

The York Herald

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The York Herald

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"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

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Business Directory. DR. HOSSETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage and prompt payment.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be 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 CALBURN STS., THORNHILL.

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

LEMON'S HOTEL!

THE SUBSCRIBER announces to the travelling community, that he has leased the above Hotel on Richmond Hill.

WILLIAM COX, Successor to James Holliday, BUTCHER, 2nd door north of Barnard's store.

MALLOY'S AXES FOR SALE BY DANIEL HORNER, Jun., Lot 20, 2nd concession Markham

Richmond Hill Bakery P. BASINGTWAITE, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER

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

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer, RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham

THE OLD HOTEL, THORNHILL, HENRY HERON, Proprietor.

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL, LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S, THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel.

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.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario.

Poetry. A DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

"Fare the well!" but not forever Would I bid adieu to thee, And thou' far and long we sever, Thou wilt aye be dear to me.

Literature. MARRIED BY MAIN FORCE.

Concluded from our last. I cannot, within the space at my disposal, give any detailed account of the manner in which my days passed, and of my frequent conversations with Constance and Mrs. Robinson—though I flatter myself they will be found interesting when I do relate them.

Reviewing my own position, I began to feel very easy about it. Every hour made me more in love with Constance, and the quiet manner in which I lived, together with good eating and drinking (for Mrs. Robinson kept an excellent table), were making me quite plump and vigorous.

Dear lady, I replied, speaking very softly; dear, beautiful lady! pray accept the key, and let me renew the seal of my oath.

Did that mean that I should marry Matilda? or that some hitherto unheard of lot awaited me in this little world of women, where the very air I breathed was feminine? The place was a very devoted of girls; my ears were yet filled with the fluttering and rustling of their plumage, as they had flitted about that gallery, on the morning from which my imprisonment took date.

It was on Tuesday of the third week that I had again to be inspected and handled by another man; this time it was a tailor.

I was told that it was my duty to permit myself to be measured for a new suit of clothes, and that the style had been all settled for me beforehand.

I must not omit to mention that I was permitted to see the Times. The maid who used to take away the breakfast things told me that Miss Burgess used to bring it into the room and spread it out before the fire with her own hands.

day to your post and your duty, your uncle's will in your favour will be revoked. The said G.W. is supposed to have enlisted for a soldier under a false name.

Certainly not! said the beautiful girl, with much emphasis. By no means, said Mrs. Robinson: we couldn't think of it.

And you are decidedly of opinion that I cannot be permitted to leave this place at present? said I.

I think, dear Miss Burgess, we have pushed our logic as far as it will go, said I; it is now time to have recourse to the ultima ratio.

And now you have got the key, said Constance, fixing her eyes upon me, so that I felt more than ever certain she was a medium (of some celestial force or other)—and now you have got the key, I will ask you to give it back to me, in virtue of your oath.

Dear lady, I replied, speaking very softly; dear, beautiful lady! pray accept the key, and let me renew the seal of my oath.

Well, Mr. Witherington, your new suit has come home. You will find it in your sleeping apartment. And you will oblige me by reading over this evening in the prayer book the Form of Baptism for such as are of riper years.

Now the curious part of the business is that I was born on Christmas Eve; and this question was put with as much solemnity as if I had been going to be hanged in the morning.

Nothing at all, thank you. I am quite ready. So, being left to myself, I took up the prayer book, read first the part indicated, and then right on, Catechism, Confirmation, Matrimony,

yet she did not look unhappy. Mrs. Robinson left her alone with me for a few minutes, and I, of course, inquired what she had been crying about.

What, my beautiful turnkey, said I, is on your mind this evening?

But if you are unwilling to accept the oracle, said I, couldn't you toss up again, to see if you should abide by the result of the first toss?

And is that what you've been crying about? said I. Believe me dear Constance—dear Miss Burgess, I mean—I would accept any destiny that would gratify you!

Handing me over? I exclaimed, in much distress. Yes, To Mrs. Robinson. Oh, come now, said I, pleading pleadingly: I'd rather you'd keep me.

Thank you, George, replied my darling, and turning crimson from her ears to her shoulders, darted out of the room, just as Mrs. Robinson entered it, handing to that lady her key—the symbol of authority—as she passed out.

Well, Mr. Witherington, your new suit has come home. You will find it in your sleeping apartment. And you will oblige me by reading over this evening in the prayer book the Form of Baptism for such as are of riper years.

My dear boy, said she, Constance has a large fortune in her own right, and it is all even between you and her; for you have been the means of saving her from a fate which she dreaded more than death.

And here we heard loud voices in the hall, and by-and-by an obstinate looking old gentleman hurried in, crying 'Where's Constance, where's my daughter!'

Visitation to the sick, and even the Burial Service. I did not fail, either, to try on my new suit of clothes, and then to get early into bed, with an honest desire to obtain a good night's sleep which had been recommended to me.

It was, when I awoke the next day, a beautiful morning. By some instinct or other I dressed myself in the new suit. I found a bouquet on my breakfast table, along with several pairs of white gloves.

Then my destiny is Woman? Yes. That is the way we settled it beforehand.

Suited the action of the word, I approached the mesmeric darling, and mingled my tresses with hers. She did not rebuke me, and I began to say incoherent things in plaintive murmurs.

Yes; come along, you know, said he, when James once more tapped at the door; and before I knew where I was, I was hustled down stairs, across the front garden, and out of the gate into the carriage.

Constance and I drove back to the house at Putney, in less than an hour man and wife. I had been married by Main Force.

This is all very well, and I love Constance madly; but what am I to do with her? I have made no way in my profession, and my uncle will cut me off with a shilling for not marrying Matilda Moggs?

My dear boy, said she, Constance has a large fortune in her own right, and it is all even between you and her; for you have been the means of saving her from a fate which she dreaded more than death.

And I don't mean to let you, said I, confronting Mr. Burgess. Pray, what have you to do with my Constance? he inquired.

Yes, sir, interposed Mrs. Robinson; we caught him just in the nick of time. We had him examined by a professor of phrenology, and sounded by a physician, and we knew he was deus ex machina.

I assure you, sir, said I, that I was married by Main Force. I couldn't help it. Up to the last moment I didn't know but I was going to be baptized; for only last night your daughter's governess, the principal of this classical establishment, begged me to prepare myself for the morrow by reading the form provided by our church for the baptism of such as are of riper years.

Yes, sir, says the widow; and would you believe it, he thought it necessary to tell me that he had been christened! Ha, ha, ha! Being a widow, sir, I know the ways of men. I wished him to make himself aware of the responsibilities which Constance and I intended he should take upon himself, and I knew very well, of course, that when young people sit down to the prayer book they always read the service for the solemnization of matrimony, which is in truth, a sort of baptism for those that be of riper years.

Happy papa! said I. If sir, there is any act of his life in which a man should be perfectly free to choose, it is that of his marriage. And I in the exercise of the freedom of a Briton, chose to be married by Main Force.

To end this romance, I soon learnt that my uncle had married Matilda Moggs, after having wasted a good deal of money on people with moles, and of about my own height. Whether Mrs. Robinson's Establishment for Young Ladies still flourishes at Putney, I do not know, but I know it was illuminated on the evening of my marriage, and that it that Christmas, any living soul in Putney missed having plenty of roast-beef and plum-pudding, it was not my fault, for I began squandering Constance's fortune directly.

As for Burgess, his Christmas Annual never came to anything, but Constance has formed such a habit of bringing me a baby at Christmas time, that he is apt to joke about my Christmas Annals. If this goes on, I shall have about twenty children, but that doesn't seem possible, does it?

A Converted Burglar is preaching sensational sermons at Wilton, in Wiltshire. Official returns show that 1,014 persons lost their lives at St. Thomas in the late hurricane.

The Atlantic Cable Receipts averaged, for the month of October over £1300 per day, including Sundays. At Hastings the Lady Frankfort de Montmorency has been fined for assaulting with a poker a maid servant who had come to ask for another candle.

A lady has recently died in Bristol at the advanced age of 84. Never in the course of her life did she eat a morsel of butcher's meat, though she enjoyed all that time very good health.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has just been complimented by the publication of a music hall comic song, entitled "He's a Pal of Mine" with a full length portrait of His Royal Highness, arm in arm with the Duke of Sutherland, standing together smoking at the door of a station of the Fire Brigade.