

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Fix lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50 Each subsequent insertion... 00.13 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00.75

Advertisements without written directions inserted will be charged accordingly. All irregular advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when sent in for insertion.

Business Directory.

J.R. HOSFETTER'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.M., generally he 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.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c.

GEO. B. NICOLI, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery.

M. JEFFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRENS AND PUMPS!

John Langstaff

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. VIII. No. 3.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1867.

Whole No. 466.

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. Tollock's establishment.

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.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

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.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, BY ROBERT FERRIS.

R. Ferris has leased the above Hotel, (formerly occupied by the late Mr. R. Nichols), and having put it in a thorough state of repair.

LUMBERING 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 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Eglon Mills Plank Road.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c.

RESIDENCE—Lot 40 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 several of the Country having Horses Afflicted with Ring-bone.

Maple Hotel!

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple.

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER

for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do Laskey, March 2nd 1865 39-1

Poetry

WATCHING A WINDOW.

The bar of red in the amber west Burns to ashes, and all is gray, Though a sickle-moon is glittering out Through the haze of the dying day.

There is no light from the sickle moon, And fast the pearly grays grow dead, And the trees grow black, and the flowers dim, Till the beauty of all has fled.

And the passion-flowers that—moonlight hue— Tangle and twine, with starry grace, About a window on which I gaze, Even these will the night efface.

Already the wine-red curtains drawn, Hide the room with their ruddy glow, And the face is gone that whately gazed At the sunset an hour ago.

Gone! Ah, no: as I speak there streams A shaft of light athwart the gloom; The dew-wet laurels beneath it gleam, And the flowers, returning, bloom.

She had come again, and with either hand The silken damask holds apart, And full in the streaming light she stands, Troubled of eye and heart.

Full in the softening light, that makes A glory round her, like a saint, I see the form that is Art's despair, And a face that no words can paint.

She watches and waits for one who stays, For one beloved she looks in vain; And the big black eyes are full of tears, And the child-mouth quivers with pain.

Passion's longing, and not reproach, Steals the blood from her rounded cheek; And sadness, born of the hungering heart That suffers, and dare not speak.

"The hours drag on, O, love of my heart! Wearily on, and you are not here; A hundred terrors oppress my brain; I am sick to swooning with fear."

"It is not doubt, O, live of my life! O, trust, and fondlest, and best; But I am a woman, and womanly fears Tear and distract my breast."

So I fancy her murmuring low: Yet the while with her wistful eyes She gazes into the garden's gloom, And up at the darkening skies.

The sickle moon has the gleam of gold In the deepening blue above; She thinks, "It shines not for me alone; It is shining on him I love."

But hark! What echo the silence breaks? What sound, when all sound seemed dead? Her cheek is changing from red to white, And flushing from white to red;

And the big eyes glisten. Yet these alone Are the sounds on my ears that grate,— Hasty footsteps spurring the road, And a hand on the garden gate.

Literature.

Mary Robertson!

OR THE MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE.

Continued from our last.

Lord have a care of me, what a cantankerous auld carle! exclaimed Miss Carnegie, holding up her hands in astonishment.

Hush! dear madam, say no more; see, Mrs. Ogilvie is recovering, returned the captain in the same tone, observing, a faint flush appear upon the latter's cheeks.

This was indeed the case, for soon afterwards, to the inexpressible joy of her husband, her eyes opened, and the remembrance of the late terrible scene with her father flashing full upon her mind, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Hush, darling, be comforted, and in spite of what has passed, all will yet be well, whispered her husband in her ear, as he raised her to his feet, and supported her in his arms.

Hoot, ay, lassie, dianna be doom hearted, said Miss Carnegie, in a sympathising tone.

Here they spent the greater part of a year in that idle, listless manner, peculiar to Europeans, both civil and military, in that part of the world, their time, when not

uttered a few words of sympathy and consolation, and now feeling much better, Mrs. Ogilvie, for such we must henceforth continue to style her, intimated her desire that they should withdraw, upon which, having bade adieu to the superintendent registrar and his clerk, both of whom had been much taken a-back and nonplussed at the extraordinary scene they had witnessed, they quitted the office, and re-entering the carriage which was still waiting, drove off to Miss Carnegie's residence.

With Lieutenant—or, as we must now call him, Captain—Ogilvie and his wife, however, the case was different. The former when not engaged in his immediate duties, which he never on any account neglected, or when not engaged in field sports, of which, like most men of his sanguine and ardent temperament, he was passionately fond—devoted most of his time to his wife and child (Mrs. Ogilvie had presented her husband with a son since her arrival in India), in whose company, despite the sneers of envious critics who affected to deride his home-loving propensities, he found a pleasure at once as pure as it was delightful.

A day or two afterwards, having procured leave of absence for a time, Lieutenant Ogilvie and his wife set out for the Continent, where they spent the honey-moon, visiting many of the most celebrated places abroad—Paris, Rome, and Naples included. On their return to Scotland Henry, and his youthful bride were warmly received by the officers of the regiment to which he was attached as well as by the wives of such amongst them, of whom the colonel was one, as were married; with the latter of whom our heroine, owing to her superior attractions, might have become an object of jealousy, and therefore of dislike, had not such a feeling been neutralized by the uniform modesty of her demeanour and amiability of disposition both of which were beyond praise.

During this interval Mrs. Ogilvie had written to her father several times, excusing her own conduct and imploring his forgiveness; but all was in vain, her letters either remained unanswered, or being returned unopened.

A few months after this, the regiment to which Henry Ogilvie belonged received orders to sail for India, which, owing to the recent annexation of Oude, and other causes appeared to be in an unsettled condition.

Ere leaving the country, however, our heroine made a last appeal to her father in order to melt his heart in her favor, informing him that she was about to accompany her husband to a foreign and far distant strand, from whence, perhaps, she should never return, and imploring him in the most touching manner to receive her and forgive her ere she left. But, as before, all was in vain, the old man continued inflexible.

To enter into a minute detail of all the events of their passage, as well as the various adventures they met with, which, however, were few and unimportant, would be tedious and uninteresting to the reader, besides occupying more space than we are inclined to allow in our story; suffice it to say, that after a lengthened, but not unprosperous voyage, they reached their destination in safety, casting their anchor in the Hooghly, opposite the city of Calcutta.

To describe the various emotions of pleasure and amazement with which our hero and heroine gazed upon scenes so utterly new and strange to them, or what they felt on entering the city of Palaces, as Calcutta is often called, would be nigh to impossible, besides being frequently described before, and by pens, as old Jacob Tonson the bookseller would have said, far abler than ours.

A week or two afterwards, during which they had mostly recovered from the effects of their sea voyage, and had likewise, at least the officers and their wives, experienced to the full the hospitalities of their friends and fellow-countrymen in Calcutta, which on these occasions is usually unbounded, they received orders to proceed up the country to Cawnpore, where, according to the colonel's statement, they might expect to be stationed for some time to come.

Here they spent the greater part of a year in that idle, listless manner, peculiar to Europeans, both civil and military, in that part of the world, their time, when not

actually occupied in their duties, which were but slight, and when not diversified by a tiger or bear hunt, which usually called forth all their energies, being passed in drinking Madeira or swilling pale ale, amusements or accommodations in which—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon!—many of the ladies, sweet creatures, readily accorded them their assistance.

This capitulation was signed by Sir Hugh Wheeler with his latest breath, and ratified by the Nana in a most solemn manner. We shall soon see how the latter kept his word. To describe how the gallant band marched forth,—pale, gaunt, and hollow-eyed; but although so few in numbers, proud and courageous as ever; the strong supporting their weak and wounded companions; husbands their wives, and fathers their children—would be almost too painful; suffice it to say that at length, in spite of the semi-opposition of the Sepoys, they reached the ghaut or river-gate of Cawnpore in safety, where they found the boats awaiting them, into which they began to crowd, pursued by the insults and curses of the Sepoys, who, not content with that, began to pelt them with stones and other missiles of various descriptions. When they had all embarked, to the number of several hundreds, and were about to depart, and while hope—the hope of life and future happiness—began once more to beat high in their bosoms, and while tears—actual tears of joy at what they looked unhesitatingly upon as their safe and quite unexpected deliverance—began to appear in eyes to which such vicissitudes had long been strangers, the blast of a trumpet, which rang loud and clear through the sunny atmosphere, was heard, upon which the native boatman, abandoning their oars and uttering yells and shouts of execration against the Feringhees, sprang overboard and made towards the shore.

A moment or two afterwards, while they were in the utmost confusion incident to this strange behavior on the part of the boatmen, and while cries of rage and fear resounded on every side, a masked battery of heavy guns, loaded with round grape, and canister shot, opened fire upon them, smamping the boats and killing and wounding great numbers of the miserable victims, whose blood, flowing from innumerable wounds, crimsoned the bright water of the river—the death-scries of the women and children mingling with the shouts and execration of the men as they fell back dead or wounded in the boats or sank in the river to rise no more. Several of the more daring amongst the English sprang into the river and swam for the shore; but it was only to make a choice of deaths—they almost instantly perishing by the swords of the sepoy. After the completion of the tragedy, a band of about 200 English, 120 of whom were women and children, remained alive in the hands of the sepoy, the men among them being instantly slaughtered, while the women and children, by orders of the Nana—who throughout the whole hideous scene had been a delighted spectator, gloating with fiendish satisfaction over the suffering of his wretched victims, were hurried like so many sheep or cattle to the Assembly Room of Cawnpore, there to await, if possible, a still more horrible fate.

Of the subsequent fate of these unfortunate captives we shall not enter into details—suffice it to say that some time afterwards the Nana, maddened with rage at the defeats he had sustained from Sir Henry Havelock, who was advancing to their relief, ordered them to be massacred, which was accordingly executed under circumstances of the utmost atrocity, their mangled and dead bodies, on which in many cases was scarcely left a trace of human face or form divine, being cast into the now but too celebrated well of Cawnpore. But over these scenes we are fain to draw a veil; humanity shudders at the recital of such awful crimes.

But to return to our more immediate narrative. Of all the boats in which the English had embarked one only, in which were Captain Ogilvie his wife, and child; two or three other women, and some half-dozen soldiers, had the good fortune to escape the sepoy. Taking advantage of the smoke, which hung like a dense mist over the river, involving every object in almost total obscurity, Captain Ogilvie, who completely retained his self-possession, directing his wife and other ladies to lie down in the bottom of the boat, so as to avoid any chance or random shot,

gave orders to the soldiers to pull steadily down the river, where a bend it made in its course, gave some promise of concealing them from observation.

The hope was vain, however, for the smoke just then rising from the river, the lynx-eyed sepoy perceived the fugitives making their way down the stream as fast as the current, which was strong, and the most vigorous rowing, could enable them to do.

Uttering yells of vengeance and shouts of death to the Feringhees, numbers of the sepoy and other natives, both on foot and horseback hurried down the banks of the river, seeking eagerly, but in vain—owing to the tall grass, reeds, and thick underwood growing on its banks—for an opportunity to fire upon the fugitives; while others more resolute and daring hastily jumped into boats and begged to pull rapidly in their pursuit.

Seeing that they were discovered, Captain Ogilvie, who was at the helm, bidding his men keep the centre of the stream so as to take advantage of the current where it was strongest, urged upon them also the necessity of increasing their efforts to the utmost, observing that their only chance of safety lay in distancing their cruel and treacherous pursuers.

As this was a diemum which admitted of no dispute, the men gave way with a will, sending the water flying over the bows of their boat, as with long and vigorous strokes they propelled it swiftly onwards. For some time, indeed, it seemed as if they were likely to be successful in their efforts, one by one dropping the chase and two only continuing it. These two, however, the largest and best manned among the latter, were evidently slowly but surely gaining upon them.

This became every moment more apparent, as the men weakened by their previous sufferings and privations began to relax in their efforts, the enemy in consequence rapidly diminishing the distance between them.

What is to be done, your honour? suddenly enquired Sergeant Brown, a tall, fine-looking soldier about thirty years of age, whose wife, Jessie, a handsome young woman, a native of the Highlands of Scotland, was also in the boat. The black b— (here the sergeant in his rage applied an epithet to the Sepoys, which, although sufficiently emphatic, cannot be uttered in ears polite) are gaining fast upon us. Shall we give them a volley? We could pick off a few of them nicely at this distance, he continued, looking wistfully at Captain Ogilvie as he spoke.

No, not yet, replied Captain Ogilvie, quietly; wait till they are nearer; we have but little ammunition to spare, and not a shot must be lost. So continue rowing men, the further we get away from Cawnpore the better.

The soldiers well aware of this, obeyed in silence. By this time, however, the Sepoys in the first pursuing boat, which was considerably in advance of the other, had approached within two hundred yards or so of the fugitives, when, thinking that they were now within range of the latter, they rose, up in their boat, and amid loud yells and curses, poured a volley into them—their fire, however, fortunately inflicting no damage beyond drilling a hole through the sergeant's cap, which, as the jocularly observed. The weather being extremely warm, would be useful for the purposes of ventilation.

Once more, when they had approached somewhat nearer, being now within 100 or 120 yards of the English, the Sepoys poured another volley into them; this time, however, with more fatal effect one of the soldiers being mortally wounded, and another of the bullets grazing Captain Ogilvie's cheek.

Fire! now exclaimed Captain Ogilvie to his men; upon which, shipping their oars and seizing upon their rifles, which were lying ready loaded beside them, the soldiers poured a well directed volley into the closely packed ranks of the Sepoys, killing three or four of the latter outright, and severely wounding as many more, who uttering yells and curses on the Feringhees, fell back into the bottom of the boat, where, trampled beneath their comrades' feet, they lay writhing and howling in agony.

Again, in obedience to Captain Ogilvie's command, and heedless of the fire which the Sepoys had just ineffectually returned, did the soldiers pour a volley into the latter, their fire, judging from the yells and execration, it elicited, appearing to have done great execution among them.

To be continued.

Diplomacy may work as much calamity as a battle; a few ink-drops may cost a nation more misery and exhaustion than a river of blood.