and father was in such good humor.

Ploughin' hadn't hurt my appetite, and I pitched into the chicken fixin' in the same style that I'd pitched into the work. They didn't say much till I was ready to push my chair back, and then father he cleared his throat, just as he did in the Sunday evening exhortations, and he was a deacon, and began: 'How would you like to keep store, Bijah?'

Now, if there was anything in the world I'd had an ambition for, it was to keep store; I'd never expected any such good luck, though, and I just stared at him, without exactly knowing what he was driving at.

'Because,' said he, 'mother'n I have talked it over. You're the only child we've got to provide for; you've been an obedient, dutiful son, and the long and short of it is, if you like storekeepin' better'n farmin', you can just pack your duds, go down to York, buy your stock, and begin for yourself.'

'Jeru—sh! said I jumping up so sudden as to knock my chair over, and cutting a pigeon wing 'fore I stopped.

'Bijah,' said mother, mildly, 'don't swear. I didn't come within gunshot of swearin', mother. But what am I going to buy goods with, father, I'd like to know?'

'Cash, my son. Where's it to come from? From a certain linen bag in the bureau drawer,' said mother, speakin' before she'd thought, for she'd meant to let dad tell the story.

'We hain't spent all we've made in the last twenty year,' father went on; 'we've had your futur' in our eyes; we've—'

'Yes,' broke in the old lady again, 'I've had that futur' in my eye every pound of butter I churned, every egg I laid up to carry to town. A good many of them hard-earned dollars were put in by me, my son.'

'How much is there?' I couldn't help asking. 'Guess,' says mother proudly. 'Two hundred dollars?'

'Two thousand,' said both of em in the same breath. 'Je—mima!' hollered I, cutting another wing.

'And a hundred more,' went on marm 'that I've laid up myself to pay your expenses to York and back. And we have hired the store down to the Four Corners, that Job Higginson has gone out of, and you'll have the post-office with it, and there's a great need of a store there, folks say, and you'll be sure of our custom, at least, Bijah, and Aunt Susan and a good many of the neighbors. I shall buy all my calicoes of you, and the kersimers for your father's pantaloons, and our tea and groceries; and you can trade for my butter, which is always snatched up; and we're sure you'll do well if you don't go in debt, or trust too much; and I want you to bring on some first rate tea, Bijah, and be sure and don't buy fadey calico.'

The old man had leaned back in the chair, and let mother tell the hull story, for she'd got started and couldn't stop, and when she was through, he went in the keeping room, and unlocked the bureau drawer, and took out a bag, and came in, and put it down on the table and says.

'There's our birthday present, my soon.' Well, I hugged 'em both till they was out of breath; and I couldn't help cry a little, as well as laughing, and marm cried, of course, and we had a great old time, and I didn't sleep a wink that night. And that's how it happened I was on the way to York, feelin', about as contented as human nature is ever allowed.

It was on a Tuesday I started.— Wall, the Sunday night before, I concluded I'd try my luck with Kitty Caraway. I'd pretty much made up my mind she favored Reub the most; but I knew the reason of it— Reub's father's house was a two-story brick, with a piazzar in front, and he kept a farm hand to favor Reub, who lazed around, and he had plenty of time to be perlie to girls; while my father's house was a story and a half frame, and I hadn't no partic'lar time, 'cept Sundays and evenings. I was better lookin' than Reub, and smarter by long sight, and Kitty knew it, so well she thought I wouldn't be so well off. Girls, as a general thing, are mighty romantic, but their romance allers settles on a new coat or a big house, like a bee on a holly hock.— Kitty hadn't heard of the rise in life I'd experience, and I calculated once on a good share of enjoyment in lettin' her know of it at the right time. I put on my best suit, and a dandelion in my buttonhole, for it was too early for other posies, and I set out about sundown. When I come to deacon Caraway's there was Kitty, all alone in the keepin'-room, lookin' considerable ashamed of the mitten she'd give me, and

prettier than ever, with blushing and looking down. However, she soon picked up her spunk, and began bein' as saucy as a spring wind. I didn't mind her independence much, not even when she twitted me slyly about the spellin'-school and the sugarin' off, when she accepted all Reub's wax hearts and egg shells, and none of mine. As it got along towards nine o'clock, and I knew the old lady would be callin' out that it was bedtime before long, I hitched my chair close up to Kitty, and took hold of her hand.

'I'm of age, now, Kitty, and I'll be ready to get married next fall; will you have me?'

'Bijah Beanpole, go long! Can you hitch horses with me—yes or no?'

'No, of course not! I didn't s'pose I'd give you encouragement to make so free.' And Kitty snatched away her hand, and flashed a look at me out of her bright eyes that was as fully bewitchin'.

'Wall, good-by then, Miss Caraway,' says I, standin' up and holdin' out my hand; 'you'll at least shake hands with me when I'm going to be gone away so long?'

'Where are you going, Mr. Beanpole?'

'On to New York to buy goods.'

'Bye-bye,' murmured Kitty. 'Yes, all sorts of fixings for my new store. Didn't you know I am going to be a storekeeper—on my own hook too? Father give me a couple thousand dollars on my birthday, to begin on, and the store's rented, and the sign painted; you ought to see the sign, Kitty—'

ABIJAH BEANPOLE in great gold letters, on a blue ground. It's splendid. I s'pose it ain't as pretty a name as Reuben Lummins, but it looks very well in gold letters.'

'I didn't know you was goin' away, or maybe I shouldn't have spoke so short,' murmured Kitty, droopin' towards me like a four o'clock towards the sun. 'How long will you be away, Bijah?'

'Oh, two or three weeks. I'm sorry I can't pick out the wedding-dress, Kitty. I'd had an idea, that the next time I went to York, I'd have a bride hangin' to my arm, all dressed in white walkin' up and down Broadway, and goin' to the Museum.'

'O, Bijah!' she whispered, meltin' like maple sugar. 'It's right handy to be the wife of a storekeeper—nothing to do but to pick out the handsomest patterns when the goods come. Always plenty of pearlsh and tea, and white sugar when company comes, and a bridal tower to begin with.'

A pair of arms stole around my neck and a pair of lips were turned up in a dreadful provokin' way. 'I don't care the snap of my finger for Reub Lummins, and I can't see what makes you throw him at me.'

'What colored calico do you prefer, Kitty, pink or blue?'

'Oh, pink,' with a little sob. 'How many yards of ribbon does it take to trim a bonnet?'

'Abon-bou-bout four,' Bijah. 'You've got a breastpin, I see, the one Reub Lummins gave you last New Year's.'

mained there till he got an excuse for taking a seat in another car.— It's a free country ain't it, where a feller can't grin when he's enjoyin' himself, without being taken up for it! I sot out with the intention of having a good time, and included in the bill was the privilege of larnin' as much as I wanted to. Now I've never been troubled with bein' bashful, like so many country boys. I calculate to keep my eyes open, and if I can find out what I want by asking questions, I generally ask a few. Some people, so stiff and sot up that they can't answer a civil question, calls me inquisitive, as if it wasn't desirable to be of an inquirin' turn of mind. I've found out pretty much all I know in that way—easy and cheap.

There was some very obligin' little boys come round in the cars and gave us picture-papers to amuse ourselves with; but just as I'd got interested in 'em, they'd come along back and take 'em away. We was tearin' along tremenously, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when all of a sudden the engine gave a yell, and we pitched into the dark quicker'n no time. What had took place was unknown to me; I couldn't see, and there was such an awful crashing and roaring I couldn't ask anybody. I didn't know but the engine had pitched into the Black Swamp, and was making downward for a place I'd always been warned against to go. I held my breath and grabbed hold of the rim of my hat and you'd better believe I felt nowise unwilling when I saw a streak of daylight ahead. In a minute more we was all right.

'What'n thunder was that? I made free to ask of a person on the next seat, who sat there looking as cool as a cucumber.'

'That,' said he, as if surprised, 'oh that's a great bore.'

'I should rather think it was,' said I. 'My hair stood up so I had to hold my hat on. I'm glad there weren't nobody hurt. I was afraid my hat would get smashed. I set great store by that hat.'

'I should think likely,' replies he, 'you seem to have had it some time.'

'Going on five year. It's my first hat and only. However, I calculate on gettin' a new one when I get to York. I'm going down there to buy goods. Can you tell me what tavern I'd better put up at? I don't want none of your common affairs. I've got a hundred dollars to pay bills, and I want none of your cheap taverns. I want to tell the folks when I get home that I've seen the elephant.'

'There's several I could recommend, though maybe none of them would be quite good enough. The Fifth Avenue is tolerable, and the St. Nicholas is quite respectable; perhaps the latter would answer your purpose as well as any. It's convenient to the business part of the city.'

As he was accommodating about answerin', I spent a very pleasant two hours askin' him about one thing or another, and finally it got dark and I fell asleep, and when I waked up we was in the depot to the city. It was going on eleven o'clock; I felt dizzy with my long ride, and as sleepy as if I'd been sitting up a courtin'. I'd had nothing to eat since an airy breakfast but a cold boiled egg and a dozen doughnuts mother put in my pockets; but the idea that I was actually in the great metropolitan waked me up pretty thoroughly. I followed along with the rest.

'If you want the St. Nicholas coach, there it is,' said the person who'd been so accommodating in answerin' my questions. 'Good-bye, Mr. Beanpole, I wish you much success in your search after the elephant, and that you may leave New York with as good an opinion of it as you had when you came into it.'

'Good-bye, stranger,' said I, shakin' hands with him. 'I shan't forget your perlieness in answerin' a few civil questions.'

I squeezed into the coach with a couple a dozen more, and had the privilege of lookin' at the coat collar of a fat man who had planted himself on my knees during a painful and protracted ride of three quarters of an hour, so that I didn't get much idea of the town, though it was nigh on to as light as day.

When we got out, I saw we was in front of a big white stone tavern, considerable larger than I expected. I went with the rest into the bar-room, and writ my name in the book with a flourish that showed I wasn't

ashamed of it. There ain't a mora raising family in our part of the country than the Beanpoles, and I'd given writin' lessons to a whole class of boys in the destrict school; so I made a good big B, and finished off the pole with a quirlin that did me credit. The clerk smiled when he examined it. I was too sleepy to care about supper, so I was took up about forty flight of stairs, till I finally stopped and asked the-boy if he calkated I wanted to go to the next world 'cause I'd come to York for a spell. 'Here's your room, sir,' says he. I confess I was disappointed to be turned into a little room no bigger than the spare bedroom to home, when it was such an all-fired tremendous big house outside. I was follered by my trunk and umbrella, and was glad enough to lock the door and go to bed. I felt uneasy about my money, which I'd carried in two inside pockets mother had sewed in the lining of my coat. 'If any of them rogues get in here I'll play them a trick,' thinks I. So I took my pocket-book, with some cents and quarters in it, and my silver watch which hadn't gone for several years, and put 'em conspicuously on the chair, close to the head of my bed, while I tucked away my two thousand dollars between the tick and the bolster, and fell asleep so sound that I never waked up till long after broad day light. Wall I found my watch and pocket-book safe, put on my clothes, brushed my hair slick, took a look out at the window and saw a brick wall, and amused myself pullin' a tassel 'twas a hanging close by. 'I wasn't long till a knock came to the door. I opened it and saw a nice little feller; I thought he might be the tavernkeeper's brother.

(To be Continued.)

ABOUT COLORS.—Let the wise men of science say what they will, there are only three primitive colors, viz: red, yellow, and blue.—Black is no color at all. White is a combination of all colors. Green, orange, violet, etc., are but combinations of these primary colors. So says common sense, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary.—Colors are like tones on the ear, depend for their character on the force of their impression upon the retina of the eye. This is why the blind man said scarlet was, to him, like the sound of a trumpet; for the greatest force of color-impression on the eye is scarlet, and the least is blue. Green—a composition of yellow and blue—is the medium force; and hence it is the most universal color throughout Nature. It is a color, by the way, which the photographic art cannot reproduce at all. Blue, under the photograph, comes out white, but still can be chemically developed, they say; but green is obstinate (most 'green' things are obstinate), and, like Lady Macbeth's blood-spot, will not 'out' by all the persuasive known in chemistry. It seems ridiculous to say that we hear colors, as well as sounds; but practically we do, though the usual organ of hearing is not employed for the purpose. All these seeming inconsistencies to us would be consistent enough if we only had that infinite wisdom, in the eyes of whom all is harmony because all is understood.

LONG TIME AGO.—Nothing can be more interesting to our judgment than an opportunity to examine the houses, utensils, ornaments, domestic conveniences, etc., of a people who lived two or three thousand years ago. How such an opportunity carries the mind back to past ages, and bids it revel in scenes and adventures for which we can find no counterpart now-a-days! The excavations at Pompeii, in Italy, afford just such a luxury. We have gazed for hours at the uncarved relics of antiquity on the site of that once great city, and those relics are so numerous as to satisfy the most exciting curiosity. But they have recently been increased, we see, by a new discovery; for a mill, in an excellent state of preservation, has just been dug out, and within it has been found not only a great quantity of corn, but an oves containing eighty-one loaves of bread partly baked. What a spectacle for a philosophical eye! Here is the very kind of bread the Pompeians used to eat A. D. 79, or nearly two thousand years ago! Here is the shape of the loaf placed upon their tables!—Here is the grain from which, when ground, the loaf they ate was made. And here, too, is one of the mills in which they pulverized the grain for the purpose! Could anything be more wonderfully suggestive?

Not long ago, a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catachised concerning the power of Nature, replied, 'Now, I think there's one thing Nature can't do.'—'What is it, my child?—'She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without settin' his ears back.'

No Objection to Terms.—The landlord of an hotel at Brighton entered in angry mood the sleeping apartment of a boarder, and said, 'Now, sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must; I have asked you often enough; and I'll tell you that you don't leave my house till you pay it!' 'Good,' said the lodger, 'just put that in writing—make a regular agreement of it; I'll stay with you as long as I live!'

The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back by a coach and six horses.