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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.

P. J. MUTER, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur Thornhill. Residence—Near the Church of England.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, W. L. L. generally 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 no money now that must be met.

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

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lots 5, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK, PEEL AND ONTARIO. Residence: Lots 5, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

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 Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—No 14 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.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1866.

Whole No. 310.

R. H. Hall, Chemist & Druggist, RICHMOND HILL. JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, AMIRA 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. 36 West Beaver Square, 2 doors south of King Street. TORONTO.

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

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 28, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of Slaves and Staves, 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.

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.

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. January 16, 1866.

Poetry.

On the Death of Little Willie LITTLE WILLIE is gone away Unto the Land, beyond the stars, Unto the Land of perfect day, Away from all terrestrial wars.

Where all the bright Angelic host, And noble of all ages shine, Unto the land that rubies boast Richer than a Peruvian mine.

Who would wish to call him back Unto this world of sin and woe? Here to become in duties' lack Like unto those he left below.

Ab! methinks you should not weep Because his little bark has past So quickly o'er life's troubled deep And reached the port without a blast.

How could you with a mother's love Wish to detain him here below? And as he took his flight above Cry—"Willie, wherefore do you go?"

If you could only see your pet All beaming with celestial hue, Methinks you could never regret That thus you had to cry—"Adieu."

Thy loss was great, beyond compare, And who but you that loss can know When death came on so unawares And laid your little Willie low?

But weep not mother; why should we Against Omnipotence rebel? Why should we fret the just decree Of Him who doeth all things well?

Though lowering clouds may hang around, And every hope appear to shroud; But wait awhile and 'twill be found; The sun was bright behind the cloud.

Though friends by death are plucked away, The voice of reason loudly cries: "Though thus to death their fall a prey, There's something left that never dies."

Ere's something left though here no more, We hope ere long to meet again, When transient scenes of life are o'er And we have past the vale of pain.

Then mourn not mother, you may yet, When death your future home unbars, Hope then to meet your little pet In the land beyond the stars.

Literature.

The Fatal Repast. Concluded in our next.

We had been nearly five weeks at sea when the captain found, by a nautical observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica.

The captain, on receiving this information, grew very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At last he started from his chair, and hurried by the gangway.

After a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way.

All conversation was now at an end, and no one uttered a word till Mrs. L. returned from her sister's apartment.

"Poisoned! my God! do you say so? must we all die?" exclaimed Mrs. L., dropping on her knees.

"What's to be done?" cried the major, distractedly; "are there no means of counteracting it?"

"None that I know of," returned the captain. "All remedies are vain. The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagination?"

"Yes, sir," replied he, "if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel. Here is a serious business. Be assured we have not seen the end of it."

Though we saw no land, everything proved that we were in the West India seas. The sky had, within a few days, begun to assume a more dazzling aspect, and long ranges of conical-shaped clouds floated along the horizon.

One delightful clear morning, when we were in hourly expectation of making the land, some dolphins appeared astern.

The dinner-hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that everything should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous style.

when he saw the animals drop on the waves "Will you have the goodness to let down the boat to pick up the game?" said Mr. D.

"Yes, sir," replied he, "if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel. Here is a serious business. Be assured we have not seen the end of it."

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flushed angrily through them, as they were wildly hurried along by the blast. The sea began to run high, and the masts showed, by their incessant creaking, that they carried more sail than they could well sustain.

I stood alone near the stern of the ship. Nothing could be heard above or below deck, but the dashing of the surges and the moanings of the wind. All the people on board were to me the same as dead and I was tossed about, in the vast expanse of water, without a companion or fellow-sufferer.

Mrs. L. soon regained her senses, and I endeavored to calm her agitation by remarking, that we might possibly escape the fatal influence of the poison, as some constitutions are not so easily affected by it as others.

"Oh! God grant it may be so! How dreadful to die in the midst of the ocean! far from friends and home, and then to be thrown into the deep!"

"Speak on," cried the major, in breathless suspense. "It may have a chance of saving you," continued the former; "You must immediately drop his head upon his hand, apparently unable to utter a word more."

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did.

While thus occupied, I heard the steersman call out, "Taken all aboard here!"

I found the mate stretched upon the top of the companion, and addressed him, but he made no reply.

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Among the horses in our circus was a cream-coloured Hanoverian charger, of extraordinary beauty and immense size, and went so proud in action, as if he disdain'd the ground.

Immediately after taking the direction of the establishment, I made myself acquainted with the titles and general character and qualifications of all the horses, but was not so well informed as to how the grooms, minor people, and musicians were called; and among the latter was a clarionet player, with less talent but with the same name as the horse—Nelson.

On a Sunday, in the forenoon, Rodgers, an equestrian performer, and father to one of the first riders

of the present day, called at my house and requested to see me on very particular business.

"Dead!" said I, with astonishment; "why Mr. Rodgers, it's impossible! he was well enough last night; for in passing through the stable I had stopped to caress the beautiful animal, and he was as full of mischief and spirit as usual."

"Oh no, sir," said Rogers; "he was very unwell for two days, and scarcely able to perform."

"Why, I knew nothing of it," I replied; "why didn't some of them let me know? There was no necessity for his being employed in anything but the entire; and, indeed, if he was sick, he shouldn't have been used even for that, if I had known it."

"You're very kind, sir, I'm sure, replied the friend of the dead musician. 'He'll be a great loss to the concern; and he was such a kind, good creature.'"

"Why, as to his kindness," said I, "I can't agree with you there; he was most difficult to manage; but his loss, as you observed, will be irreparable. When did he die?"

"Early this morning," he replied "I was up with him all night. He kicked and rolled about in great agony, and you might have heard his groans for half a square."

"Poor creature!" said I. "And what did they say was the matter with him, Mr. Rogers?"

"The colic, or something of that sort," he replied; "and we think it was brought on by eating cucumbers."

"Cucumbers!" said I; "why, where did he get the cucumbers?"

"Mr. Blyth," he replied, "received some as a present, and he gave poor Nelson two or three."

"Oh dear, no, sir," said he, with a confident veterinary manner; "that's a disease as horses often dies on; but his was quite different. his body was all drawn up in a heap, and the sweat poured off him in pitfalls; we dosed him with brandy and laudanum, and kept rubbing of him, but before the doctor arrived he was a gone horse, and then, with a sigh, he continued."

"There's George Yeaman and Williams, and a few more as came out with old West along with him, wishes to pay him the compliment of giving him a funeral, and wants to know if you would be good enough to attend?"

"Oh, pooh!" said I, "that's perfectly ridiculous, Rogers. A funeral is all nonsense; we'll have him hauled away early in the morning, and thrown in the river."

"Are you going back to the circus, Mr. Rogers?" said I.

"No, sir," said he, "but I live within a door or two."

"Well, then," said I, "you will greatly oblige me if you will call and tell Peter, or any of the grooms you may find there, to employ a butcher, or any one who understands the business, and have him skinned."

"Skinned, sir?" said Rogers, in astonishment.

"And if you please," continued I, "tell them to have it done carefully, and be sure not to cut off his ears and tail; I intend to have him stuffed."

"Stuffed!" said Rogers.—"Yes," said I.

This brought our equivocal conversation to a climax; and, highly delighted at finding it was Nelson the musician instead of Nelson the horse who had been killed with cucumbers and kindness, the next morning I joined the mourners, and saw the poor fellow quietly inurned."

A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLASPHEMY.—The vengeance of the Almighty was visited on a youth named Richards on Sunday week, in the most awful and sudden manner.

Among the horses in our circus was a cream-coloured Hanoverian charger, of extraordinary beauty and immense size, and went so proud in action, as if he disdain'd the ground.

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