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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.

Poetry. WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS. How lovely then bloomed all things round— The streamlet babbling by, Was music to the ravished ear,

Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal, said O'Connell, calmly. Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that, I'll make you go quicker than you come.

The Tailor and the Sponge, or How a Quaker Collected a Debt. Near the close of the last century, a Quaker, knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who tried to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them.

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to exercise his part of the drama.

And what are you? I am a rum-seller. A Rum-seller! and what can you do? I can build jails, and prisons, and poor houses.

AN ARKANSAS NOTICE—LAUGH

In a tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled regions of Arkansas, (the land made classic by the effusions of that versatile genius, 'Petie Whetstone,') I arrived at the ferry on Cache River.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. P. J. MUTER, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.

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

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.

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

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER

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.

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.

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 135 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

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

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL, 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 hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

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

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff STEAMMILLS, THORNHILL.

Literature.

Squabbling by Euclid. The following amusing instance of O'Connell's valuable ingenuity, is taken from a work entitled "Revelations of Ireland," by Dr. O'Maddon:—

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in, took place in the early part of his life. Not long after he was called to the bar, his character and penitential talents received rapid recognition from all who were only even casually acquainted with him.

Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons. O'Connell had some doubt of this himself, when he had listened once or twice to some of her billingsgate. It was mooted once whether the young Kerry barrister would encounter her; and some one of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madam Moriarty.

While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her boys, there she stands—a convicted perpendicular in petticoats. There's contamination in her circumference; she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries.

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. M. was silenced. Catching up a sauce-pan she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

As the very latest phase of the strikes system, it appears that nearly the whole of the sailors in the port of London are on a strike. A similar movement is in progress in Liverpool.

Easy now, easy, don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey drinking parallelogram. What's that you call me, you murderin' villain? roared Mrs. Moriarty, storming into fury.

Why, sure all your neighbors know very well that you keep not only a hypothenuse, but that you have two diameters locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old heptagon.

Go rince your mouth in the Liffy, you nasty pickle-pitcher; effer all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beize-bub.

You sauby tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw I'll— But here she gasped for breath, unable to hook up any new words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

What's the price of this walking stick, Mrs. what's your name? Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is—and what have you got to say again it? and one and six pence is the price of the stick. Truth, it's cheap as dirt, so it is.

One—and—sixpence for a walking stick! whew! why you are no better than an impostor, to ask eightpence for what cost you twopence.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of the experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the printer that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodging of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

How dost thou do? kindly inquired the Quaker. Perhaps thou dost not know me. I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance, politely answered our hero.

Oh, yes! said the gentleman, apparently recollecting himself; I do now remember the circumstances to which you allude; yes, yes, I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune.

Here he handed the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at him with imperturbable gravity, and continued:

Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest into thy large estates.

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:— "If J— C—, who was in Philadelphia about the month of —, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in neighbouring states are requested to copy." The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Truly I did, replied the Quaker, with remarkable coolness. You told me a — lie in it, replied the rogue. Convince me of that and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault, replied the Quaker.

How dost thou do? kindly inquired the Quaker. Perhaps thou dost not know me. I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance, politely answered our hero.

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The blacksmith comes and says— Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association, Well, what can you do? Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements.

Well, what can you do? I can make boots and shoes for you. Com's in Mr. Shoemaker—we must have you. So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes in and wants to be a member.

"Noatis,—ef enny body cums here arter licker, or to go Akrost the River They kin gest bio This here Horne and ef i dout cum when my wife Betsy up at the Hous heres the Horne bloin shele cum down and sell the licker or set them Akrost the river, ime goin a Fishin no credit when time awa from home John wilson, N B them that 'cant rede will nev to go to the Houso arter betsy tairt but half a mile thar. j. w."

In obedience to the "noatis," I took the blowing-horn, which stuck in a crack of the wall close by the door, and gave it a "toot" or two, which reverberated far around through the cane an I swamp, and in a few moments was answered by a voice scarcely less loud and reverberating than that of the horn, it seemed to be about half a mile distant up the river; and in about fifteen minutes a stalwart female made her appearance, and asked if I wanted 'licker."

Did your husband write that advertisement on the door there? No, sir-ee! Schoolmaster Jones writ that. John ha'n't got no larrin' in!

And the good woman towed the boat across the ugly stream; and handing her the ferrige money, I bade her good morning, believing then, as I still do, that she was one of the happiest women and best wives I ever saw—perfectly contented with her lot because she knew no better.

A Large Volume.—Our readers generally are pretty well aware of the gigantic operations going on in Paris for the International Exhibition which is to come off in the year 1867. Connected with the successful carrying out of the object, it is proposed that "the Literature" of England should be fully represented; whence, every newspaper proprietor, and any one who may issue a periodical, magazine, pamphlet, or any work of this kind, is now desired to send at least one copy of such work to the Secretary of Paris Exhibition, at South Kensington. Just fancy what a volume a single copy of all works published in Great Britain would make! The newspapers alone, it is certain, would make a volume as high as an ordinary dwelling, to say nothing of the other publications alluded to.

Among the curiosities which will figure at the Paris Exhibition, a perpetual motion pendulum is announced, which has already been oscillating for three years without interruption. The inventor of this apparatus is a well-known watch-maker in Paris, but he will not as yet allow his name to be published.