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Whole No. 502.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

RICHMOND HILL MILLS.

GEO. H. APPELBY DEGS to inform the Farmers in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill, that he has leased the above Mills, and has put them in thorough repair...

GRISTING AND CHOPPING, Done on the shortest notice. The highest market price paid for Wheat.

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Successor to James Holliday, 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.

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(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.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON

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

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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.

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

PHYSIOLOGY.

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THE OLD HOTEL, THORNHILL.

HENRY HERON, Proprietor. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars will be found at the bar. Comfortable accommodations for travellers. A careful Hostler always at attendance.

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JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER

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

Poetry.

BESIDE THE RIVER.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

Standing beside the dark river, Whose blue waves peacefully flow, Watching the shimmering sublimas Noislessly glide to and fro.

Brightly the waters are gleaming, Lightly they're dancing along, Wooing the low, bending branches Sweetly in gusts of song.

Softly I bend o'er the waters, To them my pale cheek I press; While as they tenderly murmur, Shyly they meet my caress.

Not for their light or their beauty, Nor for their glad melody, Pause I alone by the river, Marking its gay revelry.

But that each wave onward flowing Beneath, perchance, to thy feet Some flower I have flung on its bosom, Hoping thine eye it might meet.

And when the night's sable tresses With the pale twilight shall blend, May not some fairy voice softly Whisper the message I send.

And as some ripple come dancing Ever and ever more near, Will thou not hear in its breaking She left a kiss for you here?

Literature.

COUSIN BOB'S FIRST LOVE.

I was staying last winter with a relative who understands comfort. Until he married and settled in the country, a couple of years ago, he had been a college fellow, and profited by his opportunities to such an extent that he has laid down a railway on his dining room mantle piece, and furnished the apartment with several small but firm and solid tables, which are placed round the fire at dessert time; and his whim is, that his guests should sit in a semicircle about the hearth with a table for every pair, and that the decanters should travel by hand, like a gentleman in a sedan chair, and by easy stages, from one chimney-corner to the other, and then take the rail across the chord of the arc to their starting point. And it is a curious illustration of the saving of fatigue in modern travelling, that the rapid journey across has no apparent effect upon their constitutions, while the slower passage from table to table takes a great deal out of them. He has another fancy, arising probably from ten years' sequestration of masculine society, which is, that when the party is small and sociable, the ladies should not retire; and I regret to say that this innovation is not always so highly appreciated by either sex as it should be.

As a general rule, however, the experiment is a success, for he has an inexhaustible fond of animal spirits, and a talent for drawing people out of their shells. One evening, we were particularly cosy. There were eight of us, all relations or intimate friends. Let us put out the gas, and tell stories, said the youngest of the party.

Good, as to the stories; but why put out the gas?

Oh, because stories goes go better with firelight; besides, people tell things about themselves, more plainly the less clearly they are seen. At school, the girls would let out all sorts of secrets after we had gone to bed.

Lyddy is right. I will turn off the gas.—There! Now, who will do a bit of secular confession? Lyddy looked carefully round, and said: Cousin Bob.

Yes, of course; he has hardly spoken all the evening, and must have been meditating. Come Bob tell us what has occupied your thoughts.

I was reflecting upon the lolly of mankind, when values turkeys in proportion to their bigness, whereas a small turkey in proportion to their bigness, whereas a small turkey is infinitely nearer than a large one. I was also speculating upon whether a cassowary could digest mince-pie. I think not.

Come, come, Bob, though you are an old bachelor, an epicure, and a lawyer, you must have an interesting reminiscence for us. What romantic stories you must become acquainted with in the course of business, for example.

Well, I am not exactly in the habit of betraying the confidence of

my clients; but if you would like to hear an outline of the case of Dodds and Glover, I will make an exception in your favour. It is rather dry. You see Dodds is trustee for a burial-ground, and the vicar—

Oh, oh! No, no!

It is of no use, I fear; Bob has no romance in him.

Romance! I have done with that the last twenty years.

Then you were romantic once! cried Lyddy. (Sharp girl that.) Tell us.

Yes, at your age, Lyddy, I was an inhabitant of an ideal world, for I knew nothing of the real one. My parents lived in a most secluded manner; and as they had peculiar notions on the subject of education, they never sent me to school. My father had an idea that it ought to be the great joy of his life to watch my mind open, just as if it were an oyster!—By the by, you are right to serve them in the top shells.

Morton. I expect that you have not all read Spencer's Fairy Queen at least not quite through; and as for Anadis of Gaud, I will bet even that none of you have ever opened its pages. Those two books were my favorites; I knew great parts of them by heart. I wrote a little poetry myself, and some of it was thought rather pretty: my Field Mouse, and Stanzas to an Autumnal Fly, for example. Would you like to hear my Autumnal Fly?

—No! That is fortunate, for I fear that is obsolete. I was sent at last to a private tutor, who was to prize that mind of mine open a little wider, and show what was needful for matriculation at the university into the gap. Here at last, I might have had a chance of a glimpse at the True, one would have thought; but, unfortunately, my tutor was a poor, hardworking curate, in a thinly-populated district; a good man; who, when he was not coaching me or walking over the moors to outlying parishes, was entirely preoccupied with coal-tickets, tracts, sore legs, rheumatisms, twins, and such like. And I had no fellow pupil. So, if possible, I got rather worse than better, and commenced an epis in six books. Likewise, if you must have it, I fell in love.

Hurray! Pass the bottle before he begins. Empty, and take a black hander, Bob. Now, then.

It really was rather a romantic affair. I was walking out alone one day, in search of an appetite and an inspiration, when I came to a house and garden surrounded by a high wall, at the foot of a hill. The appetite I had little difficulty about in those happy days; but the inspiration hung fire, and the epic poem could rot for the life of it get over the third stanza of the first canto, where it had stuck for weeks. To soar above the world a bit, might help me, so I turned to the hill, and tried the Excelsior plan. When I had mounted a couple hundred feet of slippy grass, I was out of breath, throbbing at the temples, and damp; so I turned about, and sat down on a convenient sheep path, to see if the muse was inclined to strike up yet. The Muse still sulked; but I had a capital bird's-eye view of the garden beneath me, which was large, and laid out with thick and shady shrubberies, and in a walk which intersected one of these, I caught the glimpse of a female robe.

Now, a poet who catches sight of a petticoat while he is in the very depth of composition, is bound to become enamoured, unless, in deed, it is on a other line, or he is already in love with some one else—and I am not sure that he would always be safe even in those contingencies. I was clean bowled on the instant. However susceptible, a prosaic man would have waited till he saw whether she bask a hump or a wooden leg, or was nearest sixteen or sixty; but my instinct told me that she was young and lovely. In half a minute, she emerged into a clear space, and faith! my instinct was right. Though she was rather far off, I was long sighted and could tell that.

As when the sportsman, intent on shooting a rabbit in cover, watches the lurch-bush from which he expects the furred creature to appear next, so did I gaze on the gaps in the trees through which the sly-like form would presently glide, and then I watched her till she once more disappeared

beneath the leaves, and I had to look for an opening further on.

At length she happened to turn her eyes towards the hill, and so became a rare of presence. There was one point of sympathy between us established already; she too must be long sighted, for she could evidently distinguish that I was not a shepherd, at least in the practical sense of tending sheep—in the Arcadian meaning, I was a little—for she would not otherwise have taken so much notice of me; standing still and looking full at me; walking on, and stealing hurried sidelong glances; watching me from sheltered spots where she fancied I could not detect her.

After playing at bo-peep for about a quarter of an hour, the deep tones of a bell was heard, and she hurried off towards the house. As she took one last look in my direction, I rose up and laid my hand upon my heart; she waved her handkerchief in answer, and vanished. On the following day, I returned to the same spot at the same hour, and saw her again. I took off my hat, she waved her parasol; I kissed my hand, she kissed hers. The flirtation was as desperate as it well could be, considering the distance between us, and the insecure nature of my footing.

I continued to haunt that hill; sometimes, saw the divinity of the garden, and sometimes I did not but when I did, she was always alone, and we exhausted our ingenuity in exchanging sentiments by signs.

However timid and respectful a lover may be, he does desire after a time to approach nearer than a hundred yards to the object of his affections, and that was the closest I could get by stationing myself on the lowest spot which commanded a view over the wall. Besides, to enable a telegraph to work satisfactorily, the parties communicating by it should meet together first to explain what their signals mean. So my heart leaped with gladness when, on the fifth day of pantomimic performance, she unmistakably beckoned to me. I ran down the hill and was under the wall in a minute.

Are you there? asked the softest and sweetest voice (present company always excepted) that I ever heard.

Loveliest and fairest, I am.

Bang came something on the top of my hat. It was a large stone with the following note attached to it by a piece of string:

Mysterious unknown, are you another foe or a friend? A secret instinct inclines me to deem you the latter. Know you my pitiable story? Have you sought me out, and come to my rescue? Or have you been drawn by a mysterious magnetic power to the foot of these walls, ignorant of whom they contain? If the latter, inquire not of others, lest your question excite suspicion. There are spies everywhere. I myself will my tale unfold (Shakespeare) in fitting time and place. Speak not but adopt my method of communication.

The style was, to my then taste charming. The (Shakespeare) was rather eccentric perhaps; but did it not show a sweetly tender conscience, only too rare in these days of wholesale plagiarism?

I should have liked to have returned an answer in poetry, but there was not time for an impromptu. So I tore a leaf (there was plenty of blank ones) out of the note-book intended for my epic (which indeed eventually proved to be all blank verse), and wrote the following letter.

Fair and afflicted lady, you are right; I am indeed a friend; and I know not who you are. An almighty influence—need I name it?—has drawn me towards you.—I know nothing, I seek to know nothing, but I am your blind and devoted slave.

Pretty was it not? Well I tied that to the stone, and remembering my own accident, and that my charmer did not wear a tall, stiff hat, I uttered a warning-cri, and tossed the missive over the wall. Then I ran up the hill, to see how she liked it, and ascended high enough in time to observe the whole process of reading the note, which she did, holding it at arm's length, clutching it with both hands, lips parted. If she had studied under a pre-Raphaelite painter, she could not have done it better.

What I had said seemed to be

satisfactory to her, for when she had read it, she kissed the note twice, and thrust it into her bosom; looked up at the sky, clasped her hands and walked rapidly off towards the house, without attempting to communicate with me farther.

Immediately after that commencement of a correspondence, wet weather set in, and I did not see the mystery of my heart for a week; at the end of that time the sun reappeared, and on mounting guard on my hill, I perceived that she was once more in the garden. She appeared glad to see me, and motioned me down to the foot of the wall again, and when I was there, tossed me over another letter: I cannot fully trust you till I have scanned your features more closely. Swim the moat and scale the battlements, so shall we converse at ease.

To be Concluded in our next.

THE WIFE'S FOLLY.

Do you think you could be happy here, Fanny?

The young wife looked round the plainly, yet neatly furnished room, with its thrifty carpet of green ingrain, and its six curled maple chairs, and the gilded mirror between the windows, and the little black walnut clock on the mantle.

Edmund Rosser was evidently very proud of it, and expected Fanny to share his sentiments.

There was a cheerful fire burning in the little stove, and a bunch of late autumn flowers in a vase on the table.

Fanny sat down and untied her bonnet strings, with a sigh.

It is not like Mary Crooker's room, Edmund.

No, of course not. Crooker gets three times the salary I do. But don't you like it, Fanny?

Yes, I like it well enough.

Edmund felt discouraged and disheartened at the tone of his wife's voice. He had laid out his savings on the decorations of this simple room, and now Fanny was not pleased with it.

He was cashier in a mercantile house down town, at a rather limited salary; and Fanny ought to have known that Brussels carpets and velvet chairs were beyond his means. Fanny was unreasonable.

Well, he said, shortly, I must go now. I'll be back at six, if nothing happens to detain me down town.

And Mrs. Rosser was left alone in her new home. She looked contemptuously at the curled maple chairs, and felt of the muslin curtains, with a curve of her lip.

This will never do, she thought. I should be mortified to death to have Mary Crooker or Bell Weeks come here. I don't see why I can't have things as nice as they.

And when Edmund came in at night, she attacked him at once, on the obnoxious subject.

Edmund, she said, Mrs. Crooker and Mrs. Weeks are coming here to tea next week; they promised me they would.

Well, let 'em come!

But these miserable chairs! and the common muslin curtains! Con'dn't they be exchanged?

For what? Mahogany and haircloth and damask curtains. It would make the room look like another place.

But Mr. Rosser shook his head. Can't afford it, my dear! I have spent every cent which can be possibly be spared already; and as for running in debt, that I will not do.

Fanny pouted, tossed her head, and burst into tears.

What day are these exceedingly stylish friends of yours coming to tea? I questioned her husband.

on business for the firm, on Thursday.

Nor did Mr. Rosser, in his secret heart, regret his absence. Mr. Weeks and Mrs. Crooker were not particular friends of his, and he regretted the influence they seemed to have obtained over his young wife's mind.

When Edmund was once more gone, Fanny went down stairs, to confide her troubles to Miss Betsy Marsh, who kept a fashionable millinery on the first floor of the house in which was situated her suite of apartments.

Bless me, child! said Miss Betsy what a goose you are! Isn't your husband going to be absent on Thursday?

Yes, of course! But what of it? Well, then, why don't you hire a set of chairs, and damask curtains, for the evening? Old Solomon keeps 'em just for that, and nothing else. I know lots of ladies that always hire nice furniture when they expect special company.

Fanny's eyes sparkled. She had not thought of this expedient.

Would it cost much, Miss Betsy. Five or ten dollars, I suppose.

Fanny hesitated. Ten dollars was a good deal of money, but then the pleasure of displaying damask and haircloth to Mrs. Crooker and Bell Weeks! Her husband would not approve of this, she was quite certain, but he was to be absent, and probable would never be cognizant of her 'small extravagance.'

I'll go there and see about it at once, said she eagerly, writing down the name and number in her little memorandum book.

The eventful Thursday came, and with it a set of crimson damask curtains, with gaudy gilt cornices from old Solomon's, and six stiff-backed mahogany chairs not half so comfortable as the despised curied maple seats. But Fanny Rosser thought they were so aristocratic looking!

And now my room looks something like, said she looking exultantly round.

Mrs. Crooker and Mrs. Weeks arrived; the latter with her two unruly boys, whom Fanny had taken special care not to include in the invitation, and went into ecstasies over Mrs. Rosser's "elegant apartments."

Such rich curtains, said Mrs. Weeks. Tommy, keep your fingers out of the preserves; and real mahogany chairs, I do declare. Sim, if you don't stop tipping back at that arm— There it goes, now!

And there it did go—out of the legs cracking dismally away from the back with a splintering sound, while Master Simeon Weeks dropped on the floor with a piercing howl. Fanny stood dismayed, but politeness urged her to seem as little discomfited as possible.

Boys will be boys, said Mrs. Weeks, after she had cuffed Simeon and jerked his collar straight, and sent him to do penance on a foot-stool in a corner. And the evening passed away without further accident, until, just as the ladies were preparing to depart, Tommy's cap was discovered to be missing.

Where can it be? said Mrs. Weeks. Just give me the lamp a minute, Fanny, my dear. Perhaps it has got into a corner.

Take care, screamed Fanny; but she was too late. The flame of the carelessly held lamp chimney had shot up against the inflammable damask curtains, and they were in a light blaze.

Fortunately the fire was soon extinguished with the aid of Fanny's big Toilet piteher, but the curtains, alas, were burned! And when her guests were at last gone, she sat down, to shed some of the bitterest tears that ever bedewed her eyes! This then was the end of her evening of triumph.

Old Solomon shook his head as he viewed the carnage and destruction the next morning.

Te set of shairs ish ruined, he croaked. I shall have to sharge you for the whole six, forty-five tollars, Mrs Rosser; and to curtains, dey is forty, and sheep at at! Eighty-five tollars ma'am, an' I lets you off easy too. Moses Sheasobs would say 100!

Eighty-five dollars! Fanny's heart sank within her. Oh, what would Edmund say?

Edmund Rosser heard the whole story through without a word of comment, and then, as Fanny hid her burning, tear-stained face upon his shoulder, he spoke cheerfully.

Never shed so many tears about it, Fanny. I'll go round and settle with the old shark to-morrow morning, and we'll consider the \$5 dollars an investment in common sense—shall we?

But Edmund, I never want to see the chairs or curtains again.

My dear, the chairs and curtains aren't to blame. We will make the best we can of them, and keep up a bravo heart.

Oh, Edmund, sobbed the poor wife, you are so kind, and I—I have been so silly.

That was the last of Mrs Rosser's aspirations toward gentility. The lesson had been a bitter and an expressive one, but it had been thorough.

Sentimental Poetry.—The following beautiful stanza is copied from a young lady's album:

"Face made, when I hold ure face" & gaze in two ure azure size, my luv is warmed in two a blaze; & thaus within my buzom rise, two biz for my weck tongue to utter, which leaves my ha tawl in a flutter!