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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1868.

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DIING the front part of Lot No. 46, in the District of Vaughan, immediately opposite the residence of Mr. Duncanson, in the Village of Richmond Hill, as laid off in a Plan prepared by Mr. George McPhillips.

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Literature. IN THE FREEBOOTERS' DEN. A NIGHT OF TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

Continued from our last. From Chambers's Journal. I found myself in a small chamber about twenty feet square; the roof was low, not much over a tall man's head, and like the sides, was black with smoke and dirt.

The look of the creature was so intensely comic, and the tilt at the back of his head gave it a grotesque appearance, that, notwithstanding my ticklish position, I could not help laughing outright. In no way disconcerted, he began patting me in a most patronising manner.

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.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence—Lot 8, 6th concessions Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

spices used in their curries. The rest lay down on their mats, and watched the operations. I did the same for some time; but at length, worn out by the adventures of the night, and not relishing the dense smoke that rose from the cooking place, I curled myself up, and fell into a heavy sleep.

the thought gave me courage I had to creep in some half-dozen yards before I felt I was secure from observation; then rising, I proceeded on my hands and knees, till a turn in the passage blocked up the cave I had left. The passage was narrow—not more than four feet in width, and about six feet high, so that I could just stand upright in it.

To gain them, was my next thought; but how to do it, with that infernal dwarf in the way puzzled me. There was but one way open—it was his life or mine; and decision in such cases is easy. Picking up a piece of heavy wood, I crept up behind him, brought it down on his bald head; a bright red streak started out across it as I struck, and he rolled backwards without a sign or motion.

What cat is perpetually running?—A cat. You ought to lay up something for a rainy day, said an anxious father to his prodigal son. And so I have, replied the youth. What? "An umbrella!" An eccentric English nobleman once invited a friend to his park, and walked through it to get a foretaste of hell, and to try what it felt like.

ing the light forward, I found I was on the extremity of a cavern of vast proportions, limited towards the sides, but in front black undefined space. The floor was about three feet below me; so I stepped down, and poking up the lamp with a splinter of wood, I held it above my head, and looked around. It was a strange and awful sight, and one that few have ever looked upon before.

Where the front of the coffins had fallen away, the skeletons of their occupants could be dimly seen—some perfect, some beardless, all more or less mutilated. Out of one on the right, the whole side had fallen, and the trestles slightly giving way, the coffin had tilted forward, allowing the skeleton within to slip partially out, and the white skull still fixed to the trunk, grinned fearfully at me, as it lolled out of its resting-place.

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