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The York Herald

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

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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER'S numerous friends will 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 COLBORNE STS., THORNHILL.

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,

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

MNAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTERNS AND PUMPS!

John Langstaff

Richmond Hill Bakery

P. BASINGTWAITE, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER. BEGS to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of W. S. Pollock's establishment, and that he is prepared to furnish BREAD and FANCY CAKES to those who may honor him with their patronage.

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL, LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c.

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.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, BY ROBERT FERRIS.

R. F. having leased the above Hotel, formerly occupied by the late Mr. R. Nichols, and having put it in a thorough state of repair, Travellers will find this house both comfortable and convenient.

LU MERING, 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., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

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 near it Country having

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.

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Ac. &c. Small charges and plenty to do

Poetry.

MIRTH. And therein sat a lady fresh and fair, Making sweet solace to herself alone;

Yet was there not with her else any one That to her might move cause of merriment;

Matter of mirth enough, though there were none, She could devise; and thousand ways invent

Haste thee, my nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youthful jollity,

—Don't you know that people won't employ A man who wrongs his maids by laughing like a boy?

Care to your coffin adds a nail no doubt; And every grin so merry draws one out.

'Tis ever common, That men are merrier when they are from home.

Come and trip it as you go On the light fantastic toe, And in the right hand lead with the The mountain nym, sweet Liberty.

Literature. Chased by a Locomotive

The following incident was related to me by an old acquaintance who was for many years an engineer on the railroad where the event in question transpired.

On the old man's brow the frosts of seventy winters had settled lightly.

I could not but remark, as he lighted his pipe, preparatory to beginning his story, how vast a change a few short years had wrought upon his iron frame.

At the time the event which I shall endeavour to narrate occurred, he was the embodiment of strength and activity, of which now, alas! comparatively little remained.

But I will proceed to give to my readers the story in as nearly the exact words of the veteran engineer as my memory will permit:—

In the year 1842 (began the old man) I was engineer on the Constitution, one of the most powerful and handsome locomotives on the road.

My route then extended from Bedford to Bloomington, a distance of about ninety-five miles.

There were at that time but two intermediate stations between the northern and southern termini of the road, which were situated as follows:—Ripley, a town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, lay forty-five miles south of Bedford;

and Carthage, a town nearly as large, lay twenty miles south of Ripley, thirty miles from Bloomington. From Bedford to Ripley the road consisted of a single track only; but after passing Ripley there was a double track the entire distance.

The day on which the occurrence happened, to which I cannot even now, after the lapse of twenty-four years, advert without a thrill of horror, was one of extreme heat.

It was the day preceding the Fourth of July, which was to be celebrated at Bloomington with more than usual patriotism.

Among the numerous other attractions that city afforded on the morrow was a Fourth of July oration, to be delivered by one of the most eloquent men of the day.

This announcement being widely circulated throughout the country, had with other reason the effect of causing a very great rush of people at the depot.

The train left Bedford at ten o'clock A. M. was crowded with passenger to its utmost capacity, yet did not take with it more than two-thirds of the number who had purchased tickets for Bloomington.

The disappointed ones had no alternative than to wait the one o'clock train should leave. It was this train that was to run to Bloomington daily by the noble engine, the Constitution of which I was engineer.

The same train returned at night, leaving Bloomington at nine o'clock in the evening.

At precisely one o'clock we rolled out of the depot with eight cars literally jammed with passengers. Those whom obtained standing room even considered themselves fortunate; while, as in the forenoon, there were hundreds not so lucky as to meet with this success.

For the accommodation of those left behind, an extra train was to be made up and started at two o'clock.

Before leaving the station I noticed the locomotive Superior a few hundred yards behind us with steam up to the highest point, inasmuch that it was constantly making its escape through the safety valve.

As everybody knows the boiler resists as great a pressure of steam as it will bear with safety, consequently she was in full readiness to carry the crowds that were waiting about the depot to their destination.

As I have before said, we left Bedford at the usual hour, one o'clock, with our load of living freight, the lives or deaths of whom depended on a couple of inches of iron rail.

On account of the immense number of passengers aboard the train, we did not proceed with customary rapidity. No up-train left Bloomington till six o'clock P. M., so that, if we did not make exactly full time, there was no danger of a collision.

We had not made the distance of more than ten miles before my attention was directed by the fireman to something away behind us that he said he had been watching for some minutes, and it seemed to be steadily following us.

I also watched the singular object intently for several minutes, without being able to make up my mind as to what it could be. Surely the next train could not be coming yet; that was not to leave till two o'clock.

But suddenly remembering that there was a small telescope, or spy-glass aboard the engine, I immediately procured it, when, to my consternation, I at once saw that the mysterious specter that was following us so assiduously was the locomotive Superior, that we had left at Bedford with steam up, ready for the two o'clock train. But there were no care attached; what could be the meaning of that!

The fatal truth soon flashed upon me. The locomotive was running away. Before leaving the station I had seen several small children playing around the engine, one or two of whom were climbing up into the tender.

The engineer, a man who had once been discharged for similar carelessness, had gone to his house, short distance off, for some purpose, and, without doubt, during his absence, some of these children had inadvertently started the works.

As near as I could determine, we were in advance of the fugitive locomotive about three miles; but it was evidently gaining upon us rapidly, as from the time it appeared when my attention was first directed to it, it had now come to be distinguishable as a locomotive, almost without the aid of the glass.

At the rate the rain was now moving, we would soon be overtaken by the runaway engine; and the collision, considering the number of passenger on the train, could not but be attended with most disastrous consequences.

It was manifest, therefore, that our only safety lay in outrunning the fugacious locomotive, which I shuddered to think it would be difficult to do, as it former had no impediment hateful to its speed, while we were retarded by eight heavy loaded cars.

But, nevertheless, I ordered the fireman to increase our head of steam with all possible haste, as the lives of perhaps hundreds depended on our reaching Ripley before the runaway comotive.

The great quantities of wood thrown into the furnace had soon the very desirable effect of quickening the motion of the train to a degree that, under the circumstances, was extremely gratifying.

Bust still, after anxiously watching for a few minutes result of our accelerated speed I felt certain that, even at the rate we were going the distance between us and our pursuer was gradually growing less.

We were not more than two miles ahead, and I already fancied I could see the forms of a couple of children sitting in the tender. To assure myself, I got the glass, which brought, alas, but too plainly to my view the images of my own dear little Margaret and another girl, locked in each other's embrace, with countenances indicative of the most intense fear.

Breathing a silent but earnest prayer to God for the preservation of the little ones, I communicated the horrid discovery to the fireman, at the same time repeating the order to keep the furnace well supplied with fuel. Were I to live a thousand years the agony of that hour would not be effaced from my mind.

Oh, heavens! the memory of that scene Comes o'er my soul with anguish keen.

The thought of my only child, my darling little Margaret, being dashed to pieces, almost drove me frantic. My own safety, and (I am ashamed to confess it) that of the passengers was lost sight of in the one all absorbing desire to rescue my little daughter from her perilous situation.

I knew the fire of the Superior would soon die out after a while, unless replenished with fuel, and then, of course, the steam would go down, and the engine stop of its own accord. If we could reach Ripley, where the double track commenced, in advance of the pursuing locomotive, my fears for the safety of the little ones, as well as the hundreds on the train, would be greatly allayed.

I already had my mind up as to how I should manage. I took a lead-pencil and wrote upon a small piece of paper the following note:—

For heaven's sake, change the switch as soon as possible; there is a locomotive behind us running away!

This I tied to a small piece of wood, and if we got to Ripley without being overtaken, it was my intention, in passing the station to throw it down close by the switchman. If we could get the switch changed in time, the engine with the children would pass off on the left-hand track, where it might run till the fire burn out without meeting any obstruction. I had no apprehension, however, that it would run further than the next station—Carthage at the most.

As I said before, notwithstanding the utmost endeavours of the fireman to keep up a strong head of steam, the iron fiend continued steadily to gain upon us. It was now not more than a mile behind, and through the glass I could see with painful distinctness every painful emotion of terror that passed atwain the faces of the frightened children. We were yet some fifteen miles from Ripley and it was becoming alarmingly obvious that unless we increased our speed to a still greater degree a collision would inevitably ensue.

We ought to be at least a mile ahead when arriving at Ripley, to give the switchman time to alter the switch. This I determined, if possible, should be the case.

Among the other freight put on board the train at Bedford were a few barrels of pitch. These, fortunately, were in the forward baggage-car, where they could easily be got at. With the assistance of the fireman and baggage master, I managed to get a couple of these barrels into the tender.

About half a barrel of this highly-inflammable substance being thrown into the furnace, the steam-gauge began speedily to run up. In a very short time the thick furnace door had changed its dark sombre hue to one of a glowing red, so terrific was the heat within.

From this moment the motion of the train grew faster and the huge driving-wheels revolved with the velocity of lightning.

We were soon going at a rate of speed hitherto unknown to me, and I guess never before experienced by a single person on the train. The trees that skirted the track, in places on either side, seemed to be rushing past in a wild maze, with the rapidity of the wind. I continued throwing in the pitch till I had emptied one of the barrels, and the fire-box was near-

ly full. The heat produced by such a large quantity of burning pitch and wood became, after a while, really alarming.

We were unable to bear it in the engineer's house, and were obliged to take refuge in the tender. The steam had risen to the highest point compatible with safety, as was indicated by the gauge, so there was nothing further to be desired in that respect.

In the meantime, the frightful speed with which the train was progressing had caused the widest confusion among the passengers in the cars. They could form no satisfactory conception why we should be making such extraordinary time. The conductor came to me with amazement depicted in his every feature, to inquire the cause of this astonishing speed. I soon satisfied him of the necessity of this speed, in order to avoid collision with the engine that was following so swiftly in the rear. He then went back to endeavour to quiet the fears of the passengers.

We were now fast nearing Ripley, and I had the extreme satisfaction of observing that the distance between us and the pursuing locomotive was gradually becoming greater. We were rather more than a mile ahead when we arrived at the place where I usually blew the whistle to announce the approach of the train. In a few seconds more we dashed by the Ripley station, creating a most terrible panic among the great number of people assembled at the depot.

As we neared the switch I saw the switchman standing only a few feet distant from his post. I flung the piece of wood, with the note attached, down close to his feet, and before we had passed from view had the ineffable delight to see him spring to the switch and alter it with the rapidity of thought.

A few seconds later, the runaway fiend came dashing up, and passed in safety on the other track. On seeing this, my apprehension for the lives of the passengers on the train instantly vanished; and my fears for my darling little Margaret and her companion were greatly tranquillised. It was furthermore evident that the rapid speed of the locomotive was somewhat decreasing. I knew the fire must be about burnt out, and the engine would soon stop, probably before reaching Carthage.

I now abated the motion of the train a little, and, in a few minutes the Superior came rushing along past us. I saw, however, that she would not run much further, for the fire was out, and the steam nearly spent. I had now no difficulty in the keeping side by side with her, which I intended to do till she stopped.

But a new danger was besetting us. The tremendous heat produced by the great mass of pitch and wood burning in the furnace threatened to burst the boiler, if not to be set the engine on fire.

The steam-gauge showed the steam several pounds higher than the boiler was made to carry, or than it could resist without danger of explosion. It is true some of it was escaping through the safety-valve, but not as rapidly as it was engendered by the fierce fire beneath. If the train were going at the rate it was before reaching Ripley, the steam would be used up about as fast as it was produced; but in order to keep along with the engine on the other track, we were obliged to go quite slowly. Therefore, there was but little steam used for the purpose of locomotion.

But besides the danger of the boiler's exploding my fears were greatly excited that the fire, being so exceedingly violent, would extend its power to the woodwork on the engine and burn it up. The interior of the engineer's house was fairly smoking with the heat. If the fire were allowed to continue burning at this rate much longer, I felt convinced we would either be burned up or blow up, if not both. It was obvious, therefore, that to insure our safety we must make an effort to extinguish the fire.

I took the long iron poker that is used for the purpose, and suc-

ceeded dafter a while in getting the fire nearly out, but not before my hands and feet were terribly scorched by the intense heat. Some of the pitch still remained adhering to the sides of the furnace, but this little soon up, and the furnace was without fire in it. From this time the steam gradually went down, the red-hot furnace resumed its natural colour, and the danger of the explosion of the boiler or the burning of the locomotive disappeared.

I kept along with the engine, bearing the innocent cause of all this peril and confusion, till it finally stopped a few hundred yards distant from the Carthage station.

It would be useless to attempt to describe my feelings when, after so perilous a ride, I took my little daughter and her companion, uninjured, in my arms, and carried them safely to one of the cars.

At Carthage the fireman built up a new fire with wood, and we proceeded without further interruption to Bloomington. I brought the children, who had so narrowly escaped a horrible death, back to their homes on the nine o'clock train.

The gratitude of their parents of the little girl who had participated with my own child in her frightful ride on the locomotive seemed to have no bounds. They were people of considerable wealth and desired to manifest their appreciation of the great favour I had performed for them, in saving their little one from destruction, by presenting me with quite a large sum of money. This, however, I declined to take, thinking that the rescue of my own little Margaret amply compensated me for my trouble.

In conclusion, I would mention that the engineer through whose neglect or duty the above incident happened, was again discharged, and never after received into the service of the company.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MASTERS AND SERVANTS IN SPAIN.—A young bride was starting with her husband, and grouped around the railway carriages were all her friends and old servants to wish her good-bye. One of the latter was her nurse; and the despair of the poor woman was piteous to see. Dressed in her beautiful peasant's holiday costume, with strings of pearls on her white bodice, but her face swollen and disfigured by weeping she clung to her young mistress with a tenacity which was both painful and touching. The tie between master and servants in Spain is very close and very sacred. No one dreams of ordering their man or maid to do anything; whatever is wanted must be asked for with a deference and courtesy which they consider their duty, and which is invariably accorded. The servants consider themselves entirely as part of the family into which they enter, and identify their interests, their sorrows, and their joys with those of their employers.

TOWN BOYS AND COUNTRY BOYS.—As far as my experience goes, town girls and country boys love nature most. I have known two girls love her as passionately as country boys. Town boys have many books and pictures. They see nature in mirrors—invaluable privileges after they know herself, not before. They have greater opportunity of observing human nature; but here also the books are too many and various. They are cleverer than country boys, but they are less profound; their observation may be quicker, their perception is less. They know better what to do on emergency; they know better how to order their ways. Of course, in this, as in a thousand other matters, nature will burst out laughing in the face of the would-be philosopher, and bringing forward her town boy, will say, "Look here! For the town boys are nature's boys after all, at least so long as doctrine of self-preservation and ambition have not turned them from children of the kingdom into dirt-worms. But I must stop, for I am getting up to the neck in a bog of discrimination. As it did not know the nobility of some townspeople, compared with the worldliness of countryfolk! I give it up. We are all good and bad. God mend all.—The Argosy.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—A marriage recently took place at Brough, after a courtship of about thirty years between the parties. The bridegroom wore the coat of the marriage in which he first began the courtship. There was firing of cannon, music of bands, and a general rejoicing; while the bridegroom, in the most generous manner, provided a "flowing bowl" for all comers.

A distinguished philosopher holds that mankind may be divided into two great classes—those who are wise and those who are otherwise.

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