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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, 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 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.

LAW CARDS.

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., 77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House)

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL. Residence—Lot 40 Yonge Street, Vaughan. January 16, 1866.

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

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

HENRY SMELSER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

SALES attended on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.



THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—No 15 opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill.

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.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by JOHN LANGSTAFF STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

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. VII. No. 4.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1866.

Whole No. 316.

R. H. Hall Chemist & Druggist, RICHMOND HILL. JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

LOOK AT THIS. JOHN FARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS & SHOES, 33 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

PLANING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice. Planed Lumber, Flooring, &c.

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.

The Best is Always the Cheapest. POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS!

ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others (with whom they are working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 133 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT over offered to the Public.

Every Pump Warranted. Orders for Wells Examined & addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. June 7, 1865.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 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.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL. Residence—Lot 40 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

DEGS 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 hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

GOOD accommodation for Travellers—First Wine, Liquor and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance. January 16, 1866.

Railroad Hotel, Maple! ROBERT RUMBLE, Proprietor.

GOOD accommodation for Travellers—First Wine, Liquor and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance. January 16, 1866.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by JOHN LANGSTAFF STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

Poetry. THE FLOWERS.

The flowers! the lovely flowers! They are springing forth again; Are opening their gentle eyes In forest and in plain!

The flowers! the lovely flowers! Their pure and radiant eyes Greet us where'er we turn our steps Like angels from the skies!

The flowers! the lovely flowers! The fairest type are they Of the sun's springing from its night, To sunshine and to day;

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers! Ye greet us well and long; With light, and warmth, and sunny smile, And harmony and song.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling; and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner.

He was a handsome gentleman, the Squire; and the hand from which he had pulled the glove, shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders; and, said he, 'I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?'

'And welcome, sir,' said I; and I set a chair for him, for he was grandfather's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to; for grandmother, who brought me up, always said, 'Handsome is as handsome does,' and 'Beauty is but skin deep.'

Since I'm telling the story, I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong one thing. Neither of the old folk knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church lane.

He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the Squire was, and I had just to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the Squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

'She'll never ruin her poor grandpapa,' sobbed grandmamma. Ah! it was hard to hear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had pledged my troth to him.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the Squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches; but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and if I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpapa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way watching me knit or spin.

Once or twice he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But Squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, not help seeing him when he came; and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmasters.

He made me angry, and I spoke up. 'For that matter, the Squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him,' said I. 'He thinks more of me than you do just now.'

'May be you like him better,' said Evan. 'I don't say that,' replied I. 'But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband that will scold me.'

For he had been scolding me there was no other name for it. Well Evan was wrath with me and I with him—not heart deep, though I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I wasn't troubled much, though, I knew he would come round again, and may-hap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses when you will.

So I did not fret after Evan nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in from a lonely ride; and, snuiting too the door, stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke.

'I've been to the Squire's,' said he. 'For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay his rent when due.'

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpapa drew me to him. 'Thon't young lass,' he said, 'and they are right who call thee pretty. Squire Turner likes the young Squire enough to wed him?'

'Eh?' cried grandmamma. 'sure you're not wandering?' Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world, there is but one he loves as he should love a wife; and that is our Agatha.'

I dreamt of golden rings and a bunch of white roses on Christmas Eve,' cried grannie. 'I always knew the lass would be lucky.'

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I know. 'Wit have him, and be a rich lady?' said grandpapa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out 'no' and a sob together. 'She's frightened,' said grandmamma. 'Nay, we must all wed once in our lives my child.'

Then grandpapa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the Squire was, and I had just to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the Squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

'She'll never ruin her poor grandpapa,' sobbed grandmamma. Ah! it was hard to hear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had pledged my troth to him.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the Squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches; but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and if I have a guess she heard them.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on, and he never came near me. 'Oh, it was cruel in him,' I thought, 'to hold such anger for a lady word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so.'

And grandmamma would scarcely look at me (I know why now); and grandpapa sighed, and mourned and talked of the workhouse. And I thought I should die of grief amongst them.

One day grandmamma said to me, 'It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you.'

'Why not?' said I. 'Where has he been this month back?' 'Busy, doubtless, said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

'Perhaps you know all about it,' said grandmamma. 'You're going with him, maybe.' 'Where?' said I. 'She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.'

'I heard you rightly' she said. 'You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage.'

'They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. That's what takes him.'

'I told you so,' said grandmamma. 'I don't believe it,' said I. 'They've sold the house and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself if you chose to take the trouble,' said Dame Coombs. 'I'm no chatter box, to tell falsehoods about my neighbours.' And she went away in wrath.

And still I would not believe it, until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed, and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmamma's knee.

'It's true,' said I. 'And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow.'

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say, 'Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love doesn't want me.'

And then I crept up-stairs and sat down on my bed-side, weak as though I had fainted. I'd have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlour as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the colour came back to grandpapa's old face. And grannie grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan, whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The Squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong.

Once she said to me, 'What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your brow grand lover canna make ye smile; ye are no that ill either.'

'No—I'm well enough,' said I. She looked at me wistfully. 'Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might tell a cure,' she said.

But there was no cure in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it was my shroud they were working at, instead.

scarcely thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

'Why do you call for your true love, now?' she said, 'Ye sent him fra' you for sake of the young Squire.'

'How dare you follow and watch me?' 'But she caught my sleeve.' 'Dinna be vexed,' she said. Just bide o' wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the saw-wreath in the sun sith the Squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the earth ye trod on should have his ring again?'

'What do you mean?' said I. 'I'll speak 'gin I lose my place,' said Jennie. 'I rode with the mistress to young Doctor Locke's house past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and says he, 'There's na a drop o' true blood in a woman, 'gin she is false.' An' he turned to the wa' and covered his eyes, an' your grannie rode home. There 'tis all I ken; wull it do?'

'Ay, Jennie,' said I; 'heaven bless you!' 'And had I wings on my feet, I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.'

'I stood before my grandmother trembling and white; and, said I, '—Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth-ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You've loved and honoured my life long. I'd rather die than think it.'

She turned scarlet. 'True love' said she. 'You've but one true love now—Squire Turner.'

'It's written on your face.' 'And she looked down at that, and fell to weeping.

'My own true love was breaking his heart,' she said. 'My husband I'd loved for fifty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy worth nothing stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh! girl—girl!'

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak, and her own, and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight, to where the Hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the Squire.

She started at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

'Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here,' he began. But I stopped him.

'Not your love, Squire Turner,' I said. 'I thank you for thinking so well of me; but even after all that has passed, I—'

I could say no more. He took my hand. 'Have I offended you, Agatha?' he said.

'Not you. The offence—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated' and all I could do was to sob, and I think he thought me mad.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed; and how, when he honoured me by the offer of his hand, I angered my grandparents by owning to the truth; and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had sent my promised husband from me.

'And though I never saw Evan Locke again,' said I, 'still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die.'

Then as I looked all the rich colour faded out of the Squire's face and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he rose and came to me. 'My little Agatha never loved me,' he said. 'Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity.'

Many a higher and a fairer have 'hearts to give,' I said. 'Mine was gone ere you saw me.'

And then, kind and gentle as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me home across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered—'Be at rest Agatha. The Canadian ship Golden George has not sailed yet.'

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of to-morrow and never stopped until he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. But our young Squire? Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old Grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Doctor Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was nigh two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened—and from far away over the sea, where he had been three good twelvemonths, came our Squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the Hall had a mistress at last—and a mistress who loved the Squire as I loved Evan.

Eh, but it's an old story—the that I remembered a girl that I saw in her coffin, withered and old; and then they opened the vault where the Squire had slept ten years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and its seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under tombstones. And even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my love from me, has mouldered away at the bottom of the ocean somewhere. And I think my wedding-ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be nigh to-morrow.

Ninty—It's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan, and all the rest in heaven.

Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable woman who sits in the; 'majests of age,' beside the fire-side of her son; she who nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, counselled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the tutelary goddess of his household? What a host of blessed memories are linked with that moths even in her 'revential and arm-chair bays'—what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her and make her lovely even on the verge of the grave. Is there not a beauty and a charm in that matronly woman who sits looking fondly on the child in her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely? What though the lines and lineaments of youth are fled, Time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty and a charm in that fair girl who is kneeling before that matron—her own womanly sympathies just opening into active life, as she folds that youthful infant to her bosom? All are beautiful—the opening blossoms, the matured flower, and the ripened fruit; and the callous heart and the sensual mind that regards loveliness as a stimulant for passion only, shows that it has no correct sense of beauty or refined taste.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—A queen bee lays from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year. It is estimated that no less than 200 different species of caterpillars feed upon the oak. The slower the growth of the oak, the more durable the wood. Bees, beetles, dragon flies, gnats, spiders, &c., have minute animalcula upon their bodies. The roe of the perch, only half a pound in weight, has been found to contain 250,000 eggs. The lava of the silkworm weighs, when hatched about 1,000th part of a grain previously to its first metamorphosis; it incase itself fifty-five grains, or 9,500 times its original weight.

LANGUAGE.—The Brain's livery servant.—The saddle on which capital rides labour.

SUN.—The busy, joy's foreman of our workshop, who works from morning till night and laughs and drinks all the time he is working.