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RICHMOND HILL FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1867.

Whole No. 465.

Richmond Hill Bakery

P. BASINGTWAITE, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER. DEEGS 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. As this house possesses every accommodation Travelers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 22

LOOK AT THIS JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's BOOTS & SHOES, 35 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, BY ROBERT FEHRIS.

R. F. having leased the above Hotel, (formerly occupied by the late Mr. R. Nichols) and having put it in a thorough repair, it is now ready to receive guests. A good Hostler always in attendance. Richmond Hill Jan 31, 1867. 35

LUMBERING ABRAHAM EYER

DEEGS 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. Saw Mill on the 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 21 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-ly

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RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham on the Erie Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of Slaves and Shingles, kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices. Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Post Office Address—Richmond Hill, June 1865. 1-ly

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

Residence—Lot 49 Yonge Street, Vaughan. January 16, 1866. 32

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865. 1

Worth Knowing!

THE Subscriber would intimate to the Farmers and others of Richmond Hill and rural districts, that he has successfully treated the above for the past ten years without a single failure. This treatment does not necessitate their being laid aside for a few days. Quite a number of references given if required of persons whose horses have been cured by me. My charge is \$1.50 if paid when operated on, if not \$3.00 will be charged to ensure a cure. Residence rear of lot 25, 2nd Con. Vaughan. JAMES DUNTON, Richmond Hill, Oct. 25, '66 72-ly

Maple Hotel!

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he houses, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support. Good Stabling, &c. RICHARD VAILES, Maple, Jan 1866. 32-ly

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Taxes, Acc'ts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do. Luskay, March 2nd 1865 33-ly

Poetry.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

The Prize Poem read at the Toronto University Convocation, on Thursday, the 6th instant, and written by Mr. W. H. Ellis.

O weary child of toil and care, Trembling at every clod that lowers, Come and behold how passing fair Thy God hath made the flowers.

From every hillside's sunny slope, From every forest's leafy shade, The flowers, sweet messengers of Hope, Bid thee "Be not afraid."

The wind-flower blooms in yonder bowers, All heedless of to-morrow's storm; Nor trembles for the coming shower, The lily's stately form.

No busy shuttle plied to deck With sunset tints the blushing rose; And lily does the harlequin's trick Of toil and all its woes.

The water-lily, pure and white, Floats idle on the summer stream— Seeming almost too fair and bright For aught but poet's dream.

The gorgeous tulip, though arrayed In gold and gems, knows naught of care; The violet in the mossy glade, Of labour has no share.

Their toil not—yet the lily's dyes Exceeding fabrics far surpass; Nor India's richest gem outvies The little blue-eyed grass.

For God's own hand hath clothed the flowers With fairy form and rainbow hues, Hath nurtured them with summer showers, And watered them with dew.

To-day, a thousand blossoms fair, From sunny slope or sheltered glade, With grateful incense fill the air— To-morrow they shall fade.

But thou shalt live when sinks in night Thou glo'ous sun; and shall not lie Who hath the flowers so richly dight, Mourn rather care for thee?

O faithless murrain, thou mayest read A lesson in the lily's leaf; A lesson which happily thou'lt most need; Fear not but trust in God.

Literature.

Mary Robertson; or, the Massacre of Cawnpore.

Having said this much, concerning the heroine of our story and her father, we shall now say a few words respecting her lover. Henry or, as he was more commonly called Harry Ogilvie, was a cadet of a family of rank and distinction, a junior branch of the house of A—, known as the Ogilvies of Byres, a title which they derived from an estate they possessed in Aberdeen shire.

He was a handsome young fellow, about two or three and twenty years of age, tall and athletic, in person, with a countenance indicative alike of frankness, good humour, and daring. Young as he was he had been several years in the army, and had served with some distinction in the Crimean campaign, from which, indeed, he along with his regiment had but lately returned, the battalion to which he was attached being at present stationed in D—. It was here, at a ball given by the inhabitants to the officers, that he first became acquainted with Miss Robertson, with whose charms he was immediately struck, and of whom he soon became deeply enamoured, an affection on his part which he had soon reason to believe was fully returned by her.

We may add, also, that although not wealthy, he was not altogether dependent on his pay, having a few thousand pounds of his own, which he had inherited at his father's death, who, along with his mother, had died several years before; and which, although it might not enable him to keep a life in style and luxury, would at least enable him to do so with comfort.

Having said this much concerning our lovers, we shall proceed with the main thread of our narrative.

About twelve o'clock, on the following night, having procured a carriage from D—, and having stationed it on the roadside at some distance from the farmhouse, Henry Ogilvie with a beating heart proceeded to the spot at the foot of the orchard, where he was to meet with Miss Robertson.

Some what disappointed at not be-

holding her, consoling himself with the thought that it was not yet time, he stoned himself beneath a tree, drawing his cloak tightly around him—for the night, though clear, as chilly, and a cold, biting wind blew from the north-east—he terminated to await her arrival as patiently as possible. But patience a virtue which, however much may deserve commendation, is not easier talked about or advocated than practised—and so our hero found, for as minute after minute passed and still no appearance of Miss Robertson, his anxiety rose to fever-heat, and more than once, despite the obvious danger such a course, he was about to proceed to the house and endeavour to ascertain the cause of delay, when the imminence of discovery such a proceeding would entail, as well as other prudential considerations, restrained him.

At length, unable longer to bear his suspense, and tortured by thoughts that he might have been discovered and revented, he was about to proceed to all hazards to the house in order to ascertain whether anything was wrong, or perhaps, if possible, to attract her attention, when a shadowy figure advancing through the trees caught his eye, and in a moment more the lovers, for it was Miss Robertson who had joined him, were clasped in each others arms.

How can I ever sufficiently thank you, dearest, for this trust, this confidence you have placed in me? exclaimed the young man passionately, as he folded her to his bosom. But believe me you will never have cause to regret it, he added tenderly as he kissed her on the cheek.

Oh! I am so ashamed, so sorry, Henry, murmured Mary in almost a whisper, that I am going very, very far wrong, and that my father will never forgive me. I am sure he will not, she added weeping bitterly.

Nay, nay; you are frightening yourself needlessly, dearest, exclaimed her lover tenderly as he kissed away her tears; your father may be angry at first, but when he knows that we are married, that all further opposition is useless, he will relent and forgive us, he added in kind and assuring tones.

Alas! you do not know my father, she replied in an agitated voice, her lips quivering as she spoke.

No, but I know you, and also that he loves you, was the reply, so that I cannot believe he will long continue to harbour anger against you. But come, dearest, come, he added entreatingly; every moment is precious. We have a long journey before us, and we cannot reckon ourselves safe until there are miles between us and the Woodend. So saying, he assisted her trembling and hesitating steps to the carriage, into which he handed her; then bidding the coachman drive like the wind—in fact, the young soldier used a much stronger term—he leaped in beside her, when they drove off at a rapid pace towards their destination, the town of D—.

Entering the town they drove through its silent and save for a solitary policeman or other watchman of the night—deserted streets, until they arrived before a house in the suburbs, on the Broughton Road, occupied by a grand aunt of Henry Ogilvie's, an aunt of his mother's, a Miss Carnegie, who received them with open arms, her nephew on the previous day having informed her of his intention to elope with Miss Robertson, as well as the circumstances which rendered this step necessary, and likewise his desire that she would receive her under her protection until they were married, which would be on the following morning.

It's a queer thing you would have me do at my time of life, Harry, as the assist ye to mak' a rinawa' marriage, an' me near seventy years of age, w' ae fit in the grave an' the lither barely out o' it, the old lady (who, by the bye, from her peculiarities, might have stood for one of Dean Ramsay's pictures of the ladies of the last century) had said to him with an odd sort of smile.

I know it dear aunt, replied her nephew in an earnest tone; but as

you are my nearest female relative, and the only one I can apply to in my need, I hope you will not refuse to grant me my request.

Na, na, laddie, I can refuse ye naething, said his aunt, who, although she could speak English perfectly well, delighted on most occasions in using the broadest Scotch, but I would fain ha'e ye think twice ere ye dae sic a thing. I never kent thae rinawa' matches turn out weel. Besides the lassie's nae match for you, she added; tartly.

'Miss Robertson is perfection itself,' replied the young man calmly, and I pray to God that I were more worthy of her, he added, in a deep and earnest voice.

Wee!-a-wee, I trust it may be so, rejoiced the old lady; but what is't, if I may be sae bold as to ask, what is't that makes the auld carmudgeon, her father reject your alliance—is't because you're poor, and on that account he thinks ye nae fit match for his dochter? she added, inquisitively.

Something of the sort, I believe, replied the young man in an evasive tone.

My certie? he's no blate then, exclaimed the old lady, a hot flush suffusing her venerable cheeks as she spoke to refuse you—you an' Ogilvie o' the Byres, and by the mither's side o' the bluid o' the Carnegies. The auld carmudgeon be daft, clean daft, to think o' sic a thing; and, to tell the truth, I dinna think you're muckle better yourself, Harry, to think o' allyin' yourself to sic a set—you that could dae sae muckle better, she added angrily.

I love Miss Robertson with my whole heart and soul, was the reply her nephew made; and she is a thousand times more, he added, his voice growing husky with emotion as he spoke.

Weel, weel laddie, I'll say nae mair about it, said his aunt, who was a nuch struck by his tone and manner; a wif's man maun ha'e his way, an' if ye will to Cupar ye maun tak' Cupar; but as I have already said, ye are my only nevey (here there was a touch of deep tenderness in her tone), an' for your sake I'll refuse the lassie the shelter o' my hoose, the mair especially as it is only far ae night or rather part o' a night, since, as ye say, ye are to be married in the mornin'.

Thanks, aunt, many thanks for your kindness,' exclaimed her nephew; believe me, I shall never forget it, he added gratefully.

Hoots, laddie, that's naething. Ye ken't wad dae a handle mair for ye than that if it was for your ain guid, observed his aunt; but whilst, she added, perceiving that he looked hurt, and was about to speak; we'll say nae mair about it. Ye ken best what you're daen yourself, and if ye brew well ye'll drink the better.

This concluded the interview between aunt and nephew, not a little to the satisfaction of the latter.

Begging the reader's pardon for this interruption, we shall now return to our lovers. Having alighted from the carriage, and having paid and dismissed the coachman, they proceeded by Miss Carnegie, entered the house, and were conducted by her into a well lighted and comfortable room, in which blazed a large sea-coal fire, a circumstance peculiarly agreeable to them after their long and rapid drive through the cold night air.

No sooner had they entered the room, than Miss Robertson, with the assistance of her lover and Miss Carnegie, proceeded to lay aside her wrappings, and soon stood revealed in all her youthful beauty and pride before the latter, who sooth to say, gazed upon her with mingled surprise and admiration.

Ehwoh, but you're a winsome young thing, exclaimed the old lady warmly, as she folded her in her arms, and kissed her on the cheek; an' I dinna wonder at Harry lovin' ye. But, oh! she added, ye did wrang to quit your father's hoose; that's a step I canna approve o'.

Oh, Miss Carnegie! exclaimed Miss Robertson, bursting into tears. It was all she could say—her own conscience bitterly reproaching her for what she had done.

Hush! dear aunt; you would Miss Robertson's feelings, exclaimed her nephew angrily, for he was deeply provoked at the old lady's officiousness. Do not weep darling, he added, turning towards his betrothed, for such we may style her; my aunt means no harm. What she intended to say was, that it was a pity that we had been compelled to take this step—that it would have been far better had it been otherwise.

Some further conversation having passed, Miss Robertson and Miss Carnegie prepared to retire to their respective bed-chambers, both being desirous of an hour or two's repose ere daybreak, while Henry Ogilvie, issuing from the house, proceeded towards the barracks, in order to procure the assistance of a brother officer and a particular friend of his, a Captain Edwards, whose presence he especially desired at the ensuing ceremony of his marriage. This request the captain readily granted, bating his friend however not a little on the closeness with which he had conducted his courtship, but congratulating him nevertheless on the success of his suit, and the spirit he had displayed in carrying the young lady off in the teeth of her father. But you know, Ogilvie, what the poet says, and here the captain, unable longer to contain himself, chaunted or rather sung the following lines:

She was a prince's child, I but a viking wild, And though she blushed and smiled, I was discarded.

Should not the doves so white, Follow the sea-mew's flight? Why did they leave that night, He, not unguarded?

I really beg pardon, Ogilvie, said the captain, seeing that his friend looked somewhat offended, but I could not help it. You must own yourself to be a deceiver, that is the exception that your lady love is no princess, although as beautiful as any princess that ever was born, and that instead of a viking of old, you are but a lieutenant in a march regiment, the simile holds good; but enough of this he added more seriously. At what time in the morning do you expect me to join you?

Before eight o'clock at latest, replied Henry in a tone which he strove in vain to render cool and indifferent, for you know he added with a faint attempt at a smile, the sooner the marriage is performed the better, in case of any unseemly accident or interruption.

Ab! I see, observed the captain shutting his right eye, and gazing steadily into the fire with his left, it would not do for the old papa to turn up, or the result might be a contretemps. Well, well, I hope better things, and that by ten tomorrow morning I shall have the happiness of congratulating you on becoming a benedict. I am to be ready at 8 o'clock you say?

Yes, or before it, if possible, was the reply.

Well, I shall be punctual; in the meantime au revoir.

Au revoir, replied Henry, upon which the friends parted for the night. Henry, with a mind agitated by mingled hope and fear, to make preparations for his marriage in the morning, and Captain Edwards to take another turn in bed growling not loud but deep at his friend's infatuation in tying himself to his wife's apron string etc he was well in his twenties, when it was time enough to do so a dozen years hence.

Accordingly, between eight and nine o'clock the following morning, a carriage might have been seen standing at Miss Carnegie's door into which after some delay, that very respectable old lady and Miss Robertson were assisted by Henry Ogilvie and Capt. Edwards, the two latter, who had arrived some time before, immediately joining them. The carriage then drove off at a rapid pace to the office of the superintendent registrar, which they reached in about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

On their arrival at the office, they, in obedience to Henry Ogilvie's request, were immediately shown into the presence of the superintendent registrar—a stout, red-faced, jolly-looking man, who, having just partaken of a hearty breakfast, consisting of coffee, ham and eggs, devilled kidneys, &c.,

was in high good humour, which he showed by the pointed manner in which he received them, and which happy state of mind, perhaps, was in no respect diminished by the prospect—after he had received certain explanations from Henry Ogilvie, as well as having been acquainted with the purpose which had brought them thither—of having a handsome fee to juggle in his pocket when all was over; a satisfaction which was shared equally by his clerk—a small, thin, sharp-featured, red-headed young man, who was sitting busily writing at a desk, but whose sharp and eager glances, directed occasionally towards our friends, showed that, although apparently otherwise and more importantly occupied, his ears were as open and he was as keenly alive to the prospect of a fee as even his master could be himself, or any clerk in the country.

Having put a few questions to the proposed bride and bridegroom, which were satisfactorily answered, the superintendent registrar proceeded to marry them. The essential part of the ceremony consisting that they, in the presence of witnesses—that is, the superintendent registrar and his clerk, Captain Edwards and Miss Carnegie—should declare that they took each other for man and wife, which, having been done, and their names, as well as those of the witnesses, having been inscribed in the register, the marriage was declared completed.

Scarcely, however, had the ceremony been completed, and the fees paid, than a loud uproar in the passage leading to the office was heard, and the voice of the farmer, Mrs. Ogilvie's father, was heard vociferating the following words:—Let me pass. I know my daughter is here as well as the villain who has carried her off. Let me pass, I say, and the office door being burst open, the farmer, followed by young Douglas, Mrs. Ogilvie's late suitor, and two policemen, the latter looking as fussy and important and almost as idiotic as Dogberry himself, could have done, entered the room.

Advancing toward his daughter, who, pale as death, clung trembling to her husband, exclaimed furiously, Vile, deceitful girl, what have you done? Is this the reward for fill my care and affection, to be thus basely and treacherously deceived? But tell me, girl, he continued hoarsely, tell me if you are yet married; if that villain is your husband? he added, in a fierce and threatening tone.

Forgive me, father, forgive me, was all his daughter could say, as slipping from her husband's arm she sank down at her father's feet, and endeavoured to clasp his knee.

Are you married or not married? repeated her father sternly.

Yes, was the faintly murmured reply.

Then my curse,—a deceived and broken-hearted father's curse alight upon you—upon you both, he cried fiercely, turning towards Henry Ogilvie, who, his heart bleeding for his wife, stood at a little distance regarding this scene in an agitated manner.

No no, do not curse me father I she exclaimed in a heartrending tone, the tears raining down her cheeks as she spoke; for the sake of my dead mother, curse me not, she added stretching her clasped hands towards him imploringly.

No! I will not curse you, he said after a pause, during which a severe struggle appeared to take place in his bosom.—No! treacherous and disobedient as you have been, I will not curse you; but never let me see your face again, he added sternly. Henceforth, you are no daughter of mine.

Mercy, father I have mercy! wailed Mary—it was all she could say, for struck to the heart by these cruel words she had fainted on the floor.

As for you, continued the farmer, addressing Henry Ogilvie, who had sprung forward in order to assist his wife, you shall not escape my vengeance, if there is a law in Great Britain I'll have you punished for this! So saying, and without awaiting a reply to his threats, or giving any heed to his daughter's condition, he hurried from the room, followed more leisurely by young Douglas, who had accompanied him in hopes of preventing the marriage, in which, however, he was disappointed, his heart, in consequence, being filled with bitterness and gall, and both the two policemen—the latter looking very much crestfallen at the unsuccessful result of their expedition, of which, in their secret thoughts, they had expected to make rather a good thing.

To be continued.

No matter how ugly you may be, your shadow will stick faithfully to you, for it is as ugly as you are.

A Man is like an egg; kept in hot water little while, he may boil soft—but too long, and he gets hardened.