

The York Herald

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50 Each subsequent insertion... 00 13 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00 75 Each subsequent insertion... 00 20

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. Opposite the Elgin Mills. RICHMOND HILL. June 9, 1865. 1-y

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, W.L.L. generally be found at home before half-past 7 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m. Richmond Hill, June, 1865 1

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to 10 a.m. All consultations in the office, Cash.

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH Office opposite E. RAYMOND'S HOTEL, Richmond Hill.

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, 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, June 9, 1865. 1

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.

The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended. Whitby June 2, 1865.

Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

STABLING for Sixty Horses. Good Pasturage. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs. Monthly Fair held on the premises, first Wednesday in each month. Agency as usual. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

MITCHELL HOUSE: AURORA.

DAVID McLEOD begs to announce that he has leased the above Hotel and fitted it up in a manner second to none on Yonge St. where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class liquors, &c.



THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. June, 1865, 1

The York Herald,

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion.

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 17.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1865.

Whole No. 277.

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-y

LUMBERING!

AB AHAM EYER

BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do

PLANING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice.

Planed Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also

Lumber Tongued & Grooved At the lowest possible rates.

Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2 1/2 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-ly

STUMPING MACHINE FOR SALE!

THE Subscriber offers for sale, one of John Abel's superior Stumping Machines.

EDWARD SANDERSON, Lot 29, 4th Con., Markham, June 9, 1865. 1-1m

Maple Hotel!

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

JAMES WATSON, Maple, June 1865. 1-1f

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.

C. VAN NOSTRAND, Richmond Hill, June, 1865. 1-1f

CLYDE HOTEL TORONTO.

John Mills, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, June, 1865. 1-1f

Richmond Hill Hotel!

THOMAS COOK, Proprietor. A LARGE HALL, is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c. Every attention paid to the convenience and comfort of Travellers.

Richmond Hill, June, 1865. 1-1f

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 31, 4th Con. MARKHAM, June 9, 1865. 1-1f

The Best is Always the Cheapest. POWELL'S

CANADIAN SWING PUMPS!

ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others who have been working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 135 feet, to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT of any 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. A large Stock of STAVES and SHINGLES kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest Prices.

Richmond Hill, June 1865 1-1f

Poetry.

Signs of Rain.

The hollow winds begin to blow, The clouds look black, the glass is low, The soot falls down, the spaniels sloop, And spiders from their cobwebs peep.

Answer to 'A True Love Song'

Gentle Sir, if you'll excuse The humble rhyming of my muse, And promise you'll not be unkind To the effusions of my mind,

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH

Exercise, labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance are all deadly enemies to human life; but none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions.

Literature.

My Queer Passenger.

Well, yes, sir, I have known some queer passengers, and it is not two years since I sailed with the queerest of them all.

Answer to 'A True Love Song'

Gentle Sir, if you'll excuse The humble rhyming of my muse, And promise you'll not be unkind To the effusions of my mind,

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH

Exercise, labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth and intemperance are all deadly enemies to human life; but none of them are so bad as violent and ungoverned passions.

the greatest blessing—next to death, Walter, next to death, It would be impossible to describe the appalling intensity of feeling which the deep sepulchral tones of the voice evinced.

'Surely, sir, there must be something worth living for.' 'Good night,' he said, shaking hands, 'you have discretion, and to you I will confide something which ought to be known to a few when I am no more.'

We were long becalmed in the tropics; but at length we got a slope of the trade winds, and we got on famously.

'Rickman, I am about to relate to you my dismal story. Swear by your God that you will never disclose it in my lifetime.'

I said that I never would, but he hardly waited for my reply, and added, 'It will be but a brief time of reticence.'

I could only interpret these words in a sinister way, and, much moved, I conjured him to throw himself on the Almighty with his sorrow, and to abstain from any act of rashness.

He did not seem to hear me, but leaning on the rail he thus began: 'I was forty years old when I married her. A severe disappointment which I had experienced in my early life had changed me much.'

'Now, does not that seem like a human face?' 'What, sir?' I replied. 'Good heavens! there it is,' he said, pointing to a dolphin which, radiant with phosphorus, was swimming about three fathoms below the surface.

'Yes, Rickman, I do know. Your Uncle Edward was the dearest friend of my boyhood. I suspected who you were, from the likeness, and by cross-examinations whose drift you did not perceive, I penetrated your secret.'

'Walter,' said he, 'I see it all and have seen it for some time; you will do no discredit to the family you belong to.'

'Family, sir?' said I, 'you cannot know.' 'Yes, Rickman, I do know. Your Uncle Edward was the dearest friend of my boyhood.'

'Oh why did I not die then? I should have carried in my soul to the realms of hereafter a glorious dream. But now—'

We had been married fifteen months when most unexpected we came to me from India. A distant relative had died there, leaving me a large fortune, and my presence was required in Bengal to arrange important affairs.

Finding that your ship was soon to sail, I resolved to take passage in her, and settled all things needful for my wife's comfort during my absence, which was to be about

a year. Her despondency deepened, and I strove to flatter myself that my approaching departure was the cause.

I had a lovely garden laid out for her. A sidewalk led down to a tasteful bridge of ornamental wood, which spanned a pretty stream; an insignificant stream in dry weather, but a dangerous stream after rain.

For some days the rain had been falling heavily, and our walks were stopped. I was much occupied, however, by business in the neighboring town, and did not return as early as usual for several days in succession.

I returned one dark, rainy evening, just before sunset. Much rain had fallen, and as I crossed the bridge on foot, I noticed the stream flowing whirling and turbid beneath. This was not my usual way of going home, but in consequence of the rain, I rode straight to the stables, gave my horse to the groom, and took the short cut.

There was a shady summer house in the upper end of the garden, and I observed, to my surprise, a man's footprints along the path leading thither from the garden. The prints were those of a fashionably made boot; but my surprise was increased by coming to a spot where they seemed to have been met by another person's prints, and these both led to the summer house.

Whose foot but hers could have made those tiny impressions? I reached the summer house and there I found my wife.

'Good heavens! Caroline,' I exclaimed, 'you out on such a night—you so delicate?' She was shivering with the cold. 'Who was here?' I said.

She shivered still more, and replied, timidly, 'A stranger has been here.'

I looked at her earnestly; her eyes drooped, she was ghastly pale. 'Well, my dearest,' I said, 'let me muffle you well; you are very imprudent to expose yourself to the damp air.'

I wrapped her large shawl around her; from one of its folds there fell a glove. It dropped from behind, and she did not see it. I picked it up and concealed it. It was a lavender kid glove that had been worn by a man.

I will not speak much of my feelings that night. Hundreds of trivial things came rushing into my memory, all of them, each of them, confirmation that the worst was true of her.

Her dejection, her frequent weeping over the letters, were now accounted for. Had she not often and often withdrawn from me in the evening, stayed long away and returning overladed with excuses?

Had I not more than once seen her drop a letter into the receiving box of the post office, when she might have put it into my mail bag at home? Had I not seen her start nervously at the slightest noise when seated at twilight in her little sitting room overlooking the garden?

She walked into the house before me, and I had time to collect myself. I pleaded headache, and retired into my room. She knew that I never could bear the presence of any one when ill, so I was safe from interruption. Amid the wailing dance of my maddened thoughts, no idea of revenge on her had any place. I don't believe in the commonly received opinion that real love can be turned into hate. I could not hate her. I even thought with pity of the outer sorrow that could not fail to be hers in the world forevermore.

But he—he escape me! No! How best to proceed? Shall I question my groom, who must, from the stables, have sometimes witnessed the stolen interviews? No! My instincts revolted at the idea of talking to a groom about her, fallen angel though she was. I would do

it all myself. My plans were soon formed. Early the next morning, I rode over to our little town, and sent back by my servant a note to my wife, stating that I was compelled to start for London that moment to make arrangements for my voyage, and that I should be absent at least a week. I then went to the city of D—, purchased a light colored wig, a large pair of green spectacles, and disguised with a large beard and moustache, returned to our village, where I engaged rooms opposite the post office. There I remained on the watch.

Three days after my supposed departure, my wife's carriage drove up to the shop kept by the postmaster. Previous to her entering the shop, I saw her drop a note into the letter box. After a few moments delay in making purchases, she drove off again.

Late in the afternoon, a tall distinguished looking man, with a travelling cap, his peak closely drawn over his face, entered the shop. I felt this to be my enemy. I saw him receive a letter from the postmaster's wife, and hastily walk away. I hurried to the shop, and in broken English, asked if there was a letter for Herr von Thirp. She replied in the negative, but I earnestly requested her to look over all the letters. This was in order to gain time to ask a question or two.

I inquired who was that fine looking man who had just gone out of the shop? She didn't know; he was a stranger. But was not his name on the letter? Oh, yes; his name was Thornton, but he didn't live in this village. Had he been long in the habit of coming for letters? Not very long.

I walked forth in the direction of my home. It was about dusk when I came in sight of the spot where my bliss in life had been. Over the wet, spongy field, over crumbling fences, through swollen water-courses I had come, but danger and fatigue were unfeigned. About half a mile from the house I saw a horse tied to a fence. He was with her, then.

I hid myself close to the bridge for a while, until darkness should conceal my movements. I then hurried across and approached the summer house. They were not there. Of course they were in the house then. I was not long left in indecision as to my next step. The window of her sitting room (it was a French window) opened, and there they stood within a few yards of me, his arm thrown around her waist. I heard, I saw him kiss her. I heard his impassioned 'Good-bye,' and then with a noiseless step, I hastened by a near cut to the bridge.

I crossed it, shoved the ends of three planks off their support, so that the least weight would tip them over, and walked about ten yards off, with a heart whose throbs I heard above the angry roaring of the flood.

He came. He made a few steps along the bridge. Then a wild cry a plunge in the torrent, an interval of silence; another cry 'Help, help!' that was all. I was avenged. No mortal could escape out of that rocky bound stream in its then state.

Next morning I sent a note to my wife. 'Caroline,' I said, 'I was close to you when you and he parted last night. He shall come to you no more. God forgive you.'

I left at once, joined your ship, and I know I shall never land alive. Don't misunderstand me. I shall not commit suicide. But his face—that I never saw in life—is with me ever. And so closely is the memory of her entwined with my being, his face bears a likeness to hers; but unlike hers it always wears a frown. All will soon be over.'

And it was soon over; for one evening at sundown a man fell overboard. The ship was going free at the time, and there was a stiff breeze. As the man passed the quarter, or rather as the quarter passed him, it was plain that he could not swim, and his look of horror as he rode upon a wave, would have gone through you. Mr. Aspern stood beside me on the poop deck. He snatched up a life-buoy and went overboard. A boat was lowered, but it took too long a time. The ship was brought to. There was only two oars in the boat, though four men jumped into her; and we saw that they hardly made any headway towards the floating men, around whose heads the cormorants were sweeping, their terrible bills often coming near them.

Darkness soon came on. We burned lights for the boat, which at last returned without Mr. Aspern and the sailor. There was no doubt they had gone down. This, sir was the end of our queer passenger.

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