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JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF VANCE & COLBURN STS., THORNHILL.

B. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur. HAS again returned to ALMIRA MILLS where he can be consulted on the various branches of his profession.

ISAAC BOWMAN, M. D., Graduate of the University of Vic Coll. & Provincial Licentiate.

LAW CARDS. M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, (By Royal Authority), COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT.

A CARD. W. C. KEELER, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office, 4 Victoria Buildings, over the Chevalier's office, Brock Street, Whitby.

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

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple.

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

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill, March 14, 1860.

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

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1863.

Whole No. 238.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, 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 Casinhaus. 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.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly 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.

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.

NEWBICGING HOUSE, LATE Clarence Hotel, No. 23, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per week. Always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.

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 his first class house.

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 hotel of Toronto.

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Poetry.

IF LOVE SHOULD COME AGAIN. If Love should come again, I ask my heart

In tender remors, nor vexed with pain, Couldst thou be calm, nor feel thine ancient smart.

If Love should come again? Couldst thou unbar the chambers where his nest

So long was made, and made, alas! in vain. Nor with embarrassed welcome chill thy guest,

If Love should come again? Would Love his ruined quarters recognize,

Where shrouded pictures of the Past remain? And gently turn them with forgiving eyes,

If Love should come again? Would bliss, in milder type, spring up anew,

As silent enters with the scarlet stain? Of flowers repeat the lava's ancient hue,

If Love should come again? Would Fate, relenting, sheathe the cruel blade

Wherewith the angel of the youth was slain? That thou might'st all possess him, unafraid,

If Love should come again? In vain I ask: my heart makes no reply,

But echoes evermore the sweet refrain: 'Till, trembling, lest it seem a wish, I sigh: If Love should come again!

Literature.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSJO. BY THE LATE D. M. MOIR (DELTA).

(From Good Words.)

(Continued from our last.)

'Well Margaret,' said the curate, 'I heartily rejoice with you that he has thus far escaped them; and let us hope the best for the future.'

'Did he not mention Regner Beron?' added Margaret, with somewhat of a sheepish look, as if the question did some little violence to her bashfulness.

'Ah! father, you might have asked somewhat about him; you know that he is somewhat related to us by blood; and that he was born in our district, and was my playmate when we were young, very young, and happy creatures.'

'To be sure now he is a soldier, or lately was, and it is difficult to say for whom, or against whom, he carries arms. I hope, for old acquaintance' sake, that Heaven has directed him.'

'Tuts, child,' said the curate; 'have you not forgotten that idle forester yet? It were better for him to have kept at shooting his snipes and woodcocks, his white hares and brown foxes, than to have taken up a trade about which he knew less; when his only likely reward was the getting his neck in jeopardy, whichever way he decided. Don't you think so?'

'Then you think he did wrong, father?'

'Come, come,' said the curate, as he turned from her with a smile; 'tis but an hour from midnight; let us prepare for rest—and let us mind our own matters; leaving others to judge for themselves, and committing the care of our state to Him who sent the ravens to Elisha; and armed with destruction the pebble that, slung from the arm of a shepherd boy, smote the forehead of the deriding Philistine.'

III.

If the sleep of the stranger in the chapel, surrounded with many a ghastly monument of human decay, was soothing and sound, full of refreshment, that of Margaret, in the endearing home of her parent, was far from being so.

She now dreamt of the stranger—of his tall and portly appearance, of the impressive dignity of his countenance, undimmed by the cloud that overhung his brow—of the mysterious alteration, for so it seemed, with her father, and of his sequestered abode in the old church.

Now she dreamt that Regner Beron was returned to the name of his childhood; and that she wandered with him amid the woods, beside the old castle of his ancestors, on whose tall grey tower, as of yore, the wallflower sprinkled its yellow blossoms, and the wild-pigeons cooed, basking themselves in the pleasant sunshine.

Again she thought that she stood by her own door, in the mellow glow of autumnal evening, watching his return from his sylvan sports, with his heavy game-pouch at his side, and his faithful black hound Grotten nudging behind him.

Again the vision changing, she ate with him in her father's church, while now and then his eloquent glances told her that her image divided the em-

pire of his thoughts with better things; while suddenly, the figures dying away, she beheld him with his sword buckled upon his side, and his staff in his hand, as on that morning when he bade adieu to her at the door of her home, and lingered, with the latch of the gate between his fingers, to cast a last fond glance on her, still loitering at the threshold step.

So passed over the greater portion of the night. The early flush of dawn tinged her eastward-looking lattice with crimson, and the salute of the already awakened thrush greeted her ere her feelings were more completely quenched in slumber.

This quiet repose she did not, however, long enjoy, for the abrupt opening of her chamber-door in a short time startled her.

'Not yet awake, child?' said her father, as he entered, buttoning his large shaggy cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat slouched over his ears to protect him from the chill air.

'I am sent for to visit old Magnus Vere, who, it seems, has been wantonly wounded by some villains who, in the name of the Danish government, have been overnight searching his house, in the hopes of discovering some particular Stockholm fugitives whom they have traced to his neighbourhood. Good morrow, Margaret—It seems I must hurry on, if I wish to see him in life, for he cannot last above a few hours.'

'O, monsters!' said Margaret; 'to murder a good, harmless old man, who must have been innocent of all crime against church or state, in the mere wantonness of disappointed bloodthirstiness. Who knows, father, what may yet be our own fate?'

'Let us do our duty, Margaret; trusting in heaven. Let us fear God, and have no other fear.'

'For old soul! Poor old Magnus Vere! shall I, then, never see him more? It was but last week he brought me branches of evergreen to deck our dwelling! All last summer he brought me bunches of beautiful flowers from his garden—such flowers as are not to be found elsewhere all the country round. And the pot of honey last September!—Ah! the kind old man, he never forgot us, father; he was always finding out something he thought would please us.'

'Well, Margaret, let me not forget him. Nor do you forget to carry breakfast sometimes to our stranger in the church. Make not the smallest ado about the matter; but let silence and secrecy go hand in hand.'

'Oh! stay but for a moment, father. How shall I communicate this dreadful business to our poor Katherine? It will go far, I fear, to break her heart, for she loves her old parent most tenderly.'

'That misery is saved you, Margaret, as she herself received the messenger, and is by this time at her father's bedside. So, good morrow, again,—and again see that you neglect not our guest. Tell him the cause of my absence. I will be back betimes. Good morrow, child.'

Margaret lay for a little, absorbed in melancholy, pondering over the terrible vicissitudes of mortal life. She realised the slenderness of our hopes of happiness, and felt how, in an hour, the paradise of this world may be left to us desolate.

Her mother was with the dead; she had small remembrance of her, for she had been summoned away while yet she was but four summers old; but she took a delight in the mournful outcry of keeping her grave-turf free from weeds, and scattering over it the earliest flowers of the spring. Her father was now rapidly declining into the vale of years; and, in the course of nature, a separation might not be very distant; but the troubled state of her native land filled her bosom with additional fears.

'Last night,' she said to herself, 'Katherine chatted and laughed with me, a merry creature. She lay down on her pillow in happiness; she hath risen up from it in sorrow. She had then a father, as I have now—alas! how fares it with her at this present moment?' and here she wiped away the large drops that rushed burning over her cheeks.

The good curate was in the meanwhile pursuing his journey; but ere he reached the cottage of Magnus Vere, the wife and daughter were looking along the road, wearying for his approach—and no wagon-

der; for immediately on his entering he perceived, from the features of the old man, that the wounds he had received were mortal, and that a few hours must probably terminate the struggle. Magnus was, however, still sensible, and told his story with simple distinctness.

It seems, on the previous afternoon, one well known to them both, Regner Beron, the son of Magnus' old master, had, in disguise, come to the cottage, soliciting a night's lodging. This having been freely granted, he had in the course of the evening disclosed himself, informing the family, in whom he reposed the strictest confidence, that he had travelled for a long way over the mountains in company with another fugitive, whom he had brought to that part of the country for greater security, and directed for shelter for the night to the dwelling of the curate.

It fell out, however, just as they were preparing to retire to rest, that the sound of horses' feet approaching created an alarm; and that Beron, stealing cautiously to the door, had recognised the party, though in the dusk, as the Danish dragoons, who were in search among the hills for the proscribed fugitives, particularly for some of the nobles who were presumed to have taken that direction—and his ready perception saved his life; for he had succeeded in concealing himself amid a rick of hay by the side of the door, till the entrance of the pursuers enabled him to make off unperceived to the woods.

Unfortunately, however, for the fate of his host, he had, in his precipitation, left his cloak behind. It was recognised, and the search proving ineffectual, the party threatened instant death to Magnus if he did not on the instant give up the refugee into their hands. On finding that this could not be accomplished, the ruffians indignantly swore that they would leave him on his own floor for dead, weltering in his blood.

The curate found that he had come just in time to administer the last consolations of religion, for in a little while he remarked the long-drawn, heavy breathing, the paling cheek, and the glazing eye of the old man; and as he felt the fluttering pulse, he observed the cloud of death mantling him around silently and almost imperceptibly, as the dews of night congeal, harden, and crust over the green leaf in the early frost of morning.

The latest request of the old man before he died was, that the curate should exercise the same care over his daughter as he had hitherto done; and that, in her young and inexperienced years, he should be her guardian and protector.

Before the event had taken place which left the wife of old Magnus a widow, and his daughter an orphan, Margaret had been busying herself, in preparations for breakfasting their hidden guest. She felt a degree of timid reluctance to set out on her walk, but her scruples were overcome by a sense of duty, though when she turned the key in the old grating lock of the church door, her heart fluttered like that of a newly-caught bird.

The stranger, who was already engaged in looking over some papers that lay scattered on the little table before him, crumpled them up into a heap at her approach, and rising from his seat wished her a good morning with a smiling countenance, which showed to Margaret at once that neither Kirkegrin, the spirit of the church, nor any other of the unearthly wanderers of night, had paid him a visit in his lonely sleeping place. His erect and gallant demeanour, the nobleness of his features, the portliness of his step, and the grace attendant on every movement, made her conscious at once that the person before whom she stood was no common man, and aved her in a moment into a reserve that was scarcely keeping with the gentle openness of her nature. But the breath of a few passing words served to clear away the chilling cloud of restraint, for the stranger was one in whom benignity of disposition was conjoined with gentility of manners, a conjunction which is often to be met with, and ought always to be inseparable; so in a little she was asking questions, and he answering them in the flow of conversation, with the unreserved confidence of old acquaintance.

There was one topic, however,

which she kept aloof from, though it more than once trembled on her tongue. Sometimes she hoped he might stumble upon it; and sometimes she resolved to question boldly. In this she was disappointed; in that she disappointed herself. Need we say that the subject was Regner Beron?

IV.

Some hours passed over in solitude, and save the murmur of the daws that fluttered about the roof, in the crevices of which they had probably nestled their summer young, all living sounds were silent. The only light of the sacristy dived in through two narrow slits near the roof, so that it served only to show him the progress of time, as the lazy sunbeams crawled slowly from west to east along the opposite wall. Communion with his own thoughts was, however, a subject with which the stranger had been long and intimately conversant; and he was lost in a reverie of the past or the future at the instant when the grating of the church door awakened him up, with the warning that some one approached. It was the curate.

'Good day,' said the reverend man, on entering. 'I am late in coming to you, and I fear you have been somewhat impatient. But I have been delayed in the execution of a mournful office. I have been closing the eyes of an honest and old friend—and then he repeated the catastrophe which had happened, and the escape of Beron.'

'Then he has escaped safely?' cried the stranger, starting from his seat, and looking anxiously at the curate. 'I trust in Heaven it may be so.'

'So it is hoped—at least no harm has overtaken him, so far as is known. I know his acquaintance with the mountain passes hereabouts; nor can he be followed in them by his pursuers, without the assistance of our native guides, whom they shall find unwilling, or find not at all. He has taken to the hills, I doubt not; and if so, I entertain no fears of his having eluded them.'

'I rejoice at it sincerely,' said the stranger, resuming his seat with more composure. 'Should it be otherwise, I vow to Heaven—'

'Make no rash vows,' said the curate, interrupting him; 'especially when the blood of man is so likely to be spilt in their fulfilment.'

'Ah!' resumed the stranger, 'you think me impetuous—probably I am so. But know you how valuable the life of Regner Beron is to our cause? Know you the importance of the commissions with which he is entrusted? Know you that the soul of our country may in a manner be said to be in this moment in his hands? you would sympathise in my irritability, and overlook my rashness. Speaking with regard to myself, I, too, have a deep personal interest in his fate; for he was once the means of rescuing me from destruction at a moment of the most imminent peril, when we fought together under the standards of the same regiment.'

'I rejoice to hear,' said the curate, 'for the honour of our poor district, that one of our sons has been conducting himself as he ought.'

'It was he, too,' continued the stranger, 'who conducted me to this comfortable asylum, where I have found more indeed than he even promised me.'

'Talk not of that,' said the curate. 'Heaven prospers the right cause, and all may yet be well.—You said that Beron was to journey to Nova;—I have no doubt that he is already far on his way thither.'

'And the poor old man who has innocently suffered in our cause?' said the stranger, not a little affected. 'It is dreadful that our safety cannot be effected but by throwing our protectors into danger, making the exercise of hospitality a risk, and Christian charity a crime beyond the pale of forgiveness.'

'Terrible, terrible indeed,' said the curate. 'But let us live in the prospect of better days. Winter lasts not all the year round; and the volcano ceases to range when its fires have burnt themselves away. You say that you have seen service in the army; but tush— I fear my curiosity is impertinent. We mountaineers are proverbially fond of prying into other folks' business; but—'

(To be continued.)

BAD FOR THE BACHELORS.—Why is a single man likely to catch cold before a married man? Because he 'stands first in the draft.'

CARBONATE OF MAGNESIA is recommended as a sure remedy to remove grease spots from silk. It should be spread above and below the spot, which should then be exposed to the sun.

HARD CEMENTS.—The following cement has been used with success in covering terraces, lining cisterns and uniting stone flagging:—Take 90 parts by weight of well-burned brick reduced to powder, and 7 parts litharge, mix them together and render them plastic with linseed oil.

RHEUMATISM.—The following receipt for the cure of rheumatism was published some time ago in the Country Gentleman:—

'Bathe the parts affected with water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne just before going to bed; by the next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate rheumatic pains.' Several persons have recently testified to the value of the above remedy.

A BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Cover the bottom and sides of a deep dish with moderately thick slices of bread, thinly spread with butter, and then fill the dish with any kind of sweetmeats. Over this place another layer of bread and butter, and let the dish stand until the bread is thoroughly soaked with the syrup. Make a custard and pour it over the whole. Bake for about twenty minutes, and after it is cold turn it out on the dish on which it is to be served. Send to the table with a hot liquid sauce.

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment. 'Where are you from?' asked the foreman. 'America,' was the reply. 'Ah,' said the foreman, 'from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?' Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:—'Nathaniel said unto him can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see.' It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate proof so appropriate and powerful, that it gave him character and standing with all the office.

A NEGRO'S CONSOLATION WHEN FIFTY.—Mr. Waddell in his 'Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies,' says John's way of choosing a wife was peculiar. It succeeded in his case, but can hardly be recommended for general adoption. His first choice, indeed, him after he had provided the gown, hat, shoes, gloves, and whatever else was necessary to rig her out for the happy occasion; for such was the custom then, when the ladies were not easily bound. John grieved less for the loss of the fair one, however than for the marriage outfit. In due time he recovered all peaceably and was comforted. When he had time to get over the disappointment, I said to him, 'Well, John, what are you doing now about getting married?' Looking bright, he replied; 'Minister, me just look cut one now to fit the gown.'

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—L. E. Palmer, Luzerne Co., Ill., contributes the following to the American Agriculturist, and challenges any housekeeper in the country to any mode of preparing a more delicious light pudding:—One pint of nice, fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, or any sweetmeats you may prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream. It is second only to ice cream, and for some seasons better.

TO PREVENT THE ROTTING OF WOOD.—In order to prevent the rotting of wood whenever it comes in contact with the ground, such as posts and piles; a certain paint is now used which has the hardness of stone, resists dampness, and is quite cheap. It is composed as follows: Fifty parts resin, forty parts finely powdered chalk, about three hundred parts of fine, hard sand, four parts of linseed oil, one part of red oxide of lead, and one part of sulphuric acid mixed together. The resin, chalk, sand and oil are heated together, and the red lead and sulphuric acid added. They are then carefully mixed and the composition is applied while hot, and when cold and dry forms a varnish the hardness of stone. If the mixture is too thick add more linseed oil. A smaller quantity than the above can be made by using the parts in a reduced proportion.