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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1868.

Whole No. 495.

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 23, 2nd concession Markham

LEMON'S HOTEL! (LATE RAYMOND'S) RICHMOND HILL.

THE SUBSCRIBER announces to the travelling community, that he has leased the above Hotel on Richmond Hill, and will devote his attention to the comfort and convenience of those who may favor him with their patronage.

GEORGE LEMON, Richmond Hill, Dec. 4, 1867. 400-ly

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 a HOTEL in the Village of Mapleton, Ontario, 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. Maple, Jan 1866. 32-ly

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham on the Eglinton Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of Slaves and Shingles, kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices. If Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Post Office Address—Richmond Hill. June 1865 1-1f

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 in the bar. Comfortable accommodation for travellers. A careful Hostler always in attendance. Thornhill, July 4, 1867. 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. Travel and 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. 28-1f

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. Placed 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, 9 1/2 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-ly

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.

A RETROSPECT.

Come hither, dear, and kiss me, Come, "grumbler," smile, I pray, And say, would'st thou not miss me, If I were far away?

Come, no more frowns to-night, love— Nay, nay, it shall be so; Come by this cheery light, love, And chat of long ago.

A long, long way we've wander'd Through many a thorny lane; Our life's young day we squander'd, In marriage cares and pain.

But now we've struggled through, love, The roughest ways of life, And thou art still my true love, And I thy faithful wife.

Suppose we had not married, So young in this world's ways; But year by year had tarried, In hope of better days.

Ah me! what weary waiting Those tedious years had been! Your love has changed to hating, In such rude test, I ween.

And hadst thou then disown'd me, And scaped your double cares; Oh! how sad and lonely, Without those pets up stairs!

Come then, "old man," and kiss me— Come, "grumbler," smile, I pray— And say, would'st thou not miss me, If I were far away?

Literature.

THE MURDERED ACTOR.

Concluded.

I, of course, alone knew of the two ten and two five pound notes that I had given my friend only a few hours before. The commotion, horror, and excitement which prevailed in the town can be easily imagined, as may also my feelings. Everything possible, under the circumstances, was done. The police were set on the alert, and by the evening they had gained something like a clue of the discovery of the murderer, but it consisted merely in the absence from his post of the master-carpenter of the theatre. It turned out that this man had only recently been taken on to the establishment. He had the reputation of being a very clever stage machinist and contriver of trap effects, but he did not bear the best of characters; indeed it was well known that he had lost several good berths through his dangerous carelessness, having been the cause by of many a sad accident in pantomime time. Moreover he was a drunkard, given to gambling and betting, and frequently had stood in, as the slang goes, in divers petty and discreditable card-playing transactions. Within the last month the discovery of something of this kind obliged him suddenly to leave a large northern metropolis. His known ability in his calling, however, was sufficient to gain for him an engagement at Swelboro', the liberal management there being ever ready as the bills frequently stated, to procure the best available talent, regardless of expense. It now appeared that this man had never been seen or heard of at his lodgings since he left the theatre on the night of Hallerton's murder, and the stage-door keeper stated that he was the last person to leave the place. A description of him, and an offer of a large reward for his apprehension, was sent all over the kingdom. The efficiency of the detective service in those days had not reached its present pitch of excellence, and many months elapsed before the fellow was taken, which fact was not made known to me until a considerable time after. As may be imagined, I had long ere that returned to London, and the affair, even in Swelboro' had passed off as a nine days' wonder. The man was arraigned, however, upon the charge of murder, but the evidence for the prosecution utterly broke down. Indeed there was some evidence in his favor, and he was acquitted. He was a man of a suspicious character, and his mysterious disappearance at the time of the tragedy. This he accounted for easily, by an assertion that he got drunk; and in one of his habitual fits of recklessness went straight off to some race-meeting in the midland counties, whither he asserted, he walked. He utterly denied the charge; and the long time which had elapsed before he was apprehended rendered the authorities lukewarm

in endeavouring to obtain any minor details that might have been used against him. Slight suspicion was all he had to contend with; and country justices did not even deem it a case to have a jury; so the fellow was once more let loose upon the world. Thus all hope of clearing up the mystery ended. I had told everything I knew at the inquest; and when the circumstances under which I and my poor friend had parted are remembered, it will be evident that the murder could not have been laid to anyone's charge without further proof, the obtaining of which seemed impossible. I threw a certain light upon the motive for the deed, but as I could not give the numbers of the notes that went for nothing, it is true, I then remembered the conversation which I heard between two men respecting the payment of a debt, one of whom was doubtless the fellow in question. This, however, I could not swear to, for I had never seen him. Strong, also, as was the likelihood of this same man being the rascal who had emerged from the scene door just after I had given Hallerton the money, and who probably saw me do so, it proved nothing, for I could not identify that man with the one who had been pressed for payment in the conversation referred to. Again, had it been possible for me to do all this, it would have been no evidence.

So, as I have said, the sad event died out of men's minds, and passed away into one of those many undiscovered murders, only half-perhaps of which number are ever heard of at all—ever heard of, at least as murders. Not so, however, was it to my mind—not to me was it the mere removal of a poor country player from this world's stage. The mimic drama had not lost much, but I had lost an affectionate and true-hearted friend; and it was not likely I should return from my trip to Swelboro' the same man I had been. Anything like forgetfulness of his loss, and the sad manner of it, were out of the question. Muddled with the sorrow that hung over me from this period of my life was a strong desire to bring the murderer to justice. There seemed to be no way by which I could accomplish this; yet, despite my misgivings, an inward conviction often intruded itself upon me that I should some day or other prove the instrument of retribution. The money I had given Hallerton was doubtless the cause indirectly of his death; and I never abandoned the hope that, as through an act of mine he had lost his life, so also by me would his death be avenged.

A sound, an odour in the air, a relic of a dress, who has not felt the influence of any or one of such trifles, in recalling a whole train of thought and circumstances long since passed and gone! All is brought back vividly before us, and we feel as if we were again going through the time and condition; knowing, nevertheless, that it has happened before, yet feeling that it must rather have been in another world, or in our dreams, that we were chief movers in the scene. I first realized this mysterious kind of feeling some nine months after the events just recorded had happened, and whilst I was fulfilling an engagement at the large northern town of Ferraspool. In making my arrangements with the manager, it was decided that I should go through a round of my principle parts, one of which was the identical role which poor Hallerton had been playing at Swelboro' at the time I recorded in criticism on his acting. I had not appeared in it since, but when the name of the piece was mentioned, the sensations hinted at above crept over me in all their subtle influence. I would willingly have escaped from playing it altogether, and even made a feeble effort to get out of it; but the manager calculated on its being one of his trump cards, and refused to listen to any proposal for its withdrawal. Moreover, it was settled that I was to open my engagement with it. The piece had been frequently done at the Ferraspool Theatre, and as my presence in my original part was the only novelty, no full rehearsal was considered necessary—an hour or two's coaching of those concerned in my principal scenes being all that was re-

quisite. Indeed, there was no time for more, as I was prevented by various arrangements from reaching Ferraspool until within a few hours of the rising of the curtain. I went straight to my dressing-room at the theatre, and long before there was any occasion for it I made my dresser prepare everything for me. Somehow, I was unusually nervous; I had never played before this audience; and though conscious of being quite safe as to my success, I experienced a certain disquiet which was inexplicable. The public are apt to imagine that a successful veteran of the stage can know nothing of such discomfort; but they are quite wrong. I think I am safe in saying that, amongst all our best actors, there is no commoner sensation than nervousness, especially on the occasion of first appearances, or in new parts. Still my present state was hardly warranted by the surrounding circumstances. The piece in question was a modern comedy, the dress that of twenty years ago. Tight gaiter-fitting trousers with straps, showing only the tip and heel of a varnished Wellington-boot, frock coat with close-made sleeves buttoned at the wrist, where the shirt cuff overlapped them; whilst a high black satin stock, with a gorgeous display of it adorned by pins and chains to match, backed up an open-fronted white waistcoat, with a thin ridge of a crimson under one just peeping out between the satin and the lace. A small sharp-pointed upright shirt collar, a clean shaven chin and upper lip, with the mutton chop whisker then in vogue, a rather long head of hair, parted very much on one side, and highly suggestive of the barber's block, formed an appropriate apex to this relic of the dark ages of morning costume. Such was the dress which I noticed at the time Hallerton had so rigidly copied from mine, and which made our personal resemblance more absurd perhaps than it had ever been before. Miles my loquacious dresser, as he once produced these different articles of attire, was good enough to say, "I am glad to see these things in use again, sir; it is a long time since you played captain Theodore—more than a year, I think. Did not somebody tell me they were doing this piece at Swelboro' when Mr. Hallerton was murdered? I heard that this was the last part he played, poor gentleman!—not that he ever could play it, though he would look it well enough, because he would look exactly like you. I never saw him in it, I am happy to say, but I know just what he would do. I know to a t how he'd have spoken to those lines, beginning "Lady Isabel, I swear to you, since we parted in the crush room that night—" And then Miles favored me, as was his wont, with a long quotation from my part. Whether this habit had arisen from a latent idea, which he was known to possess, that if he had chosen he could have startled the town by histrionic powers, or whether it was done as an act of kindness to brush up my memory, I never clearly knew, but certain it was that he never dressed me without quoting some important speech from my role, whatever it was. This habit often tickled me, but on the present occasion I was scarcely in the mood to be amused by it; for as the familiar words struck on my ear, the whole fatal miserable time at Swelboro' came back forcibly, tangibly almost to my mind. I had done little more than glance at my cues, feeling pretty safe as to the words, and being glad to avoid their repetition as much as possible. So I stopped Miles rather abruptly; yet as I did so a certain fascination took possession of me, and I irresistibly thought what a close imitation I could give of Richard in this part if I chose. His voice, his stilted manner, his imbric face, all were at my command. As I contemplated my make up, and involuntarily assumed his expression, the likeness in the looking-glass was so startling that I was tempted, to Mile's infinite delight, to give a little imitation of my friend. Wonderful! exclaimed Miles; perfectly wonderful; it is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw! Do, pray do a bit more of it, sir; try his exit at the end of the fourth act. And I was compelled, it seemed to me by some inward motive pow-

er, to do as he requested. Bless my heart sir, he went on, why don't you give an entertainment like old Matheus did? You would make three times the money if you had it all to yourself. Of all the many imitations I ever saw, this is the finest. Even the deep sense of regret I felt for my friend's fate overruled by my inborn turn for mimicry, and except for the difficulty I have always had in curbing this power, such a proceeding would have appeared heartless in the extreme. But, indeed, I must say I was myself conscious that the imitation was marvellously close; and I continued now, perhaps out of gratifications to a sort of vanity, walking up and down the room, repeating the part on and on, until my own voice sounded to myself like Hallerton's, and in my mind's eye I actually saw him, as I had done the night I went into the front at Swelboro'. A knock at the door, and the words "Overture's on, sir, restored me but partially to myself, and do what I would, I could not throw of an irresistible notion which seemed to be gaining upon me, that with a very little tempting I should play the part right through with an imitation of Hallerton. Confound it! I thought this will never do; but the absurdity possessed me, and I walked down stairs to the prompter's call exactly as Hallerton would have done. Just as I was entering the green-room, a carpenter, with a somewhat unsteady gait, was backing out from a recess, or scene-door, with a heavy piece of scenery, and at the very moment I was turning into the doorway, ran right up against me. I in no very measured language, cursed him for a block-head. He turned, with a half-sort of apology on his lips. As he did so, the most curious sensation I had ever experienced ran through my brain. In an instant, strongly impressed as I then was with the recollection of poor Hallerton, I remembered the man's face—the master-carpenter of Swelboro'—clear, defined, unmistakable, not a doubt of it; yes! the fellow was before me, looking exactly as when he emerged from the scene-door, directly after I gave the packet of notes to Richard. Like a flash of electricity it all passed through my mind; with it, and as rapidly, came an unswerving conviction that I stood face to face with Hallerton's murderer! More rapidly than it is possible to describe, and in the hundredth part of the time it takes me to tell it, I settled what to do; for not less impressed by me did this man seem than I by him. He grew deadly pale; his eyes, already swollen and blood-shot, now almost started out of his head, as, throwing his hands up into the air, he cried, My God! a ghost! With a tight grasp, I seized him by the throat, and brought him on his knees. You ruffian! I exclaimed, closely continuing my Hallerton imitation, you thought you had done for me, did you? but you see I am alive and strong enough to transport you for life. Be thankful that I did not die, and instantly confess your guilt. I am no ghost as you shall find. And when you took the £30 from my pockets in the brickfields by Swelboro' Common, you might well have thought, from the blow you dealt me, that it was not likely I should trouble you again; but here I am, and you shall pay dearly for your cold blooded atrocity! As I delivered these words in a pompous theatrical tone, precisely similar to that which I had of old heard my old friend use upon the stage when bringing an offender to justice, I pulled the fellow into the green-room, where great commotion was reigning. Look at this scoundrel, ladies and gentleman, I went on; you all remember how, one night last year, at Swelboro', I Richard Hallerton, was foully robbed and nearly murdered, on my way home from the theatre; how for months I lay at death's door, most people supposing I was dead; how, after much care and surgical skill, I recovered, to be here once more amongst you; and how I swore, sooner or later to bring the assassin to justice. Fate this night has helped me, and this villain here shall soon have a pair of handcuffs on him, for it is he to whom I owe all my suffering. Hear him now ladies and gentlemen, with my hand at his throat

confess that he is the culprit.— Admit it you thief, said I, shaking the breath nearly out of his body; as you hope for mercy hereafter, admit it! The poor trembling wretch was paralysed by fear. Also I could tell he was slightly the worse for drink; and now, as I forced him to the all-important point, it was with difficulty he could articulate a syllable. Nevertheless he managed to stammer forth, loud enough for all in the room to hear, 'Yes, it's true, it's all true; but I didn't go to murder ye; I never meant that, only ye fought so gallus hard, I thought I wouldn't get off clear, but I never meant to murder ye, so help me! He was a pitiable sight, and even now scarcely seemed to believe, though my grip was pretty hard on him, that I was not an apparition rather than flesh and blood. A maudlin condition brought on by drink doubtless favoured this opinion, and conducted not a little to the facility with which I extracted his confession. Excited and earnest of purpose as I then was, serious as the issue at stake had also become, I was not unmindful of the mingling with it all of a certain comically. As I continued my imitative tone in a raised voice, many of the people then in the green-room who had known and acted with Hallerton, possibly in the same piece, seemed as equally sceptical with regard to my substantially as the malefactor then in my power. At a glance I saw some of the ladies shrink back from me, whilst one or two of the men looked dazed and confounded. Prolonging the illusion, therefore, yet a little, a policeman was sent for, and I then and there gave the carpenter in charge for robbery and attempt to murder. He was consequently taken off by the constable with his conviction of a resurrection undisturbed. I had but a short time then for the full explanation of this sensation drama of real life in which I had been playing in earnest behind the scene. The overture had been twice played, and the audience were beginning to manifest considerable impatience. Little conscious were they how much more exciting and serious a performance had just been enacted in the rear of that green curtain than they would witness upon its rising for their edification. The result can be pretty well anticipated. I obtained a private interview with the magistrate the following morning, explained all that had taken place, then entered the court in my proper person, together with my brother comedians to charge the prisoner, upon his own confession, with the murder of Richard Hallerton. Meanwhile despite the caution given him at the police station, the fellow had written a full account of his crime. A remand gave the Swelboro' police an opportunity of identifying the prisoner as the man they had in custody. A jury, of course, eventually pronounced him guilty, but recommended him to mercy, on the plea of his confession, the way in which it had been brought about and his solemn assertion that he never intended to commit murder. Sentence of death was consequently commuted to transportation for life and thus was my conviction fulfilled, that upon me would devolve the onus of clearing up this mystery. It was but a poor satisfaction after all; yet it was the only glimpse I ever had of the silver lining to the cloud that had hovered over me since the time in which my luckless friend met with his sad fate.

The Best Thing Out.—An aching tooth. Horizontal refreshment is the latest pseudonym for sleep. What is that which is often found where it is not?—Fault. What is the best remedy for a flagging of spirits?—A flagon of wine. Wounds are sometimes signs of ideas, and sometimes of the want of them. We may safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. A Poem may be either music or sense; if it was neither it possesses no interest. "Well, wife you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them." It is a common saying, and held to be a true one, that "where you run, you will find a Scotchman and a Newcastle grad-stone." Give Him His Due.—It is altogether absurd to say that "Man is not perfect"—who is there who has not met with many who were perfect strangers; some who were perfect rascals, and a few who were perfect fools? Suspended Animation.—I have been more than once under a condition of apparently suspended respiration, and on being restored to consciousness no feeling of discomfort at any time attended my experience on either occasion. It is under the truth to say I have known a score of cases of those who have been supposed dead being re-animated. It is not many months ago a friend of mine, a rectory of a suburban parish, was pronounced by his medical attendant to be dead. His bed was arranged, and the room left in its silence. His daughter had re-entered and sat at the foot, and the solemn toll of his own church bell was vibrating through the chamber, when a hand drew aside the closed curtain, and a voice came from the occupant of the bed, "Elizabeth my dear, what is that bell tolling for?" The daughter's response was perhaps an unfortunate one:—"For you, papa." Schwartz, the first eminent Indian missionary, was roused from his supposed death by hearing his favorite hymn sung over him previous to the last rites being performed, and his resuscitation made known by his joining in the verse.—Breuer.