

The York Herald

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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."

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1863.

Whole No. 214.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL... RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

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.

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.

Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

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.

Hunter's Hotel, Deutches Caschau,

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.

W. WESTHAL, Corner of Church and Stanley Sts., Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861.

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

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor.

Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance.

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

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

IF Soaps, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c always on hand.

NEWBICING HOUSE, 171 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$4 per day

W. NEWBICING, Proprietor.

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET,

THE Subscriber begs to inform 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.

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

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.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER.

UNDERTAKER, &c. &c. &c. Residence—Near opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill

March 14, 1862.

Good Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers.

The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.

Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862.

Poetry.

NAY, JOHN.

TO BE RECITED BY A LITTLE BOY OR GIRL.

Nay, John! Nay, John! that's what you must say, John, Whenever you are asked to drink or you'll be led astray, John.

Think, John! Think, John! What a thing is drink, John? From bad to worse, it mostly leads to death;

And when you recommend the pledge, will patch up some excuse, John! Many drink because they're cold,

Never touch and never taste, but always answer 'Nay,' John! If they ask you only just To taste a little drop, John,

A drunken man in all the world, has most of grief and woe, John? Then on the land, or on the sea,

Sure enough! They played Money-musk, she and I took our places to the head, a few other couples, smiling and whispering,

Literature.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE: OR THE STOREKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS SLIMMENS.'

'Was that her father? I whispered to my friend, anxious to be making out the family I was so interested in.

'Not exactly,' said he, his face red with laughing with his handkerchief in his mouth. 'You'll get along first-rate, only don't shake hands with the waiter next time.'

'So far as I know,' said I, getting very warm and nervous. 'What happened during the next three minutes I can't say. I never came to myself till Miss Goldplate's smile fell on me like sunshine on a milk-pan set out to scald, and I found myself trying to bow like Jones.'

'I'm pretty well, I thank you.—How are you?' I said, without the least idea of what she'd been saying; and as for her father, who was standing beside her, he pretended not to see my hand when I held it out, and was very stiff indeed.

rate, and keep a constant view of the lovely being who had made me false to Kitty. Her hair was as soft and smooth as black satin, her skin looked as if the sun or wind had never touched it.

was extra nice, and I drank it all. 'Take another,' says he; 'it won't hurt you a particle to drink a pitcherful of that mild cider. Don't be bashful; there's plenty of it.'

mouth when I saw the well-known candle shining out of the sitting-room window. I'd forgot all about Miss Goldplate; my mind was so on stealin' unbeknown into Kitty's presence.

I believe me and Jones had a stupid ride home; but I don't remember the particulars. I waked up late the next mornin', with the headache severely.

'What's wrong?' said I, setting up in bed, and rubbing my head. 'Well,' said he, 'I s'pose the fact is that cider you drank was champagne, and not being used to it, it upset you.'

When it crawled through my hair all that I must have done to make myself ridiculous, and that I was ruined forever in the estimation of that beautiful being, I give a groan of despair.

As soon as it was dark I set out to surprise Kitty. Ma said she'd been very much cast down; so to comfort her still more I took along the presents I'd bought her; and a good lot of them there was—a broostpin, a gold pencil, two dresses, enough ribbon to trim a bonnet, a pound of candy, and several trifles. I wore my York hat and suit of clothes, just to show 'em to her. My heart came up in my

mouth when I saw the well-known candle shining out of the sitting-room window. I'd forgot all about Miss Goldplate; my mind was so on stealin' unbeknown into Kitty's presence.

'You needn't look so mad,' said Reub, coolly. 'Kitty's thought better of it, and concluded to take me.'

'O, 'Bjah,' stammered Kitty.—'I heard you lost all your money, and I knew of course you couldn't keep store or afford to get married. So I—'

'I don't wonder you fell, Miss Goldplate,' I said; 'it's the damned floor, I'm sure. It threw me, too. It's pitchin' about like a ship in a storm. What's the matter with it?'

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COURTESY.

Courtesy is not merely an observance of the conventionalities of society; it is in reality founded on common sense and manly feeling.

An uncourteous man is one of the greatest bores in the world. He offends everybody, and instead of being treated with kindness and consideration by his neighbor, he is generally intensely disliked, and no language is sufficiently strong to express his demerits.

A well educated man is generally courteous. The fact of his mind being liberalised teaches him the necessity of exercising his virtue. Benevolent men are always courteous; the desire to give pleasure to others is sufficient inducement for them to cultivate this good quality.

It is just as easy to be courteous as the reverse. This time has gone by when bluntness was taken for a sign of honesty. It has found that dishonest men can be blunt and rude as well as honest men; and compliments of deference to the feelings of others have ceased to be a mark of insincerity.

A person who is habitually discourteous, generally possesses but little sensibility, and he cares nothing for wounding the feelings of others, excusing himself by saying that he only speaks about what he thinks; that is, to put forth his own private opinion, whatever it might be, no matter whether it would wound the feelings of his dearest friend.

Of course, if a person's opinion is requested, he must tell the truth; but even that, can be done in courteous language which will wound no one. If courtesy were more generally practiced, it would be productive of the best results. Mutual civility among other classes of society would be found a potent remedy for more than half the social evils that now oppress us.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness.—They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and moving among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an ice-berg surrounded by its broken fragments.—There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart.

LIST OF 'MAN'S RIGHTS.'

It is a man's right to be cheerful and happy when he returns from business to a bright fireside, thus showing his appreciation of his wife's endeavours to please him.

It is a man's right, when annoyed, to turn with confidence to his wife, ready and willing to be soothed and comforted by her.

It is a man's right, should his linen be overlooked occasionally, in consequence of pressing demands, either of business or family, to kindly mention the deficiency, ready himself to find an excuse for it.

It is a man's right to see that his wife is respectfully attired, before emptying his purse for any young lady who asks assistance for a bazaar, or giving his money to aid temperance pic-nics, or other such follies, without the least benefit accruing to himself.

It is a man's right to see that his wife has recreations necessary for her health, even as he studies his own.

It is a man's right to assist his wife in the discharge of her duties to her children, by his generous disposition and consistent adherence to good, sound principles.

It is a man's right to consult his wife's wishes; or if that is sometimes impossible, to show a willingness to make as light as possible the extra trouble she must endure for his pleasure.

It is a man's right to provide for his wife as sparingly as he provides for himself.

And finally, it is a man's right to be a man, without stooping to the undignified position of finding fault with his wife, when troubles annoy his little mind.

Such men, instead of making slaves of their wives, would make companions of them, thus placing them in the most noble position to which they aspire, and for which their Maker purposed them.

FEDERAL CIRCUMLOCUTION.—How not to do it! was a disagreeable common saying during the Crimean War, when the impediments and miseries of our English 'Circumlocution office' were being illustrated by the sacrifice of thousands of pounds and hundreds of human lives.

The worst histories of that period, including even that of the recovery of the walking stick that was accidentally left in one of the establishments under the management of the Admiralty, is left far in the rear by the following illustration of the Republican 'round about way' of doing things in the Federal army, as reported in the American papers.

A day or two ago, says the American papers, an unprosperous darkey waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of one dollar and fifteen cents, for washing done at the Camp Hospital, which after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity:

'This bill,' said the military gentleman, 'will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster-General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant-General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval. The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of the State, who will approve of it, and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasurer, who will at once despatch the order to the Collector of this port to pay the bill.'

'The darkey relieved himself with a long drawn sigh.

'Then massa,' he remarked, 'dat fast gembian you spoke of pays for de washing, does he?'

'No,' continued the other, 'he will hand it to the Quartermaster; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved of by the senate. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Collector, and demand the funds.—You will then call upon him; he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt.'

The unfortunate nigger scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said—

'I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu!'

There is only one lady at whose funeral there should be general rejoicing. When we bury Annie-Mosley, a regular jollification would not be inappropriate.

An Irishman on applying for relief, and being told to work for his living replied, 'If I had all the work in the world I couldn't do it.'

THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.—Passing round on the opposite side of a lady when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.