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GOOD Accommodations and every attention given to Travellers, Good Stabling for Drags, Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

The York Herald

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1863.

Whole No. 233.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

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A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodations for Travellers, Farmers, and others.

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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.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862.

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

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Poetry. THE FLOWER LOVERS.

BY THE LATE HUGH MACDONALD. When spring frae the blue lift in beauty comes smiling...

When sweet summer's smile sets the braes a-blowing, And swallows return frae their haunts o'er the sea...

When sero-leaved decay o'er the woodlands is stealing, And both-flowers are waving their pennons o' blue...

Yet nature has charms 'mong the long woods lying, Dear to the soul which delights in her sway; O'er ruins crumbling wall Green hangs the ivy pall...

Each field-path and hedge-row to us yields a treasure, And o'er the heathies encircling the year: Bid, beads, and flowery hen, Rock, stream, and leafy tree, With lullabies o' love round our hearts seem to cheer...

CHAPTER I. 'Wee Davie' was the only child of William Thornburn, blacksmith. He had reached the age at which he could venture, with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another...

He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labour. The smith had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival. He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities, which offered themselves, of bettering his condition...

One evening when the smith returned home so that 'you could know it on him,' Davie toddled forward; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Sanson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of 'dad-a'!

'What's wrang! What's wrang!' exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his. 'Everything is wrang, Jeanie?'

grew of discontent than his could be heard against 'the powers that be,' the injustice done to the masses, or the misery which was occasioned by class legislation. He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him...

His wife felt awed, she knew not how. 'Sit down,' he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, 'and I'll tell you 'a' about it.'

'I ha'na been what ye may call a drunkard,' he said, slowly, and like a man abashed, 'but I ha' been often as I shouldna ha' been, and as, wi' God's help, I never, never will be again!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jeanie. 'Let me speak,' said William; 'to think, Jeanie,—here he struggled as if something was choking him—'to think that for whiskey I might beggar you and wee Davie; tak the claes aff your back; drive you to the workhouse; break your heart; and ruin my bonnie bairn, that loves me as weel; ay, ruin him in soul and body, for time and for eternity! God forgie me! I canna stand the thought o', let alone the reality!'

'It's done, it's done!' he said; 'as I'm a leevan man, it's done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my blest blessings!'

'Except himself' said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck. 'And noo, woman,' replied the smith, 'nae naer about it; its done. Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready.'

'Wee Davie' was also a great promoter of social intercourse; an unconscious link between man and man; and a great practical 'unionist.' He healed breaches, reconciled differences, and was a peacemaker between kinsfolks and neighbours.

For example: Jeanie's parents were rather opposed to her marriage with the smith. Some said it was because they belonged to the rural aristocracy of county farmers. They regretted, therefore, it was alleged—though their regret was expressed only to old friends—the day when the lame condition of one of their horses had brought Thornburn to visit their stable, and ultimately their house.

But when 'wee Davie' was born, the old couple deemed it proper and due to themselves—not to speak of the respect due to their daughter, whom they sincerely loved—to come and visit her. Her mother had been with Jeanie at an earlier period; and the house was so clean, and Thornburn so intelligent, and the child pronounced to be so like old David Armstrong, Jeanie's father, especially about the forehead, that the two families, as the smith remarked, were evidently being welded, so that a few more gentle hammerings would make them one.

'Wee Davie,' as he grew up, became the fire of love which heated the hearts of good metal so as to enable favourable circumstances to give the necessary finishing stroke which would permanently unite them. These circumstances were constantly occurring, until, at last, Armstrong called every market-day to see his daughter and little grandson. The old man played with the boy, (who was his only grandson,) and took him on his knee, and put 'sweetie' into his mouth, and evi-

dently felt as if he himself was reproduced and lived again in the child. This led to closer intercourse, until David Armstrong admitted that William Thornburn was one of the most sensible men he knew; and that he would not only back him against any of his acquaintances for a knowledge of a good horse, but for wonderful information as to the state of the country generally, especially of the landed interest; and for sound views on the high rent of land. Mr. Armstrong finally admitted that Jeanie was not so far mistaken in her choice of a husband. The good woman always assumed that the sagacity of the family was derived from her own side of the house.

But whatever doubts still lingered in their minds as to the wisdom of their daughter's marriage, were all dispelled by one look of 'wee Davie.' 'I'm just real proud about that braw bairn o' Jeanie's,' she used to say to her husband; remarking one day, with a chuckling laugh and smile, 'D'ye no think yersel, gudman, that wee Davie has a look o' auld Davie?'

'Maybe, maybe,' replied old David; 'but I aye think he's our ain bairn we lost thirty years syne.' 'That has been in my ain mind,' said she, with a sigh; 'but I never liked to say it.' Then, after a moment's silence, she added, with a smile, 'But he's no the waur o' being like baith.'

Again:—there lived in the same common passage, and opposite to William Thornburn's door, an old soldier, a pensioner. He was a bachelor, and by no means disposed to hold intercourse with his neighbours. He greatly disliked the noise of children, and maintained that an hour's drill every day would alone make them bearable.

'Obedience to authority, that's the rule; right about, march! That's the only exercise for them,' the Corporal would say to some father of a numerous family in the 'close,' as he flourished his stick with a smile rather than a growl. Jeanie pronounced him to be 'a selfish body.'

Thornburn had more than once tried to cultivate acquaintance with him, as they were constantly brought into outward contact; but the Corporal was a Tory, and more than suspected the smith of holding 'Radical sentiments. To defend things as they were was a point of honour with the pensioner's religion. Besides, any opposition to the Government seemed a slight upon the army, and therefore upon himself.

Thornburn at last avoided him, and pronounced him to be proud and ignorant. But one day 'wee Davie' found his way into the Corporal's house, and putting his hands on his knees as he was reading the newspaper near the window, looked up to his face. The old soldier was arrested by the beauty of the child, and took him on his knee. To his surprise, David did not scold him; and when his mother soon followed in search of her boy, and made many apologies for his 'impudence,' as she called it, the Corporal maintained that he was a jewel, a perfect jewel, a perfect gentleman, and dubbed him 'the Captain.'

Next day, tapping at Thornburn's door, the Corporal graciously presented toys in the shape of a small sword and drum for his young hero. That same night he smoked his pipe at the smith's fire-side, and told such stories of his battles as fired the smith's enthusiasm, called forth his praises, and what was more substantial, procured a most comfortable tea, which clinched their friendly intercourse. He and 'the Captain' became constant associates, and many a loud laugh might be heard from the Corporal's room as he played with the boy, and educated his genius. 'He makes me young again, does the Captain?' the Corporal often remarked to his mother.

Mrs. Fergusson, another neighbour, was also drawn into the same friendly net by wee Davie. She was a lussy, gossiping woman, noisy and disagreeable. Jeanie avoided her, and boasted indeed that it was her rule to 'keep herself to herself,' instead of giving away some of her good self to her neighbour, and thus talking some of her neighbour's bad self out of her. But her youngest child became seriously ill, and Jeanie thought, 'if Davie were ill I would like a neighbour to syer for him.' So she went up stairs to visit Mrs. Fergusson, 'begged pardon,' but 'wished to know how Mary was.' Mrs. Fergusson, bowed down

with sorrow, thanked her, and bid her 'come ben.' Jeanie did so, and spoke kindly to the child—told her mother, moreover, what pleasure it would give her to nurse her baby occasionally, and invited the younger children to come down to her house and play with wee Davie, so as to keep the sick one quiet. She helped also to cook some nourishing drinks, and got nice milk from her father for Mary, often exhibiting herself for apparent 'meddling' by saying, 'When ane has a bairn o' their ain, they canna but feel for other folk's bairns.' Mrs. Fergusson's heart became subdued, softened, and friendly. 'We took it as extraordinary kind,' she more than once remarked, 'to Mrs. Thornburn to do as she has done. It is a blessing to have sic a neighbour.' But it was wee Davie who was the peacemaker!

The street in which the smith lived was as uninteresting as any could be. A description of its outs and ins would have made a 'social sciences' meeting shudder. Be it by or even means it had not. Every 'close' or 'entry' in it looked like a sepulchre. The back courts were a huddled confusion of out-houses; strings of linen drying; stray dogs searching for food; hens and pigeons similarly employed with more apparent success and satisfaction; lean rats creeping about; crowds of children, laughing, shouting, and maddy to the eyes, acting with intense glee the great dramas of life, marriages, battles, deaths, and burials, with castle building, extensive farming, and various commercial operations; but everywhere smoke, mud, moisture, and an utterly uncomfortable look. And so long as we, in Scotland, have a western ocean to afford an unlimited supply of water; and western mountains to condense it as it passes in the blue air over their summits; and western winds to waft it to our cities; and so long as it will pour down, and be welcomed by smoke above, and earth below, we shall find it difficult to be 'neat and tidy about the doors,' or to tran sport the cleanliness of England into our streets and lanes.

But, in spite of all this, how many a cheerful home, with bright fires and nice furniture, inhabited by intelligent, sober, happy men and women, with healthy, lively children, are every where to be found in these very streets, which seem to the eye of those who have never penetrated further than their outside, to be 'dreafull places.'

A happier home could hardly be found than that of William Thornburn, as he sat at the fire-side, after returning from his work, reading his newspaper, or some book of weightier literature, selected by Jeanie from the well-filled shelves in the little back parlour, while Jeanie herself was sewing opposite to him. As it often happened, both were absorbed in the rays of that bright light, 'wee Davie,' which filled their dwelling, and the whole world, to their eyes; or both listened to the grand concert of his happy voice, which mingled with their busy work and silent thoughts, giving harmony to all. How much was done for his sake! He was the most sensible, efficient, and thoroughly philosophical teacher of household economy and of social science in all its departments who could enter a working man's dwelling!

(To be continued.)

HOW PIGEONS ARE CAUGHT. It is estimated that \$20,000 worth of wild pigeons are caught in Essex County, Mass., every season. As they sell for about \$1 per dozen, this makes the number caught about a quarter of a million. The Salem Observer gives this account of the way they are caught:

'The pigeons are attracted to particular parts of the woods by the sowing of grain in open spaces, cleared of the brushwood for the purpose. In this way they are not only drawn around the spot where the traps are to be set and familiarized with the ground, but are well fattened before being taken. They are fed for some time previous to the spreading of the nets. When a sufficient number have congregated to make it worth while to trap them, their grain is saturated with whiskey, which steals away their silly brains, as it does men's brains, and they become willing and stupefied victims of the trappers. The net is set in such a way that, by the use of young saplings for drawing strings, it is made to jump over the dense flock of fuddled pigeons gathered in front of it; and when they attempt to rise they are entangled in the meshes. The pigeons, we are told, when enticed by the grain and whiskey, will huddle together in a compact mass as if for the special convenience and gratification of the trapper. When once caught in the net they thrust their heads through the meshes, and the trapper, by a certain pressure upon the neck, kills them one after another with great rapidity, and with more dexterity of touch than tenderness of feeling.'

There was no 'bearing' at night going 'the next morning.'