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Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do. Luskay, March 2nd 1865.

Advertisement for a horse and carriage.

Advertisement for a horse and carriage.

Advertisement for a horse and carriage.

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The York Herald

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1866.

Whole No. 331.

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 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 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 133 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, 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

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.

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Poetry. One by one. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going, Do not strive to grasp them all.

Every hour that fleets so slowly Has its task to do, or bear; Luminous the crown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care.

Literature. James Anderson. By Dr. Norman McLeod. About ninety years ago the 21st, or North British Fusiliers, were engaged in the American war, and fighting at Ticonderoga—the dilapidated remains of which old fort will be remembered by every traveler who has visited the romantic scenery which connects Lakes George and Champlain.

William Anderson, a Glasgow man of excellent character, was a private in the 21st, and rose to the rank of Sergeant-major. He had born to him in America two sons, James and John, and two daughters. Having been wounded, he was discharged with a pension, and his family settled in the Gallogate of Glasgow, occupying a house situated opposite to the then best hotel in the city.

The General died, and according to a request written by him and placed in his prayer-book, 'Jamie' acted as chief mourner, accompanied by the nobility and gentry of the county.—Never was a truer mourner. He writes to his brother in deepest sorrow for the loss of his 'only friend'—his 'beloved benefactor.'

When the will was opened in the presence of the distinguished company assembled at Murdestoun, the problem 'Who is his heir?' was solved, to the surprise and, it would appear, to the gratification of all present, and to the disappointment of none.

One day the General, in driving up to the Saracen's Head, saw to his surprise Sergeant-major Anderson playing with his children on the opposite side of the street; and no less to the surprise and delight of the old Sergeant, he saw his General, and felt the grasp of his affectionate hand. The children remembered the General who delighted with the appearance of James, seized him in his arms and tossed him in the air, which so charmed the boy that he exclaimed, 'Do it again, General! please give me another toss over your head.'

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his purpose the General obtained a commission for 'Jamie' as a cornet in the Scots Greys, then called the Royal North British Dragoons. The Secretary-at-war assumed the boy's name to be Inglis Hamilton and the General for this mistake, which was quite unintentional on his part, writes a letter of apology to the Sergeant and in it says: 'If the nomination is given in and past recall, the General hopes that Mr. Anderson will agree to it, as it must be of such advantage to the young man. Besides, he has to acquaint Mr. Anderson that he always intended to leave Jamie something handsome at his death, on condition that he bore his name; and will condescend to say, if agreed to, that his annual income in money, bonds, or stock, shall exceed the tents of Murdestoun when the General's father changed his name from Hamilton to Inglis, by virtue of the testator's will.'

Before James joined his regiment, the General informed him that if he conducted himself like an officer and a gentleman, he meant to leave him, after his death, property to the amount of £5,000 a year! He in the meantime settled upon him £200 a-year while cornet.

Years passed. The cornet behaved like an officer and a gentleman, and was the pride of the old General, who had the satisfaction of seeing him become Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, respected and beloved by officers and men.

But before the general died he lost through the bankruptcy of his army agents in London, Ross & Ogilvie, £100,000, which he had guaranteed to Government as security for their transactions, and also £50,000 which were in their hands. The dividend offered by the bankrupts was only one penny in the pound.—But in spite of this great loss, the General before he died was able to invest in the funds 60,000 "for the sole and exclusive benefit of his dear adopted son," for whom he earnestly entreated "from his trustees and his relatives "all the friendship and respect they could show."

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The receiver of this fortune displayed a generosity in disposing of it worthy of its donor. He provided amply, without even a day's delay, for all the old servants and dependents of the General, and often added afterwards to his benefactions. He bought and furnished a handsome house for his parents and sisters, settling £500 a-year upon them. He also gave £300 a-year to his brother John, who had received a commission in the 35th regiment. After the death of his parents, the two sisters were left in possession of the house, and their handsome income. He also made a will, ordering £20,000 to be invested after his death in Government stock for their behoof, leaving besides to each a legacy of £1,500. In 1814, Colonel Hamilton married a beautiful Englishwoman, endowing her with £500 a-year as 'pin-money,' and the life-rent of his estate. In 1815 he joined, in command of his regiment, the British army in Belgium.

We now turn to another and later period in this family history. Nearly twenty years after the departure of the Colonel on his voyage to Ostend, the writer of the original sketch, from which we draw all our materials, and who was then the editor of a Glasgow newspaper, was waited upon one Saturday afternoon, when residing in the Gorbals of Glasgow, by an Irishwoman, who, with all the clamorous energy of her nation, implored him to aid two female sufferers who lived near her, and were enduring the direst sufferings from long continued poverty, which at last had reached starvation.

Such applications are not uncommon in great cities; but, alas! they are often the contrivances, and some of them very cunningly and cleverly done, of unprincipled beggars. The Irishwoman stated, however, that the poor ladies were the sisters of a Colonel of the Scots Greys, in which regiment her husband had served as a sergeant, and that the Colonel was an officer whom she had loved, and she exclaimed in her earnestness, "Oh my God! are the sisters of the Colonel of my darling husband to be left to perish on the morrow, the Sabbath-day for the want of the common necessities of life!" She then produced to her astonished hearer her husband's letter describing the Battle of Waterloo, and giving an account of Colonel Hamilton.

The story on examination, which was promptly made, was found to be true! There, in a miserable room, were the two sisters of the brave, the good, and generous Hamilton: There was no fire in the wretched den, no bed but some straw spread in a corner, no provisions but a few cold potatoes, no furniture but an old stool on which one of the sisters sat sewing, with the half of a blanket over her shoulder, while the other lay on a bit of old rug upon the floor. Yes, there was another piece of furniture—a military portmanteau, full of old papers, and inscribed, 'Captain James Inglis Hamilton, North British Dragoons.' 'That sir,' said one of the ladies, bursting into tears, 'is all way we have of him!'

How came such women, whose character we may state had ever been irreproachable, and on whom honor and fortune had once so suddenly shone, to sink into such poverty! A brief but sufficient answer to this natural inquiry must here suffice.

There misfortune began with the death of their noble brother. He had led his famous regiment at Waterloo with the greatest bravery. In his arms had been wounded—or rather "shot off," as we are informed by the narrative before us—yet, with the bridle of his horse held in his teeth, he had dashed on in that terrible charge which called forth the admiration of Napoleon as with a telescope in hand he watched "cez chevaux gris!" The Colonel was shot dead, and was buried on the field of battle. His brother John, an equally gallant officer, after having been frequently engaged in Spain, and one of the forlorn hope

at the siege of Badajoz, died in Glasgow of wounds received at Salamanca. The widow of Col. Hamilton got a pension, but died without leaving any issue, and the property of Murdestoun consequently passed into another family.—Then followed rapidly a series of sad losses to the poor sisters. The Edinburgh lawyer who was entrusted with their money, used it for his own selfish purposes, and being himself ruined, committed suicide. Minor swindles followed—one by the pretended lover of one of the sisters, and another by the auctioneer who dispose of their furniture until finally left without a farthing they became the occupants of poor lodgings in a poor street in Glasgow. A donation of £200 in 1829 from the Royal Bounty was kindly given them, in reply to a letter written by themselves and addressed direct to the King, and which it is understood he transmitted to the Duke of Wellington for his advice. When this sum was expended, they in vain applied to the Patriotic Fund, and to the War Office, and to King William IV. For aid, but their "chains" were not found to come under the 'rules' by which grants from either source were dispensed; and so the ladies sank into the deep poverty which we have recorded. Their first relief afterwards came through Mr. Mackenzie, called to visit them, as we have related, by the sympathizing Irishwoman. For next day with letters of Colonel Clarke in hand—who had succeeded in the command of the Greys—giving an account of the death of Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Mackenzie proceeded to the Barracks, and brought the sad case of the sisters under the notice of Colonel Wildman, and the officers of the Carabiniers. Nothing could exceed the sympathy and liberality instantly shown by the officers of that regiment and their wives, who immediately raised £35 for the sufferers, while clothing and other comforts were personally bestowed with the cordial sympathy of "fair women and brave men."—A touching description was given by a neighbor of their condition when visited by their charitable friend in the morning after their case became known. Their door was locked, and while Mr. Mackenzie and one of the officers were wondering at the silence of death within, and the absence of all response to the repeated demands for admittance, a person living on the same stair said, "Oh, sir you need not knock their any longer, for the poor ladies will admit nobody; they creep out at day-break to pick up a bit of breakfast, and sometimes they creep out at night to the back well for water; and when we offer to go any message for them, they say they are forsaken by their betters, and just slip away quietly; indeed we have often feared they've been dead for days together." A few confidential whispers through the keyhole made them unbar the door at this time, when the condition of the room so shocked the officer who accompanied Mr. McKenzie that he exclaimed, "Oh, my God, come away!"

They were soon placed in circumstances of comparative comfort, which so bewildered them that one for a time seemed excited to the verge of insanity.

Before the last of these ladies died, in 1849, other sums unexpectedly came to their relief. One of 300 pounds was raised in Glasgow, the subscriptions having originated in the publication of a letter of the Duke of Wellington's in reply to an application for a Treasury grant, when it seemed necessary to relieve them as paupers from the parish funds.

The history of the recovery of another and last sum is worth recording. It has been already mentioned that a dividend of one penny in the pound had been declared in favor of the creditors of the bankrupt army agents in London. Mr. Mackenzie, having accidentally noticed an advertisement in the Globe newspaper, stating that the trustees of Ross & Ogilvie were prepared to pay this dividend to all legal claimants, immediately went to London and secured the sum of 125 pounds for his poor friends.

The rest of this narrative may be briefly told. One of the sisters

died a lunatic in 1848. The other a year after followed her to the grave: the only property which she left behind being the sash worn at Waterloo by her brother, which, strange to say, had been preserved and sent to the family soon after the memorable battle. His body was discovered on the field and recognized two days after his death, but everything was gone except his sash, which with many tears was presented to Mr. Mackenzie—by whom it is still possessed and cherished—as a memento of all his kindness to the last representatives of their brother.

MEDICAL USES OF ICE.

To a person burning up with internal fever it is a comfort beyond expression. Swallowing ice freely in small lumps is the chief treatment in inflammation of the stomach.

The constant application of ice, powdered fine, and enveloping the head with it by means of a cushion or other contrivances, is the most reliable remedy for that dangerous malady, inflammation of the brain, so often sends its victim to the grave in a few days, or to that living death, the mad-house.

In all inflammations, whether external or internal, ice diminishes rapidly the size of the blood vessels, and thus relieves the pain they give when swollen by the pressing against the nerves which are always in the neighborhood of the arteries of the system.

Diphtheria, and some of their worst forms of sore throat's have been arrested in a very short time by powdering a piece of ice in a bag, then laying the head back, taking the lumps and swallowing them to be detained in the throat as long as possible, there to melt.

All forms of diarrhea and dysentery, where there is great thirst, the gratification of which by drinking any liquid increases the maldy, and promptly controllable, and in many cases perfectly cured, by simply swallowing as large lumps of ice as possible.

Epilepsy itself one of the most uncontrollable, of human maladies, is said to be treated successfully in London by the application of ice to the spinal portion of the system.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest profuse and dangerous bleeding of the nose.

In croup, water as cold as ice can make it, if applied freely and persistently to the neck, throat and upper part of the chest with a sponge or cloth, often affords an almost instantaneous relief especially if followed copiously by drinking ice water wiping the wetted parts perfectly dry, then wrapping the child closely up in dry flannels allowing it to fall into a delightful and life-giving slumber.

A STREAK AHEAD OF NOAH.

A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and McLean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world; Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the McLeans was before the flood.

'Flood! what flood?' asked McLean. 'The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock,' said Campbell. 'Pooh! you and your flood,' said McLean 'my clan was afore the flood.'

'I have not read in my bible,' said Campbell, 'of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark.'

'Noah's ark!' retorted McLean, in contempt. 'Who ever heard of a McLean that hadn't a boat of his ain?'

THE TOMATO AS FOOD.—A good medical authority ascribes to the tomato the following very important medical qualities: 1. That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is one of the most effective and least harmful medical agents known to the profession.

2. That a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease. 3. That he has successfully treated diarrhoea with this article alone. 4. That when used as an article of diet, it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion. 5. That it should be constantly used for daily food. Either cooked or raw, or in the form of catsup, it is the most wholesome article in use.

Smith says it is curious fact that reckless explains are the most liable to wrecks. An Scotch paper advertises:—"Wanted an abled-bodied man as a washer woman. In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch. A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

A Gentleman on his annual tour to the White Mountains, a year ago, discovered rocks containing gold near Lisbon, N. H. A company of Hartford and Springfield merchants were formed, which purchased the property in which the ore was found. The stock, worth a year ago \$5 a share, now sells for \$5000. Some of the quartz yield \$867 of gold per ton, and \$150 of silver.