

The York Herald

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.

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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.

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBOURNE STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to 10 a.m.

LAW CARDS.

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

Maneute Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor. STABLES for Six Horses Good Pasturing. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

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.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—No. 17 opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

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. 15. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1866. Whole No. 305.

R. H. Hall, Chemist & Druggist, RICHMOND HILL. 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, 28 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

LUMBERING! ABRAHAM 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.

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others (who have them 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. Price 60 cents per foot. No extra charge for Top.

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

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL, Residence—Lot 41 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, 14th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention 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 always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance. January 16, 1866.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPIDERS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff, SEAR MILLS, THORNHILL, September 7, 1865.

Poetry. A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I've a guinea I can spend, I've a wife, and I've a friend, And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;

I love the song of birds, And the children's early words, And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;

So, if you like my ways, And the comfort of my days, I will tell you how I live so unweird, John Brown;

Literature. The Smuggler's Leap.

"Oh! there's not in this wide world," I exclaimed, quite unintentionally quoting Tom Moore; "there never has been, nor can ever be again, so charming a creature. No nymph, or sylvan, or winged Ariel, or syren with song and mirror, was ever so fascinating—no daughter of Eve was so pretty and provoking!"

This apostrophe, which certainly appears, now that in cooler moments I recall it, rather rhapsodical was not uttered viva voce, nor even sotto voce, seeing that its object, Miss Dora M'Dermot, was riding along only three paces in front of me, whilst her brother walked by my side. It was a mere mental ejaculation, elicited by the surpassing perfections of the aforesaid Dora, who assuredly was the most charming girl I had ever beheld.

From beneath this elegant coiffure her dark eyes flashed, and sparkled whilst her luxuriant chestnut curls fell down over her neck, the alabaster fairness of which made her white head dress look almost tawny. Either because the air, although we were still in the month of September, was fresh upon the mountains, or else because she was pretty and a woman, and therefore not sorry to show herself to the best advantage, she had twisted round her waist a very long cashmere scarf, previously passing it over one shoulder in the manner of a sword-belt, the ends hanging down nearly to her stirrup; and this gave something peculiarly picturesque, almost fantastical, to her whole appearance.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the baths of St. Sauveur, in the Pyrenees, I had fallen in with my friend and college chum, Jack M'Dermot, who was taking his sister the round of the French watering places. Dora's health had been delicate, the faculty had recommended the excursion; and Jack, who doated upon his only sister, had dragged her away from the gaieties of London and brought her off to the Pyrenees. M'Dermot was an excellent fellow, neither a wit nor a Solomon; but a good hearted dog who had been much liked at Trin. Coll., Dublin, where he had thought very little of his studies, and a good deal of his horses and dogs. An Irishman, to be sure, occasionally a slight touch of the brogue was perceptible in his talk; but from this, his sister, who had been brought up in England, was entirely free. Jack had a snug estate of three thousand a year; Miss Dora had twenty thousand pounds from her mother.

I had been absent from England for nearly two years, on a continental tour; and although I had heard much of Miss M'Dermot, I had never seen her until her brother introduced me to her at Sauveur. I had not known her an hour, before I found myself in a fair way to add another to the list of the poor moths who had singed their wings at the perilous light of her beauty. When M'Dermot—learning that, like himself, I was on a desultory sort of a ramble, and had not marked out any particular route—offered me a seat in their carriage, and urged me to accompany them, instead of prudently flying from the danger, I exposed myself to it, and lo! what might have been anticipated, came to pass. Before I had been two days in Dora's society my doom was sealed; I was her slave, the slave of her sunny smile and bright eyes—talismans more potent than any lamp or ring that djinn or fairy ever obeyed.

A fortnight had passed, and we were at B—. During that time, the spell that bound me had been each day gaining strength. As an intimate friend of her brother, I was already, with Dora, on the footing of an old acquaintance; she seemed well enough pleased with my society, and charmed with me willingly and familiarly; but in vain did I watch for some slight indication, a glance or an intonation, whence to derive hope. None such were perceptible; nor could the most egregious coxcomb have fancied that they were. We once or twice fell in with other acquaintances of her's and her brother's, and with them she had just the same frank, friendly manner, as with me. I had not sufficient vanity, however, to expect a woman, especially one so much admired as Miss M'Dermot, to fall in love at first sight with my humble personality, and I patiently waited, trusting to time and assiduity to advance my cause.

and a perfect model of the class to which he belonged. By no means unpolished in his manners, he had yet a sort of plain frankness and bonhomie, which was peculiarly agreeable and prepossessing. He was not a university man, nor had he received an education of the highest order—spoke no other language but his own with any degree of correctness—neither played the fiddle, painted pictures, nor wrote poetry. On the other hand, in all manly exercises he was a proficient; shot, rode, walked, and danced to perfection; and the fresh originality, and pleasant tone of his conversation, redeemed any deficiency of reading or accomplishment. In personal appearance he was a splendid fellow, nearly six feet in his boots, strongly, but, at the same time, symmetrically built; although his size of limb and width of shoulder, rendered him, at six and twenty, rather than is called a fine man, than a slender or elegant one. He had the true Anglo-Saxon physiognomy, blue eyes, and light brown hair that waved, rather than curled, his broad, handsome forehead. And, then, what a handsome mustache the fellow had! (He was officer in a crack yeomanry corps.) Not one of the composite order, made up of pomatum and lamp-black, such as may be seen sauntering down St. James' Street on a spring afternoon, with incipient guardsmen behind them—but worthy of an Italian painter or Hungarian hussar; full, well grown and glossy. Who was the idiot who first set afloat the notion—now become an established prejudice in England—that the mustaches were unseemly? To nine faces out of ten they are a most becoming addition, increasing physiognomical character, almost giving it where there is none; relieving the monotony of broad flat cheeks, and abridging the abomination of a long upper lip. Uncleanly, say you? Not a bit of it, if judiciously trimmed and trained. What Sirs! are they not at least as proper looking as those foxy thickets extending from jawbone to temple, which you yourself, each morning of your life, take such pains to comb and curl into shape.

Delighted to meet Ashley, I dragged him off to the hotel, to introduce him to M'Dermot and his sister. As a friend of mine they gave him a cordial welcome, and we passed that and the following days together. I soon, however, I must confess, began to repent a little having brought my handsome friend into the society of Dora. She seemed better pleased with him than I altogether liked; nor could I wonder at it. Walter Ashley was exactly the man to please a woman of Dora's character. She was of rather a romantic turn, and about him there was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculated to captivate her imagination. Although perfectly feminine, she was an excellent horsewoman, and an ardent admirer of feats, of address and courage, and she had heard me tell her brother of Ashley's perfection in such matters.—On his part, Ashley, like every one else who saw her, was evidently greatly struck with her beauty and fascination of manner. I cannot say that I was jealous; I had no right to be so, for Dora had never given me encouragement; but I certainly more than once regretted introducing a third person into what—honest Jack M'Dermot counting, of course, for nothing—had previously been a sort of tele-a-tele society. I began to fear that, thanks to myself, my occupation was gone, and Ashley had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with Walter, and we had started early in the morning upon an excursion to a neighbouring lake, the scenery around which, we were told, was particularly wild and beautiful. It was situated on a piece of table-land on the top of a mountain, which we could see from the hotel window. The distance was barely ten miles, and the road being rough and precipitous, M'Dermot, Ashley, and myself, had chosen to walk rather than to risk our necks by riding the broken-knee'd ponies that were offered to us. A sure-footed mule, and in different side-saddle, had been procured for Miss M'Dermot, and was attended by a wildlooking bearnese boy, or gossoon, as her brother

called him, a creature like a grasshopper, all legs and arms, with a scurd countenance, and long lank black hair hanging in irregular shreds about his face.

There is no season more agreeable in the Pyrenees than the month of September. People are very apt to expatiate on the delights of autumn, its mellow beauty, pensive charms, and such like. I confess that in a general way I like the youth of the year better than its decline, and prefer the bright green tints of spring, with the summer in prospective, to the melancholy autumn, its russet tines and falling leaves; its regrets for fine weather past, and anticipations of bad to come. But if there be any place where I should be tempted to reverse my judgment, it would be in Southern France, and especially its western and central portion. The clear cloudless sky, the moderate heat succeeding to the sultriness often overpowering, of the summer months, the magnificent vineyards and merry vintage-time, the noble groves of chestnut, clothing the lowly slopes of the mountains, the bright streams and flowers-sprangled meadows Bearn and Languedoc render no part of this year more delightful in those countries than the months of September and October.

As before mentioned, Dora rode a little in front, with Ashley beside her, pointing out the beauties of the wild scenery through which we passed, and occasionally laying a hand upon her bridle to guide the mule over some unusually rugged portion of the almost trackless mountain. M'Dermot and I were walking behind, a little puffed by the steepness of the ascent; our guide, whose name was Cadet, a name answered to by every second man one meets in that part of France, strode along beside us, like a pair of compasses with leathern lungs. Presently the last named individual turned to me.

Concluded in our next.

A THIEF CAUGHT BY A DOG.—The late Rev. J. Palmer had a house dog that was as serviceable in protecting his property as any detective could possibly be. A labourer, who had been employed on the farm long enough to gain confidence of his employer, was entrusted with the key of the barn, and was frequently employed to bring sacks of flour to the house for family use. One night this man went and stole a sack of corn.—The dog, who was intimate with the thief, followed him very quietly so long as he pursued the path that led to his master's house; but when he turned his course into the road that took him into the village, the dog caught hold of his leg, and would not let him stir; as much as to say, "Where are you going with my master's corn?" The man then tried to go back again with the sack to the barn; but the dog, as if conscious of his design, would neither let him do that nor proceed on his journey. In this dilemma the man was obliged to remain all night. The dog held him fast, though he did not hurt him in the least—in this strange situation the man was found in the morning. Unable to give any satisfactory account as to how he came with the sack of corn, he threw himself on Mr. Palmer's mercy, by making a full confession of his dishonesty.

THE NUMBER FORTY.—Has the number forty any mystical meaning? Henry Cornelius Agrippa makes it the number of expiation. It very often occurs as a period of time. It rained forty days and forty nights at the Deluge. The Israelites wandered forty years in the wilderness. Moses was in the mount forty days. Goliath defied the armies of Israel, it is said forty days. Our Lord was forty days in the desert, and, as commemorative of this, we have the forty days of Lent. Then in Scotch law, there are the forty years prescription (usuceptio of the civil law), forty day's residence for establishing a domicile, and an inhibition must be recorded within forty days. In the canon law there were the forty days during which an excommunicated person might seek absolution. Although a measure of prominence is certainly given to the number forty in the Bible, we do not apprehend that it is there invested with any mystical meaning.—Notes and Queries.

NEW MODE OF PAYING FOR A DINNER.—The following anecdote is said to be a true story, though it reads a little fictitious;—A certain quasi-commercial 'gent,' travelling in the North, stopped at a commercial house. He ordered dinner, and enjoyed himself after the fashion of the craft—the 'pint of port' not being omitted. When he was about to depart, he called up mine host, and gravely informed him he was 'very sorry' that he had no money to pay the bill, but that, if allowed to leave in peace, he would one day return and square up. Now, the landlord had been victimized in this way before, and he was irate. He said he would 'take it out' of his customer by kicking him down the steps of the hotel; and he did so. Some time afterwards, to the landlord's intense astonishment, the 'commercial' re-appeared. He was polite and forgiving; he bore no malice, he said, and he should be glad if mine host would favor him, on this 'improved' occasion, with his company at dinner. The victualer was taken back, he felt that on the previous visit he had been harsh and had misjudged his customer, and with profuse apologies he consented to dine with the man he had before violently ejected from the house. The 'commercial' ordered a very capital dinner, a bottle or so of the best wine in the cellar, and it was altogether a pleasant party of two. Politics were discussed, trade was ventilated, and all went merry as a marriage bell, till the good things were exhausted. Then the dinner-giver rose, and, in the coolest manner possible, addressed the landlord. 'I have very much enjoyed this entertainment, Mr.—,' he said, 'but as to the bill, I am afraid you will have to take that out as you did before.' The landlord now more irate than ever, did take out the bill 'as before,' and the traveler was again summarily ejected. What was a good kicking to him compared with a good dinner?—Northern Warder.

Not for the sake of Gold

The noblest deeds which have been done on earth have not been done for gold. It was not for the sake of gold that the Lord came down and died, and the apostles went out to preach the good news in all lands. The Spartans looked for no reward in money when they fought and died at Thermopylae; and Socrates the wise asked no pay from his countrymen, but lived poor and barefoot all his days, only caring to make men good. And there are heroes in our days, also, who do noble deeds, but not for gold. Our discoverers did not go to make themselves rich when they sailed out one after another into the dreary frozen seas; nor did the ladies who went out last year to die in the hospitals of the East, making themselves poor, that they might be rich in noble works. And young men, too, whom you know, children, and some of them of your own kin, did they say to themselves, "How much money shall I earn?" when they went out to the war, leaving wealth, and comfort, and a pleasant home, and all that money can give, to face hunger and thirst, and wounds, and death, that they might fight for their country and their Queen! No, children, there is a better thing on earth than wealth, a better thing than life itself, and that is, to have done something before you die for which good men may honor, and God your Father, smile upon your work.—Charles Kingsley.

The Language of Signs.

The following interpretations have been patented, and may be relied on:— It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing out his old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in his window. It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow. It is a bad sign to see him wiping his chops as he comes out of the cellar. It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her finery. It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers. It is a bad sign to see the Sheriff advertise for him. It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school. It is a bad sign to see them educated at free evening classes on the sidewalk. It is a good sign (a benefit to the eye sight in fact) to see a man pay for his paper in advance.