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The York Herald

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1862.

Whole No. 173.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, 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.

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GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers.

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.

CORNELLIS VAN NORTBRAND, Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860.

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A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand.

Clyde Hotel, KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W.

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Hunter's Hotel, Deutches Easthaus.

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

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Rolph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. (EAST OF THE MARKET), TORONTO.

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JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain restaurant, 60 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

Lunch every day from 11 to 2 P.M.

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YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET.

THE Subscriber begs to inform that he has leased the above hotel, and having fixed it up in the latest style, travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house.

WILLIAM LENNON, Proprietor, York Mills, June 7, 1861.

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.

A. McNabb, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c. King Street, East, (over Leader Office), Toronto, C.W.

WILLIAM LENNON, Proprietor, York Mills, June 7, 1861.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, AURORA, OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

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Poetry.

GOD OVER ALL

I have considered the lilies, Those plants of heavenly snow— The glad, the glorious lilies That gently wave in the valleys; I have leaned my elbow down in the grass All day, and soon they grow.

Literature.

THE FATAL REPEAT, A TALE.

We had been nearly five weeks at sea, when the captain found, by a nautical observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica.

were immediately baited for that purpose by the seamen. We caught large quantities of dolphin, and of another kind of fish, and put the whole into the hands of the steward.

When the dinner hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that everything should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous style.

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, 'Taken all back here.' A voice, which I knew to be the mate's, immediately answered, 'Well, and what's that to us? Put her before the wind, and let her go where she pleases.'

After a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs. L. returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation.

'Poisoned! my God! Do you say so! Must we all die!' exclaimed Mrs. L., dropping on her knees. 'What is to be done?' cried the major, distractedly.

'I stood alone near the stern of the ship. Nothing could be heard above or below deck but the dashing of the surges and the moanings of the wind. All the people on board was to me the same as dead; and I was tossed about in the vast expanse of waters, without a companion or fellow-sufferer.'

I was filled with dread lest we should strike upon rocks, or run ashore, and often imagined that the clouds which bordered the horizon were the black cliffs of some desolate coast. At last I distinctly saw a light at some distance—I anticipated instant destruction—I grew irresolute whether to remain upon deck and face death, or wait for it below.

'There is one thing,' said the captain, faintly, 'I was going to tell you, that—but this sensation—I mean a remedy.' 'Speak on,' cried the major, in breathless suspense.

'I may have a chance of saving you,' continued the former; 'you must immediately—' He gave a deep sigh, and dropped his head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more.

other vessel. But the velocity with which we sped along rendered our extrication instantaneous; and, on looking back I saw a ship without a bowsprit, pitching irregularly among the waves, and heard the rattling of cordage and a tumult of voices.

Every one, however, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr. D. became delirious; the major lay upon the cabin floor in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity of brandy.

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply. The man at the helm was tying a rope round the tiller, and told me he had become so blind and dizzy, that he could neither steer nor see the compass, and would therefore fix the rudder in such a manner as would keep the ship's head as near the wind as possible.

About an hour after sunset almost every person on board seemed to have become worse. I alone retained my senses unimpaired. The wind now blew very fresh, and we went through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour.

When I waked I perceived, by the surchairs that shone through the skylight, that the morning was far advanced. The ship rolled violently at intervals, but the noise of winds and waves had nearly altogether ceased. I got up hastily, and almost dreaded to look around, lest I should find my worst anticipations concerning my companions too fatally realized.

GOOD SENSE.—Good sense, or what is generally called common sense is the basis of good taste. It teaches a man in the first place that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater chance of success among such men and women.

CONFIDENCE.—One of the great evils of our present state of society, and one which we hope the progress of race towards perfection will remedy, is the general selfishness of mankind, and the consequent general suspicion.

CALMLY TOLD.—The editor of the *Hambridge Georgian* has been assaulted in his sanctum by a young lawyer, and in reference to what occurred the editor says; coolly: 'He madly lit us on the head with a closed knife or something else closed in his hand.'

THE DEACON'S WIG. A conscientious Scotch Deacon, who had just mounted a wig, was much troubled in his mind because a clock-dial had been put on the new meeting house just built by his parish.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.—We sometimes catch ourselves wandering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly, have persuaded them to become their wives!

THE DEACON'S WIG. 'Well, Duncan,' says the venerable Doctor, 'can you not wait till after worship?' 'No, Doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience.'

ABOUT MIDNIGHT our fore-topmast gave way, and fell upon deck with a tremendous noise. The ship immediately swung round, and began to labour in a terrible manner, while several waves broke over her successively.

THE DEACON'S WIG. 'Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan time passes.' 'The matter is this, Doctor. You see the clock on the face of the new church as ye come in? Well, there is no clock really there, nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is, in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie in the face of the house of the Lord.'

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'Duncan,' I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!' 'Oh, Doctor, you are joking now. It is long since I had any hair.'

'The Deacon was 'struck all of a heap,' as the saying is, and the Doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

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