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Business Directory.

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

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m. All parties owing Dr. J. Langstaff are expected to call and pay promptly, as he has payments now that must be met.

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to 10 a.m. All consultations in the office. Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865.

LAW CARDS.

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

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

THASONIC ARMS HOTEL, GEORGE SIMMONS, Proprietor. STABLES for Six 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.

MITCHEL 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. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. June, 1865.

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

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. 35.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1866.

Whole No. 298.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

LOOK AT THIS JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's Women's and Children's BOOTS & SHOES, 38 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

One of the oldest and cheapest houses in the trade. Give John a call when in Town. Toronto, Dec. 1865.

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

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

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

The Best is Always the Cheapest. POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! A CKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professionals, Gentlemen and others (who have them working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 123 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT FEVER offered to the Public.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of Slaves and Shingles, kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest Prices.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL, Residence—Lot 43 Yonge Street, Vaughan. January 16, 1866.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865.

Richmond Hill Bakery! W. S. POLLOCK, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER. BEGS leave to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of J. Hayward's establishment, and that he is prepared to furnish BREAD and FANCY CAKES to those who may honor him with their patronage.

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 houses, he attends to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support. Good Stabling, &c.

Railroad Hotel, Maple! ROBERT RUMBLE, Proprietor. GOOD accommodation for Travellers—Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance. J. January 16, 1866.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, GISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff, STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL, September 7, 1865.

Poetry. Myself and Polly Carter. Bright is the tint of the Autumn leaf, When first the full frost nips it; Smart is red pepper and sider mixed, To the mouth that gently sips it;

I loved her when a little girl, And loved her more when older, And never once shall I forget When first my love I told her; She blushed, and smiled, and turned her head Her eyes were filled with water, I took her hands within my own, And whispered—'Polly Carter!'

She turned, and oh! how sweet she smiled, And said she loved me dearly; Then what cared I for aught beside? I was quite blest or nearly, The old folks said we might be wed, And ne'er did I feel smarter, Than when the parson made us one— Myself and Polly Carter.

Literature. The Shepherd's Hut. AN AUSTRALIAN SKETCH. It was a bitter night in June; and although there was neither snow nor ice, for such phenomena rarely distinguish an Australian winter, yet the damp, raw wind blew from the southern ocean with a hollow roar and a penetrating power that no great-coat could defy.

I consulted my watch—it was nine o'clock, and as I had eight miles to drive, and perhaps one to walk, it was time to be en route. So, after tossing off a noddler of rum-punch to keep the cold out and examining the caps on my revolver, I clambered into my somewhat dilapidated vehicle, gathered up the reins, and whipped the rawboned old mare into a trot.

What magical changes do a few years sometimes produce! Can this princely city that I now behold, with its broad, well-paved, gas-lit streets, that would not disgrace the West: End of our London, and actually put to shame those of our great manufacturing capitals of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham; this city, with its glittering shops, its noble public buildings, elegant churches, and charitable institutions, its theatres, concert halls, museums, libraries, giant warehouses and docks, its business and its riches; this city that cries second to few of its century-aged rivals in the old world; can it indeed be the same as the comfortless, dreary spot of almost Siberian wretchedness that I knew fourteen years since?

Most of my readers, if they did not see, have yet been made familiar, in the pages of the colonial or home press, with the aspect of Melbourne at the first breaking out of the gold fever. It is during this stormy period that the incidents of my tale are laid, and that I first set foot on the shores of this great continent.

I did not come, however, as a seeker of the yellow metal. I had no ambition to become a digger. In fact, reason taught me then what experience has since convinced me of—that he who, by hard toil, finds the gold, makes not so great a profit as he who, keeping to his trade and profession wins by his brains the wealth second-hand.

I was a detective police-officer, and I quitted the service at home for reasons which my conscience approved of, and owing in a great measure to an adventure which I have no space to relate here, but which would supply incidents for a more thrilling narrative than the present, in which form I may one day tell it you.

exercise my calling in the old country, I had no scruple at doing so in the new; and when I arrived at Melbourne at the close of the year 1851, I found there was plenty of opening for me. The police arrangements were very ineffective—murders, stabbings, and other outrages were of frequent occurrence in the city; and throughout the country round prowling ruffians—escaped convicts from Sydney or Van Diemen's Land—were ever ready to waylay and murder the wandering digger, for the sake of the gold they expected to find on his person.

One of the greatest scoundrels of the latter class had, by the number of murders he had committed, earned the cognomen of 'Dick the Devil.' His outrages had extended to within a quarter of a mile of the town; he was wont to boast that he killed a man a week, and robbed one a day; and so anxious was every one for his capture, that one thousand pounds was offered for his body, alive or dead.

This was the very worthy I was about to seek when I quitted the 'Cafe de l'Europe,' and turned my steps down Bourke Street on the evening in question.

I had come to the knowledge that he would be at a hut a mile or so off the highway to Bundura, at eleven o'clock that night. This hut was inhabited by a shepherd belonging to a neighboring run, who was evidently, through fear or inclination, an accomplice of the ruffian. I did not, however, fear the odds against me—the reward offered was more than commensurate with the danger incurred. Had I taken an aid, that reward must have been shared, which I did not care for; the more particularly as the honor of the affair would have to be divided also. A revolver and a bowie knife were my best friends and the only thing that caused me annoyance was, that a recent kick from a horse prevented my crossing a saddle, or walking very far. I therefore hired a light gig; for I knew the road to within a mile of the spot to be a pretty good one, and I could then hobble my horse, and creep the rest of the distance on foot.

I should have been a light night, for the moon was nearly at its full; but the heavy masses of cloud only allowed her radiance to appear occasionally, and at other times the darkness was so intense that I could scarcely see my horse's head. This, however, I did not very much heed. I knew that the old mare knew every inch of the road. I had received information that I could not very well mistake as to the discovery of the shepherd's hut, and the peculiar business upon which I was engaged rendered darkness more welcome than light to me.

I had proceeded in this way some three miles or so, when a shrill voice hailed me with 'Arrah, your honor, will ye be giving a pair one woman a lit as far as the 'Bell,' to Bundura and it's many thanks she'll offer ye for the trouble?'

I drew in my sorry nag at this sudden greeting, and as I did so, the moonlight glinted out from a rift in the leaden clouds, and I beheld, standing close to the roadside a gaunt and decrepit looking hag of some seventy years of age; her clothes a mere bundle of rags, and filthy looking in the extreme; whilst from beneath a large mob cap, which once, doubtless, had been white, but now retained little evidence of the fact, a lock or two of straggling gray hair waved in the wind; in short, the appearance of this strange old woman resembled so closely one of the weird sisterhood in 'Macbeth,' that a more unattractive companion for a lonely night's drive could hardly be imagined.

'What are you doing here at this time of night, my friend?' I asked. 'Och, faith, your honor, ye may well ask the question. Sure, and it's the market I've been attending

at all day, and then I bided to take a dish of tay wid a neighbor, and the night o'ertook us talking o' old times.'

'Why did you not stop at your friend's all night, then? It would have been wiser than tramping this lonely road at such an hour!'

'Ah, I should anger the old man, yer worship, who's a waiting up for me at home. It's a pretty bit of a bating I shall catch, as it is,' she answered, in a shrill voice.

Not wishing to be delayed longer, I bade the old woman jump up, which she did with an alacrity not to be expected at her years, and the journey was resumed. For a mile or so my companion was silent, while I was too much absorbed in my own reflections to open a conversation. When, however, the two or three wooden houses that then composed the village of Flemington were passed, and the lights that had flashed from the windows of the little inn, known as the 'Half way House,' had grown like tiny stars in our rear, my strange companion again found her tongue, and gabbled away with such garrulity that I began to grow doubtful whether she was insane, or rather the worse for 'a drop of the crater.'

It was at this moment, that, glancing down to see that the small bag, containing handcuffs and a few other little implements of my craft, had not fallen out of my gig, I perceived a strange object sticking out of the pocket of my companion. Could it be? I looked again. Yes it was—the steel mounted but of a pistol—a genuine Colt's revolver. I knew it in an instant by the shape and could scarcely refrain giving a whistle of surprise. I glanced at the face of the bearer, and now, in a clear moonlight, I could perceive that the deep wrinkles in the cheeks were skillfully put on with burnt cork, and that the straggling locks of gray hair were the fascinations of a wig.

I was clearly in a trap; my own firearms were buttoned over in my breast pocket; were I to drop either rein or whip, the suspicion of the bushranger, for I doubted not the profession of my companion—would be roused, and ere I could draw my own weapon I should have a bullet through my head.

What strength can't accomplish, skill must, is an old axiom of my profession; so, turning round, I exclaimed 'I fear my horse has got a stone in his shoe, mother; you won't be afraid to hold the reins a minute whilst I jump down and see will you?'

The careless and yet encouraging tones in which I spoke took my companion off his guard. I drew up, and handed him the whip and reins; then rising as if to get out of the gig, I suddenly snatched the revolver from his pocket, and levelled it at his head, exclaiming, 'You're my prisoner; move hand or foot, and I blow your brains out!'

'Faith, Mr. Paaler, it's yourself has got the best of it; but ye can't be for arresting me—ye've no evidence I meant to do wrong?'

in my waistcoat pocket; then taking a piece of strong cord from the bag, I laid the pistol on the seat, and strongly bound his arms and legs.

'Now, my dear old lady,' I said as I concluded, 'next time you frequent Paddy's market, don't get frightened on your way home. I'll save you this time from a bating by the old man, but I may not be able to do so always.'

'Hang you, for a meddling fool!' was the answer. 'The game may be in my hands next time; if so, my hearty, look out.'

I made no reply to this, and was about to gather up the reins, when frightened at a sheep, which showed itself in the brushwood, the horse swerved round, and, before I could check him, had quitted the road, and was galloping at a rattling pace across the country. By the time I had got the horse again in hand, we were far away from the high road, with the probability of not finding it again.

This improbability was rendered an impossibility by the moon becoming again obscured. The heavens grew one leaden shroud; each moment the darkness became more intense.

It was now necessary to abandon the gig, for it was unsafe longer to stick to that conveyance. I unbound my prisoners arms, and made him unharness the mare, whilst I covered him with my pistol—an operation which his chained handcuffs rendered troublesome, but not difficult. I then rebound his arms, and mounting the horse in spite of my own bad leg, turned its head I knew not whither, making my captive march about a length before me, having first given him the comforting assurance that if he stopped, or looded back, I would put a bullet through his head.

After traveling for some two hours in this manner, to my great joy I perceived a light a little way ahead, and as we drew nearer, discovered that it shone from a window of a long rambling wooden house. A deep growl of dogs greeted our approach; and when, in obedience to my command, the bushranger knocked heavily at the closed door, a voice within saluted us in an angry tone with 'Pass on whoever you are, you get no rest here to night. They pay high who make this a resting place. Begone!'

I was about to ride up and hold a parley through the key-hole, when my companion giving it a kick, exclaimed, in a voice quite free from the brogue, 'Come, my good people, you won't have the heart to refuse the shelter of a roof and a crust of bread to two poor travellers' lost in the bush.'

He had hardly spoken, when the door opened, and a rough voice answered, 'Well I don't mind if I do, it that's the time of day. I thought you was only loafers, perhaps.'

awoke on a Sunday morning without a sense of triumph in the quiet hours that were before me. Sunday was always the day on which I rose early, in order to have as much as possible of its peace and sweetness. It is still the same with me. No postman comes to-day with his double knock. No butcher rings the bell for orders. No carts go clattering through the streets. Even the doctor seems to find less to do. And now, in these soft, unfretted moments, causes of irritation seem less than they did yesterday; we pause upon the momentous step; the bent bow of half-angry energy is relaxed; the mist of passion has time to thin away a little; we come to the end of the gentle day with a pang, and go to bed with a regretful thought that tomorrow is Monday. I say we, feeling sure that my own experience cannot be solitary—but it is mine, and much more keenly mine than the pen can tell you. The influence of an enforced pause in clearing the mind may be great. How often does it happen that we fail to see because we look too hard. We look at the picture or the landscape; we attack it, so to speak, with our eyes; and we miss the beauty of it. But another day, when we are a little relaxed in our will, the landscape or the picture is permitted to look at us, and the calm receptivity of a languor, enforced it may be by illness, takes in the loveliness we missed when we were at pains to see.— Good Words.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—KOFF SYRUP.—Eat all that the appetite requires of the most nourishing food such as fresh beef, oysters, raw eggs fruit, vegetables, and three times a day take a glass of egg-nog, made as rich as the patient can bear. Avoid all alcoholic drinks. Bathe twice a week in water made agreeably warm and in a warm room; after bathing rub the body and limbs with sweet cream or sweet oil. Exercise daily in the open air; walking is the best. Stand erect, exercise the arms and lungs freely, keep the mind cheerful; take freely of the best cough syrup, take one ounce of thoroughwort, one ounce of slippery elm, one ounce of stick liquorice, and one ounce of flax seed; simmer together in one quart of wine until the strength is entirely extracted. Strain carefully; add one pint of best molasses and half a pound of loaf sugar; simmer well together, when cold bottle tight. This is the cheapest, best and safest medicine for coughs now or ever in use. A few doses of one tablespoonfull at a time will alleviate the most distressing cough of the lungs, soothe and allays irritation, and if continued, subdues any tendency to consumption; breaks up entirely the whooping cough, and no better remedy can be found for croup, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat. Thousands of precious lives may be saved every year, by this cheap and simple remedy, as well as thousand of dollars which would otherwise be spent in the purchase of nostrums, which are both useless and dangerous.— American Paper.

Examination of Attorneys. The following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar, is taken from the Western Law Journal, and is decidedly a good hit:— The examination commences with— 'Do you smoke, sir?' 'I do, sir.'

'Have you a spare cigar?' 'Yes, sir,' (extending a short six.) 'Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?' 'To collect fees.'

'Right. What is the second?' 'To increase the number of his clients.'

'When does your position towards your client change?' 'When making out a bill of costs.'

'Explain.' 'We then occupy the antagonistic position—I assume the plaintiff and he becomes defendant.'

'A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?' 'Check by jowl.'