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The York Herald

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

Whole No. 329

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

LUMBERING! ABRAHAM EYER, RESPECTFULLY to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice. Fianed Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tonnage & Groved 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 123 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

Every Pump Warranted, Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. JUNE 7, 1865.

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, 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, DEES leave to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of J. Hayward's establishment.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a 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.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a 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 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, STEAN MILLS, THORNHILL

Poetry. A Song of Proverbs. Air—"Push about the jorum." In ancient days, tradition says, When knowledge was much stinted—

Two of a trade, 'twas early said, Do very ill agree, sir; A beggar lutes at rich man's gates

Birds of a feather flock together, Like fish with like would dwell, sir, Yet things unlike the fancy strike,

The man who would Charybdis shun, Must take a cautious movement, Or else he'll into Scylla run—

A man of sense, from a glass house, Will not be throwing stones, sir; A mountain may bring forth a mouse,

Your toil and pain will all be vain, To try to milk the bull sir; If thou'rt a jay to shear the wool,

Literature. A Horrible Joke at College. Harry Shirley, the captain of the St. Valence's College boat, Cambridge, was dreadfully annoyed

'Break his windows,' said a thick voice. 'No, no!' said Shirley. 'Not that.'

'Confound the windows?' said Blackford. 'Screw the beggar in, and we'll take care he shall not get out in a hurry to-morrow.'

'Yes, his light has been out for some time.' 'Let us go to work then,' said several voices.

'Mind he does not serve you as Blackford did,' said Shirley. 'and throw his coats down on your heads.'

'We'll take care of that.' We quitted the supper-room, and descended quietly into the court. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the old ivy-covered buildings looked still and peaceful beneath its rays. There was an old legend

attaching to the tower-staircase, up which Manton slept. And as I stood in the angle of the court, gazing upon the gloomy side containing his windows, which were lighted up by the moonbeams, I thought of the hard-working under-graduate who was said to have hanged himself from one of those very windows, in bitter despair at his failure in the tripos on the previous day.

'I felt immediately sorry for what I had said. It was uttered on the spur of the moment, and before I had reflected on what I was about. But there was no drawing back now; everybody eagerly seized the idea, and Blackford determined that it should be carried into execution.

'I shall stop to see that no injury is done to Manton; I could not trust them in their present mood; they are all rather flushed, and there is no knowing what they will do with Blackford to lead them.'

'Supposing as far as possible all noise, we mounted the staircase to Manton's rooms. Our task was rendered somewhat more easy from the fact that the door was not 'sporting,' so that we entered without risk of waking him.

'Let us see if the fellow is in bed,' said Blackford. And he was about to open the bedroom door, when Shirley darted forward, and, just peeping in, instantly closed the door again, and so prevented any one from going in. He at once put the first screw in, and then Blackford and Wilton drove each another, and so the door was made fast. It was utterly impossible that he should interrupt us in our further task. We then set about the more important part of the work of this night of revelry and riot. Manton was safely screwed into his bedroom, after several weak and unavailing remonstrances on his part, and was thereby effectually prevented from interfering with our plans. Blackford now enthusiastically took up the suggestion which, in a moment of thoughtless impulse, I had made. He determined that the idea should be carried into execution, and becoming more excited, by the part of the joke which had already been played, persistently urged us to complete for purpose. But the men apparently required little of this exhortation, for they were as eager as he to hang our renegade stroke in effigy, and they all immediately called upon me to further the design which I had suggested.

'Come!' said Blackford, addressing himself somewhat roughly to me, 'now let us carry out your part of the programme. Hang the fellow in effigy! By Jove! it will be grand fun. It will look like the ghost of the haunted tower.'

I did not like the way in which he spoke. There was something repugnant to my feelings in mention of the fate of poor H—, and I thought that we had done enough. In fact, I heartily repented of my suggestion. The eye of Harry Shirley was continually and reproachfully fixed upon me, but he did not anticipate that any positive harm could from our joke, and therefore to a certain extent, he gave his assent to it. Table-cloths, sheets, dusters, papers, in fact everything upon which we could lay our hands were seized, and carefully thrust into Manton's flannel trousers: a bolster was then taken from the sofa, and being wedged to a convenient size by the application of a sufficient number

of sheets and table-cloths, was invested in his boating-jersey; a pair of socks properly stuffed, with his rowing shoes on them, were fastened to the feet of the bolster; and then the top of the bolster, being drawn tight by means of a piece of cord, was surmounted by a rowing-cap; and in a few moments a perfect effigy of the stroke of the St. Valenceboat was swinging from the window in the haunted tower; and then, when we were all leaving the room to screw up the outer door, Manton, in a somewhat louder tone of voice, said,—

'Blackford! Blackford! do open the door!' 'But it was worse than useless to appeal to men in such a frame of mind: and we descended the staircase somewhat more quickly than we had gone up, and then slowly and gradually dispersed to our several rooms, utterly regardless of Manton's objections, to being of screwed in.

I got but little sleep that night. Why I felt that vague and restless uneasiness I cannot exactly say, but certain it is that for more than an hour I lay awake thinking of the night's work and the part which I had played in it. However, weariness at length got the better of the indefinite anxiety that oppressed me, and sleep came to my rescue when I was almost despairing of rest; and, though I slept but a short time, I awoke in the morning considerably refreshed by the brief interval of repose that I had enjoyed.

The recollection of the joke of the previous night immediately returned to me, and I was eager to know how far the bed-makers had been affected by the sight that must have met them on entering the college gates. However my suspense on that score was but short-lived, for Mrs Brown rushed breathless into my keeping-room, and commenced a vigorous attack on my bedroom floor.

'Sir! sir!' she called out excited tones. 'I feigned drowsiness, and answered in a voice that seemed to rebuke her for waking me—

'Yes! what is the matter, Mrs Brown?' 'Oh, sir! what did you gentlemen do last night? Oh dear! oh dear!

'What is dreadful?' 'Oh! Mr Manton has hanged himself.'

'I wish it was nonsense. It is dreadful!' 'Mr Manton has not hanged himself. What rubbish are you talking about?'

'Oh! come and see for yourself. And then her emotion seemed to overcome her, for I could hear her sobbing and crying bitterly.

There was something in her manner, in spite of my laughter, that impressed me; and I hastily dressed myself, and leaving Mrs Brown sobbing in my room, I went down into the court. A group of under-graduates was collected under Manton's window, and from the window was still swinging a figure. But—a shudder instantly passed through my whole frame as I looked—the figure was dressed; not in boating uniform, but in ordinary costume. There was no cap on the head; the hair was blowing about loosely in the wind on the ground, close to where I was standing, was the effigy that we had suspended on the previous night. What did it mean? What could it mean? The first man I saw was Blackford; I seized him by the arm.

'Blackford! I said, in hoarse tones, 'what is the meaning of this?'

He turned quickly upon me. 'You should know as well as Wilford,' he answered, in a voice that I scarcely recognised as belonging to him, 'perhaps better.'

I felt stung to the quick, I made no reply. 'Manton has hanged himself.'

I believed that I knew perfectly well before he spoke the real state of the case, but I felt as if I wanted some one to tell me plainly. 'It was but too true; there was Manton hanging from the window from which we had hanged him in effigy after the supper.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I shall require some explanation. Last night you had your boating-supper. Was it not so, Mr. Wilford?' he said, turning upon me.

I muttered an indistinct affirmative, and then the screws were drawn, and we went into the inner room. The bedroom door was still screwed. This seemed for a moment a mystery. But on entering this room everything was explained. Manton had got out of the window and gone along the parapet to the spot where the effigy had been suspended, and after cutting down the figure had hanged himself in its place.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the feelings that rushed through the mind on this discovery, and my conscience smote me bitterly when I reflected that I had been the one who had suggested the mock hanging, which had been carried out.

Some vague idea of the responsibility involved by the result of our practical joke passed through my mind, and before I had time for much reflection on the matter I felt the grip of the officers of the law upon my arm, to arrest me on the charge of the murder. With a shriek I awoke, and found Shirley standing by my bedside, shaking me.

'When are you going to wake?' he said. 'I thought I should never wake you.'

'Thank God, it is only a dream,' I said. 'What do you mean? [Get up. Fernley wants you about the Manton business,

'Where is Manton?' I asked. 'In his room. He has been suffering from heart disease for the last two days: that was why he would not row; but he did not like to tell me. He is rather nervous about it, as the doctor thinks it a bad case.'

But I could not shake off the impression made upon me by my dream for some time, and the assurance that I received from Fernley scuttled nothing as compared with the relief experienced, that the result of the practical joke was but what might have been expected.

However, the whole thing taught me a lesson: and being gated for a week for my share in the work, I became more shy of practical jokes.

When Mattott's reason for not rowing became known in the college, the men repented of their harsh remarks about his conduct, though it would have been much better for him to have given his reason at the time. He has lived to conquer the disease; but the doctor has often declared that had he, in his dangerous condition, rowed the last night of the races, result must have been fatal.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A short time since, the London Atheum noticed Dr. Schnepf's new treatment of consumption, by giving fermented mare's milk to the sufferers. Another remedy has just been communicated to the French Academy by M. Fuster, who states that through it he has completely cured several patients suffering from severe pulmonary complaints. M. Falster uses in

the first instance, raw mutton or beef, which is reduced to a pulp, and strained from fibrous portions it is then mixed with sugar, and from one hundred to three hundred grammes are given each day. Afterward, he administers, every hour, small doses of alcohol, mixed with three times the quantity of some sweetening substance. It is in the combination of the two agents that the author believes the value of his new cure depends.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELINGTON.—In the winter of 1847, the wife of an industrious blacksmith in Essex resolved to knit mittens for the Duke of Wellington as she had to ask his grace a favour to which the gift was to be introductory. The mittens were received at Apsley House, and the Duke wore them the same day at the Horse Guards, showing them with a smile to his military colleagues there, and desiring that the honest dame's request might be immediately attended to. She stated that her husband had the honour of being one of his grace's soldiers, and that he had the misfortune of recently losing his Waterloo medal which he had always worn on the anniversary of his marriage. She stated that this was again approaching, and that she would ever feel deeply grateful if the Duke would allow another medal to be issued, as the loss had seriously affected her poor husband's spirits. She would only further trespass on his grace to solicit that the medal should be sent to her privately, as she wrote without her husband's knowledge, and wished to give her partner an agreeable surprise on the arrival of the wedding day. This was speedily approaching; but the poor wife had received no medal. She accordingly ventured to address a second letter to the Duke, which was very soon known at the Horse Guards from his grace arriving in a towering passion, dashing the letter on the table and demanding to know why his orders had been neglected. The whole matter had been neglected. An instant request was made to a gentleman connected with Essex to inquire if the claimant was a correct one. This proving to be the case, the medal was despatched without delay, but whether in time for the nuptial day is uncertain.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

NIGHT AND SLEEP.—Blessed be sleep! How many thousands, heart-weary and body-weary, say this to the stars every night, as they close their eyes upon their bright nest. Blessed be sleep! We often day so as we look upon the care-worn faces threading their way through the streets at twilight, jostling with each other at corners—each, perhaps, with their own heavy burden to bear, with which no stranger can interfere. Another day may come, indeed, to each (God knows); but, meanwhile, there is a blessed season of forgetfulness when nothing has power to pain. Then angels minister! Soft unseen fingers are laid gently on aching brows and drooping eyelids. Long years ago they crumbled 'o dust—we folded them over the still breast ourselves—aid oft how yarningly, in our waking hours, have we lodged for their kindly pressure, but only in sleep to feel it. Blessed be sleep; for then they 'have charge to keep us.' Else 'happy do we sometimes wake, if not happy, yet calm and patient, like those unavoidably detained and crossed by the way, who will yet see the bright light of 'home.' But for these blessed reprises, how many tired feet would halt utterly on life's journey! Alas for those from whom sleep flies (though they woo it so earnestly) they who count each lagging hour, as it solemnly announces itself to the silent night. Upon whom every wave of trouble that ever beat upon their life shore comes surging and rolling till they lie breathless under the dreadful spell, and yet so vitally conscious! Praying for the tardy morning light to exercise the spirits—listening to the gradual stir and hum of the waking streets and yet turning—oh, so wearily!—away from the first bright sun-ray. You have felt—and you, and you—every one has.—Fanny Fern.

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.—ALBANY Sept. 12.—A terrible explosion occurred here this morning. The saw and planing mill of S. & G. Rook, corner of Laurence and Water streets, blew up at 20 minutes to 10 o'clock, killing ten or twelve persons, and seriously injuring eight or ten more. No cause is known, the engineer being killed with the others. The lost establishment covered an acre of ground, and the loss is about \$20,000.

Switzerland has become the refuge of those Germans whose opposition to the Prussian annexation has made it dangerous for them to remain in their own country. The hotels in the Swiss towns are now full of Barons, Counts, and Ritters, who have escaped the clutches of Bismarck.

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered under-sleeves would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag a pavement with her skirts seems to be very general.