

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails...

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad type and duration, and Price per line.

All advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly...

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

P. J. MUTER, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur: Thornhill.

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.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to 10, a.m.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

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

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

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c. &c. drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate.

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c. &c. &c. OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c. OFFICE—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866.

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

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty of do, Ladies', March 2nd 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. VII. No. 10. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1866. Whole No. 322.

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, 35 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

LUMBERING: ABRAMHAM 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.

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

Every Pump Warranted, Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. 1-1f

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. Residence—Lot 40 Yonge Street, Vaughan. June 7, 1865.

Richmond Hill Bakery! W. S. POLLOCK, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER

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 Stabling, &c.

Richmond Hill Bakery! RICHARD VAILES, 32-1y

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

SAVE TROUBS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff

THE skilful mason raising Gracefully you lowering pile; Round the forge and furnace blazing Stand the noble men of toil.

Poetry.

LABOR.

THERE'S a never-dying chorus Breaking on the human ear, In the busy town before us...

Slaves men of truth and labor, Shepherds of the human fold, That shall lay the brand and sabre With the barbarous things of old.

Literature.

The Speculator.

A TALE OF MAMMON-WORSHIP.

Continued from our last. 'A capital! rejoined the man. Let me look at you?' and he suddenly held the lantern up to his questioner's features.

'I will be here in five minutes.' 'Stop, stop! The fare; what do you think of paying for the risk of four men's lives—saying nothing of your own. It will require four hands to manage the boat in this wild sea.

'Name your own terms.' 'Ten guineas: that is ten one-pound notes and ten shillings, which, the law says, are equal to ten guineas; though they're not by a long chalk.'

'Agreed: I will not keep you waiting long.' One chance of safety still remained to the self-righteous, pride-blinded Pharisee, who had glitely boasted of his power to stand; un-dazzled and secure, on the edge of precipices so often fatal to better men than he: his wife, the good genius that had so often saved him before setting out on his hasty journey; and if she were to divine his errand, he might yet be aided—or baffled, as in his present mood he would have deemed it.

Never had the attire of Mr Robert Oakley appeared more elaborately neat, more scrupulously spotless, nor his air and manner more placidly courteous and obliging, than when we walked gravely forth on the forenoon of his arrival to the place where merchants most do congregate. Salutations in the market-place, congratulations upon his return to home and business, were abundant almost overpowering. Mr Robert Oakley, nevertheless, bore his honors meekly, and passed quietly on to the merchants' new-room, where, at that time of the day, he knew he should be tolerably sure of meeting with one of the firm of Cummings, Brothers. He was not disappointed. The eldest partner was there, looking as gloomy as Mr. Oakley could wish. No tidings of the Three Sisters had yet, it was quite clear, reached Bristol. They exchanged a mated-of-course greeting, and Oakley passed on

ould not so well read his countenance as in the glare of the sitting room. He immediately went to her, and after a few affectionate inquiries, said, 'What letters have arrived?'

'Several,' was the reply; 'they are on the dressing table.' Mr. Oakley took up one, hastily broke the seal, and with his back towards the bed, feigned to peruse it. Presently he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and turned quickly round.

'From Danby, love, requiring my instant return. Riley of Belfast is likely to stop payment; and Danby urges that either he or I should go over by the packet, which leaves Bristol at eleven o'clock to-morrow forenoon.'

'How unfortunate! Is the debt large?'

'Between six and seven hundred pounds.'

'Dear me! But you cannot possibly reach home in time.' 'Not unless I start at once by way of Lymington, in which case I could easily reach Salisbury in time for the mail from Southampton to Bristol.'

'But it seems to be blowing a hurricane. Surely there would be danger in venturing across to Lymington on such a night!'

'Nonsense, Mary; with the wind in the present quarter, the sea between the two shores is quite smooth.'

Finally, it was determined that he should set out at once; Mrs. Oakley and her daughter to follow, on the day after to-morrow, at their leisure. His preparations did not occupy more than a couple of minutes, and he had hurried out of house, and soon reached the quay. The boat was ready, and he was instantly embarked. The passage was a frightful one; twice the men seemed disposed to give up the attempt, and would have done so but for the almost frenzied supplications and promises of their passenger, who appeared insensible not only to fear, but to the benumbing effects of the drenching rain and sea that almost drowned them where they sat. At last the boat shot into the small harbour of Lymington; the men were liberally rewarded; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, a postchaise and four started from the Angel Inn and dashed at a rattling pace, through the New Forest towards Salisbury. Mr. Oakley, occupied with eager calculations upon the extent of his probable gains, and the best, least suspicious mode of securing the prize almost within his reach, heeded not the passing of time; and at the end of about three hours' smart ride, was startled by the sudden pulling up of the chaise, and the announcement that he had reached the entrance of the city of New Sarum. He at once alighted, dismissed the carriage, and walked quietly, for he found he had a full quarter of an hour to spare, to the Red Lion at the further end of the town, craftily anxious that the guard and coachman, who knew him well, should not become aware that he had made any extraordinary effort to overtake the mail. When the coach arrived, there was fortunately one inside place vacant; he secured it, and early on the following morning safely reached Bristol.

Never had the attire of Mr Robert Oakley appeared more elaborately neat, more scrupulously spotless, nor his air and manner more placidly courteous and obliging, than when we walked gravely forth on the forenoon of his arrival to the place where merchants most do congregate. Salutations in the market-place, congratulations upon his return to home and business, were abundant almost overpowering. Mr Robert Oakley, nevertheless, bore his honors meekly, and passed quietly on to the merchants' new-room, where, at that time of the day, he knew he should be tolerably sure of meeting with one of the firm of Cummings, Brothers. He was not disappointed. The eldest partner was there, looking as gloomy as Mr. Oakley could wish. No tidings of the Three Sisters had yet, it was quite clear, reached Bristol. They exchanged a mated-of-course greeting, and Oakley passed on

About ten minutes afterwards Cummings, senior, having finished the perusal of the journals, rose to depart; and Mr. Oakley, suddenly remembering that he had an order from an Irish correspondent for some sugars, accosted him, and they proceeded together to the great firm's place of business. There the conversation, after a sufficient interval devoted to other topics, was adroitly turned by Robert Oakley upon the missing ship, and the enormous rates of insurance offered by the owners, and refused by all the underwriters. The firm of Cummings, Brothers, were often, generally indeed, except under peculiar circumstances, their own insurers—that is to say, they having an immense number of shipments, instead of certainly sacrificing the large sums they must have paid to meet and cover any particular loss. This system they had generally found answer. They were now, however, and had been for a considerable time of course, anxious to effect an insurance on the Three Sisters at almost any premium. This state of affairs was thoroughly known and understood by Mr. Oakley, and the ultimate result was, after much fencing and coquetting on his part, that he suffered himself to be persuaded into a transaction by which, for the present payment of £10,000, he purchased the entire cargo of the missing ship, should she not have been lost or captured. A cheque for £6,000—all the present cash he had at his banker's—and a promissory-note at sixty days for the balance, were given with admirably-feigned reluctance to Cummings, Brothers, glad to have saved so much out of what they had deemed a total loss, and Oakley secretly exultant with the rapturous conviction that the ambition of his life had by one fortune stroke been accomplished, or, to speak more soberly, that the means were now within his grasp by which he might presently bring into play—and he resolved to be very prudent—the colossal fortune of which he had so long dreamt might be swiftly and safely built up. Happy, fortunate Robert Oakley!

'Happy, fortunate Robert Oakley!' echoed all Bristol, except, indeed, the astounded firm of Cummings, Brothers, when, on the fourth day after this transaction, the Three Sisters was signalled to have safely anchored in the roads! The incense which the world freely burns before whatever idol for time chooses to set up—noisy congratulations of envious hearts, mouth-honor, breath—was lavished abundantly upon the lucky speculator, and, best of all, no one appeared in the slightest degree to suspect that an enormous fraud had been committed—a gigantic swindle—what, ever the letter of the law might call it—been perpetrated! Fortunate Robert Oakley!

Yes; one! He could not look steadily in his wife's countenance as he communicated to her the wonderful bit he had made, but in that momentary glance he had read—instead of joy, exultation, rapture—anxious bewilderment, vague, undefined alarm. He hastily changed the subject, after confusedly endeavouring to underrated greatly the magnitude of his enormous gains. He then left the apartment, and a long time elapsed before the subject was again mentioned between them.

'Isle of Wight?' stammered Oakley: the indignant expression of his countenance changed instantly to that of pale alarm. 'Isle of Wight?'

'That, sir, is his message.' 'Bid him—bid him come in,' said Mr. Oakley as he dropped back into the chair from which he had risen to admit the clerk. 'I—I will see him.'

Danby, in his turn greatly surprised, withdrew, and presently returned ushering in a tall, spare, shabbily-dressed man of about thirty years of age. He was not positively ill-looking: his features, separately considered, were well enough; but there was a sinister suer about his thin, colorless lips a fawning malignancy playing in his deep-set eyes, that rendered his sallow visage excessively repulsive.

'You may retire, Mr. Danby,' said Oakley. The clerk obeyed, and the merchant and his unwelcome visitor were alone together. The interview lasted about a quarter of an hour, at end of which time the door opened, and both passed into the clerk's counting-house.

'Mr. Hardy will resume his situation to-morrow morning,' said the merchant hurriedly. Danby, perfectly startled, looked hastily up. His employer's face he saw was deadly pale, and he appeared much agitated; he however, repeated the order in reply to Danby's mute expression of surprise, and immediately turned back towards his private apartment, Hardy at the same moment passing out of the front door into the street.

The next morning the re-engaged clerk was early at the office—well-dressed too—and rose quickly in the apparent good graces of his employer, of whose rapidly-extending business and always more or less successful speculations, he very speedily became the chief and only confidential agent and adviser. All appeared to be sunshine and prosperity with the lucky merchant; and, as if to stamp the sudden fortunes of the Oakley family with unquestionable solidity and permanence, a distant relative, who had scarcely noticed him when a comparatively obscure person, now that he, according to the world's report, bade fair to become one of the millionaires of the country, bequeathed him by a will dated but a few days before death, the sum £30,000, in trust for his daughter Caroline, into whose absolute possession it was to pass, with accumulated interest, on the day she attained her majority. Never was there, everybody said, a more fortunate man. A seat in parliament—a baronetcy—higher splendors even than that, but not to be named till clutched—already glittered in the distance.

One, as yet distant, prophetic death-note alone mingled and jarred with these gay joy-bells. The sympathising partner of his earlier and better life—his gentle, true-hearted wife always—was visibly descending with swift steps towards the tomb. She had been long in delicate health; but from about the period of her husband's sudden accession of wealth it had rapidly given way; and now, when it was already March, he was told by the physician, in the quaint phrase of the country, 'that his wife would never get up May-Hill.' He was deeply shocked, and yet—so strangely was he already changed—the announcement was not wholly painful. She had never felt, never expressed any, the slightest satisfaction at the brilliant turn his fortunes had taken; and, worse still, had constantly refused, anxious as he had been to surround her with luxuries of all kinds, to sanction the slightest addition to their modest establishment—was, in fact, far more rigidly economical than before; appearing to shrink from any contact with his new wealth as from pollution—while he dared not press her closely for her reasons. One only of the late events seemed to have afforded her pleasure, and that was the legacy to her daughter Caroline. For that bequest, though certainly the very reverse of uncanny, she had expressed unbounded thankfulness. Would not, then, her removal be a relief—almost, he felt, though he hardly dared whisper it to his own heart, a blessing?

'What is it, Danby?' he asked in an impatient, querulous tone. 'Thomas Hardy desires to see you, sir, immediately, on he says, important business.'

'Thomas Hardy! Have I not repeatedly given orders that the fellow should not be allowed to enter my premises?'

'True, sir; but he will this time take no denial. He bade me say he has an especial message for you from a person at whose house you drank tea last Thursday evening in the Isle of Wight.'

Whatever it might prove, it was not long delayed. Each succeeding day found her paler, thinner, weaker: the frail covering of mortality seemed to fall visibly off, and reveal in hourly-increasing excellent and beauty the stainless and gentle spirit panting to be freed from its decaying prison house. The patiently-awaited and all undreaded hour, the calm evening, illumined and made glorious by the radiant purity of her well-spent day of life, at length arrived. The last and unmistakable summons was a sudden one, and to all but herself startling and unexpected. Her husband was out. A messenger was despatched for him; and as he entered the apartment, the weeping daughter, who in kneeling reverence, had been listening to her parting injunctions, rose at a sigh from her dying parent, and left the room.

'Robert,' she said, softly addressing her husband, who displayed, and doubtless for the moment felt much vehemence of grief; and her mild but solemn eye rested with inexpressible tenderness and sorrow upon the chosen of her youth, the father of her child—'Robert, forbear this bootless grief, and listen as you can to the last words I shall ever upon earth. I dare not hope they may be immediately successful in inducing you to retracing the sinful and ultimately—be assured—fatal path on which you have so blindly, so recklessly entered; but the day, I trust, will come when they may bear fruit. It matters not to relate how I have become acquainted with the mode whereby you acquired your ill-gotten wealth—nay, I beseech you, Robert, interrupt me not in anger, but in love. Reproaches cannot, I know, cause one of the bitter hours of the past to be rendered back to you—what is done is done—and too often, I know, the lost and vain regrets that gather behind man in his ephemeral road serve only to throw a dreary light over the past, and afford no help or guidance for the future. For the unborn day which, oh my husband, God owes not to you, but which He will, I trust, in mercy grant, to enable you to put away the accursed thing—to restore.'

'You mistake, Mary!' groaned Oakley, without uplifting his face from the pillow on which it was bowed and concealed—'you mistake, Mary; I have done no wrong—none.'

'Do not attempt to deceive me, do not, I implore you, Robert, strive to deceive yourself by such poor sophistry as may be pleaded in defence of such a crime.' She paused fainting, and apparently exhausted, but presently resumed. 'Caroline—whose betrothment to her cousin, as we call him, to Harry Neville, has, you will remember, my especial sanction—Caroline has promised that the legacy bequeathed to her shall be devoted to the wiping away of this offence, so that happily the curse remain not on you—on her.—She will, I know, keep her word.'

'What madness is this? exclaimed Oakley, starting to his feet. 'You must be!—He paused, rebuked into silence by the solemn, almost stern glance of the dying woman, over whose countenance a startling change at the instant passed.'

'And do you not know, Robert—have you not perceived,' she said in a faint, tremulous, but deep whisper—'are you now for the first time conscious that it has killed me?'

A lamentable cry burst from the heart-stricken man; he clasped his expiring wife passionately in his arms a promise to comply with her wishes at any sacrifice was on his tongue—would have been uttered, but at the instant the death-sob struggle! in her throat, the last gleam of light vanished from her eyes, a faint sigh stirred her pale lips—he knew that she was gone, and the rash vow remained unspoken!

As he left the apartment he met his daughter, embraced her, looked inquiringly in her face, and in that fair tablet read pity, regret, compassion, it may be love for him vividly trace! as before; but esteem revered, filial awe, he saw had vanished for ever. She, too, then knew all! Well, it must be borne.

Continued in our next. An Ayrshire paper, in announcing the half-yearly journey of its traveller for the collection of accounts, takes an extraordinary precaution to avoid contagion from the cattle plague. The following note is appended to the advertisement:—'No farms where rinderpest has appeared will be visited on this journey. In such case remittance is respectfully requested.'

the Great Eastern on her voyage with the Atlantic telegraph sails with no other in her company than the little yacht of Mr. Pender the late member for Totnes and Chairman of the Company.