

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

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. 37.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1867.

Whole No. 448.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Six lines and under, first insertion... \$10 50

Business Directory. DR. HOSTETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage and prompt payment.

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

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.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &c., &c.

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the county of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c.

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.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, BY ROBERT FERRIS.

ABRAHAM EYER, BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer, RESIDENCE—Lot 27 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c., RICHMOND HILL.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W.

Worth Knowing! THE Subscriber would intimate to the farmers and others of Richmond Hill and vicinity that he has successfully treated the above for the past ten years without a single failure.

Horses Afflicted with Ring-bone, That he has successfully treated the above for the past ten years without a single failure.

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

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &c., &c.

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the county of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &c., &c.

Literature. The Widowed Bride. A TRUE TALE.

Loud blew the wind in the dreary month of November, when a large party were assembled around a glowing fire in the hospitable mansion of Dr. Duncan, late resident physician to the Ashton Lunatic Asylum.

Did you indeed know the original of this? exclaimed one of the group, pointing to a beautiful girl, apparent about eighteen, splendidly attired in a robe of white satin ornamented with pearls and orange flowers.

Well then, it is just twenty years ago this very evening that I was aroused from a gentle slumber, into which I had fallen in my easy chair, by the entrance of a servant with a note, which merely contained these words—Dr. Duncan is entreated to lose no time in hastening to the Astor Inn, to meet a patient destined for the Ashton Asylum, but who is now too ill to continue her journey unless it be under his care.

My child! oh! save my child! broke from his trembling lips as, with a convulsive grasp, he seized my hand, and hurrying me into the house threw open the door of a small room, where reclining on a sofa, was a being beautiful as thought.

Save, oh! save my child! again and again groaned the old man, and I will bless you; give me back my loved, my only one.

But there she lay, motionless, apparently lifeless; and in answer to my queries I learnt that she had been in that state for nearly twelve hours.

You must trust to the horses, I exclaimed; I remember I halted them at this inn once, though it is now a long time since.

Slowly and step by step we proceeded; now splashing through what were once mere rivulets, or at least but brawling brooks, but which the floods had swollen into torrents; then coming in contact with branches of trees which the blast had driven, for the storm still raged with unabated fury, and it must have been past midnight when my servant descried a light in the distance.

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.

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.

WAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRENS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff

way to a patient, and if you will give my servant a light I shall be obliged to you, as my lamps are gone out.

A light was soon produced, and he bade us a surly "Good night," but not before I had discerned the stolid figures of two or three ill-looking fellows peering through the half-open door.

They bid me forget thee, they tell me that now The grave damp is staining that beautiful brow;

After a short interval I considered it advisable that the invalid should reach her resting place as soon as possible, and, accordingly we commenced our journey homeward.

See, see! she whispered, in a mysterious manner this is my wedding-day, and this, extending her delicate finger on which she wore a plain wedding ring, 'is his gift; my own Charles placed it there; and, kissing it fondly, she murmured, we will never never part.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed, A look thine eye hath given, That is not shrouded within my heart Like to a dream of heaven.

There's not a spot where we have met, A fav'rite flower or tree; There's not a scene by the beloved's That is not prized by me.

When'er I hear the linnets' song, Or the blithe woodcock's lay, Or mark upon the golden West The rosy clouds decay;

When'er I catch the breath of flowers, Or music from the trees; Though wings her way to distant bowers, And memory clings to thee."

They shall not tear thee from me! I will cling to thee whilst I have life! Charles! Charles! do you not hear me? 'Tis Lucy, thy own Lucy, who calls thee and bids thee stay.

For hours after this sad scene the unfortunate girl lay in the same state as when I first saw her. Vainly did I resort to every possible restorative, and I indeed feared that the bruised and wounded spirit had quitted its earthly abode; but it was not so.

Mrs. Ventnor! I exclaimed. Surely she is not married—so young too, poor girl?

Yes sir, said the old nurse, she is very young, hardly nineteen; and she was not eighteen when she was married.

But how came this dreadful calamity to befall her? I asked. No ill-treatment, I hope?

he died suddenly the day they were married, and her brain has been turned ever since.

Here our conversation was interrupted by the frequent repetition of my name, and I hastened to return to the room which I had quitted. It was the old man's voice which I had heard, and I soon perceived the cause of the summons in the altered appearance of my patient.

She lives! she breathes! I exclaimed the doating father. Lucy, my hope, my pride, the solace of my old age, speak to me one word, only one, to bless and cheer me! and the old man sank on his knees and sobbed like a child.

After a short interval I considered it advisable that the invalid should reach her resting place as soon as possible, and, accordingly we commenced our journey homeward.

See, see! she whispered, in a mysterious manner this is my wedding-day, and this, extending her delicate finger on which she wore a plain wedding ring, 'is his gift; my own Charles placed it there; and, kissing it fondly, she murmured, we will never never part.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed, A look thine eye hath given, That is not shrouded within my heart Like to a dream of heaven.

There's not a spot where we have met, A fav'rite flower or tree; There's not a scene by the beloved's That is not prized by me.

When'er I hear the linnets' song, Or the blithe woodcock's lay, Or mark upon the golden West The rosy clouds decay;

When'er I catch the breath of flowers, Or music from the trees; Though wings her way to distant bowers, And memory clings to thee."

They shall not tear thee from me! I will cling to thee whilst I have life! Charles! Charles! do you not hear me? 'Tis Lucy, thy own Lucy, who calls thee and bids thee stay.

For hours after this sad scene the unfortunate girl lay in the same state as when I first saw her. Vainly did I resort to every possible restorative, and I indeed feared that the bruised and wounded spirit had quitted its earthly abode; but it was not so.

Mrs. Ventnor! I exclaimed. Surely she is not married—so young too, poor girl?

Yes sir, said the old nurse, she is very young, hardly nineteen; and she was not eighteen when she was married.

But how came this dreadful calamity to befall her? I asked. No ill-treatment, I hope?

toratives, I left her to the care of the nurse, enjoining quietude, and promising to see her again in two hours.

Here our conversation was interrupted by the frequent repetition of my name, and I hastened to return to the room which I had quitted. It was the old man's voice which I had heard, and I soon perceived the cause of the summons in the altered appearance of my patient.

She lives! she breathes! I exclaimed the doating father. Lucy, my hope, my pride, the solace of my old age, speak to me one word, only one, to bless and cheer me! and the old man sank on his knees and sobbed like a child.

After a short interval I considered it advisable that the invalid should reach her resting place as soon as possible, and, accordingly we commenced our journey homeward.

See, see! she whispered, in a mysterious manner this is my wedding-day, and this, extending her delicate finger on which she wore a plain wedding ring, 'is his gift; my own Charles placed it there; and, kissing it fondly, she murmured, we will never never part.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed, A look thine eye hath given, That is not shrouded within my heart Like to a dream of heaven.

There's not a spot where we have met, A fav'rite flower or tree; There's not a scene by the beloved's That is not prized by me.

When'er I hear the linnets' song, Or the blithe woodcock's lay, Or mark upon the golden West The rosy clouds decay;

When'er I catch the breath of flowers, Or music from the trees; Though wings her way to distant bowers, And memory clings to thee."

They shall not tear thee from me! I will cling to thee whilst I have life! Charles! Charles! do you not hear me? 'Tis Lucy, thy own Lucy, who calls thee and bids thee stay.

For hours after this sad scene the unfortunate girl lay in the same state as when I first saw her. Vainly did I resort to every possible restorative, and I indeed feared that the bruised and wounded spirit had quitted its earthly abode; but it was not so.

Mrs. Ventnor! I exclaimed. Surely she is not married—so young too, poor girl?

Yes sir, said the old nurse, she is very young, hardly nineteen; and she was not eighteen when she was married.

But how came this dreadful calamity to befall her? I asked. No ill-treatment, I hope?

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the English press. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a case at Clonnel, he let into the defendant in measured terms. The individual inveighed against, not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back into Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Hanover Street, Dublin.

Is your master up? demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of journey.

No, answered the man. Then gave him compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will you be glad to see him?

The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life, said Barrington, for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks he has come to present me with.

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a "thick" voice said, "By your leave" and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

You know my business, sir said he to Barrington. I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body, and at the same time cut a figure of eight with his shillelagh before the cheval glass.

You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed? exclaimed Daines, who had as much honour as cool courage.

No, replied the other, but get up as soon as you can. Yes, replied Daines, that you might tell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets.

No, replied the other. I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed. You want?

Upon your honour? That is enough, said Daines, turning over, and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he went to fall asleep. I have the honour of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle guard.

The Tipperary salamander looked marvelously astonished at the pretender sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

Holloa! said Mr. Foley, are you going to get up? No, said Daines; I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold reading a damp journal, and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tip had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel. Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart.

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assuaging a dish of smoking chops.

The hempecked husband would be happy enough if he were only left alone. He generally has some friend who is perpetually nagging him 'not to stand it!'