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Business Directory.

DR. HOSLETTER'S... All please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage and prompt payment.

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 COLBURN STS., THORNHILL.

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

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.

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.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slate & 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.

Worth Knowing! THE Subscriber would intimate to the farmers and others of Richmond Hill and around its County having Horses Afflicted with Ring-bone, That he has successfully treated the above for the past ten years without a single failure.

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 the 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 comfort 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, CISTRENS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

Poetry. SONG.

Oh, where are now the violets blue, That bloomed so brightly in the bowers, And faint delicious fragrance threw Around the queen of flowers? O youth, the spring-time fleetly flow, And with it went the violets, too.

Oh, where is she, that maiden sweet, Who, when on her I gazed intent, Toward the low violet at her feet, In positive coyness bent? Alas, fond youth, all things decay, And beauty's bloom has passed away.

Literature.

Old Barnett's Legacy.

There was great talk, and wide speculations all over the county of Lancashire when old Barnett died. Although he had lived meanly and miserably, every one knew him to be immensely rich, and it was very natural to indulge in conjectures as to who was likely to be the fortunate inheritor of his wealth.

Relatives he had in plenty. There was quite a crowd of them at the funeral, for even a third cousin, ten removed, who had no hopes and expectation of his own, felt a certain curiosity to know whom he had fixed upon as his heir and would not have been absent when the will was read for a very large consideration.

Timothy Drake, being such a very distant connection, did not expect a solitary shilling, of course. Indeed, he believed that the miser had long ago forgotten his very name, for he had never made the least effort to remind him of it. Why should he? He was young and strong, and could work, and, besides, had no possible claim upon the old man. As we said before, he attended the funeral from a simple feeling of curiosity alone.

When the last rites had been performed, there was a gathering of pale, eager-faced people in the parlour of the old tumble-down house, where the miser had lived and died. Timothy stood a little in the background watching the others, and pondering over their infatuation. He liked money well enough, of course; but he did not worship it as some of these people seemed to do. If he could have earned five pounds a day at his trade, instead of five shillings, he would have been glad; but as to the old miser's wealth he did not covet one farthing of it.

And, therefore, he deserved it the most of all. But it is not always merit that gets rewarded, as we know. Indeed, Timothy saw no merit in his moderation; it being a natural sentiment, according to his showing, and he was still deep in his ponderings, when he was conscious of having suddenly achieved immense popularity.

Every eye was turned his way—a dozen hands were outstretched toward him; the lawyer, who had been scanning over an incomprehensible rignarola Timothy had decided to slip made place for him at the table; and when Timothy confessed at all this unexpected honour, would have been a retreat he was arrested by such a chorus of remonstrances, that he began to think the miser's money had turned the whole company mad.

"What do you want with me?" exclaimed he, testily, for, being a modest man, he didn't like having greatness thrust upon him in this way.

"Why, my good sir," said the lawyer, "Haven't you heard?" "Heard what?" "That Mr. Barnett has left you an immense legacy?"

"No certainly not," replied Timothy, with an incredulous laugh. "What should he leave it to me for? I never saw him but once in my life, and then I remember, he gave me a kick and told me to get out of his way."

"And he left you the money as a compensation," said a disappointed heir, enviously. "I'm sure he might have kicked me as often as he liked for the sake of fifty thousand pounds."

"Oh, but I didn't bear it well at all," said Timothy, "That's the funny part of it. I kicked him back again. And he was, no doubt pleased with your pluck, and independence," answered the lawyer. "I have known such cases before. At any rate, sir, if that is the cause of your legacy, it was the most fortunate kick in the world."

"I can't understand it," returned Timothy, "it's so long ago since I saw him. But what has he done with the rest of his money?" "Fifty thousand pounds is left to a hospital, and other fifty thousand pounds to a distant relation, a young girl by the name of Ann Greystock, a dressmaker, in a village called Barstuppel. But there are conditions attached to both of your legacies. I find by the codicil," continued the lawyer, "adding it aloud, 'neither of you come into your property for the space of one year, and not at all unless you are married to each other within that time.'"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Timothy with a dejected air, "that is very unfortunate!" "You'll soon manage to get up an attachment for Miss Greystock, I am sure."

"But if I don't—?" "Then she'll have the whole of the money, that's all. But if on the contrary, she refuses you, then you'll have her share."

"I wish she might, with all my heart!" exclaimed Timothy. "But you see a sum of money like that is a great temptation."

"But, my dear sir," said the lawyer, in a bland and insinuating manner, "Why shouldn't you marry her? She may be a charming young person."

"She isn't young at all," interrupted one of the men in the room; "she is my aunt, and I know her very well, and if she is an hour she is forty years old!"

"And as plump as a partridge, and as red as a rose, I'll be bound," said Mr. Burton in the same bland tone. "Why, forty sir,—forty is the prime of life. I feel convinced that my friend Mr. Drake will find Miss Greystock everything his heart can desire, and that they will live many years in the enjoyment of health and wealth."

The stranger who had volunteered some information respecting the lady made a wry face, as it were, not inclined to concur in Mr. Burton's verdict, but said no more; and soon the relatives of the old miser dispersed, grumbling and gesticulating, and hooted by the village boys, to whom their disappointment was a subject of unbounded merriment and delight.

And Timothy Drake, his hands in his pockets, walked away too, whistling moodily. He felt poorer than in the morning; for this vision of wealth had unsettled him for labour, without bringing him any benefit that he could count upon in any way.

He never would marry Ann Greystock, and forsake the noble honest girl who had waited for him years now, loving him so faithfully that she was willing enough to bide his time so that she could marry him in the end.

The very notion of deserting her seemed to Timothy so mean and disgraceful, that to do him justice he never entertained it for one second. At the same time he certainly did covet old Barnett's legacy as much for her sake as his own. But he felt it was highly improbable that a person who had languished in poverty and spinsterhood for over forty years would refuse the tempting offer of a fortune

and a husband united. Consequently he resigned all hope, and made up his mind to go to work as if nothing had happened directly he reached home.

But his was borne along towards Cranbury, as fast as an express train could carry him, a plan came into his head which offered some prospect of relief, and made him in a more cheerful mood than when he started. He went straight to the cottage of his betrothed, and told her simply, without any mention of conditions, that old Barnett, the miser, of whom she had sometimes heard him speak, had left him a legacy of 50,000 pounds.

Instead of receiving these tidings with every sign of joy and satisfaction, as Timothy had anticipated, she threw herself on a chair and burst into tears.

"You'll never care for me any more now," she sobbed. "I know what it is, when people get so much money they always want more. You'll marry a rich woman and cast me off!" "Carrie!" he said reproachfully, "what do you take me for? If I could do such a thing as that, I shouldn't be worth looking at by any honest woman. No, no; the miser's money will never have such an effect upon me as that. Sit down quietly like a good girl, dry your eyes, and listen to what I've got to say."

And then he told her the conditions attached to his legacy, at which poor Carrie, although striving after patience and self control, had to wipe fresh tears out of her eyes. Finally he mentioned certain plans he had formed, and Carrie, managed to find a smile.

"Not that I believe you, for all that," said she; "for I'm sure you'll give in directly—you see Miss Greystock, and consent to everything she proposes."

"Very well, you'll see," answered Timothy, gaily. "In the meantime I have had nothing to eat since breakfast, and am nearly famished. Couldn't you get some supper, Carrie?"

"I have only cold pork, and bread and cheese, in the house; and I'm sure, now—"

"Nonsense, Carrie, I shall only be thankful to get it! What more can a man want?" "It isn't what rich people care for."

"And when we are rich we will have rather a different fare. There's nothing better than a beefsteak pudding—"

"With oysters in it, only it isn't fashionable, Tim. Mr. Marjorams cook says it would be as much as her place is worth for her to send such a thing to table when they can have company."

"Then fashionable people don't know what is good, that's all," answered Timothy and he applied himself to the cold pork with a zest that should his glimpse of fortune had not by any means destroyed his appetite.

The next morning he started for Barstuppel, and introduced himself to the notice of Miss Greystock that very evening. Miss Greystock received him graciously enough, though it was plain that she suspected his identity, and did not mean to compromise herself by any promises until she was sure of his title to esteem.

He found her old, and wizened and sour-looking, above fifty in appearance, and so thin, and care worn, and cross grained, that Timothy made a grimace at the malice that would have tied him to such a partner for the remainder of her life, and began to understand that the miser intended to leave his money in such a way that would show the recipients how little it had to do with real happiness, and how much misery might accompany its possession.

Of course he had a right to do as he liked with his own; but it seemed rather hard that Timothy, who had never asked, or expected anything of him in his life; should be cheated with a vision of wealth which, if he had any honesty or good faith in him, he never could realize. Had he been free twice over he could not have paid any candid court to Anna Greystock, and must have married her, if he had married her at all, with a falsehood on his lips, and hatred in his heart.

Besides, she was old enough to his mother, and Timothy, like most of his class considered that a great disparity between man and wife was an actual sin. Altogether, the idea seemed to him more impossible than ever; and if Carrie could have read his thoughts at this time she would have been perfectly satisfied as to his good intentions.

Miss Greystock brought out a little bottle of spirits from a corner cupboard, and begged Timothy to make himself comfortable. So sure did she make of his feelings, that she even spoke of borrowing money upon her expectations, and advised him to the same.

"With our prospects," said she, "it would be quite easy, and we could say it off directly we were married."

"Good!" thought Timothy; "she takes it for granted that I shall have her. She must be very fond of money herself, or she'd see the possibility of a man's having some feelings a little stronger than the love of gold. She'll never let me go, I do believe."

This conviction made him so melancholy, that Miss Greystock was piqued, and hinted intelligibly that some people didn't know when they were well off. Timothy wished to conciliate her by all means, in order that he might induce her to make an agreement by which each guaranteed to secure to the other one half or the money they were to share together; and by this means enjoy the legacy left to each, and also evade to old miser's conditions.

He was ready to promise himself and give a bond to that effect that if Miss Greystock resigned all thoughts of their marriage she should forfeit nothing by her refusal, for the second he came into the property he would divide it equally with her.

He waited until Miss Greystock had filled herself a second glass of the warm mixture, and then, judging the time propitious, he ventured to suggest the compromise.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Greystock, in unfeigned astonishment, "do you mean to say that anything would induce you to give up such an income as we should have from a hundred thousand pounds! At any rate, sir, you may, but I won't. You are quite at liberty to get rid of me, if you like; but I promise you the refusal shall come from your side, and you shall take the consequences. There are plenty of husbands to be had,—and the ancient maiden tossed her head, with the air of a young beauty, who had chances in plenty, and didn't feel called upon to brook the impertinence of any man; but money is scarce, as I have found out to my cost, and so I'll keep all I can get."

"But Miss Greystock—?" Timothy began.

"It's no use talking," interrupted she, evidently waxing wroth. "I've spoken my mind, and now I have nothing more to say. You do as you like, and I'll do as I like. And now if you've got a lodging I advise you to find it, for I am going to shut up house. It has always been my habit to keep early hours."

Timothy accepted his dismissal without remonstrance, bade Miss Greystock good-night, and departed.

When Timothy got to the inn where he meant to take up his present quarters, he found the landlord waiting for him in a snug little room, half-bar, half parlour, where he only admitted distinguished visitors, and entertained them in a way that made them glad to see his hospitable roof again.

Mr. Boniton was a clever man, and a man of infinite humour and resource. Timothy felt edified by his company, and very much indebted to him for his suggestions. They sat together far into the night talking, and when Timothy, at last retired to rest, he felt himself not only the wiser, but also the happier, for his long conversation with Mr. Boniton, of the "Blue Boar."

Old Barnett's money had never been any good to him, and it seemed to carry a curse with it wherever it went. Timothy Drake degenerated under its influence to an astonishing degree. He had once

been a sober man, now he became a mere drunken sot, of whom the Barstuppel villagers were never weary of telling strange tales. Every night he staggered out from the midst of them helplessly intoxicated, and was supported up to bed by the officious landlord, who was, no doubt, making a very good thing of his stay at the "Blue Boar."

But the worst remains to be told. Timothy had given up poor Carrie Dower, tempted by Miss Greystock gold, and he was to be married to the latter the very day they came into their fortune. Some pitied him, and some pitied her; but all agreed that they would make a very ill-assorted pair. She was old, and harsh, and ugly; he was a man of such intemperate habits, that, in spite of his youth, his good looks, and his fortune, there weren't many in the village who would have liked to take Miss Greystock's place.

There were plenty to tell her of his delinquencies; and one day, as she sat at her window, work in hand she had an opportunity of judging for herself.

It was barely noon, and yet there was Timothy, staggering along the street followed by a rabble of village boys, all of them shouting and screeching, and calling upon Miss Greystock to show herself, as if this were not the last thing she would care to do at such a time.

She was deeply mortified and annoyed; but though he reproached Timothy bitterly for his conduct the first time she saw him, she said nothing about giving him up. After scolding him sharply for some time, she declared that it was hard either of them should have to go to work again with such prospects, and repeated her former proposition that they should borrow money to go on with until the year had passed, and they had come into possession of their united legacies.

Timothy, who was quite sober this morning, whatever he might have been the day before, demurred to this, affirming that he should do very well on his savings, for the present, and when these were gone he should trust to his trade again.

"I can always make a pound a week," concluded he, "and that is enough for a man to live upon."

"But not to drink upon, as you are drinking now," answered Miss Greystock, tartly. "You'll drown your inside, if you don't care, and then you'll die."

"Oh! what little I take will never hurt me."

"Little!" she exclaimed. "Why bless me! you were tipsy yesterday in broad daylight, for I saw you with these very eyes. Little, indeed! I wonder what you would call a great deal?"

"I don't know; but I'll bet anybody that you drink more spirits in the course of a day than I do."

"Mr. Drake!" exclaimed Miss Greystock, glancing anxiously towards the corner cupboard, "I am surprised at you!"

"I think I may return the compliment."

"I don't understand you sir," returned Miss Greystock, with dignity.

Timothy glanced at the corner cupboard, and nodded significantly. "If you mean to insult me sir," she began, and finished with a fit of hysterics that lasted exactly two hours by the church clock.

She was ready to acknowledge that after this, Timothy was a monster, and bewailed her fate bitterly. Her only hope was that he would mend when he came to his senses, and become a respectable member of society. Matrimony often did reform these violent characters. Anyhow, Miss Greystock had suffered so sorely from poverty in her time that she believed the mere possession of money was a pleasure that could counterbalance many and great evils.

To be continued PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON is now on a visit to Devonshire. The Austrian government has adopted the Remington rifle for the army. HERNAND is all but rid of rinderpest, having been bit six animals attacked last week. WALTER leaves bruised and rubbed upon horses' with, it is said, protect the animals from the annoyance of flies. In consequence of a deficient harvest, the export of corn from the Danubian Principalities has been prohibited. Teacommis is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons, and the result is a very small waist. "Do you like fish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly—"I really don't know, Miss; I never recollect attending one."

Who is the most tender-hearted man in any small town? Dye give it up? The bellman—because he will cry if you give him a shilling.

AN ASTONISHING CALCULATION.—Bailey found by experiments that the total weight of the earth is about 1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000 tons of matter.

Mary, Charles dear, now that we are married, you know we must have no secrets. No, do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair dpo you will find in my dressing-case.