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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, W.D., generally be found at home from half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.

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M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866.

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

SAVE TROUGH, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRENS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and put up by John Langstaff, Brick Mill, Thornhill.

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. 50.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1867.

Whole No. 461.

Richmond Hill Bakery

P. BASINGTWAITE, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER. BEGS leave 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, 30 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL,

BY ROBERT FERRIS. R. Ferris having leased the above Hotel, formerly occupied by the late Mr. R. van Nostrand, and having put it in a thorough state of repair, Travellers will find this house both comfortable and convenient.

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, Junr.,

Slave & Shingle Manufacturer. EVIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham on the Egin 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 vicinity that he has successfully treated the above for the past ten years without a single failure.

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 Smolser,

ICENED AUCTIONEER for the county of York and Peel, Collector of Taxes, &c. &c. Small charges and plenty to do. Luckey, March 2nd 1865.

Poetry.

ON BEAUTY. Nature with beauty armed the fair, More potent arms than sword or spear,

Beauty is the summer flower, Withering in the wintry hour; Even as we gaze, Some charm decays, And vanishes beyond our power.

There are flowers of the mind, Graces of a nobler kind, 'Mid scenes of woe, They spring, they blow, For eternity designed.

Meek evad, patient sorrow's child, Humility with aspect mild, Charity—Love undefiled, Gifts of Heaven To mortals mild, By their Father reconciled.

A Young Man married a girl rather than be shot by her brother—thinking a misadventure to a hit.

A Friend of our has a painful affection of the eyes, caused by trying to read by the light of other days.

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums con-drummers are. She thinks they are somewhat hard to beat.

A Clergyman at a funeral, when at the graveside, said to the chief mourner, "Is your brother a sister?" He received the puzzling answer, "Neither; it is only a cousin."

The man whom you saved from drowning, and the man who never pays what he owes, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

A Frenchman has compiled statistics which show that but little over a quarter as many women are struck by lightning as men; that when a man and woman are walking together, the man is invariably the sufferer. Gallantry is certainly a new property in electricity.

Mr. Debett has just published a sort of Peerage of the House of the House of Commons, giving a short account of each member, and illustrated by a sketch of his arms, when he claims any. Glancing over these we find, oddly enough, that Mr. John Bright's crest is "A dragon's head gorging, vomiting flames of fire."

The most absurd notion is the new French breast-pin, with a dog or a death's head or something else, movable as a device. You put the pin in your cravat, a lilliputian galvanic battery in your pocket, connecting them with a wire. Touch a spring in the battery and the dog, bark, or the death's head opens and shuts its jaws.

Blue trousers are the fashion in Paris, as well as here. With their aid, assisted by a short coat, a low hat, brown boots, gloves of the new color, a stick with a tassels grasped in the middle, and a toothpick, a very fair swell may be constructed out of the commonest materials. An oval locket and a cigarette may be added at discretion.

I saw a poor creature once, in a great sad house, who had allowed for his recreation, to keep a diary. He showed me some of the entries. Against one of the days he had scrawled this portentous announcement—"The devil died; but against the very next day he had entered, "Born again!" The demented man was not altogether wrong in his generation.

A TOUCHING STORY.—A lady had two children—both girls; the elder a fair child, the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centred in it. The elder was neglected; while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that love could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlour, when she heard a child's step on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favourite.

"Is that you, Sweet?—it is only me." "No, mamma," was the sad and touching reply; "it isn't Sweet—it is only me."

The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour "Only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections. A mulatto slave in Brazil has carried off a national prize medal for the best works of sculpture, and has also received a paper of unannounced.

A swarm of locusts has again settled on the island of Sardinia, so that this year's crops will probably be destroyed, as were those of last year.

Broad-brimmed hats, tight-fitting trousers, and short sticks are the rage with the fashionable London swells. In Paris, long-crowned hats are in fashion.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF POISONING.—In the woods near Breslau, C. W., on last Saturday, the 27th, two young lads were accidentally poisoned by eating a root which they supposed to be the wild parsnip. They were sons of Mr. Abraham Clemmer, who lives close to Breslau, and were about thirteen and eighteen years old respectively, and it is not very easy to comprehend how, at their years, they could have committed the act which consigned them to almost instant death. Instead of digging up and eating the wild parsnip, as they had intended, they appear to have got hold of a root of most deadly poison, for in half an hour after eating it, one of the lads dropped down dead in the woods; and the other, apprehending a like fate, ran home with all the speed of which he was capable, in order to secure medical aid, if possible, and inform the mother of the fate which had befallen his brother. But he had hardly got to the house when he, too, expired, leaving the grief-stricken parents to mourn over the untimely and shocking death of two of their children.

Literature.

A Lady's Theory of "Low Spirits."

Few people, we suppose, live in the world, who have not some time or other been in the "blues." We do not mean, of course by that term, a certain aristocratic regiment of cavalry, which in military circles is known by that title; but a peculiar sort of melancholy which goes by that name.

It seems strange that blue is associated in phraseology with melancholy. The colour of the vault of heaven, one would think to be anything but a companion for miserable feelings. The blue, too, belongs to truth and charity, as an emblem; but we suppose the fact is that many talk analogically, without knowing it. Blue is the cold color, and the inhabitants of the north feel cold as an evil just as those of the tropics do heat. That is the temperature with which they have to combat for their own preservation, and thus it is that our poets have written of "cold grief" and "cold despair," and the color of cold—blue—has been mixed up in our phraseology with melancholy. It would be an interesting subject for the philologist to investigate how far climate and local position form the idioms of a race; but that is far too scientific a matter for us to touch upon in such a paper as the present. It would be more in keeping with our vein to tell our readers what they have often seen; that the medicant at night, hovering near the chemist's window, shows his practical association of blue and misery, by the care which he takes to stand in the rays of light which pass through the gigantic blue bottle there. He knows full well—the cunning rogue!—that the red would make him look as jolly as a bee-feeder. The green and yellow, kindred colors to blue, serve his purposes better; but the blue itself casts the deepest shade of misery over his features, and draws the most helplessness from the pockets of the benevolent.

Whatever may be the analogical meaning of the term, certain it is that the "blues" are accounted ill spirits, and very disagreeable things. To some they come only occasionally, to others they form a permanent source of misery, and by all they are dreaded as an evil. Indeed, those who have experienced such disorders generally shrink from them more sensitively than from physical pain; and the healers of the body, from the time that Shakespeare made Lady Macbeth's physician ask whether she could "minister to a mind diseased," have been more puzzled with them than with substantial ailments; yet as they are more or less troublesome to all we suppose that notwithstanding their unpleasantness, they serve some good purpose in nature. The most singular thing about them, perhaps, is the mystery which attends their coming and going. We may at this moment be radiant with joy, basking in the sunshine of existence, and by the next minute, like a cold cloud stealing silently over the bright warm sun, the "blues" may draw their film over the mind, and all is shade. What it is that brings them into the mind! They do not walk in the footsteps of memory, for memories, however sad, are tender, and we willingly cherish them, while the blue devils are an unmitigated unpleasantness. They do not ride in the chariot of thought, for they have nothing thoughtful about them. They are not in degree allied to reflection—in fact, they prevent us from thinking. We are simply passively miserable under the infliction of these malicious mental spirits. We are "hipped," as a man of the world says; "low," as a washerwoman would observe; or "desponding," as the young lady who reads romances would hesperingly suggest; but we do not at such times think.

Well! it is very easy to say what a thing is not; so easy, that every novice who tries his hand at description is pretty sure to do so. But that is by no means a satisfactory mode of conveying

Correspondence.

Providing for the Poor.

LETTER NO. XLV. To the Editor of the York Herald.

Sir.—It is a question of considerable importance, whether the introduction of poor laws and poor rates, may not appear dark spots upon the fair fame of Canada and its inhabitants; and what may be their probable influence upon right-hearted emigrants.

The redundant population of England finds it necessary to look for a home in some foreign land. A few sovereigns may be the amount of their wealth, but they do not depend on wealth, and they do not depend on friends. They have something more valuable than riches and friends. They have something that shall secure wealth and friends; they have intelligence, industry, frugality, strong arms and willing hearts to provide for themselves in a just way. They seem it no small thing to leave their native lands, and the friends they love. A feeling of sadness comes over them as they enter the vessel that is to carry them to a strange land and a strange people. When an emigrant vessel sails from England the feeling of sadness is not confined to those who are taking their last look, and their last farewell of their beloved country and beloved friends. England's highest and truest statesmen feel sad, and express their regret. They regard the sailing of that vessel as a public loss. They know that industrious, frugal, and persevering men and women, perfect treasures to any country, are in that vessel. The most useful in the land are in that vessel. We quote a few lines from Goldsmith:

"Ill fares the land, hast'ning 'ills a prey, When wealth accumulates, and men decay, Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade; A breath can make them as a breath can make; But a bold peasant, their country's pride, When once destroyed can never be supplied."

We regard the arrival of the industrious and frugal emigrant as a real good to the country, and instead of regarding him about to take a place with the pauper, we regard him as arriving to take a part in the affairs of the country, and at no distant period to take his place amongst the first class farmers, as proprietor of a hundred or two hundred acres of land.

Useless members of and public burdens to society, may look with contempt on industrious and frugal emigrants, and ask what are they fit for. But we ask what would this country be had it no emigrants cut down its dense forests? Every highly cultivated farm, every comfortable dwelling, every valuable orchard, and every beautiful garden attest what intelligent, industrious and frugal emigrants have done, and what emigrants may yet do.

We need emigrants. When farmers employ them they give satisfaction and full value for their wages. When farmers employ the indolent, the wasteful, the dissipated, and the unprincipled, do these give satisfaction and value for the wages paid them? Ask those farmers who employed them, and who depended upon them to do the work of the farm, and they will tell you that these brought them to the brink of ruin, and made no attempt to give them satisfaction and value for their wages. In the list of your acquaintance can you point to one farmer who employed them, and depended upon their labour, who has not been brought to the brink of ruin? Councilors in their ignorance, or in their deceit may talk of the profits of the farm of industry, but every intelligent farmer knows, that the work performed by the unfaithful, the indolent, and the unprincipled servant does not pay the farmer the wages he gives him. It is the very quintessence of folly and absurdity to think of the idle, the indolent, and the unprincipled working on the farm of industry, in a way to pay the expenses connected with the farm.

We are desirous that emigrants should come to Canada. But emigrants do not appear to have a country where they have no price to pay for the land.

Emigrants require inducements

to come to a country. It was said to the Israelites, "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness."

Canada has been justly regarded as a land of wheat and barley, as a land flowing with milk and honey. The inhabitants of Canada have been justly regarded as possessed of great moral worth. The land of Canada, and the inhabitants of Canada have had a fair fame. What will intending emigrants in England, Ireland, and Scotland say, when it is told them that poor houses are to be erected, and that farms of industry are to be purchased for the poor? Will they not ask, is Canada become a land of paupers? Will they not ask, what change has come over that country, when industrious men and industrious women can no longer support themselves? What desolation has come over it, that its government requires to interfere, and to compel the working man and woman to provide for the poor? Will they not ask, is there no employment, and are there no remunerative wages for those who are able and willing to work? Will they not ask, are the poor so numerous, and is their distress so great, that private or voluntary charity cannot supply their wants? Will they not ask, is it a desirable place of residence where the industrious and frugal who happen to make a little property are compelled to support in comfortable circumstances the extravagant who spend their property, and the idle and indolent who make no property to spend? Will they not ask, is there no danger that the property of the industrious and frugal may dwindle away, in a sequence of one pauper after another demanding and receiving a portion of it as his lawful inheritance? Will they not ask, is it right that the idle and indolent who pay the merest pittance of tax should have a right to vote that a portion of the property of the industrious and frugal, should be appropriated for their use? Will they not conclude that in a country where the idle and wasteful have such inducements to depend on their industrious neighbour for support, and such means to obtain support without working for it; the burden on the industrious and frugal must be heavy. Will they not conclude that every one who looks to the poor house as a comfortable home to himself and to those dependent upon him will join in the loud cry—vote for the candidate who taxes the farmer to support the poor! In other words vote for the candidate who taxes the industrious and frugal, to provide for the idle and the dissipated, who find it more pleasant to beg than to work. Will they not ask who are to be at the great expense of building poor houses, paying the governors, and other officials, and necessary expenses? These and other questions will be asked. We admit that heavy burdens are laid upon the industrious and frugal. We admit that the heavy taxes laid upon the farmer are already producing their native results. We admit that many of the sons of farmers, refuse to follow the occupation of a farmer, and go to foreign countries to seek their fortune. We admit that no farmer now wishes to invest money in land in consequence of the heavy taxation, and of public burdens becoming heavier and heavier. We admit that great obstructions are put in the way of the farmer's advancement. But if there are poor laws, and if there are to be poor rates, it is the fault of the farmers. Why did they elect such men to be rulers, when they feel the burden to heavy, they may probably elect others to manage their affairs. For ourselves, we venture to maintain in opposition to members of Parliament, and County Councilors, that that poor laws, and rates are not required in a country so new and so wealthy, and where there is no redundant population, and where any one able willing and able to work readily finds employment and good wages. We venture also to maintain that the Councilors of each Township can at very little trouble to themselves, and at very little expense to the township, ascertain who those are who are proper objects of charity, and give them help from funds at their disposal. We assure the emigrant that after coming to Canada, it is only for a few years, he requires to act in the capacity of a servant. The farmer who acts his part properly, receives the treasures of heaven. All who exert themselves