

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 impor-
tant 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
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Months two dollars will be charged.

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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, TANGERS,
AND SMALL FORMS, CIRCULARS, LAWYERS',
BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, PRICES, 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-ly

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

Consultations in the office on the mornings
of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to
10 a.m. All Consultations in the office,
Cash.
Thornhill, April 9, '62. 176

B. BOWMAN, M.D.

Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
HAS again returned to ALMIRA MILLS
where he may be consulted on the various
branches of his profession.
N.B. All calls punctually attended to except
when absent on professional business.
Almira, March 28, 1862. 207-6m

LAW CARDS.

ROBERT MARSH, J.P.
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench
CONVEYANCER, &c.

CLERK OF THE 3rd DIVISION COURT
Office, opposite RAYMOND'S HOTEL,
Richmond Hill.
Deeds, Mortgages, &c., drawn up with neat-
ness and despatch.
Business attended to at the Clerk's residence
when not in the Office.
Richmond Hill, Jan. 29, 1863. 217-ly

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

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and
promptitude. Terms moderate.
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 144-ly

A CARD.

W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Tor-
onto, has opened an office in the Vil-
lage of Aurora for the transaction of all Common
Law and Chancery Business, also, Convey-
ancing executed with correctness and dispatch.
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1862. 104-ly

Charles C. Keller,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,
in Victoria Buildings, over the Chevalier office,
Brook Street, Whitby.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-
verton, Township of Thornhill, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended
Whitby, Nov. 2, 1860 104-ly

JAMES BOULTON, Esq.

Barrister.
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 6, 1861. 119-ly

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. Vaughan, 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

DAVID EYER, Junr.,

Stave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Mark-
ham, at the Elgin Mills Plank Road.
A large Stock of Staves and Shingles kept
constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices.
If Call and examine Stock before purchas-
ing elsewhere.
Post Office Address—Richmond Hill.
February 27, 1862. 221-ly

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

Vol. V. No. 38.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1863.

Whole No. 246.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL
RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL, is connected with this
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,
Meetings, &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
waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-ly.

White Hart Inn,
RICHMOND HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that, as 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 Travel-
lers 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-ly

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors
always on hand. Excellent Accommo-
dation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.
Cigars of all brands.
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25 ly

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-ly

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.

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. 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-ly

THE WELL-KNOWN
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.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-ly

JOS. GREGOR'S

Fountain Restaurant
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.
Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.
always on hand.
Dinner and Suppers for Private Parties got
up in the best style.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-ly

NEWBICING HOUSE,

LATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per
day. Parties always in attendance at the Cars
and Boats.
W. NEWBICING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-ly

YORK MILLS OTEL,

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.
Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler al-
ways in attendance.
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-ly

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 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 ostler always in attendance
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-ly

THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Waggon
MAKER.

Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill

March 14, 1862. 172-ly

Poetry.

"MEMENTO MORI."

The leaves of the forest
May wither and die,
The flowers of beauty
Neglected may lie,
But the rose and the lily
Their sweetest perfume
Is shed o'er the dreamless
Within the dark tomb.
Life, life hath its sorrows
So keen and so deep
We may smile on the morrow
Though to-night we must weep;
And the tale of feeling,
How oft doth it rise,
As our joys and our sorrows
Come breathing in sighs.
But death—oh! the monster!
Has entered our midst,
Saddened our joyousness,
Brightened our bliss:
Snatched, snatched from the household
One flower in its bloom,
And cast it to wither
Within the dark tomb.
No moment of warning
To the doomed one was given;
Like the meteor that flasheth
Across the dim heaven.
The soul winged its flight
Ere the last groan was still,
To that mansion of beauty
On Zion's fair hill.
We may weep for the loved one
New under the sod,
But the soul shines in beauty
New borrowed from God.
Where with joy we shall meet Him
When life's from us fled,
"For they are the living
Whom we call the dead."

Literature.

DISCOVERING A MURDERER.

BY EMERSON BERNETT.

In the year of our Lord 1757, the
fashionable world of Paris was
thrown into considerable commotion
by the murder of an English gen-
tleman, Sir George Lewis, who had
been spending some months in the
gay capital, and living in princely
style. His body was found in the
Forest of Bondy, covered with blood
and wounds, and the following facts
subsequently became known to the
police.

Sir George was emphatically a
man of pleasure, and a voluptuary in
every sense of the word. He came
to Paris in company with Garrick,
the celebrated actor, whose acquaint-
ance he had made on the route, and
took furnished lodgings in the fa-
shionable Quartier de la Chausse d'
Antin, while his more humble com-
panion went elsewhere, and seldom
met him afterward. Here Sir
George, who had recently come
into possession of a very handsome
legacy, launched out into the most
extravagant expenditure, and courted
every kind of dissipation, in-
cluding of course wine, women and
gaming. The last vice drew around
him a mixed class of nobles, gentle-
men and adventurers—or sharper,
as we would term them—who, by
means of their money and profes-
sion, had got admission into society
above their social standing, and
which they otherwise would never
have reached. The man who has
a passion for gambling, is not apt to
be over particular in his associates,
and his vice naturally leads him
among those who make it a regu-
lar business. This was the case
with Sir George Lewis; and
though a gentleman, proud of his
birth, wealth and connections, he
was thus led into companionship
with men of whose antecedents
he knew nothing, and whom he
otherwise would have shunned.

Of this class was one Chevalier
Gaetan, an Italian, who being an
unprincipled fellow, of great coun-
ting, shrewdness and tact, and who
fancied he saw in the haughty, self-
willed, aristocratic, but dissipated
Englishman, a prize worthy of
every art which might eventually
bend him into a dupe, at once set
all the subtlety of his nature to
work to accomplish his purpose.
Sir George was a man verging on
fifty, with iron grey hair, and a face
that would have been repulsive for
its ugliness, only that the irregular,
and in one or two instances de-
formed, features were very expres-
sive, and the eyes especially were
often brilliant with intellectual
power. Like most of us individuals,
he was not a little vain of his per-

sonal appearance, and the insinu-
ating Italian took the earliest oppor-
tunity of throwing in a little judi-
cious flattery, in the manner least cal-
culated to excite the suspicion of
Sir George, or raise a question of
sound, discriminating judgment.—
At times he was fond of broad hu-
mor and relished a clever joke, and
the Italian managed to amuse him.
Again he delighted in saying very
clever things himself, and no one
could appreciate them more readily
and fully than the Chevalier. He
was an epicure, and the Italian was
one who might have catered for the
gods. He loved wine, and the
Chevalier procured him some of the
purest and oldest in Paris. He
adored women, and the wily fo-
reigner brought him in contact with
some of the most fascinating beau-
ties in the city.

Thus, insidiously and gradually,
the Chevalier Gaetan glided into the
external life of Sir George Lewis,
and became a sort of necessity to
his enjoyment before the unreflex-
ing knight was aware of it; and
when he did at length come to con-
sider the apparent facts of the case,
it was with such grateful feelings
as led him to call the designing vil-
lain his friend.

Meantime the Chevalier had been
at work with a deep laid scheme,
and he was now in a condition to
begin the carrying out of his plans.
One day, as he and the Knight were
riding out together, they met an
open carriage, in which sat a beau-
tiful lady, superbly dressed, and
fairly glittering with diamonds.
She bowed to the Chevalier Gaetan,
in a manner that showed he stood
high in her esteem; and this at
once caught the attention of the
gallant Sir George, who eagerly
inquired her name.

"That was none other than the
brilliant Countess Vermeil."

"I never heard of her."

"Indeed! But you are a stranger
in Paris, Sir George, and the lar-
ge Countess seldom mingles in society
now."

"Why?"

"She has a cross old husband,
who is jealous of her, and she is
amiable enough to stay at home to
please him."

"The selfish old brute!" cried
Sir George, angrily; "he ought to
have his head broke, for treating
such a sweet, charming creature in
such a boorish manner! Why don't
somebody call him out and pink
him?"

"He declines to fight."

"The confounded old coward!
the old rascal! the old villain! the
old curmudgeon! the—the—"

Sir George had worked himself
into a furious passion, and got very
red in the face, when all at once it
struck him as very ridiculous for
him to get angry at a man he had
never seen, about a matter that
concerned nobody but his own wife,
of whom he had only had a single
glimpse, and so he stopped and
burst into a hearty laugh.

"Chevalier Gaetan," he resumed,
with a leer, thrusting his elbow into
the ribs of his Italian friend,
"you're a sly old fox, you rascal!
how came you to know so much
about the countess, eh? Perhaps the
old countess has good cause for his
jealousy, eh?"

"The Italian smiled—a meaning,
expressive smile.

"Come, can't you introduce a
friend? can't you introduce me?"

"If I can ascertain when the
countess is away from home, Sir
George, I will with pleasure, and
he sometimes does go away for a
day or two," replied the other.

"Of course he does; I see it all,
you fox!"

"But I must exact one condition,
Sir George, pursued the chevalier,
gravely. You must not mention
this matter to a living soul—not
even that you ever heard the name
of Vermeil."

"Oh, I understand; all confidential,
of course; not a word from my
lips!" rejoined the knight.

A few days after this conversa-
tion, the Chevalier Gaetan privately
informed Sir George Lewis that the
countess was clear, and that he must
hold himself in readiness to accom-
pany him that night.

Together they visited the *soi dis-
ant* countess, who was only a mere
adventress, the whole story of the
Italian being a sheer fabrication.
The woman, however, understood
her part, and played it so well as to
completely deceive the unsuspecting
knight. She was really beautiful,
and understood every art of fasci-

ating, and she adroitly managed to
make Sir George understand she
was delighted with him, and put
him in raptures over what he be-
lieved to be his good fortune. She
found an opportunity to secretly
tell him of some of her troubles—
that she really disliked the jealous
old count, her husband—that she
was even then fearful of his return
at any moment, and finally exacted
a promise from him to visit her
alone whenever she should send
him a message to that effect.

This was the amount of the in-
terview. What the real scheme
was does not fully appear; but
money, of course, by persuasion or
force, was to be the result. As the
soi disant countess had taken care to
get the Chevalier Gaetan out of the
way for a few minutes, and then
charge Sir George to be sure and
come alone when she should send
for him, and not for the world to
divulge this arrangement to a living
soul, of course he could not question
the Italian about the matter, but
was compelled to wait, in anxious,
silent expectation, with what pa-
tience he could.

Days and even weeks passed
away before the knight received the
promised message from the lady;
and then he was away from home,
at the chateau of a nobleman, in the
environs of the Forest of Bondy,
where he was expecting to remain
for some time. This nobleman
being a gay, dissolute character,
fond of hunting and gaming, had
invited Sir George, and such friends
as he might choose to bring with
him, to meet him and his friends,
many of whom were sportsmen and
gamblers also, at his chateau, and
pass several days in the gay life so
congenial to both. The first night
was spent by most of the assembled
party in gaming, Sir George Lewis
betting high and winning a large
amount of money. On the next
day, toward evening, he received a
note from the false countess, re-
minding him of his promise, and
urging him to come to her with all
speed.

"I must leave you suddenly, my
lords and gentlemen," he said to the
company, as soon as he had read
the missive.

"It must not be—we cannot spare
you at the very beginning of our
pleasure meeting!" was the univer-
sal answer.

"I must go to night, even if I
come back to-morrow," said Sir
George, positively; and he at once
gave orders to have his carriage got
ready.

Some of the gamblers most in-
terested in detaining him, having
in view the winning back of their
money, consulted together and de-
cided to dismount the carriage,
which they did. When informed
of this, Sir George became angry,
and swore he would go back to Pa-
ris that night if he even had to make
the journey on foot. He went out
and ordered a saddle upon one of
his horses, and stood by it till it was
ready, and then mounted it and
dashed away unattended.

He never reached Paris alive.—
His body was found the next morn-
ing, in the forest of Bondy, covered
with blood and wounds, as we have
already stated.

That very morning, Garrick, the
actor, being on the point of leav-
ing for London, called at the princely
lodgings of Sir George, to take
leave of him, and with horror
learned of the murder of his friend.
He then went to the police, and made
particular inquiries about the horrid
affair, and ascertained that all the
money on the person of the deceased
had been taken by the assassin, but
that his watch, pistols and jewels
had been left untouched.

"This proves conclusively to my
mind," said Garrick, "that Sir
George was not killed by an ordi-
nary robber, but by some acquain-
tance—perhaps by one he believed
to be his friend—and this man
feared to take any article which
might subsequently be recognized;
let us therefore look for the murderer
among the party assembled at the
chateau."

The officers of justice invited the
actor to accompany them to the
nobleman's residence, and assist
them in unravelling the mystery.—
Garrick was an adept in the art of
physiognomy, having been all his
life in the habit of studying the
human face, and on reaching the place
and taking a keen survey of the
different parties there assembled,
he pointed out the Chevalier Gaetan
to the officers, and secretly told

them he believed him to be the
man.

The Italian was at once arrested
and boldly accused of the murder.
He turned deadly pale at first, and
seemed about to faint—but pres-
ently recovered his nerve, and de-
manded proof of the heinous charge
—declaring, with a well-feigned
burst of grief, that Sir George
Lewis was his best friend. He was
told that, if innocent, it was only
necessary for him to prove where
he was during the interval between
the departure of the knight from the
chateau and the finding of his
body; but this he could not do, he
said, because he had gone out alone
that afternoon, and had not returned
till a late hour.

"Where were you during your
absence from the chateau?" was
one of the questions asked him.

"I do not choose to tell," he re-
plied. "But that is neither here
nor there," he pursued; "you have
made the charge, and it is your
business to prove it true or release
me."

"We will endeavor to do that in
the city, then," was rejoined; and
in spite of the protestations of the
accused and his friends, he was
taken back to Paris, a close prisoner.

On the way, Garrick told the
officers that he more than ever be-
lieved the Italian to be the mur-
derer, and that if they would give
him till to-morrow to arrange a
plan he had in view, and then fol-
low his directions, he doubted not
he would be able to entrap the
prisoner into a full confession of
the fact. His scheme was to per-
sonate his dead friend—to make up
his own facile countenance into the
exact likeness of the knight's, put
on his dress, assume his voice, and
appear before the Italian in the
apartments of Sir George.

This plan was carried out, as no
one but the remarkable actor could
do it. Assisted by a very fine
painting of Sir George, Garrick
succeeded in so perfectly counter-
feiting the deceased knight, that
almost any one might have been
deceived; and at the appointed
time the Chevalier Gaetan was con-
veyed to the palatial residence of
the Englishman, and informed on
the way that the letter was not
dead, but had sufficiently recovered
to appear and accuse him of an at-
tempt at murder.

The Italian trembled as he cross-
ed the threshold of the mansion;
and when he beheld, as he believed,
the veritable knight himself, his
knees fairly smote together.

"Wretch! villain! murderer!"
thundered the voice of the *soi dis-
ant* Sir George Lewis; "dare
you deny your crime before me?"
Down and beg for mercy, as you
hope for life and forgiveness!"

The wretched man instantly fell
upon his knees and confessed all,
even stating where he had con-
cealed the money, which he offered
to restore and add all his other il-
l-gotten gains to it. His horror on
finding he had been deceived into
signing his own death-warrant, so
to speak, can be better imagined
than described. His subsequent
confessions revealed the plot we
have described. The adventress,
who acted under his instructions,
even to sending the message to Sir
George at the time he received it,
effected her escape; but the Che-
valier Gaetan remained to be tried,
sentenced and executed. Garrick
returned to England, satisfied with
the part he had played in bringing
the murderer of his friend to justice.

SOMETHING IN FAVOR OF MARRIAGE.

—Powers, the sculptor, writing to a friend
on what people call the folly of marry-
ing without the means to support a family, ex-
presses frankly his own fears when he found
himself in this very position; but he adds
with characteristic candour:—"To tell
the truth however, family and poverty
have done more to support me than I have
to support them. They have compelled
me to make exertions that I hardly thought
myself capable of; and often, when on the
eve of despairing, they have forced me,
like a coward in a corner, to fight like a
hero, not for myself, but for my wife and
little ones."

BUT!

If I thought that she could love me,
I would smile as I am wont;
And the bright blue sky above me
Would look brighter—but I don't!

If I could but ask her boldly,
I am sure that she would grant
My prayer, nor listen coldly
To my pleadings—but I can't!

Were I moderately clever,
I would gladly try to paint
Her perfections, or endeavor
To describe her—but I can't!

COULD NOT BE CHEATED.

A dealer advertised eye-glasses,
by the aid of which any person
could read the finest print. A well
dressed man called at the counter
one day to be fitted to a pair of
spectacles. As he remarked he
had never worn any, some were
handed to him that magnified very
little. He looked hard through
them upon the book set before him,
but declared he could make out no-
thing. Another pair with stronger
power were saddled upon his nose,
but unsuccessful as before. Fur-
ther trials were made, until at
length the almost discouraged
dealer passed to him a pair which
magnified more than all the rest in
his stock. The customer, quite as
impatient as the merchant at having
to try so many, put on the last pair
and glowered through them at the
printed page with all his might and
main.

"Can you read that printing now?"
inquired the dealer, pretty certain
that he had hit it right this time, at
any rate.

"Sure, not a bit," was the reply.
"Can you read at all?" said the
merchant, unable to conceal his
exasperation any longer.

"Rade, at all, is it?" cried the
customer, "there's not a single word
among them that I can identify the
features of."

"I say, do you know how to
read?" exclaimed the dealer impa-
tiently.

"Out wid ye!" shouted the Irish-
man, throwing down the spectacles
in a huff. "If I could rade, what
ud I be after buying a pair of
spectacles for? Ye chate the pable
wid the idea that your glasses ud
help 'em to rade print aisy; but
it's a big lie, it is! Ah, ye black-
guard, ye thought I'd buy 'em
without tryin' 'em!"

THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen careless housekeepers
leave the milk standing in the milk
pails until the cream began to rise,