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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1865.

Whole No. 273.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of the late John Langstaff, of the township of Markham, are notified to pay their debts to the undersigned only.

GEORGE McPHILLIPS, GEORGE WELDRICK, Executors of the late John Langstaff, Richmond Hill, June 12, 1865. 1-1f

LUMBERING!

ABRAHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice.

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved At the lowest possible rates.

STUMPING MACHINE FOR SALE! THE Subscriber offers for sale, one of John Abel's superior Stumping Machines.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple.

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 Liqueurs, &c.

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GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, RICHMOND HILL, C. W. June 7, 1865. 1

J. GORMLEY, COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER AND AUCTIONEER, Lot 3, 4th Con. MARKHAM, June 9, 1865. 1-1f

The Best is Always the Cheapest. POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! A CKNOWLEDGE, by 800 Farmers, Professionals, Gentlemen and others (who have been working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 133 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

Every Pump Warranted. Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. June 7, 1865. 1-1f

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham, on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

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Poetry.

The Pigeon Girl.

On the sloping market place, In the village of Compeigne, Every Saturday her face, Like a Sunday, comes again; Daylight finds her in her seat, With her panner at her feet.

All the buyers know her well, And, perchance, her face must see, As a holy Raphael Lures us in a gallery; Round about the rustic gape, Drinking in her comely shape, And the housewives gently speak

In her hands two milk-white doves— Happy in her lap to lie— Softly murmur of their loves, Envious by the passers by; One by one their flight they take, Bought and cherished for her sake, Leaving so reluctantly; Till the shadows close approach Fades the pearly, foot and coach, And the giants in the cloche Ring the noon for Picardie.

Round the village see her glide, With a slender sunbeam's pace! Mirrored in the Ose's tide, The gold-fish float upon her face; All the soldiers touch their caps; In the Cafes quit their masks Garcon, must, to wish her back; And the fat old beardless smile, As she kneels along the aisle, Like Pucelle in other while, In the dim church of Saint Jacques.

Now she climbs her dappled ass— He well-pleased such pride to know— And right merrily they pass The armorial crest; Down the long straight paths they tread, Till the forest, overhead, Whispers low its leafy love; In the archways' green caress Rides the wondrous dryad; Thrills the grass beneath her press, And the blue-eyed sky above.

I have met her, o'er and o'er, As I strolled alone apart, By a lonely carriage; In the forest's tangled heart, Safe as any stag that bore Imprint of the Emperor; In the copse that round her grew Tip-toe the straight saplings stood, Peeped the wild roan's saffron brood, Like an arrow close the wood The glad note of the cuckoo.

How I wished myself her friend! (So she wished that I were more), Joggling toward her journey's end At Saint Jean au Bois before, Where her Father's acres fall Just without the abbey wall; By the cool well lotteringly The shaggy Norman horses stray, In the thicket the pigeons play, And the forest round away Folds the hamlet, like a sea.

Far forgotten all the feud In my New World's childhood haunts, If my childhood she renewed In this pleasant nook of France; Might she knit the *blouse* I wear, Welcome then her homely fare And her sensuous religion! To the kirk we should ride, To the kirk we should ride, In my heart, my pretty pigeon.

Literature.

Born to Good Luck.

Harry Clare was a good natured, generous, kindly disposed fellow, who loved good cheer and easy life, and whose faults were of that open-hearted character which seldom meet with severe censure. When Harry was not Harry—that is, before his parents had given him a name—an old woman, who claimed to be his god-mother, pronounced these mystic words over the future Harry:—"The child is born to Good Luck!"—So deep an influence did this fair sooth have upon the minds of the simple parents, that they were led to regard Master Harry—when they had thus named him—as a wonder. A thousand little things occurred during his boy hood to confirm them in their conviction. He got wet, but didn't take cold. He fell from trees and high beams, but didn't hurt. And at school he accomplished marvels.

The result of all this was, that Harry grew up with the same faith. He believed most firmly that he was born under the benign influence of a lucky planet, and that the world could not but go well with him. When he had done going to school, he learned the blacksmith's trade; and when he was able to work for

himself he took a wife—took Susan Martin—gentle, pretty, loving, faithful Susan. Her parents objected to the match, because, they said, Harry had not energy enough to carry him through the world with the care of a family upon his shoulders. But Susan loved him, and she became his wife.

"Didn't I know I was born to good luck!" cried the happy Harry, a few days after he was married. "Haven't I got the best wife in town?"

"There isn't a better one in the country," replied the young man to whom he had spoken. "And I hope you'll appreciate her. Susan Martin might have had her pick from a dozen of the best youths of the village, and there's not one but that would have made her a good husband. See to it, Harry, that she never has occasion to regret the step she has taken."

"Of course she never can regret it," said the exultant husband. "We'll sail along with fair breezes all the time. I tell you I was born to good luck, and my fortune star can't fail me."

His friend shook his head and walked away, and Harry went to his shop where he found half-a-dozen customers waiting for him, and some of them were growling because he had not been there before.

Five years had passed away, and Harry had three children. One evening he entered his house and found Susan with a cloud upon her brow. He asked her what was the matter.

"Shall I tell you the truth Harry?" she said, trying to smile. "Of course you must; so out with it."

"Then it is simply this: we are going behindhand." "Behindhand?" repeated the husband. "What do you mean?"

"Why—your business is not attended to as it should be. You are forgetting your own interests." "Pshaw! Don't you worry, Susan.—Just wait till you see me make a haul. I made twenty dollars this very day on a horse trade."

"And how much did you make by your trade yesterday?" "Why," returned Harry, hanging his head. "I lost something there. But I'll make it up. I was born to good luck, and I know that fortune can't desert me. Don't worry Susan."

"But Harry," said the wife, in a mild, persuasive tone, "don't you realise how much you are losing. If you would trust more to your own wit and judgment, instead of to your luck, as you call it, you might do better, even at trading in horses, and such stuff; but, believe me, you would do far better to stick to your shop and do the work you would be sure to have there—Only see how much work now goes out of town, because you are not to be found at your forge when wanted."

"Let 'em carry their work out of town if they want to," said Harry, rather petulantly. "I shan't worry. Just you wait until I strike a streak of luck."

"Believe me, Harry," the wife said, as she arose from her chair with her babe in her arms, "if ever you strike that 'streak of luck,' as you are so often pleased to call it, you will strike it upon your anvil."

home with exultation in his countenance. "It's commenced," he cried, as he chinked the gold before his wife. "And you have drawn that in the lottery?" returned Susan, with a dubious look.

"Yes—a cool hundred." "Will it pay our debts, Harry?" "Eh! Debts?" "Will it make up for the time you have lost?"

"But this is only the commencement, Susan. I've only just struck the streak. Wait awhile. My luck is coming. I tell you I was born to it, and it cannot fail me."

"Ah, Harry," said the wife, with a sad shake of the head. "I fear this will prove the worst luck you have had yet. It is an *ignus fatuus* that will lead you deeper into the mire than you have yet gone. Why not drop all such schemes at once, and go into your shop and stick to your business. It would be better for you in the end—it would be better for you now."

"What—leave my fortune just as I have found it?" exclaimed Harry, vehemently. "No, no. I had a dream twice repeated—and that makes three times, you know—that I should have good luck in these ventures; and I'm going to follow 'em up. Just you wait my dear."

And Susan did wait. She waited till she suffered more than she would tell. She waited till the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness from her eye. From morn till night she plied her needle without ceasing. Her children must have food and raiment and she must furnish them. She pleaded with her husband, but he would not see. She pointed out to him how he was losing both business and friends, but he would only look to the future, whence his good luck was sure to come. So Susan was forced to look to the future also, and she prayed that it might bring relief.

For a whole year Harry Clare dabbled in lottery tickets, and at the end of that time he had lost nearly every penny he had been able to raise. He grew desperate, and resolved that he would make a heavy strike somewhere. "Strike upon the anvil," whispered a voice; but he would not listen to it. "I was born to good luck, and it must come sooner or later," he said to himself; and then he tried to study up some new speculation. He was sitting all alone in his little office—a pen-like apartment in the back of his forge, where he kept his books—when two men entered the shop.

"This is too bad!" said one of them, whose name was Atherton, an extensive builder, as he saw that there was no fire upon the forge and no workman in the shop. "We must have a new smith in this place. Here I have over five hundred dollars' worth of work that must be done the present season. There's all the forging for Grant's new mill, and the iron work for the upper bridge."

"There's one thing certain," replied the other, who was a contractor, and had some interest in the builder's work, "we shan't get anything done here."

"That's so," added Atherton. And with that they left the shop.

When Harry went home to supper he found his wife quite sick. She was pale and weak, and her head ached. In the evening he went out for the doctor, and when the man of medicine came he said that Susan was down with a severe fever.

"She must have got cold," suggested Harry. "No, See must have overtaken herself," returned the doctor, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Both mind and body seem to have been worked too much."

For the first time Harry Clare felt a real, operative pang at his heart. He knew why Susan must have worked so hard, though he had not thought of it with any seriousness before.

a party of young men were walking in advance of him. He knew by the sound of their voices that they were friends of his, and he would have advanced and joined them had he not chanced to hear his own name pronounced. Curiosity to know what they had to say of him led him to approach them without being observed, and he heard their conversation distinctly.

"It's too bad," said one in a feeling tone; "Harry Clare might do well if he would. Only look at that wife of his! The town never afforded a better one. See how the poor thing has scrubbed and slaved to support herself and family, while Harry has been waiting for that luck of his."

"That's so," rejoined another, who was the tailor in the village. "She has done more work for me within two years past than any other two women in the place; and within the past six months she has worked beyond all account. About all that she and her children have had for food and clothing must have been earned by her."

"It's a shame," resumed the first speaker. "Only a day or two after Harry was married, I told him he had got a good wife as there was in the country, and I hoped he would appreciate her. He said of course he should. But just see how it has come out. I got married about the same time, and went into business when he did,—and my trade is not anywhere near as good as his,—yet I have bought a house and paid for it, and have something laid up beside. Why—if he had only stuck to his business he might have been one of the most prosperous men in the town. But he thinks he was born to some good luck that will come to him one of these days, like a fairy's gift."

"Well," remarked a third person of the party, "he did have a stroke of good luck when he got Susan Martin for a wife; but he has never had one since."

"Unless," added the previous speaker, "we call the possession of that wife a *continuous* stroke of luck. But I'm afraid he won't keep her long. Alas, for poor Susan! Harry don't know what a jewel he is wearing away. He does not realize that when he got her for a wife he got a piece of good fortune that might have lasted during the longest lifetime, if he would only have taken his share of the trust and responsibility."

At this moment Harry had to turn off from the main street, and in a few moments he was left to his own reflections. As soon as he was alone he stopped and gazed down upon the ground; and thus he stood for some time.

"I think I am waking up!" he finally said. And then he walked quickly towards his house.

He found Susan much better, and the medicine which he had brought helped to revive her. On the following day Harry went to see Mr. Atherton. He found that gentleman just entering his chaise to ride away.

"I understand that you have some work in my line which you want done," said Harry.

"Well—what of it?" returned the builder.

"I should like to do it for you, sir."

"You, Mr. Clare?" "Yes, sir." "But I must have it done in time."

The result of the conference was that Harry was to do all the iron work Atherton might want, and he was assured that there would be eight hundred dollars' worth of it before the year was out.

One morning the people who lived near the blacksmith's shop were startled by the clang of the heavy hammer. It was but little past sunrise, and yet the blows upon the old anvil rang out clear and loud, and they saw black smoke rolling up from two of the chimneys. They went and peeped in at the door, and there they saw Harry Clare, with his stout arm bared to the shoulder wielding his hammer with strange energy. A new man was at work at the second forge, and his two apprentices had something else to do than lounge about and cobble old horse shoes.

Susan Clare sat in the great rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, for her old mother who had come to nurse her, said she was well enough for that. She gazed up at the clock, and wondered where her husband was. It was past seven and supper had been ready for some time. At length he came; but how differently he looked from what had been his wont some years past. His face was flushed; his eye was bright; his bosom swelled out with a hearty breath; and his step was heavy and emphatic, just as though it had a purpose. And then upon his shirt there was a grimy dirt, such as used to be there years ago; and when his gaze rested upon the table his countenance glowed as though he had a grateful appetite.

"What, Susan," he cried, as he saw his wife sitting there, "are you well enough for this?" And as he spoke he moved to her side and kissed her.

"I am getting better very fast," she replied.

"And you must get well as soon as you can, Susie; for I can't have you sick any more."

"She must get well so as to finish up those vests for the tailor," interrupted the old lady, with a spice of bitterness in her tone. Susan cast a reproachful, beseeching glance upon her mother, but the words had been spoken.

"No, no," said Harry, with a smile, "we'll have no more of that. I took those vests last evening and carried them all back to the tailors, and told him that my wife could work for him no more."

"But—Harry—"

"Stop," interrupted Harry, as his wife commenced to speak. "There's no more need of it, for I've struck my streak of luck at last. I knew I was born to good luck; and that I should find it sooner or later—I've found it!"

"Found it?" repeated Susan, trembling with both hope and apprehension.

"Yes—I've found it in my wife, and in my shop. I've been hammering it out all day. People have been staring with wonder to see Harry Clare ringing away upon his anvil at such a rate, and they may stare as much as they please. At all events, I can give them this assurance: If the sight is worth seeing, they shall see it, henceforth at any time, while Harry has his health, and the sun's up! And now I am hungry, Susie. I'll eat supper and then I'll tell you all about it."

And after supper was over, Harry sat down, and wound one arm about his wife's neck, and then told her all he had to tell; and when he had done this he asked her if she could forgive him for the past. She rested her head upon his bosom and wept, and forgave and blessed him.

And, day after day, the old cang sounded forth from the smith's shop. Great pieces of iron assumed strange forms beneath the persistent strokes of Harry's hammer, and, as he cast them, one after another, upon the rough floor, he muttered to himself—"There's another piece of good luck! I'll forge me out a fortune yet."

Susan was not long in getting well after her husband had made her so happy; and when she was plump and rosy once more, and the children could romp about the house without fear of tumbling up the carefully arranged packages that came from the tailor's, Harry took her on his knee and kissed her, and wound his arms about her.