

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in advance; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50 Each subsequent insertion... 00.13 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00.75

Business Directory. DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, Will generally be found at home before half past 7 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.

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

White Hart Inn, RICHMOND HILL.

LAW CARDS. JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT.

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

Hanson Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

ITCHEL HOUSE, AURORA. DAVID McLEOD begs to announce that he has leased the above Hotel and fitted up in a manner second to none on Yonge St.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c.

Every Pump Warranted, Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newmarket, C.W.

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

Advertisement for a horse and carriage.

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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. 20.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1865.

Whole No. 280.

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.

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

LUMBERING!

AB AHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER,

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Toned & Groved

STUMPING MACHINE FOR SALE!

THE Subscriber offers for sale, one of John Abel's superior Stumping Machines. The machine has capabilities enough to stump an acre without moving.

Maple Hotel!

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

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.

CLYDE HOTEL

King St., East, near the Market Square, TORONTO.

John Mills, Proprietor.

Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

Richmond Hill Hotel!

THOMAS COOK, Proprietor

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

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,

Provincial Land Surveyors, RICHMOND HILL, C. W.

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, Professionals, Gentlemen and others (who have their working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 123 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, Newmarket, C.W.

DAVID EYER, Jun.,

Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham, on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

A large Stock of Straws and Strawes kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest Prices.

Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Post Office Address—Richmond Hill, June 1865. 1-1f

Poetry.

Written for the York Herald.

A Lament for the Summer Flowers

Gone! gone! all dead the flowers of summer are, Each sported in its season, smiled and bloomed, O! why could not your blossoms cheer me on?

Literature.

Hannah Fanthorn's Sweet-heart.

FIFTY years ago, and yet I've but to shut my eyes and there comes Willy over the hill, as I used to see him coming when I sat waiting for him at the farmhouse window.

As soon as she could she began to fill the house with company— young ladies nearly all; handsome, fashionable, and dressed in finery and jewels; and Will must play the part of host and make them welcome.

old, and so I asked Willie, and he said, 'Come to my house and I'll show you.' So mother let me, and I went. There, in the drawing room, was a stand, and on it a woman in marble—that is, the face and neck of a woman and down to the waist. A 'bust,' he called it.

'MASTER WILLIAM HASLET.— I've thought, long, long while that the bond between us was best broken. I feel sure of it now. It will be better that we should not meet again; and in this I send you back your ring. May good fortune and happiness attend you! And with this wish I sign myself—

This I wrote with a heart torn and rent as never flesh could be; and it was sent; and though he came to the farm I would not see him; and all was over between us. I waited only to hear that he was betrothed to Miss Dorcas Oakley.

Then the jealousy began to grow in my heart, and I was not the same girl at times. Yet all the time he told me that it was fashion and courtesy, and kept me quiet while he was by. He would have me at the Hall often 'also, but Sabrina had sent no message. She was mistress of the house, and I would not go there without her invitation.

mother thought me ill. So I was but of heart, not of body. And when she talked of my wedding day my blood would boil, and I'd say, between my clenched teeth, 'No—I'll marry no one who weds me because he's bound to me, and not from love.'

'I'll did you say?' I asked. 'Very ill,' said the man. 'The doctors give her over.' I went back to get a shawl and hood, and tell my mother where I was going, and then came out. The night was black and the snow was falling and lay deep upon the ground, and there stood a sleigh with buffalo robes in it ready for me. I stepped in, and was whirled away toward the Hall.

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The path led by the Hall. I paused a moment to look at it. Every window was shut. From the broad front door and from the necks of the stone lions on the porch streamers of crape were floating. Oh how often I had seen every window ablaze with lights, and heard music and dancing feet and laughter from within! And now, in the winter twilight—for at five the day was nearly done, and the clouds lowered heavy with coming snows—now, how dark and cold it was!

The gloom, the scene I had just witnessed, the memories, were all too much for me. I bowed my head upon the cold stone of the gateway and wept. 'Gone, gone, gone!'—I cried, and the sobbing wind among the branches overhead seemed to repeat the words, 'Gone, gone, gone!' I heard no soft step on the snow; I had seen no shadow. I never guessed any one was near me until a hand came down upon my shoulder—a hand large and strong, but trembling like an aspen leaf. Beside me stood the tall dark man I had seen in the graveyard. When I turned he removed his hat, and I saw the face of Willie Haslet. A face altered and aged, bronzed and sad, but his, with love in it. 'Hannah,' he said, 'Hannah!' And I, as though I spoke in a dream, murmured, 'He has come back again! He has come back again!' 'Yes, Hannah, back again,' said a low, sweet voice that had been in my memory so many years. 'Her letter brought me back. She is my sister and she is dead. Hannah, you know all?'

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A WORD ABOUT THE MOON.— Every one is familiar with the singular phenomenon known as 'the new moon carrying the old moon in her arms,' when, in addition to the slender crescent, the whole disc is more or less distinctly visible a few days after new moon; the same appearance, or 'the old moon nursing the new,' presents itself in like manner in the waning moon when she rises a few hours before the sun; but we fear there are few who shake off dull sleep in time to see it. This is what is called the *Lumiere Endree*, or *ashlight of the moon*. Its appearance used to be taken as an indication that the moon was phosphenescent, or possessed some light of her own independent of that she receives from the sun. Now, however, it is satisfactorily proved to arise from the sun-light reflected from the earth from the earth upon the dark moon; for it must be remembered that the earth is to the moon what the moon is to the earth, a reflector of the sun's light, and *vice versa*; and thus the opaque moon becomes illuminated by earth light—to use a term analogous to moonlight; but on account of the great size of the earth compared to the moon, this light is fourteen times as bright as our moonlight, and thus the occasional brilliancy of this 'reflection of a reflection' is accounted for.—*Once a Week.*

An Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern, and there was but one bed for them. On entering, the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. 'Then,' said Pat, 'you may take the under side.'

A SROVEE STORY.—It is recorded that a peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of soap, and washing himself ashore. The soap, or the story, must have been made of strong lie.

TAKE LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and to light, to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason book-keeper, and thought into an implement of trade—this is not life.

A POWERFUL METAPHOR.—A Western editor, speaking of an ill-driving contemporary, says—'His intellect is so dense that it would take the angar of common sense longer to bore into it than it would to bore through Mount Blanc with a boiled carrot!'