

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired

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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. III. No. 47.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1861.

Whole No. 152.

HOTEL CARDS. Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL, GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drove Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stubs.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto, every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7 a.m., and returning at 7 p.m.

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.

Hunter's Hotel. Deutsches 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.

Albion Hotel, EAST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W. J. SMITH, Proprietor.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. WILLIAM COX, Proprietor.

JO. H. SMITH, SLAWRENCE INN, 142 KING STREET, TORONTO.

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

NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 1 AFE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per day.

Eastern Hotel, CORNER of King and George Streets, Toronto, C.W. Wm. Moxham, Proprietor.

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET. THE Subscriber begs to intimate 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.

Wellington Hotel, Aurora! GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.

Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

List to the song of the mountain stream, From its old rocky chamber springing; Hailing the earliest morning gleam; With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!

Literature.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

From the Scottish American Journal.

Of all the countless hosts of readers of Sir Walter Scott's fiction, few indeed are aware of the romantic truth of Rob Roy's history. So identical has the bold Highlander become with the character in Sir Walter's romance, that few can imagine him in any other light than as a hero of story. Yet Rob had an actual existence beyond a doubt, as many a Lowland borderer knew to his cost in the last century.

knowledge of human nature conduced to the success of his achievements.

When Rob Roy succeeded to his Highland estate, he entered readily upon all the practices usual with the chief of clans. He made raids upon those whom it was thought proper to make tributary, protected those who chose to pay for his aid, and carried off the cattle of those who were at feud with him.

The Government, which had set its face against the customs of the Highlanders, had planted a garrison in the Macgregor's territory of Inversnaid, much to the annoyance of Rob and his followers.

Turning over some volumes of old magazines, the other day, we came upon one containing a memoir of Rob Roy, in the compass of a score or so of pages. It was a long time since we had met with anything in the realms of fact so pleasantly like fiction; and in the hope that our readers may share our enjoyment, we venture to weave into a brief narrative the history of the old magazine. When the article appeared, in 1818, the world was anxiously expecting the publication of "Rob Roy." This story of his actual life was written to inform the public concerning the hero of the tale. The anecdotes are traditional, and it was believed authentic.

dochart, and ordering them to halt, demanded their despatches. Resistance was useless, the packet was given up, and having helped himself to the precious bond, the rest were restored, and the escort suffered to go on its way.

A droll story is told of an Edinburgh messenger who had undertaken to execute diligence against Rob Roy for a debt of considerable amount due by the chief to a Lowlander. The messenger set out with half-a-dozen well-armed men, to bring Rob to Stirling jail. They arrived at the public house at Balquhiddar, and inquired the way to Rob's house. The landlord, having first sent notice to Rob of their coming, and having learned their business, advised them not to go; but the advice was disregarded, and they went forward, the messenger going first to reconnoitre. Having announced himself as a stranger who had lost his way, he was politely shown by Rob into a large room. When the door was closed, the messenger found himself face to face with the stuffed skin of a man, and in not a little alarm, he asked Rob the meaning of the exhibition. Rob coolly answered, that it was the body of a rascal of a messenger who had come to the house the night before, and that he had had him killed, but had not had time to bury him.

The most inveterate enemy that Rob had to guard against was the Earl of Athol, who had long harassed his clan, and whose schemes were even more alarming than the course of the law.

The tributary impost of black mail had long prevailed in the Highlands; and though lawless and generally oppressive, the usages of many ages had sanctioned the practice of levying it, so that it was considered neither unjust nor dishonourable to exact it; and from its beneficial effects in securing the forbearance and protection of those to whom it was paid, it was usually submitted to as an indispensable measure. Under Rob Roy's rule, the tribute of black mail was extended to all classes of people, to inferior proprietors, and to every description of tenantry; but the more powerful chieftains, though they at times considered Rob as a useful auxiliary, and though their property was often subjected to spoliation, considered general submission to his levies to be too degrading to the consequence which they were anxious to maintain. Rob did certainly, as occasion required, exact what he conceived to be his due in this way, with some severity, but he often received the tax as a voluntary obligation. Of this last description was an annual payment made to him by Campbell of Abruichil. This proprietor had, however, omitted to pay Rob for several years, and at last the chief went to the proprietor's castle to demand the arrears due to him. Leaving his men at some distance, he knocked at the gate, and desired an interview with the laird. But he was told that the laird was feasting some great men and could not see strangers. "Tell him," said Rob, "that Rob Roy Macgregor is at his door, and must see him, if the King should be dining with him." The porter returned

after delivering the message, and told Rob that his master knew nothing of such a person, and desired him to depart. But Rob summoned his men by a blast on his horn, which had the effect of bringing the laird and his guests to the door, and he had commenced driving off all the cattle within reach when the laird thought it prudent to apologize for the mistaken rudeness of the porter to 'his good friend Rob Roy Macgregor,' and paying his demand they parted very good friends.

In raising the tax of black mail Rob Roy was in some measure sanctioned, if not by act of Parliament, at least by statutes of local institution, as he was for some time a contractor for assisting the police of different districts in collecting duties of a somewhat similar character. These affairs of police were nearly the same, though not constituted under the regulations, as the succeeding Black Watch—the origin of the gallant Forty-Second Regiment. Rob, who was in a great degree thus supported, openly demanded his dues of the owner of Garden Castle, which had long been withheld on various pretences. The owner being absent when Rob made his claim, he took possession of the fortress; and when the owner returned refused him admittance until he paid the price of protection. But the laird was stubborn; Rob took a child from the nursery, and on threatening to throw it from the battlements the dues were paid, and Rob restored the keys of the castle to the owner.

Against the violence and iniquity of the great proprietors, uncontrolled as they were by law and overlooked by the indifference of the Government, Rob Roy manfully and openly drew his sword. He was the champion of the poor, the orphan and the widow; using peaceful means where these would accomplish the end, but not failing to use force when necessary. Contracts of 'wadset,' as it was called, were then common in the Highlands, and many small proprietors were swallowed up by the superiors through these contracts. They were in the nature of the mortgage known on this side of the Atlantic by the vulgar but exceedingly graphic title of 'screw-argur mortgages.' Upon one of these redeemable bonds of wadset were the lands of Glengyle, when Rob Roy's nephew succeeded to them. When the bond had nearly run out a tender was made of the amount of the loan, but an excuse was made for not receiving it until the bond actually expired. The holder of the bond then sent a party to take possession of the estate in his name, and ordered young Macgregor to move in eight days. But Rob would not suffer his relative to be so cheated. He seized the lender of the money and held him until the bond was restored, and refused him payment, telling him he might be thankful to escape with a whole skin after perpetrating such an outrage. So he served an emissary of the Duke of Argyll sent to seize certain small estates. But after taking away the documents he gave the messenger a good ducking, at the same time warning him never to come in that quarter again to rob a poor man of his land.

Though Rob Roy Macgregor was conscious how little the personal virtues of the Stuart family entitled them to support, yet he considered their right to the crown as hereditary and indefeasible. When the clans, therefore, began to arm for the Pretender in 1715, he prepared the clan Gregor for the contest. His friend and patron, the Duke of Argyll, having joined the Hanoverian king, paralyzed Rob's intentions, and he remained an inactive spectator of the battle of Sheriffmuir. When the Highland army dispersed, the Macgregors remained together; and though not actually engaged in the Earl of Mar's proceedings, so daring had been their practices on their own account that in the subsequent act of indemnity the Macgregors were especially excluded from mercy, and Rob was attained as a Campbell as well as a Macgregor.

What Rob's religion was it would be difficult to determine. He was born and educated a Protestant, but converted to the Romish creed.

The fame of Rob Roy Macgregor had travelled far and over many countries. At length, worn out with the laborious vicissitudes of a restless life, he sank calmly to his end at the farm of Inverlochragbeg, among the braes of Balquhiddar, in 1740. His remains rest in the churchyard of that parish, with no other monument to mark his grave than a simple stone, on which some kindred spirit has carved a sword—Clan-Alpine's onen and her aid.

In the first years of the present century a traveler in the Highlands came into the company of the chief of the once-powerful Macgregors. He was reduced to the situation of a common farmer, and had lately sold his chieftainship to Sir George Macgregor Murray, for a sum under £100. He still wore the Highland garb, and was distinguished by the name of Gregor-Mor, or the great Gregor. When this traveler expressed surprise at his selling his chieftainship, he made this prudent reply: 'Of what consequence is it to me to be chief when I have nothing to support the rank? Sir George is rich, and will give dignity to the name; besides, he has promised to push all my sons forward in the world, which is better to them than an empty title.' This veteran being at Greenock when the Dutch ship, the Jason, anchored in the roads (being brought in by her mutinous crew), and when the whole town was in confusion at the sight of an enemy's ship moored abreast of them, he, with the true spirit of a Macgregor, ran to the magistrates and demanded arms to repel the invaders in case they should attempt to land. This, however, was not found necessary, as the Dutchmen peaceably surrendered.

LIFE ON THE TOP OF MONT BLANC.—Five German savans, and among them Professor Pictorius, are at present in the midst of the ice near the summit of Mont Blanc. They have not suffered from the cold, having taken all necessary precautions to guarantee themselves against it; but they have sustained great inconvenience from the atmosphere, and cannot succeed in satisfying their thirst. They took with them abundance of provisions, but could not eat without pain, and only desired to drink. As a protection against the reverberation of the sun on the snow, they wear a covering over the face, and their features have become so blistered that they can scarcely be recognized. According to the last accounts they would not be able to live long at the height at which they are without being subject to great changes, physical and moral. They took with them some animals, which have also suffered greatly; a cat was incapable of making any movement, and a dog for some days had ceased to bark. Some pigeons appeared to suffer less.

A ROYAL POP.—On the arrival of the first consignment of Seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the King in full court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the King drank it off.—This was the alkali, and the Royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powers lay the luxury; and the other twelve powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that would be remembered as long as Delhi was numbered among the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed—"Hold me down!" then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurring like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death; a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.