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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, 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. Wm Jenkins is authorized to collect, and give receipts for him. Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

JOHN M. REID, M. D., GOV. OF YONGE AND COLBURN 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.

LAW CARDS.

J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER AT LAW, CONVEYANCER & OFFICE—over the Gas Company office Toronto Street, Toronto. Toronto, August 1, 1867.

FRANCIS BUTTIN, JR. LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE County of York. Sales attended on the shortest notice at moderate rates. P.O. Address: Buttonville Markham, July 24, 1868.

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.GREEMENTS, 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, 5th, 1866.

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

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRENS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale Flooring and other lumber dressed, Fellows sawn and shingles for sale by John Langstaff STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Near V opposite the Post Office R. Le-nard Mill.

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. 35. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1868. Whole No. 501.

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. Wheat. The highest market price paid for Wheat. Richmond Hill, Nov. 14, 1867.

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.

MALLOY'S AXES FOR SALE BY DANIEL HORNER, Jun., Lot 20, 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. The best Stabling and Driving Shed on Yonge St. The best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars kept constantly on hand. A careful Hostler always in attendance. An Omnibus leaves this Hotel for Toronto at half past seven a.m. daily.

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 a HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comfort of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support. Good Stabling, &c.

DAVID EYER, Jun., STAVE & SHINGLE MANUFACTURER RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 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.

PHYSIOLOGY. Ladies and Gentlemen, who require a true chart of the foot, can procure one in either French Kid or Cash, 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 our bar. Comfortable accommodation for travellers. A careful Hostler always in attendance. Thornhill, July 4, 1857.

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.

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 Tougled & Groved At the lowest possible rates.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession 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. ETHAN ALLEN. As I pace my gloomy cell at night With wearied step and slow, I count the dreary moment's flight, And long for the welcome morning light To relieve my dismal woe, Or if tired nature prompts repose, And sleep would refreshment seem, On my lonely pallet my limbs I dispose, And perhaps drop off in a fitful doze, To awake in a horrible dream.

THE HUNTER'S WIFE. Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly but powerfully made, with a hardy, weather-beaten, yet handsome face, strong indefatigable, and a crack shot, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like the beasts he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game.

Having scarcely fastened up Nero, Susan with a heavy heart, proceeded to examine the ground round the hut. In several places she observed the impression of a small moccasined foot, but not a child's. The tracks were deeply marked, funlike the usual light, elastic tread of an Indian. From this circumstance Susan easily inferred that the woman had been carrying her child when attacked by the dog. There was nothing to shew why she had come so near the hut; most probably the hopes of some petty plunder had been the inducement. She did not dare to wander far from home, fearing a band of Indians might be in the neighbourhood. She returned sorrowfully to the hut, and employed herself in blocking up the windows, or rather the hole where the window had been, for the powerful wind had been, and shattered it to pieces. When this was finished Susan dug a grave, and in it laid the Indian boy. She made it close to the hut, for she could not bear that wolves should devour those delicate limbs, and she knew that there it would be safe.

One clear, cold morning; about 2 years after their marriage, Susan was awakened by a loud crash, immediately succeeded by Nero's deep baying. She recollected that she had shut him in the house as usual the night before. Supposing he had wined some solitary wolf or bear prowling around the hut, and effected his escape, she took little notice of the circumstance; but a few moments after came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring from her bed, throw on her clothes, and rush from the hut was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted what the sound was in pursuit of. Fearful thoughts shot through her brain: she called wildly on Nero, and to her joy he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew near she saw that he galloped heavily, and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain reeled; she felt a cold and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and of horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she recovered herself, just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion. She placed her hand on his little naked chest; the heart within had ceased to beat—he was dead! The deep marks of the dog's fangs were visible on the neck, but the body was unurt.

stood with his large bright eyes fixed on the face of his mistress, lawning on her, as if he expected to be praised for what he had done and seemed to wonder why she looked so terrified. But Susan spurned him from her; and the fierce animal, who would have pulled down an Indian, as he would a deer, crouched humbly at the young woman's feet. Susan carried the little boy gently in her arms to the hut, and laid it on her own bed. Her first impulse was to seize a loaded rifle that hung over the fireplace, and shoot the hound; and yet she felt she could not do it, for in the lone life she led the faithful animal seemed like a dear and valued friend, who loved and watched over her, as if aware of the precious charge entrusted to him. She thought also of what her husband would say, when on his return he should find his old companion dead. Susan had never seen Tom roused, to her he had ever shewn nothing but kindness; yet she feared as well as loved him, for there was a fire in those dark eyes that told of deep wild passions hidden in his breast, and she knew that the lives of a whole tribe of Indians would be light in the balance against that of his favorite hound.

The afternoon of the third day after Tom's departure, as Susan was sitting at work, she heard something scratching and whining at the door. Nero, who was by her side, evinced no signs of anger, but ran to the door, showing his white teeth, as was his custom when pleased. Susan unbarred it when to her astonishment the two deerhounds her husband had taken with him walked into the hut, looking weary and soiled. At first she thought Tom might have killed a deer not far from home, and had brought her a fresh supply of venison; but no one was there. She rushed from the hut, and soon, breathless and terrified, reached the squatter's cabin. John Wilton and his three sons had just returned from the clearings, when Susan ran into their comfortable kitchen her long black hair streaming on her shoulders, and her wild and bloodshot eyes, gave her the appearance of a maniac. In a few unconnected words she explained to them the cause of her terror, and implored them to set off immediately in search of her husband. It was in vain they told her of the uselessness of going at that time—the impossibility of following a trail in the dark. She said she would go herself; she felt sure of finding him; and at last they were obliged to use force to prevent her leaving the house. The next morning at daybreak Wilton and his two sons were mounted, and ready to set out, intending to take Nero with them; but nothing could induce him to leave his mistress; he resisted passively for some time; until one of the young men attempted to pass a rope round his neck, to drag him away; then his forbearance vanished; he sprang on his tormentor, threw him down, and would have strangled him if Susan had not been present. Finding it impossible to make Nero accompany them, they left without him, but had not proceeded many miles before he and his mistress were at their side. They begged Susan to return, told her of the hardships she must endure, and of the inconvenience she would be to them. It was of no avail; she had but one answer, I am a hunter's daughter, and a hunter's wife. She told them that knowing how useful Nero would be to them in their search, she had secretly taken a horse and followed them. The party rode first to Tom Cooper's hut, and there having dismounted, leading their horses through the forest, followed the trail, as only men long accustomed to a savage life can do. At right they lay on the ground, covered with their thick bear skin cloaks; for Susan only they heaped up a bed of dried leaves; but she refused to occupy it, saying it was her duty to bear the same hardships they did. Ever since their departure she had shown no sign of sorrow. Although slight and delicately formed, she never appeared fatigued her whole soul was absorbed in one longing desire—to find her husband's body; for from the first she had abandoned the hope of ever again seeing him in life. This desire supported her through every everything. Early the next morning they were again on the trail. About noon, as they were crossing a small brook, the hound suddenly dashed away from them, and was lost in the thicket. At first they fancied they might have crossed the track of a deer or wolf, but a long mournful howl soon told the sad truth, for not far from the

brook lay the faithful dog on the dead body of his master, which was pierced to the heart by an Indian arrow. The murderer had apparently been afraid to approach on account of the dogs, for the body was left as it had fallen—dot even the rifle was gone. No sign of Indians could be discovered save one small foot-print, which was instantly pronounced to be that of a squaw. Susan shewed no grief at the sight of the body; she maintained the same forced calmness, and seemed comforted that it was found. Old Wilton stayed with her to remove all that now remained of her darling husband, and his two sons again set out on the trail, which soon led them into the open prairie, where it was easily traced through the tall thick grass. They continued riding all that afternoon, and the next morning by daybreak were again on the track, which they followed on the banks of a wide but shallow stream. There they saw the remains of a fire. One of the brothers thrust his hand among the ashes, which were still warm. They crossed the river, and in the soft sand on the opposite bank saw again the print of small moccasined footsteps. Here they were at a loss; for the rank prairie grass had been consumed by one of those fearful fires so common in the prairies, and in its stead grew short sweet herbage, where even an Indian's eye could observe no trace. They were on the point of abandoning the pursuit, when Richard, the younger of the two, called his brother's attention to Nero, who had of his own accord left his mistress to accompany them, as if he now understood what they were about. The hound was trotting to and fro, with his nose to the ground, and with his ears up, as if endeavoring to pick out a cold scent. Edward laughed at his brother, and pointed to the track of a deer that had come to drink at the river. At last he agreed to follow Nero, who was now cattering slowly across the prairie. The pace gradually increased, until, on a spot where the grass had grown more luxuriantly than elsewhere, Nero threw up his gave a deep bay, and started off at so furious a pace, that although well mounted; they had great difficulty in keeping up with him. He soon brought them to the borders of another forest, where, finding it impossible to take their horses farther, they tethered them to a tree, and set off again on foot. They lost sight of the hound, but still from time to time heard his loud baying far away. At last they fancied it sounded nearer instead of becoming less distinct; and of this they were soon convinced they still went on in the direction whence the sound proceeded, until they saw Nero sitting with his fore paws against the trunk of a tree, no longer mouthing like a well-trained hound, but yelling like a fury. They looked up in the tree but could see nothing; until at last Edward espied a large hollow about half way up the trunk. I was right, you see, he said. Alter all, it's nothing but a bear; but we may as well shoot the brute that has given us so much trouble. They set to work immediately with their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter when a dark object they could not tell what in the dim twilight, crawled from the place of concealment to the extremity of a branch, and from thence sprang into the next tree. Snatching up their rifles, they both fired together, when to their astonishment, instead of a bear, a young Indian squaw, with a wild yell, fell to the ground. They ran to the spot where she lay motionless, and carried her to the borders of the wood where they had that morning dismounted. Richard lifted her up on his horse, and springing himself into the saddle, carried the almost lifeless body before him. The poor creature never spoke. Several times they stopped, thinking she was dead: her pulse only told the spirit had no flows from its earthly tenement.

When they reached the river which had been crossed by them before, they washed the wounds, and sprinkled water on her face. This appeared to revive her; and when Richard again lifted her in his arms to place her on his horse, he fancied he heard her mutter in Iroquois words—"revenged!" It was a strange sight, these two powerful men tending so carefully the being

they had a few hours before sought to slay, and endeavouring to staunch the blood that flowed from wounds which they had made! Yet so it was. It would have appeared to them a sin to leave the Indian woman to die; yet they felt no remorse at having inflicted the wound and doubtless would have been better pleased had it been mortal; but they would not have murdered a wounded enemy, even an Indian warrior, still less a squaw. The party continued their journey until midnight, when they stopped to rest their jaded horses. Having wrapped the squaw in their bear-skins, they lay down themselves with no covering save the clothes they wore. They were in no want of provisions, as not knowing when they might return, they had taken a good supply of bread and dried venison, not wishing to lose any precious time in seeking food whilst on the trail. The brandy still remaining in their flasks they preserved for the use of their captive. The evening of the following day they reached the trapper's hut, where they were not a little surprised to find Susan. She told them that although John Wilton had begged her to live with them, she could not bear to leave the spot where everything reminded her of one to think of whom was now her only consolation, and that whilst she had Nero she feared nothing. They needed not to tell their mournful tale—Susan already understood it but too clearly. She begged them to leave the Indian woman with her. You have no one, she said to lead and watch her as I can do; besides it is not right that I should lay such a burden on you. Although unwilling to impose on her the painful task of nursing her husband's murderer's, they could not but allow that she was right; and seeing how earnestly she desired it, at last consented to leave the Indian woman with her. For many long weeks Susan nursed her charge as tenderly as if she had been her sister. At first she lay almost motionless, and rarely spoke; then she grew delirious, and raved wildly. Susan fortunately could not understand what she said, but often turned shuddering away when the Indian woman would strive to rise from her bed, and move her arms as if drawing a bow; or yell wildly, and cower in terror beneath the clothes, reacting in her delirium the fearful scenes through which she had passed. By degrees reason returned; she gradually got better, but seemed restless and unhappy, and could not bear the sight of Nero. The first proof of returning reason she had shewn was to shriek in terror when she once accidentally followed his mistress into the room where she lay. One morning Susan missed her; she searched around the hut, but she was gone, without having taken farewell of her kind benefactor. A few days after Susan Cooper (no longer pretty Susan, for time and grief had done their work) heard late one night a hurried knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hour of the night. A few hurried words in Iroquois were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbarring the door. But on listening again, she distinctly heard the same voice say, Quick—quick! and recognized it as the Indian woman's whom she had nursed. The door was instantly opened, when the squaw rushed into the hut, seized Susan by the arm, and made signs for her to come away. She was too much excited to remember then the few words of English she had picked up when living with the white woman. Expressing her meaning by gestures with a clearness peculiar to the Indians, she dragged rather than led Susan from the hut. They had just reached the edge of the forest when the wild yell of the Indians sounded in their ears. Having gone with Susan a little way into the forest her guide left her. For nearly four hours she lay there half-dead with cold and terror, not daring to move from her place of concealment. She saw the flames of the dwelling where so many lonely hours had been passed rising above the trees, and heard the shrill "whoops" of the retiring Indians. Nero, who was lying by her side, suddenly rose and gave low growl. Silently a dark figure came gliding among the trees directly to the spot where she lay. She gave herself up for lost; but it was the Indian woman who came to her, and dropped at her feet a bag of money, the remains of her late husband's savings. The grateful creature knew where it was kept; and whilst the Indians were busy examining the rifles and other articles more interesting to them, had carried it off unobserved. Waving her arm around to show that all was now quiet, she pointed in the direction of Wilton's house, and was again lost among the trees.

Day was just breaking when Susan reached the squatter's cabin. Having heard the sad story, Wilton and two of his sons started immediately for the spot. Nothing was to be seen save a heap of ashes. The party had apparently consisted of only three or four Indians; but a powerful tribe being in the neighbourhood, they saw that it would be too hazardous to follow them. From this time Susan lived with the Wiltons. She was as a daughter to the old man, and a sister to his sons, who often said; That as far as they were concerned, the Indians had never done a kinder action than in burning down Susan Cooper's hut.