

The York Herald  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest  
mail, or other conveyance, when so desired  
The YORK HERALD will always be  
be found to contain the latest and most important  
Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-  
kets, 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, in  
ADVANCE; and if not paid within Three  
Months two dollars will be charged.  
RATES OF ADVERTISING :  
Six lines and under, first insertion.....\$0.50  
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 1/2  
Ten lines and under, first insertion..... 00 7/8  
Above ten lines, first ins., per line..... 00 07  
Each subsequent insertion, per line..... 00 02  
If Advertisements without written direc-  
tions—inserted till forbid, and charged accord-  
ingly.  
All transitory advertisements, from stranger  
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 pe-  
riod than one month, must be paid for in ad-  
vance.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be  
post paid.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are  
paid; and parties refusing papers without pay-  
ing up, will be held accountable for the sub-  
scription.

THE YORK HERALD  
Book and Job Printing  
ESTABLISHMENT.  
ORDERS for any of the undermentioned  
description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB  
WORK will be promptly attended to:—  
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LABELS,  
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAVERIES,  
BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND  
PAMPHLETS.  
And every other kind of  
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 Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards,  
Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.  
MEDICAL CARDS.  
DR. HOSTETTER,  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons  
England,  
Opposite the Elgin Mills,  
RICHMOND HILL.  
May 1, 1861. 127-1/2  
JOHN N. REID, M.D.,  
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS.,  
TORONTO.  
Consultations in the office on the mornings  
of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to  
10 a.m. If Ad Consultations in the office,  
Cath.  
Thornhill, April 9, 1862. 176

ISAAC BOWMAN, M. D.,  
Graduate of the University of Vic  
Coll. & Provincial Licentiate,  
HAS settled (permanently) at Thornhill,  
where he can be consulted at all times  
on the various branches of his profession ex-  
cept when absent on business.  
Thornhill, April 1862. 179-1/2  
LAW CARDS.  
M. TEEFY,  
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH  
CONVEYANCER, AND  
DIVISION COURT AGENT,  
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.  
GREEN'S F.S. Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,  
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and  
promptitude.  
Richmond Hill, Aug 29. 144-1/2  
A CARD.  
W. C. KEEL, Esq., of the City of Toron-  
to, has opened an office in the vil-  
lage of Aurora for the transaction of Common  
Law and Chancery Business, also, Convey-  
ancing executed with correctness and despatch.  
Division Courts attended.  
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto  
November 29, 1860. 104-1/2

Charles C. Keller,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR  
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,  
in Victoria Buildings, over the Christie office,  
Brock Street, White.  
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-  
ville, Township of Thorn, and County of  
Ontario.  
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond  
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended  
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1/2  
JAMES BOULTON, Esq.,  
Barrister,  
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.  
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1/2  
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.  
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. Township, where he hopes, by atten-  
tion to the comforts of the travelling commu-  
nity, to merit a share of their patronage and  
support. Good Stabling, &c.  
JAMES WATSON,  
Maple, July 17, 1862. 190  
George Wilson,  
(LATE FROM ENGLAND)  
Mason's 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.  
The best of Liquors and Cigars kept con-  
stantly on hand.  
The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first  
Wednesday in each month.  
Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862. 1

# The York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor. "Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popularity."  
Vol. V. No. 4. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1862. TERMS \$1 50 In Advance. Whole No. 26

HOTEL CARDS.  
RICHMOND HILL HOTEL  
RICHARD NICHOLS, Proprietor.  
A LARGE HALL is connected with this  
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,  
Dance, &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  
attendance.  
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-1/2  
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 Trav-  
ellers can desire, those who wish to stay where  
they can find every comfort are respectfully in-  
vited to give him a call.  
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,  
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1/2

YONGE STREET HOTEL,  
AURORA.  
A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors  
always on hand. Excellent Accommoda-  
tion for Travellers, Farmers, and others.  
Cigars of all brands.  
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.  
Aurora, June 6, 1861. 25-1/2  
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. 157-1/2  
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.  
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. 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. 145-1/2

THE WELL-KNOWN  
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,  
Formerly kept by William Holph,  
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. 125-1/2  
JOS. GREGOR'S  
Fountain Restaurant :  
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.  
Lunch every day from 11 till 2.  
Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c  
always on hand. Suppers for Private Parties got  
up in the best style.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2  
NEWBIGGING HOUSE,  
1 AYE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32  
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per  
day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars  
and Bouts.  
W. NEWBIGGING,  
Proprietor.  
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1/2

YORK MILLS HOTEL,  
YONGE STREET,  
THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he  
has leased the above hotel, and having  
fitted it up in the best style travellers may  
rely upon having every comfort and attention  
at this first class house.  
Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler al-  
ways in attendance.  
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor,  
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1/2  
Wellington Hotel, Aurora :  
OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.  
GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.  
A LARGE and Commodious Hotel 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 them-  
selves and horses.  
N.B.—A careful and always in attendance  
Aurora Station, April 1861. 125-1/2

THOMAS SEDMAN,  
Carriage and Wagon  
MAKER,  
UNDERTAKER  
&c. &c. &c.  
Residence—Nearly opposite Post Office,  
Richmond Hill.  
March 14, 1862. 172-1/2

Poetry.  
A WOMAN'S QUESTION.  
Before I trust my Fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy Future give  
Colour and form to mine,  
Before I part all for thee, question thy soul to-  
night for me,  
I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret,  
Is there one link within the Past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I  
can pledge to thee?  
Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouched, unshaken by mine,  
If, as at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all  
is lost,  
Look deeper still, if thou canst feel,  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole;  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true  
mercy tell me so.  
Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine can not fulfil,  
One cord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole  
life will wither and decay.  
Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon spirit Change?  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange;  
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my  
heart against thy own,  
Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to thy claim,  
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,  
Thou hadst—hadst in blame?  
Some sooth thy conscience tells: but thou  
wilt surely warn and save me now,  
Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yes! I would spare thee all remorse,  
So, comfort us, my Fate—  
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I  
would risk it all.

Literature.  
ABIJAH BEANPOLE:  
OR  
THE STOREKEEPER.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS SLIMMENS.'  
(From Godey's Magazine,  
(Continued from our last.)  
She wore a saucy-lookin' jacket  
—Zouave's, I believe, is the name  
of 'em—trimmed off with black vel-  
vet; under that a white fixin', all  
embroidered, with under-sleeves  
and gold bracelets, and a silk skirt,  
plenty good enough for a party.—  
It took the shine of Kitty's pink  
calico, though I knew I ought to be  
ashamed of myself for thinkin' so.  
I made up my mind if I got better  
acquainted with the widow, I'd ask  
her for the pattern for a sister of  
mine, so Kitty could purty herself  
up when I got back. It did not  
strike me at that time that such  
kind of things would be out of their  
sphere, as the women folks say,  
churning, washing dishes, and bak-  
ing pies which Kitty was so clever  
at. When the widow offered me  
the butter I noticed what beautiful  
hands she had: a wedding ring and  
a mourning ring on the third  
finger. Now I'd calculated to get  
along the first year me and Kitty  
set up housekeeping without any  
hired girl, which was common for  
young people in the country, but  
then soft white hands set me to  
thinking maybe I'd better hire a girl  
to do the rough work, so's to let  
Kitty's hands a chance. I was get-  
ting dreadful extravagant notions  
staying in New York city; my two  
thousand dollars didn't look any big-  
ger than two hundred before I left  
home. Mrs. Mousstrap was as  
gay and lively as if she'd never  
shed a tear in her life, yet she'd  
come within an ace of blubbering  
right out on my shoulder the even-  
ing before, she felt so bad at some-  
thing; I never precisely made out  
what. That disagreeable hired girl  
of hers wasn't around to bother  
her; I heard her tell a waiter to  
carry Miss Arabella's breakfast up  
to her room. All the boarders  
indeed seemed in excellent spirits,  
passing sly jokes around the table,  
and all were extra perlit to see  
The young man that sat next  
me on the left side—a very nice  
young man with a pale face,  
nice clothes—said to me  
that he hoped Ed had

time while I staid among them,  
and escape all the 'traps' set to  
catch the unwary. I told him I  
reckoned I could take care of my-  
self. Another one asked me how  
I liked 'the Barhantrass.' I told  
him I hadn't been to the theatre—  
I'd promised father not to go; and  
then he laughed and said it was not  
necessary to go to Niblo's to see  
the Enchantress—that they had  
one especially engaged to act,  
morning, noon, and night, at this  
private boarding-house. The land-  
lady said, 'Tut, tut, Mr. Brown,'  
and shook her head; the widow  
gave him a look that I should  
a-thought would have made him  
feel rather crawly; but the next  
minute she was sweeter than new  
milk, and said  
'It's perfectly surprising, Mr.  
Beanpole, to meet a young gentle-  
man who considers it worth while  
to respect his father's opinions.—  
Don't go to the theatre! Really,  
you must be a model—I was going  
to say, almost an angel! One  
could repose so much confidence in  
a person of such character!'  
'I'd never been called anything  
like an angel before, and didn't  
know that I resembled one; so I  
blushed up to the roots of my hair  
and looked foolish, wondering why  
Kitty had never discovered my  
seraphic tendencies when this hand-  
some stranger had found 'em out so  
quick.  
'She's already 'reposing confi-  
dence' her ready affections are  
beginning to twine around the Bean-  
pole,' I heard the pale young man  
whispering to some one next to  
him.  
I was so mad I could have  
kicked him under the table, insu-  
rating such things about that unpro-  
tected female widow, with no one  
to take her part—to say nothing of  
the familiar use he made of my  
own name, which I don't allow  
most people's, and I wasn't brought  
up to be ashamed of it.  
After breakfast I went down to  
the lower part of the city to see  
about buying my groceries. I  
wanted to get 'em shipped so's  
they'd be home before me. I  
found things rix orfully; tea, sugar,  
and coffee was way up, so that the  
few hundred dollars I reckoned to  
lay out in that way didn't seem to  
go any distance in getting up a  
stock. It scarcely took an hour to  
buy what I'd calculated on in that  
line; and then not knowing how to  
pass the rest of the sugar, I sat down  
on a hoghead of sugar and took  
out my list of small fixings. Mot-  
ter had charged me to be very  
particular to get all the little things,  
—they was what made a store pop-  
ulous, she said. Spice, combs,  
soothing-syrup (if I should forget  
that all the babies in Beauville  
would cry out against me) shoe-  
blackening, nails, corset-laces, snuff  
(if I didn't get a good quantity of  
the two last mentioned I'd be sure  
to lose Miss Snuff's petterage,  
and she had money to spend, if she  
was an old maid), rhubarb, writin'-  
paper, peppermint-drops, needles  
and pins, coffee-mills, axes and  
hoses, artificials, buttons, bonnet-  
strings, brimstone, candle-snuffers,  
powder and shot, clothes-lines, ze-  
phyr-worsted (every possible shade,  
for the Squire's daughter was do-  
ing her piece for the State-fair, and  
I'd make a mortal enemy of her if  
I left out a single hue), Brandoth's  
pills, a good assortment of thread,  
a few spelling and reading books,  
tape, turpentine, hoop skirts, (the  
bigger the hoops the faster they'd  
go off) suspenders, thimbles—well,  
I saw at once that I'd got myself into  
business, and so it turned out. I  
got so tired walking about with my  
new tight boots on, and 'twas get-  
ting along towards dinner-time (as  
they call it in the 'city—supper, I  
should say), and I'd had nothing to  
eat but a slice of pin-apple stuck  
in candy, and a quart of tea-nots,  
that I just give up of over-getting  
through, and bought the stock-in-  
trade, basket and all, for a small boy  
at the corner of St., who  
was hollow-headed and blubbering  
and shakin' his head in a night-  
cap, and I went home with my  
self, and I went to the church with my land-  
lady, and in the afternoon Mister  
Jones advised me to take a walk up  
and down Fifth Avenue and see the  
the 'chaps doing it up brown a-  
company, 'em themselves off before them  
the glass windows, with the girls  
we return of the curtains admiring 'em.  
As a good idea, and I consented.

'I'll be your cicerone,' said he.—  
'Sissy who?' I asked, not makin'  
out what he said. 'Your chaperon,  
Mr. Beanpole,' he replied. 'What  
chap azzed?' I asked, again, a little  
puzzled. 'I'll go with you and  
show you the street and the peo-  
ple.' 'Obliged to you,' says I;  
'come along, my friend; you'd bet-  
ter calculate I'll see what's to be  
seen without any help, after we get  
there, but I'll be tickled with your  
company.' So we started out, and  
after walking a pretty smart ways  
we came into the Avenue.  
Jemi-ma! did you ever see a  
string of ganders walking along be-  
side a mill-pond and turpin' their  
heads to see their own beautiful  
necks in the water? Well, they  
just reminded me of that, only these  
geese was a looking to see if they  
was looked at. I began to whistle;  
I'd whistled a hull worse of Yankee  
Doodle before I remembered it was  
Sunday, when I shut off sudden;  
but as my feelings overpowered me  
I was obliged to give vent to 'em,  
or burst, so I changed the tune to  
Old Hundred, and kept up a soft  
kind of whistle that acted as a  
safety-valve to my excited emotions.  
'Low, my lute, breathe low,' re-  
marked Mister Jones. 'Now if you  
could find a good piece of pine and  
go to whittlin', you'd be all right;  
you'd astonish the natives almost  
as much as they astonish you. Whis-  
tlin' and whittlin' are favorite  
amusements in the country, are  
they not, Mr. Beanpole?'  
'Wall, yes,' said I; 'air's plenty  
and timber's cheap; and then there's  
swappin' jack-knives. You see we  
hav'n't any billiard tables to do our  
genteel gamblin' in, nor no nice  
place to walk up and down like a  
flock of peacocks a-spreadin' our  
fine feathers for the winnow-folks  
to admire, so we do rathar depend  
on them two for greasing the  
wheels of time.'  
He hemmed as it there was  
some'thin' in his throat; he'd been  
out ruther late the night before, for  
which I oughter be thankful, as it  
was the means of saying me to  
Kitty and further usefulness in the  
sphere of my ambition as storekeeper.  
Just then a couple of young fellows,  
got up in the highest style of the  
art, passed by, arm in arm; they  
bowed and smiled very deep—  
they were my acquaintances at the  
St. Nicholas, who took me to the  
Opera.  
'Do you know them?' asked Mr.  
Jones, rather surprised.  
'Partiklar friends of mine,' says  
I, carelessly.  
He said some'thin' else, but what  
it was I've no more idea, nor never  
had, than the man in the moon; I  
had stopped stun still and was  
startin' into a window. One of the  
hired girls had just opened the in-  
side shutter, and a young lady had  
stepped out and looked out a minit;  
it was only a minit, for I expect my  
stoppin' made her back out again;  
but that minit was sufficient to  
change the current of Bijah Bean-  
pole's feelings as slick as if they'd  
been damned by a tree fallin' in  
'em—kersouse! I'd always had the  
name of being too susceptible,  
which was one of the things Kitty  
threw in my face whenever she and I  
quarrelled; though goodness knows  
I was in right down sober earnest  
when I made love to her; and if  
anybody had said I'd ever been Jed  
away by any other woman's pretty  
face I'd fit him till he took it back.  
But then I hadn't seen the lovely  
apparition which beamed upon me  
between them expensive lace-cur-  
tains like a—like a chandelier  
through the gauzy stuff they put  
over it in summer to protect it from  
flies.  
I was struck all of a heap. Kitty  
couldn't any more hold a candle to  
her than a hollyhock could to a rose.  
I don't know whether it was her  
looks, or her clothes, or her mo-  
tions, or the whole 'two longs  
sample,' as Mister Jones called it  
in French, which did up the job so  
completely—it matters not—it was  
done! I had seen her, and there I  
stood as if I'd stepped on shunmaker's  
wax and stuck.  
(To be concluded in our next.)

'Your son is coming home, is he not?'  
'Yes, he is.'  
'How is he coming?'  
'On a far-long.'  
'What kind of a thing is that?'  
'Don't know, 'cept they say it will travel  
faster nor a horse.'

Go to the devil, do!' cried the enrag-  
ed Lord Thurlow to his servant; 'go, I  
say, to the devil!' 'Give me a character,  
my lord,' replied the fellow dryly, 'you  
know people like to have characters from  
their acquaintances.'  
An Irish gentleman, in company, a few  
nights since, observing that the lights were  
so dim as only to render darkness visible,  
called out, lustily, 'Here, waiter, let me  
have a couple of decent candles, that I  
may see how those others burn.'  
A popular author gives the following  
advice to wives:—'Should you find it  
necessary, as many of you undoubtedly will,  
to chastise your husband, you should per-  
form this affectionate duty with the soft  
end of the broom and not with the handle.'  
DOMESTIC SWEATMEATS.—It is a sin-  
gular fact that many ladies who know how  
to preserve everything else can't preserve  
their tempers. Yet it may easily be done  
on the self-sealing principle. It is only  
to 'keep the mouth of the vessel closed.'  
AS MUCH FOR ONE AS FOR THE OTHER.  
—A man who had been teased to death  
for many years by a virago of a wife, when  
she died, had the following inscription en-  
graved upon the headstone of her grave  
—'Here lies my wife, and heaven knows,  
not less for mine than her own repose.'

'I was so mad I could have  
kicked him under the table, insu-  
rating such things about that unpro-  
tected female widow, with no one  
to take her part—to say nothing of  
the familiar use he made of my  
own name, which I don't allow  
most people's, and I wasn't brought  
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(if I didn't get a good quantity of  
the two last mentioned I'd be sure  
to lose Miss Snuff's petterage,  
and she had money to spend, if she  
was an old maid), rhubarb, writin'-  
paper, peppermint-drops, needles  
and pins, coffee-mills, axes and  
hoses, artificials, buttons, bonnet-  
strings, brimstone, candle-snuffers,  
powder and shot, clothes-lines, ze-  
phyr-worsted (every possible shade,  
for the Squire's daughter was do-  
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