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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.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1867.

Whole No. 475

MALLOY'S AXES

DANIEL HORNER, Jun., Lot 20, 2nd concession Markham

Richmond Hill Bakery

P. BASINGTWAITE, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER

DEGS 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.

Richmond Hill, Nov. 9 1866

Misses M. & A. Routledge, MANTLE and DRESS MAKERS.

Bonnets, Felt & Straw Hats

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

Maple Hotel

DAVID EYER, Jun., Hove & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

PHYSIOLOGY.

THE OLD HOTEL, THORNHILL.

HENRY HERON, Proprietor.

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL, LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S.

LOOK AT THIS

JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER

Poetry

THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR.

An old man sat in an old arm-chair, When in there came, with boisterous joy, His great grand child, a little boy, With a small arm-chair he had found some where

It had been his own in early years, And thoughts came crowding everywhere From the dingy wood of that haunted chair: And the old man's eyes ran down with tears As he read that pictured horubrook o'er Which gave him back the days of yore.

In turn, his brothers and sisters, ten, Had claimed and called that chair their own!

And there each sat on his little throne— A little race of great small men— Like kings elsewhere for a little space, Till a rival came and took his place.

And another set, with tor and shont, His own six sons and daughters sweet, Had kept possession of that seat Till the chair itself had had thrust them out As their teeming tenants forth— The old ancestral arm-chair, earth— All saving one a daughter fair, Who breathed her last in that loved armed chair.

And then the chair it was put away: And time rolled on, and, one by one, A daughter now and then a son, Went out into the world's highway. And after many years had gone, The old old man was left alone,

Save by that boy, whose mother dear, Her widow's sorrow meekly bore, And watched his second childhood o'er, And strove his drooping heart to cheer. And there in tears, in his old armed chair, The old man sat with his hoary hair, And wrinkled front, and temples bare, And gazed and wept on that small arm-chair Which his great-grandchild had put down there.

Literature

Bullet Marks.

A WIMBLEDON STORY.

We were sitting round our tent one evening last year, at Wimbledon—the "we" being, our major, the captain, and sub of our company, his covering sergeant, corporal Williams, and a certain sapper, to wit, myself. We were drinking pale ale and smoking, as was every one else in the hundred tents around us.

Here's my last bull's-eye, and the sergeant produced from his cap-pouch a flattened bullet, turned inside out as neatly as possible.

What's the cause of that, I wonder? said the corporal.

You see, said the captain—being an engineer he was bound to know—when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet's motion, and goes off in the splash; the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts most stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup. Is that so Major?

Yes, quite right; but, if you like I can spin you a yarn about these bullets that may just last out these weeks.

I had a sort of second cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brother and sister, when one day he woke up to find he could not live without a nearer relationship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman, and there was a little family fracas.

He had only a hundred a year, and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did; there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a little—you know the kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden; there was no scope for his energies, and he would go and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get something to do. He had been well educated, and a clerkship, or something of the kind could be got for him if he still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did do well, that

was shoot; and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us, his profession, his home, and his prospects.

He disappeared, and six months after we heard he was with, say with the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote, and offered to buy his discharge, but he would have none of us. He liked it very well, was already corporal, expected the three stripes soon, and was Gentleman Jack with his comrades.

Some six months after this I was sent out to India with a company; and as my sister was getting thin, and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea voyage and of a warm climate, it was agreed that I should take her over.

We reached Calcutta, and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on, and I was placed in charge of one of the chief depots for small arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

Look, Charles, poor Gerald's in dreadful trouble.

I put her into an office chair, and took the newspaper, and read—

Yesterday evening as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot at from behind a clump of bushes, the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes, and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nicknamed Gentleman Jack, by his comrades, whose rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived, and the man was at once arrested. A court martial will, of course, be held at once, and although the man has previously borne a good character, and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped that he will receive the proper reward for so obtainable a crime.

Oh, I said, this is all nonsense, Gerald's no murderer, or else he's very much changed. I'll see what they say at headquarters.

Do for God's sake do. If anything happens to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa was so cruel, he never would have enlisted at all.

Don't talk nonsense, Meggie, but go home, and I will come with the telegraph news.

I went to headquarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report as if he had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle, and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court-martial had declared him guilty, and the general's confirmation of the sentence had just arrived. Fifty lashes in the camp square, and 4 years imprisonment in the civil jail. Sentence to be carried out on the 12th. Everybody very sorry but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I did not know what to think; there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defence was, that he had just been returning from guard when he remembered that he had forgotten to bring in a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town some three miles distant. Without stopping to think he walked off at once; got the book, and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch, and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages, and loaded, to have a shot at it. He covered the beast and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot, and then

bound away. In another instant the officer came round the top bleeding and ordering him into arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle instead of going through both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report, and sent it right through anything at a distance of two hundred yards. I felt there was something wrong, and made up my mind to go on to the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done. Margaret insisted on going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

Have I not done all you wished me to do since we have been out here? Do for heaven's sake let me have my way in this.

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see poor Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

Don't mind the imprisonment, it's the disgrace! The lashes! By God! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it, I know I shall.

No, no, said Meggie; don't for my sake. Oh Gerald! if you knew how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand or the lashes. I know you are innocent, and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. Oh, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him.

Oh, do, there's a good fellow! get me some stuff that will put an end to me.

Don't talk like that, Gerald; there's some infernal mistake in it. Don't despair yet. Let's go over the ground again step by step, and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

It seems to me Gerald; we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at, and that we slant get; and we want the clue to the mystery of the other rifle.

Oh, I've thought of it all till I'm sick. I don't care what happens now. I'll wait till the day before it's to come off, and then break my head against the walls.

Don't be a fool Gerald! I'm sure you are innocent. So is Margaret.

Yes, so are a hundred others; but it's all no use. In three days I am disgraced for life, if I live.

Well, I must leave you now, and see what I can do.

Let me have five minutes with Meggie will you?

I left them alone for some ten minutes, and then told Meggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve, —a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

I would, said the captain, have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen.

He's as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse, brave, kind, as thorough a gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my orderly when I could, so as to have company. I declare to you that I did my best at the court martial for him and got into disgrace with the general presiding for coloring my statements—that was his expression—so as to favor the prisoner. I almost snivelled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my own brother. The men are mad about it; there has not been a rash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years.

I hardly knew how to pass the time; I tried to think, but my ideas only travelled in the same old grooves again.

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduced him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman; but the strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister's conduct. Of course speaking to you fellows I shant be misunderstood, and some of you fellows have seen her. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear grave Meggie capable of; sang to him, played to him, and made eyes at him, till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters, asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat trap when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she. I spoke to her after she was gone, and she fell into my arms, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then, without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day we went up to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottles of his little travelling case. There she was, handling, and sniffing, and tasting everything, like a child of ten, rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room; made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs; and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last, and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice to her head. It was quite unnecessary; the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with officers to see some rifle practice, at some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said,

I say, captain, tell us the cause of these new bullets turning inside out? and he handed me a bullet reversed; just such another as Williams has in his hand.

I took it just to explain the matter to him, when a thought struck through my mind like a flash of lightning.

Saved, by God! I exclaimed. Who's got that bullet out of the saddle.

What bullet?

Gerald's—my cousin's.

Oh! Gentleman Jack's affair. The doctor's got it.

Where is he?

Don't know—quarters, I think.

No, he's come into town; I saw him on the road as we came by.

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him.

In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

Concluded next week.

Ladies on Horseback.

Very few ladies have any idea of what weight they are when on horseback; and it hardly ever occurs to a lady to inquire whether the horse she is going to ride is really, as it is termed "up to her weight." A correspondent writes thus on the subject:—

"I must say that ladies are, in general, very easily pleased in regard to the style of animal destined for their use; and, if the horse they are going to mount has the character of being quiet, carries his head high, and his tail is of the usual length, and he has the proper number of legs, they are perfectly satisfied they are going to have a pleasant ride, and they do not enter

into any minute criticism as to the shape or action of the animal, upon both of which points so much of comfort and safety of the fair equestrian depends. And here I cannot help remarking that gentlemen seem to me to have little or no hesitation in allowing their female relatives to mount horses that they would, in their own persons, be very unwilling to ride; and I can now see in my mind's eye a young lady who trots and gallops past me in Rotten Row, on a bay, thoroughbred looking horse, whose fore-legs seem tied together, whose shoulders are almost perpendicular, and whose forelocks are nearly upright, and I will venture to say that neither her father or brother, if she has either, would willingly mount him for a ten-mile ride along a road, with the slightest expectation of arriving safe at the end. To watch that horse hobbling along at a walk is very painful, but in the canter or gallop his defective action is not so conspicuous, as he makes a great flourish; but when anything does happen to that young lady, the catastrophe will be awful; yet she goes up and down the ride in the season, laughing and enjoying herself, in happy ignorance that she is in continual danger of about the worst fall that can occur.

"Few people are at all aware of the weight of their female friends, till the scales reveal the secret; and, unless a gentleman has occasion to assist a lady into the saddle, or over styles, he can form no opinion as to the weight she is, for the dress conceals the figure so much. Women are much heavier, than men, in proportion to their height; and I believe ten stone to be no unusual weight among the ladies of ordinary height and proportion. A side-saddle weighs eighteen pounds, and with the additional weight of the riding-habit, hat, whip, boots &c., we may safely say that a large proportion of the ladies we see on horseback average nearly twelve stone each; but how seldom do you see ladies mounted on horses up to that weight? Ladies' horses are proverbially called 'weeds,' and any heavy, narrow-chested, weak, and quiet tempered animal is said to be 'just the thing to carry a lady,' which I think is not paying them any great compliment."

The Smart Boy's Composition.

The prize essays at our school examinations are usually published, a custom that serves to flatter and stimulate budding genius immensely, but through some oversight the literary world have been deprived of specimen gems of the latest effusion in town. We acknowledge the reception of the prize paper produced at one of the neighboring temples of learning in the rural districts. The style is original and unique, and its peculiar adoption to the season commends it.

"WINTER.—Winter is the coldest season in the year, because it comes in the winter, mostly, in some countries winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in the summer in this country. Then we could go skating bare foot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snow-ball without our fingers getting cold—and men who go out sleighriding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made then. Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some folks take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night, and keep them by the fire, so they don't freeze. Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over and play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over, (they get drowned sometimes, and are brought home all dripping, which makes their mother scold, getting water all over the carpet in the front room,) fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once stole my skates and ran off with them and I couldn't catch him. Mother said, 'Never mind, judgement will overtake him.' Well, if judgement does, judgement will have to be pretty lively on his legs, for that boy runs bully. There aint much sleighriding except in the winter. Folks don't seem to care much about it in warm weather. Grown up boys and girls like to go sleighriding. The boys generally drive with one hand and help the girls hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Celia Ann Crane out sleighriding, and I thought he paid more attention to the muff than he did to holding the horses. Snowballing is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in the summer, but we used stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in winter somehow."

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage and prompt payment, and would announce that he will continue to devote the whole of his attention, to the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, All calls, (night or day) promptly attended to. Elgin Mills, October 5, 1866.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.

All parties owing Dr. J. Langstaff are expected to call and pay promptly, as he has payments now that must be met.

Mr. Geo. Hart is authorized to collect, and give receipts for him. Richmond Hill, June, 1865

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

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, to 10 a.m. E.P. consultations in the office, Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865

LAW CARDS.

J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER AT LAW, CONVEYANCER &c

OFFICE—over the Gas Company office Toronto Street, Toronto. Toronto, August 1, 1867.

RICHARD GRAHAME, Barrister and Attorney at Law, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c

TORONTO. OFFICE—No 4, British America Insurance Buildings, corner of Church & Court Streets Toronto, Nov. 25, 1866.

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c.

Toronto. 77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House)

D.B. READ, Q.C. J.A. BOYD B.A. May 7, 1866.

H. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND

DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

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

CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c. OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill.

Money to Lend. July, 6th, 1866.

W.M.B. MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law

Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICE—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866.

PAVE TROUGH, WATER TROUGH, CISTRENS AND PUMPS!

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