

The York Herald

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Business Directory.

DR. HOSFETTER'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, 1865.

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 to that must be met. Mr. Geo. Burkit is authorized to collect, and give receipts for him. Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

JOHN M. REID, M.D., D.D., OF YONGE AND COLBURN STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 8 to 10 a.m. (if 3 1/2) consultations in the office, Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865.

LAW CARDS.

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

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.

M. TEEFY, Esq., NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

A GROOMINGS, Bouds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c. drawn with attention and promptness. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c, &c OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c. OFFICE—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866.

SAVE TROUBLES, WATER SEEDS, CISTRNS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale Flooring and other lumber dressed, Fellows sawn and stungles for sale by John Langstaff STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDER TAILOR &c. &c. &c. Residence—Neatly opposite the Post Office second and 1/2 Hill



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. 29.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1867.

Whole No. 492.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

RICHMOND HILL MILLS.

GEO. H. APPELBY BEGS to inform the Farmers in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill, that he has leased the above Mills, and has put them in thorough repair, and will be glad to receive a share of the patronage of the public.

GRISTING AND CHOPPING, Done on the shortest notice. The highest market price paid for Wheat. Richmond Hill, Nov. 14, 1867.

WILLIAM COX, 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.

MALLOY'S AXES

FOR SALE BY DANIEL HORNER, Jun., Lot 20, 2nd concession 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 PANTRY CARES 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.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON

Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865.

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 support. Good Stabling, &c. RICHARD VAILES, 32-ly Maple, Jan 1866.

DAVID EYER, Jun.,

Shave & Shingle Manufacturer RESIDENCE—Lot 29, 2nd Con. Markham and the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of SHAVES 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

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, 1867.

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 for Travellers and those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort and respectably invited to give him a call. GIDEON DOLMAGE, Proprietor. Richmond Hill, Dec. 1865.

MEMBERING

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 & Grooved At the lowest possible rates. Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2 1/2 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER

FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession 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.

Poetry.

EXTRACT FROM SANDFIELD'S EULOGY OF JOHN WILSON: 'Long shall we seek his ditto, long in vain.'

Long may we seek John Wilson's ditto His like in judgment, speech and wit too In Senate, Post house, Stage and Pit too Seek him in vain,—John Wilson's ditto! His match at cudgel, glove, and mit too, At gentle cuff, and savage hit too— On Alma's heights, with gun and kit too, In practise Court with Bill and Wit too, In hunting field with heel and bit too Carb the steed.—Where's Wilson's ditto? Nor country Gent, nor plodding Cit too, Nor roaring Tory, Rad nor Grit too, None found—save Nick, Old nick, whose fit to Be his mate—John Wilson's ditto

Literature.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

There certainly was something irresistible about Charlie Morgan; a halo of confidential friendship seemed to surround him, and before you had known him many hours you found yourself thinking of him as an old friend. I am rather reserved in disposition, but he had only entered our office, and sat at the desk next mine, for a few days, when I invited him to dine with me at my chambers, a mark of attention I had not shown to young Ridley, Charlie's predecessor, during the two years we had met in daily business, although we always got on very well together. Morgan complimented me on my comfortable quarters, and well he might. My chambers were certainly A.1. and Dawson, my valet, butler, and homme d'affaires generally, was the envy of all the single men of my acquaintance: he was simply perfection.

How he would like the change from our present independent mode of living to the formalities and regular habits which would devolve upon me as the head of a genteel establishment of my own, I hardly dared to contemplate, and I had made up my mind to double his wages sooner than part with this treasure of a servant, when I entered upon my new duties as head of a household. Yes! these pleasant chambers must be given up. Farewell to the quiet social evenings, with one or two select friends, when neat little oyster suppers closed the entertainment. Farewell to the choice little dinners, the remembrance of which would live long in the memory of many bachelors. Farewell to many other pleasant things indissolubly associated with chambers, latch keys, and single blessedness; for already had I signed an agreement with the landlord of a family residence in Pimlico, bordering upon Belgravia. On the next quarter day I should take possession, my chambers would know me no more. I should enter upon my career as a family-man. Of course, you will gather from this that I was about to be married, and will perhaps think me wanting in the ecstasy which as that period of a man's life is supposed to supplant every other feeling, and will consider my regrets as unbecoming a bridegroom elect. The fact is I was to a certain extent, done out of six months of my freedom.

If, on the approaching Michaelmas-day, I had been about to conduct my charming Margaret to assume at once her position as mistress of my home and heart, I could have cheerfully drowned my latch-key, and turned my back for ever upon my chambers, without a sigh; for no boy just out of his teens could have been more ardent in his affection than I, though bordering on my fortieth year. But Margaret had promised her aunt, with whom she had lived from her infancy, to stay with her until after her twenty-fifth birthday, which would not be until the middle of March, and even if I had been selfish enough to wish her to break that promise, I don't think I could have persuaded her to do so, for she had strong notions of honor, and a promise from Margaret was like a decree of the Medes and Persians. Why, then, you naturally ask, should you burthen yourself with a large establishment six months before you required it? That is just what I am going to explain.

My father married again after the death of my mother, and took his bride out to India with him, leaving me his blessing and a good appointment in Somerset House.

I was only nineteen then, and as I have already let you into the secret of my age at the time of which I am writing, you will perceive that twenty years had passed since my father's second marriage.

He was again a widower; my step-mother left one child, a daughter, and this little girl was sent to England to be educated, when she was about ten years old, and had remained ever since in a school in Richmond, where I paid her visits at stated times. I always wrote to my father regularly, giving him all particulars about little Lucy.

The child was fond of me, and I of her. She was a good, tractable little thing, and looked up to me like a father. She spent her holidays amongst her mother's relations, and I always supposed that when her education was finished, she would go to reside with them, or else go out to India to her father.

Great was my surprise, then, on receiving a letter from the governor, telling me that Lucy was to leave school at Michaelmas, and that it was his greatest wish to live with me, and be my little house-keeper.

He requested that I would have a house comfortably furnished at his expense, ready to receive her, and named a handsome sum, which he intended to allow me yearly for Lucy's maintenance.

He had written to ask the child whether she would rather live with me or her mother's relatives, and she had evinced a marked desire to share my home.

When I received this letter, I had been engaged to Margaret for a few weeks only, and the letter announcing to my father the important step I had taken, was on its way to India.

My betrothed was delighted at the plan. It would be so much nicer to me, she said, to have a house of my own; I must be so uncomfortable in those chambers.

I could not very well tell her that I had contemplated sowing what few wild oats I had left in the six months before I could claim her as my bride; so I was forced to appear pleased myself at the arrangement, and prepare to settle down into a respectable household at once.

One thing I was determined about; I would never invite to my house anybody whom I did not mean to introduce to my wife, and by that determination I devoted my self to comparative solitude; for there were not many frequenters of my chambers who were calculated to shine in ladies' society.

Perhaps that was the reason why I was unusually sociable with Charlie Morgan, who, although he was manly and highly intellectual, was quite a ladies' man; and therefore I felt that he would make a pleasant addition to our list of visitors when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cathrope were at home.

I was rather puzzled in my arrangements in my new home for my little sister, and should have made some dreadful blunders but for Margaret's help and advice.

For instance, I thought all little school girls had nurseries, and I intended to furnish a good large room near the top of the house, with toy cupboards, and things of that sort.

But Margaret laughed at the idea, and assured me that young ladies of eighteen did not care about dolls. She persuaded me to leave the choosing and arranging of Lucy's rooms to her, and I was only too glad to do so.

When she showed me the suite of apartments completely fitted up, the little morning room, boudoir, and bed room, chaste and pure looking as an angel's wings, I felt that I had never before done justice to my Margaret's exquisite taste, but I could not help saying. These rooms seem to me more suitable for some one grown up, than a child.

little ways, and innocent delight when we took possession of our home, were childlike in the extreme. As she danced in and out of the pretty rooms destined for her use, she was just like a little girl with a new doll's-house.

Charlie Morgan was our most frequent visitor. When I was first engaged to Margaret, her aunt gave me to understand that she should be glad to see me three evenings a week, and every Sunday, and although I chafed under these restrictions, there was an impenetrable decision about Aunt Emily's arrangements that no one ever attempted to infringe upon; so three evenings out of every week were at my own disposal, and when I had contemplated having my fling before my marriage, it was to have been on these evenings when stera fate, in the shape of Miss Emily Mills, forbade my enjoyment of the company of my betrothed.

Now, however, that my father's plans had placed me at the head of a family before my time, these evenings would have been insufferably slow but for Charlie; and of course Lucy was a dear, affectionate little creature, but hardly a companion for grown-up men.

When we had lived together for about a month, we were invited to a party given by a friend, in commemoration of his wedding-day. Margaret and I, and Lucy.

I asked the latter if she would not rather stay at home. There will be no children there but yourself, I said, you will perhaps feel uncomfortable. However, the willful child elected to go, and very pretty she looked in her simple white dress, not to be compared, though with my Margaret, who looked queenly in black lace and scarlet.

It was a very pleasant evening, though I must confess I am not so fond of dancing as I was ten years ago.

We were agreeably surprised at meeting Morgan there; he was an old Eton chum of our host, it appeared, and I did not know they knew each other. The greatest drawback was that fellow Snape peered there, I never liked that man with his everlasting smile, and gleaming white teeth, and I felt quite uncomfortable when I saw him go up to Lucy and ask her to dance. Charlie Morgan disliked him as much as I did; and before Lucy could answer Snape, Charlie rushed up to her and said, you are engaged for this set, remember, and walked her off before the other fellow could get to look at her card to put himself down for a later dance.

Charlie gave me a sly wink as he passed, which I quite understood and to reward him for the care he took of the child, I persuaded Margaret to put down two after supper dances for him.

For my own part, they were short of one at a whist table, so I left my ladies under Charlie's care, and had a quiet rubber.

I had to go out of town the next day, and Margaret had invited Lucy to stay with her until I came back. I expected to be away about a fortnight, so they went home together after the party, and I started by an early train for the north.

Considering the restrictions which were placed on my visits, I felt rather surprised when Margaret informed me in her first letter that Charlie had called twice at her aunt's since the party.

I said, when I wrote to her, that I thought he was not wanting in assurance to make so free on so slight an acquaintance, and that I thought he had better have left it alone.

To this she answered in her next letter. I shall begin to think you have imbibed some of Aunt Emily's prudish notions, Robert, from the way you write of Mr. Morgan. How can you be so ridiculous!

After this Charlie's name did not appear in our correspondence, which was as regular as my visits were when I was in town, so I supposed his calls were discontinued. I returned home by a night train, and went to business the next day, before seeing Margaret and Lucy.

Morgan did not make his appearance at the office that day; I sent a message, that he was confined to the house with a severe cold.

Snape came sidling up to me when I was preparing to go home,

and said, I suppose Charlie couldn't summon up pluck to meet you? he had no cold yesterday.

What do you mean, Mr. Snape? I asked indignantly.

He looked at me with well-feigned astonishment, and then said— I beg your pardon, but I understood that your sudden absence was owing to Mr. Morgan having supplanted you in the favor of Miss Mills.

I could have strangled him as he stood there, with his mocking smile and deferential manner; but I restrained myself with a violent effort, and said— Have the goodness to leave my affairs alone, Mr. Snape, or I shall feel bound, in honour, to resent your impertinence.

I am very sorry, I am sure, Mr. Cathrope, he said, humbly; but people will talk, you know, and the fact of their being always together while you were away— I turned abruptly on my heel, and left him; but the last shaft had struck home.

Something must be wrong! If Margaret had not felt that she had no right to receive Morgan's visits in my absence, why had she never named him in her letters? I was determined to sift the matter before seeing Margaret; so I went straight to Morgan's chambers, where I found him looking very poorly. His cold was genuine, however false his friendship.

He received me very cordially, but I did not respond, and went straight to the point in question, saying— Do you think your conduct during my absence has been strictly honorable, Mr. Morgan? He winced a little, and said— I hope so, I should never have acted as I have done, had I not felt that I was secure of the dear girl's affections.

This insolence overwhelmed me. And what of my feelings? I gasped. And what is due to me? Well, to tell you the truth, Bob, he said, I thought you would be pleased. I fancied that you felt her rather an incumbrance; that you regretted your promise to—

If I had stayed in the room another instant, I should have done something rash, I rushed out of the house like a mad man, and ran all the way to Bayswater Square, where Miss Emily Mills resided.

I was panting and speechless when I was ushered into Margaret's presence. I was glad to find her alone. I did not wish my little sister to witness the painful scene which I felt was coming.

Margaret, I said, as soon as I could speak, I am the most wretched man on the face of the earth. I know all I have come straight from Morgan.

She looked at me as if she thought I was deranged. How, in the world, can that make you so miserable, Robert? This hypocrisy was the crowning point of the wrong I smarted under.

I have not deserved this, I said bitterly; but your duplicity is useless. Morgan did not even attempt to hide his love.

The scared look on her face was supplanted by a beaming smile, and her clear honest laugh (so different from Snape's mocking one) convinced me before she spoke that I had made an egregious blunder. Why, you dear silly old boy, she said, winding her soft arm around my neck, it's Lucy that Charlie is in love with, not me.

Lucy! I said, that child! Will you never believe, you goose, she said, that Lucy is a woman? Why, many a staid young matron is no older than our little sister; she will be nineteen next birthday.

I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, and so I suppose I ought. I had insulted my best friend, and doubted my own true Margaret; but I felt now very happy as well as humiliated.

Just as I had made up my mind to go back to Charlie and ask his forgiveness, a servant announced Mr. Charles Morgan. Yes, he had come, poor fellow, in spite of influenza; he could not rest, he said, until he had an explanation of my strange behaviour. He feared, as Margaret had done, that my brain was affected. Satisfactory explanations were

soon offered, and full forgiveness accorded me by my brother-in-law's elect.

Then we sent for Lucy, who came in fluttering like a little bird. I held her in my arms one instant, kissing and blessing her, in my own name and our father's, then handed her over to Charlie, to whose manly breast the little dove clung, as if conscious that there she had found a safe and happy nest for life.

Some hours afterwards Charlie and I were alone together, and I said, it seems absurd to me that you can think of Lucy as your wife.

It's you that are absurd, Bob, talking of her as a child. I am on the sunny side of thirty, remember: there is not so much difference between us as between you and Margaret.

By the bye, Charlie, what did you mean by saying you thought I regretted my engagement? I never said anything of the kind; I was on the point of saying I thought you regretted your promise to your father about making a home for Lucy when she left school when you rushed away in that insane manner.

What a fool I had made of myself to be sure! Charles and I, as well as Lucy, wrote to the Governor by the next mail, and the returning one brought a joyful consent from the old boy to a union which promised such happiness to his darling. I pretended it was owing to me that my father agreed so readily to the match, but I believe in my own heart that no one could have resisted the manly, straightforward letter Charlie wrote to him.

We had a double wedding at the end of March, and are now quite old married people; but though Lucy has two children of her own, when I look at her dimpled face and sunny curls, I can hardly believe even now that my little sister is grown up.

CHINESE SHREWDSNESS.—The following good story is told of the sagacity of a Chinese mandarin in detecting a rogue and compelling him to a reluctant honesty. A governor of a Chinese province was taken very ill, and refused to admit any visitors into his house. This being told a mandarin of his acquaintance, the latter was very much concerned, and after many importunities, obtained an interview with him. On his entrance he was surprised to find no signs of sickness in his friend and asked what was the matter with him. The governor at length told him that he had lost the Emperor's seal out of the cabinet where it used to be kept, and that as the lock remained uninjured he was sensible that the seal was stolen. Of course he could transact no business and must soon be deprived of his government and probably of his life. The mandarin inquired if he had any enemy in the city. The other answered, Yes; and that enemy was an officer of rank, whom he had offended, and who was disposed to do him an injury. Away then, replied the mandarin; let your valuable property be secretly removed this evening; set fire to the empty house and call out for help, to which this officer must of necessity repair with the rest, it being one of the principal duties of his situation. As soon as you see him amongst the people, deliver him, in the public presence, the cabinet, shut as it is, that it may be secured in his possession. If he is the thief, he will put the seal in its place; otherwise the fault will lie upon him for having taken so little care of it. The governor followed his advice, and the next day received back his cabinet with the seal in it, both parties keeping secret for their mutual safety.

It is said that some mothers in New York have grown so affectionate, that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

In describing a new organ, a country editor says:—The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes.

No cards are affixed to marriage notices because the parties played all their cards before marriage. This is a new theory, and will be generally accepted.

Literary.—Sir Rowland Hill is writing a history of penny postage. We hear he has got well a head with it, but we do not know whether it will be issued in penny numbers, stamped.

An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ, says:—When he played "Old Dog Tray," we noticed 11 pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws.

A co-tenant in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice with the following clause:—"I wish expose for sale the 5 da 1866 v Jan wny lyle rone horse, or so much thereof, as ma be necessary to satisfi sed grugment.

Silence.—there is a nobody mistaking himself for a somebody, who writes a trashy article once a week (thank goodness only once a week), in the Morning Star, and signs himself Censor. Better change it to Non-sense-sir, and have done with it.

In California they are so much annoyed with mosquitoes and fleas in summer, that a physician advises a bath in a solution of soft soap and treacle, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which the patient should go to bed and maintain perfect repose.