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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The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

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

The York Herald will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

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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. Burkitt is authorised to collect, and give receipts for him.

Richmond Hill, June, 1865 1

JOHN M. REID, M. D.,

COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS.,

THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to 10, a. m. ☞ All consultations in the office, Cash.

Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

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. 28, 1866. 26

READ & BOYD,

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

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

Toronto.

D.B. READ, Q.C. | J.A. BOYD B A

May 7, 1866. 49-tf

M. 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. 1

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, 5th. 1866. 5-ly

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES,

Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law

Solicitors in Chancery,

CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICE—In the Court House, . . TORONTO

August 1, 1866. 59

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS,

CISTRENS AND PUMPS!

Manufactured and for Sale

Flooring and other lumber dressed, Follows sawn and shingles for sale by

John Langstaff

STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL

THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Waggon

MAKER,

UNDERTAKER

&c. &c. &c.

Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office Richmond Hill

WILLIAM COX,

Successor to James Holliday,

BUTCHER,

2nd door north of Barnard's store.

RICHMOND HILL,

KEEPS always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c, and sells at the lowest prices.

The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c.

Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

MALLOY'S AXES

FOR SALE BY

DANIEL HORNER, Jun,

Lot 20, 2nd cuceossion Markham

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.

Pic-Nic parties and Tea Meetings supplied at the lowest possible rates and on the shortest notice.

All orders strictly attended to.

Richmond Hill, March 21, 1866. 1tf

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON

Provincial Land Surveyors,

SEAFORTH, C. W.

June 7, 1865. 1

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 upport. Good Stabling, &c.

RICHARD VAILES.

Maple, Jan 1866. 32-ly

DAVID EYER, Jun.,

Stave & Shingle Manufacturer

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

A large Stock of STAVES 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-tf

PHYSIOLOGY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, who require a true chart of the foot, can procure one in either French Kid or Calf, by calling and ordering it at T. DOLMAGE'S.

Richmond Hill, April 4, 1867.

THE OLD HOTEL,

THORNHILL,

HENRY HERON, Proprietor.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars will be found at the bar. Comfortable accommodation for travellers. A careful Hostler always in attendance.

Thornhill, July 4, 1857. 1y

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 Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

GIDEON DOLMAGE, Proprietor.

Richmond Hill, Dec. 1865. 28-tf

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.

One of the oldest and cheapest houses in the

Give John a call when in Town.

Toronto, Dec. 1865. 27

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.

Planed Lumber, Flooring, &c.

Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also

Lumber Tongued & Groved

At the lowest possible rates.

Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2½ miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road

Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-1y

JOHN CARTER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concess on Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr. Carter's services will be promptly attended to.

June 27, 1867.

Original Poetry.

For the Herald.

A MATRIMONIAL MISTAKE.

Young Bijah Beanpole took a wife;
But ere one week was through,
They found there was a wee mistake
That set them in a stew.

It seems when Bijah popped the word
To take her to his cot.
He spoke like this: "will you, my love,
Come join my 'earthly lot?'"

She answered not, but looked full "yes,"
Then took him by the hand;
Because she thought from what he said
He'd give *a lot of land.*

But when she found how matters stood,
Their love was turned to ice;
So there I'll leave them, and conclude
By giving this advice:

Young lads and lasses, when you court,
And grow so very warm,
Speak plain before the wedding day,
Or look for *after storm.*

HEBE.

Literature.

MARRIED BY MAIN FORCE.

There is a house at Putney.

The remainder of what I have to say is of so startling a character that I think it is as well to begin with an undeniably safe statement. I repeat, then, there is a house at Putney. I made its acquaintance under a misapprehension, and did not at the time, know that it had a history. I have since been told (though I do not vouch for that) that it belonged in Oliver Cromwell's time, to one of his officers. The house of General Fairfax is not far off, and in its general characteristics it seemed to me to resemble the house which I have in my memory.

At the time when I first knew the house at Putney, I was in a situation of great difficulty. My uncle had threatened to cut me off with a shilling, and leave me to my prospect at the bar, if I did not marry the mean middle-aged, and millionaire Matilda Moggs. An unconquerable dislike to public speaking made my look-out as a barrister rather dismal; and an unconquerable dislike to Matilda Moggs made it impossible for me, as a man, of honour, to marry her. In the meanwhile I was adding to the income allowed me by my uncle, by employing myself in literature. My business at Putney on the morning which opens my tale was to see a Mr. Burgess who, being about to originate a Christmas Annual, had sought my co-operation. I was told that I should find Mr, Burgess at a particular large house, so many doors past the Railway station, and standing back from the street; it does not matter on which side of the way.

I followed minutely my directions. There was a high wall, covered with ivy, in front of the house; and in the middle was an old fashioned iron gate with a something *rampant* or *regardant*, or *gules* (I don't understand heraldry) carved on a scutcheon at the top. The fine old red brick mansion, with its carved doorway, stood some distance back, beyond a well kept but formal front garden. I rang the visitor's bell, and the maid who answered it asked my business. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a cold November morning, and I thought she looked rather surprised to see anybody. Mr. Burgess, thought I, has forgotten to say I was coming to see him by appointment. My dislike to public speaking is not unconnected with an occasional bashfulness, which leads to a little indistinctness in private speaking; but I told the girl I wanted to see Mr. Burgess, and told her, as I thought pretty plainly. She looked at me with increased surprise, and saying, I'll see sir, let me into the house, took my card and went before me.

I found myself in a very large hall. In the middle, on the ground floor, which was all stone, there was a great fire burning. Right and left ran staircases, which extended themselves into an oaken gallery which took in three sides of the place. Round this gallery were doors, more than I remember, with several passages leading I did not know whither. The servant led me up the left hand staircase and along the gallery to a door on the other side, In making this little journey I had been, not merely surprised, as the servant appeared to be, but utterly astonished. I had heard the ringing of half-a-dozen bells, the tinkling of half-a-dozen pianoes, and the rustling of more than half-a-dozen female dresses. And what had I seen? More girls than I could, at the moment, count. Girls of all ages, from seven or eight to seventeen to eighteen. Brown-eyed, grey-eyed, plump and thin. Black-haired, light-haired short and tall. Some in curl-papers, and some in bands. Some in a state of decided half-dress, darting out inquisitively from doors and passages, and rustling back again in affright as they caught a glimpse of me. What was I to think of the household of this Burgess? Was it possible that, presuming on the charity of the season, he wanted me to write up in his Christmas Annual a domestic institution which is at present, peculiar to the Salt Lake Valley, and to the hateful East? Had he started a Model Hareem at Putney to begin with? I knew that he was himself unmarried, so that his wife could not be the keeper of a ladies' school; and it was not to be supposed that he kept one himself. Parents and guardians would never tolerate sach an innovation, I felt sure. However, the maid asked me into a well appointed little room, and in a short time I heard the door open, and distinguished the rustle of two gowns. One of the ladies was a middle aged, matronly-looking person; and she held the other by the hand, introducing her as—

Miss Burgess.

The other was, at a guess, between seventeen and eighteen—near eighteen; a beautiful, tall, well built girl, with bright mesmeric eyes, gleaming powerfully from underneath broad thick bands of glittering hair, carelessly arranged in masses over her lovely brows. I am, myself, peculiarly susceptible to the mesmeric influence, and now I felt that I was in the presence of a Medium My wits and my will deserted me when I felt the force of those wonderful eyes, as they basifully measured me and took stock of me. I sank into a chair at the bidding of the elder lady.

This, sir, said she, is Miss Burgess, and whatever might be the meaning of it, she scrutinized me with an intense overpowering, motherly interest, which was scarcely in the least disguised.

I beg your pardon, said I; it was Mr Burgess with whom I had an appointment! and I fear that, by some mistake of my own, I am trespassing upon your——

I did not conclude my sentence, for the behaviour of the two ladies startled me a little. They lifted their hands in wonder; they exchanged telegraphic glances; the elder kissed the younger, who blushed, and seemed half disposed to cry. Then the elder lady pulled the bell, and when the maid appeared, said—

Lock and bolt the front and back doors, Jane, and bring me the keys. And then—in a minute it was done, and the keys were brought—and then my hostess turned to me again and resumed the conversation.

Your name, sir, I see by your card, is Witherington.

Yes, said I, feeling utterly bewildered and helpless.

Probably *not* a descendant of the celebrated Witherington who fought at Chevy Chase?

Yes, I am, said I, again feeling that an absurdity, more or less, was no great matter in such a wild situation; and feeling, also, quite ready to believe anything of myself.

And permit me to ask you, for time presses, and the peril is great what is your profession? Pray excuse the liberty I take in asking these questions.

Mr Burgess, I replied, is aware of my profession.

Probably; but I am desirous that you should make *Miss* Burgess and me aware of it, if you will be so good as to dispense with ceremony on an occasion truly momentous.

I am, said I, a barrister, and a man of letters.

I think, then, interposed the other timidly, and with a very sweet voice, I think, then, it is your poems, sir, that I have read in a recently published volume?

To this I bowed a delighted assent, finding myself more and more in the power of the mesmeric eyes every instant. And now the two ladies again telegraphed to each other After a moment or two the elder one said. Constance, dear, come along with me! *Will* you excuse us, sir, for a minute? And then I was left alone, and heard the key turn in the lock outside.

A whispering, and going to and fro, in the gallery without, and an apparent delivery of messages, did not add much to the bewilderment of my feelings. Youth likes adventure. I had already threatened my father that I would go for a soldier, if he pressed Matilda Moggs upon me, and felt very much inclined to let fate drift me wheresoever it pleased. But what was Mr. Burgess thinking all this time?

It was not long before the two ladies re-entered the room. The elder one addressed me in a respectfully affectionate manner—

I have to announce to you, sir, that for the present you are my prisoner.

Yes our prisoner! echoed the mesmeric darling, in tones which would have made any chain lie lightly on my arm.

Your presence in this house, sir, on this occasion, resumed the elder lady, is a Remarkable Interposition. We regard you as a *deus ex machina* sir.

I am too happy, I replied, to be regared in so divine a light; but I should like to know what is the *nodus dignus* that I am to cut?

Sir, said my hostess, your curiosity will be satisfied in due time—before many days are over. In the meanwhile, you are a captive: here, laying her hand on the plump white wrist of Constance, here is your jailer, sir. Under her, our page will be at your service. Everything will be done to make your retirement agreeable. I am having two rooms prepared for your reception. Only a doubt or two remains to be settled. Oh, here they come, I think! Constance, dear, if it is Mr Smith and Mr Jones, you will withdraw will you?

And Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones entered the room, and looked very hard at me.

We shall both have occasion, in the fulfilment of the duty which devolves upon us, said the taller, stouter and more respectable looking gentleman of the two, in fulfilling, I say, our duty, we shall both have occasion to trespass for some minutes upon your kindness. May we be permitted to take a few liberties with your Person, sir?

That depends, said I, upon what they are. You are two to one, but I can smash the windows and alarm the passers by, if you proceed to any un-English lengths with me.

We do not propose to hurt you. This lady's presence is surely a sufficient voucher for the harmlessness of our intentions.

I don't know that, said I. Women have looked on coldly, while men have been tortured....and I believe an instrument of torture you are feeling for at this moment.

But I was in error. It was only a stethoscope with which the gentleman proceeded to sound me. He then punched my ribs, felt my pulse, and cracked my muscels with great assiduty. When he had done, he patted me on the back, and turning to the lady with a benignant look, said—

He'll do. I stake my professional reputation on the soundness of every organ.

Thank you, doctor, replied the lady. I am glad to hear it.

So am I, said I, is there anything to pay?

This made them all laugh; but I put the question with a grim and bewildered resignation which really seemed to awake the compassion of the mistress of the place.

You see, doctor, said she, tenderly, he knows nothing about it all.

No, said I.

Ah! said the medical gentleman, with an arch, patronizing smile, as if he thought I was in for a good thing, only that I didn't know it.

It was now the turn of the seedy looking thin man. He also produced an instrument, which had had not, however a very surgical appearance. What do you call those tongs? I exclaimed.

Callipers, said he, proceeding to apply them to my head in various directions, while he dictated figures to the lady, who took them down on a blank form.

When he had got as far as thirty-six, he stopped saying—Highly satisfactorily, ma'am, I assure you.

Anything to pay *you*? said I.

Nothing, sir, replied the seedy man, unless, indeed, you would like me to furnish you with a copy of the phrenological analysis of your character, which I shall hand to Mrs. Robinson.

Well, said I, that can wait. I don't know that a character is of much use.

Indeed, I assure you sir, interposed Mrs. Robinson, we wouldn't take you for the place—Constance and I—*without* a character.

Oh, said I, very good; I hope you'll give me one to my next berth.

I sincerely hope, sir, you will never need one. Indeed it is not likely. Our Constance has a strong constitution, hasn't she doctor?

Certainly, fine, healthy girl, said the medical gentleman. And then he and the phrenologist were bowed out; and Constance, with the mesmeric eyes, was re-introduced.

Constance, my love, said the elderly lady, what I am about to say, is so momentous, that I wish you to be present.

Oh, certainly, says Constance; I believe I know what is coming next.

An explanation, perhaps, of all this mystery, thought I.

Sir, said Mrs. Robinson, with matronly gravity, and laying her hand upon a prayer-book. I trust you have been brought up in our excellent Church of England?

I have, said I.

And could say the Apostles' Creed.

No doubt.

And would not object to sign the Thirty-nine Articles?

Not in the least, said I, feeling inclined to add, as Theodore Hook did when asked the question, forty, if you please.

Then, cried Mrs. Robinson, we are pleased, aren't we, Constance.

And Constance blushed assent. I say assent, because it was evident that she really was pleased, though why she should blush I could not for the life of me divine.

You are not a married man, with a wife living? asked Mrs. Robinson with a penetrating glance.

No, indeed, said I, and I shuddered at the thought of the woman who *might* have been my wife.

Why do you shiver? said Mrs. Robinson; are you cold.

No, I answered; I shivered at the thought of Matilda Moggs.

And then I poured forth my artless tale with such simple truthfulness of manner, that I could see both the ladies believed me, and were satisfied I was a bachelor. Yet feeling desirous to oblige, I added—

An oath would be profane as well as extra-judicial. But perhaps you would like me to make a Solemn and Sincere Declaration under the provisions of the Statute..... I am not a married man. And I make this Solemn and Sincere Declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of An Act made and passed....and all that....and entitled An Act to Repeal an Act ....and all that....extra-judicial Oaths and Affidavits—and that's all!

Well done! said Constance, clapping her lovely white palms together. Perhaps after this Mr. Witherington would like a glass of wine?

Well, said I, I think I should; I feel rather——rather——in fact—

Puzzled? said Mrs. Robinson; no doubt, sir. And you will have to remain so for a little time. You need not hope to escape; you will find your jailer here—turning to Constance—very watchful; and when you take exercise in the garden, which is of great extent, you will be attended by a page. I repeat, however, that infinite pains will be taken to make your stay in this retreat agreeable to you To that end I am sure I can pledge myself that your young jailer here will cheerfully do her best. I dare say she will be willing to beguile the tedium of your imprisonment by singing and playing to you. Our library is entirely at your service, and I must own to you I have such confidence in the resources of our beloved Constance, that I do not think it likely you will exhaust them before the time arrives at which it will be in our power to release you.

For which purpose, said my lovely turnkey, we can, I think, begin to take measures this very day.

Well, my love, I think so, said Mrs. Robinson, kissing her repeatedly.

It is very odd, I observed, not without an all overish sensation as I heard the little smack-smack of the kisses; it is very odd that upon the day on which my incarceration commences, my custodians should begin to concert plans for setting me free.

It certainly is, Mr. Whitherington, as you say, odd, but I believe we shall in the end make it even. All we shall expect of you is implicit obedience, said the elder lady with an air of maternal dignity, mingled with affection.

Say, rather, kind compliance, suggested my turnkey; I am sure, sir, you will not mind compliance with my wishes? And the bright soft mesmeric eyes seconding the soft mesmeric voice, I lost all my will, and said—

I promise!

There is, I feel certain, no necessity to ask you for any pledge. The honor of a gentleman is sufficient.

Well, said I, I don't know. I feel as if I ought to take some sort of an oath again.

Why, to be sure! said Mrs. Robinson; swear Mr. Witherington on the key of his sitting room.

And the fair turnkey drew near and held me the key. Human stupidity is great; I know it. But I doubt if there is a single reader of these lines stupid enough to suppose that I did anything but kiss—the hand that held the key.

Oh! said the darling, with a little fluttered cry, and fled, followed by the guardian, leaving a faint rustle of female attire in my ears, and a faint perfume in my nostrils. The door was again closed. I was again locked in, alone with my thoughts.

Alone with my thoughts And what were they? The only inconvenience that I seemed likely to be put to was one which, unluckily, involved another person—Mr. Burgess. But I was so fascinated with the situation in which I found myself, that I at last resolved not to trouble myself about him or about anything else in the world without. I was boarded and lodged for nothing. I was to have a pretty girl, accomplished and mesmeric, to talk to. I might, for what I know be destined for some Great End, towards which those women had the power of directing events. At all events I was gaining time, and I was away from Matilda Moggs; and this was better than going for a soldier. I resigned myself, though of course not without fits of chafing and wonder. Two rooms were placed at my entire disposal: my bedroom was furnished as the advertisement say, with every luxury. My sitting-room, I was told had been prepared extemporaneously for me, all but the hangings on the wall; which had been there for some time. I found in fact, that they had been put up for the purpose of concealing what was behind them. I was in a padded room! After much reflection, I came to the conclusion that I was in an establishment of a new kind. This house said I to myself, is a madhouse for Love-sick girls. Depend upon it, Constance is love sick, and I am to be a *deus ex machina* to cure her. But what I am to do for her, goodness only knows.

(*Conclusion in our next*).

The telegraph department in Calcutta has been instructed to furnish the Abyssinian expedition with materials for creating and working 450 miles of telegraph.

Mr. Alex. T. Stewart will soon erect a block of dwellings up town to cost $1,000,000, and to be forever the home of the working women of New York.

The Board of School Trustees, of Mitchell, recently advertised for a teacher for their common school, to which, says the *Advocate*, they received 70 female applications and 20 male. What will the 89 applicants do.

In France an army of ten thousand men was got ready for embarkation in forty-eight hours, and a second army of fifty thousand had gathered outside Lyons in other forty-eight.

A Censorious tutor, in lecturing to his class on the Vice of Betting, declared that under no circumstances could a bet be anything but a sin and a shame. But you've always gone in for one kind of bet, exclaimed an irreverent pupil. The tutor was at first stupefied with amazement, at such effrontery, but recovering his self-possession he blandly informed the student that if he could make his statement good, he should have a holiday. Well haven't you always been in favour of the alpha-*bet*? asked the student? The teacher gave it up.

Mr. T. P. Barkas states that the surface of the sun has become much disturbed, and that there is at present upon his disc a spot of remarkable magnitude and clearness.—The approximate length of the spot is 50,000 miles, and its width 30,000; and so well defined is it that it can easily be seen by the naked eye when protected by coloured glass. The spot forms a beautiful object for telescopes of very moderate power.