RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

## Che Nork Herald

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

The YORK HERALD will always be befound to contain the latestand most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—Seven and Sixpenceper Annum, in ADVARCE; and if not paid within Three Mouths two dollars will be charged.

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All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

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THE YORK HERALD

Book and Job Printing ESTABLISMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be preimptly attended to:—
BOOKS, FARCY PHILES, RUNNINGS CARDS, LARGE ARDSHALL POTTERS, CHICLEARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAPTS, AND FANF III.K TS.

And devery other kind of LETTING DRAPS CONTROL PROSECUTION CO.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assertment 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. per of the Royal College of Surgeons England,

Opposite the Elgin Mills,

May 1, 1861.

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

# The Work Merald, AURORA

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

" Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. IV. No. 38.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1862.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts

Lancet for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meatings, &c.
A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning for Toronte, at 7 a.m.: returning, leaves Toronte at 15 a.m.: atturning, leaves Toronte at half-past 3.

ILT Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in waiting.

Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-Hy.

White Hart Inn

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has eased the above Hotel. Where will keep consulty on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this has possessees every accommodation Transport of the consultation of

YONGE STREET HOTEL.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquor dation for Travellors, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands.

O. McLEOD, Proprietor. Aurora, June G. 1859.

CLYDE HOTEL TORONTO, C.W.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostler always in attendance.

Toronto, November 1861. 157-tf

Jamos Massey. (Late of the King's Head, London, Eng.)
127-1yp No. 26 West Market Place,

TORONTO. JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURNE STS.,

Every accommodation for Farmers and others
attending Market
Good Stubling.



## Bortry.

IF WE KNEW

AND

If we knew the cares and crosses Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses, Sorely grievous day by day, Would we then so often chide For his lack of thrift and gain— Leaving on his heart a shadow.

Leaving on our lives a stain? If we knew the clouds above us, Held by gentle blessings thore Would we turn away all trembling In our blind and weak despair? Would we shrink from little shadows Lying on the dewy grass, While 'tis only birds of Eden Just in mercy flying past ?

If we know the silent story Quivering through the heart of pain Would our womanhood dare doom then Back to haunts of guilt again? Life hath many a tangled crossing, Joy bath many a break of wee And the checks tear-washed are whitest This the blessed augels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms. For the key to other lives

And with love toward erring nature, Cherish good that still survives: So that, when our disrobing spirits
Sear to realms of light again,
We may say "Dear Father judge us,
As we judge our fellow-men"

### Literature.

## The Mysterious Watch.

AN OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

west.' I was enjoying my supper, as I have said, and a loud knock at my door was not the most delight ful sound which could have broken the silence. However, I said, 'Come in,' with as good a grace as possible, and a stranger entered.—
He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, in the dress of a backwoods. I saw at noce that something serious I saw at once that something serious I saw at once that something serious I saw at occurred.

'It's a bad night to trouble you to come so far, doctor,' he said, look, ing at me from usder his fur cap; 'but there's a bad accident happened over at our clearm', and if you kin do anything for the poor chap, I'll be glad to see it done, more particularly as I helped to shoot him.' I said, with a start; ' what do you mean?'

'We took him for some kind of a critter, 'that's how it was,' anaweued my visitor; ' not a purpose, stranger, Wo think heaps of him.' I doone how short was tuden my arm, followed him to the spot where his horse was ted. Mine was already sadded; my little darkey knew well enough what the arrival protender, and made him ready. We were off in a few moments.

Few words were spoken as we rode along through the darkness.—I asked if the injured man was laval and laws as leand and the strength of my departure at that late pried, 'I'm afraid they be, doctor.' I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion repided. The man arm of the control of my departure at that late pried, 'I'm afraid they be, doctor.' I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion repided. The man arm of the control of my departure at that late pried, 'I'm afraid they be, doctor.' I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion repided. The marked and the more and the mine and the mine and the mine and the mine and the man and the mine and t

I asked whether the wounds were serious, and my companion replied, 'I'm afraid they be, doctor.' I asked if the injured man was young or old, and he answered Rising forty;' and then after a few words upon the badness of the road we relapsed into silence.

At last a glimnering light told that we had approached a dwell-ward injury impossible to discover

Whole No. 195.

M. S. William State of the Control o

that were any affair of mine. Hun-ger at last awoke me; the animal aroused the mental, and I began to wonder where I had been and where I was. I put up my hand as well as I could. There was a low roof over my head, folds of muslin lay about me, and something was upon my breast which emitted a sickly fragrance—a bunch of flowers seemtragrance—a bunch of flowers seeming half withered. I knew this by the touch. What was the matter with me? Why could I not breathe freely? Was I blind and deaf that I could neither see nor hear? Suddenly the truth flashed across me; I had been buried alive!—I lay in my coffee! my coffin !

And all this time, you ask, where was my wife?—how had she borne the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon her. She it was who found me senseless upon my study floor; and she it was who hoped for returning consciousness after all others despaired. At last they told her I was dead, and shrouded me for burial. Learned men decided

for burial. Learned men decided that the stringe preservation of my frame was caused by the manner of my death, and at length my body was committed to the tomb.

I had often made my wife promise me that if I died first she would take the watch into her own possession, and wear it while she lived; and so, now that all was over, she took it, voiceless as it was, and laid it next her bosom. For three days and nights she never slept; but at last exhaustion did its slept; but at last exhaustion did its work, and she fell into a heavy sound as strange as it was unexpected. The watch, silent since that fatal day, had begun to tick—fast and furious, as it never ticked before, loud enough to arouse her—loud enough to make her spring loud enough to make her spring from her pillow in agony of hope

and fear.

Those about her thought she was a mad woman; and, nevertheless, the strength of her purpose bore all before her. Out into the midnight she went, and they followed her. Through the streets of the deserted town she passed in her white night-robes, like a ghost, and they dared not hold her back. She reached the churchyard at last, and beat wildly on the old sexton's door, 'I am come to tell you to open my husband's vault,' she said; 'he

is come to life again.'

He also thought her mad, and yet dared not disobey her; and all