

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in advance; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50 Each subsequent insertion... 0.33 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 0.75 Each subsequent insertion... 0.50 Above ten lines, first insertion, per line... 0.17 Each subsequent insertion, per line... 0.12

All advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for when inserted for insertion.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSPIER'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 a 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 now that must be met. Mr. Wm Jenkins is authorised to collect, and give receipts for him. Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 10 a.m. to 12 M. All consultations in the office, Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865.

Law Cards.

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

OFFICE—over the Gas Company office Toronto Street, Toronto. Toronto, August 1, 1867.

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

READ AND 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.

AGREEMENTS, 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 Loan. 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.

S. M. SANDERSON & Co. Are Manufacturing all the New-styles of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots & Shoes At their New Store—No. 90 Yonge-st. Toronto

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office Richmond Hill.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 4, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville. Sales attended on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Orders left at the "Herald" office for M. Carter's services will be promptly attended to June 27, 1867.

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. 52.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1868.

Whole No. 515.

EDGAR & GRAHAME, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCERS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c. Parliamentary Legal Business attended to. OFFICES—Court Street, Corner of Church Street, Toronto. J. D. EDGAR, RICHARD GRAHAME. Toronto, February 5, 1868. 499.

S. M. SANDERSON & Co. ARE OFFERING GREAT BARGAINS In Men's and Boy's Calf, Kip and Cowhide Boots, At No 90 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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, at the highest market price paid for Richmond Hill, Nov. 14, 1867.

MALLOY'S AXES FOR SALE BY DANIEL HORNER, Jun., Lot 2d, 2nd concession Markham

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE. BEING the front part of Lot No. 46, in the 1st concession of Vaughan, immediately opposite the residence of Dr. Duncumb, in the Village of Richmond Hill, as laid off in a Plan prepared by Mr. George McPhillips. This is a desirable opportunity to secure an eligible business stand at a moderate price. A credit of five years will be given. For Plan and other particulars enquire of the subscriber J. R. ARNOED, Richmond Hill, July 3, 1867.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham in the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of SLAVES 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. 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, Liqueurs and Cigars will be found at the bar. Comfortable accommodations for travellers. A careful Hostler always attendance. Thornhill, July 4, 1857. 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 Liqueurs, &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 it 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. Planned 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, 2d mile east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-1y

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 4, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville. Sales attended on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Orders left at the "Herald" office for M. Carter's services will be promptly attended to June 27, 1867.

Poetry.

THE DEMON.

At the dead of night when others sleep, Near hell I took my station; And from that dungeon dark and deep, O'erheard this conversation.

"Hail, Prince of Darkness! ever hail! Adored by each infernal! I come among your gang to wait, And taste of death eternal."

"Where are you from," the fiend demands; "What makes you look so frantic? Are you from Carolina's strand, Just west of the Atlantic?"

Are you that man of blood and birth, Devoid of human feeling— The wretch I saw when last on earth In human cattle deasting?

Whose soul with blood and rapine stain'd With deeds of crime to dark it, Who drove God's image starr'd and chain'd To sell like beasts of market?

Who tore the infant from the breast That you might sell his mother; Whose craving mind could never rest Till you had sold a brother?

Who gave the sacrament to those Who chains and handcuffs rattle, Whose back soon after felt thy blows, More heavy than thy cattle?"

"I'm from the South the ghost replied, And I was there a teacher; Saw men in chains, with laughing eye— I was a southern preacher.

In tasseled pulpit gay and fine, I strove to please the tyrant, To prove that slavery is divine, And had the scripture warrants.

And when I saw the horrid sight Of slaves by torture dying, And told their master all was right, I knew that I was lying.

I knew the time would soon roll round When Hell would be their portion, When they in turn in fetters bound Would plough the fiery ocean;

That murdered ghosts should haunt them There hearts in pieces sever, [There, Their conscience stung, their vitals tear, And curse their souls forever.

I knew all this, and who can doubt I felt a sad misgiving; But still I knew if I spoke out That I should lose my living.

They made me fat, they paid me well To preach down abolition. I slept, I died, I woke in hell, How altered my condition."

The fiend heard this, and with a yell That made his chains to rattle, Resounding through the vaults of Hell Like to the raging battle.

"Rejoice! my friends in chains he cried, A moment cease your wailing, And toss your fetter'd arms on high, 'Our kingdom is prevailing!"

Peal'd jingled to peal, and yell to yell, Throughout those dismal regions, In notes which none could raise of swell But the infernal legions.

Literature.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

Concluded from our last.

Now, as there was little chance of knowing what was passing in my adversary's mind at this time from other people, it became imperative that I should divine for myself. I therefore took measures for studying his countenance daily, which he could neither be aware of nor suspect. Every day at a certain hour, I used to post myself at the window of a small cafe situated on Monsieur Darrouc's line of march to and from the Bourse. By cautious y raising a little corner of the window-blind I was able to examine the expression of his face for two or three seconds and in this way I learned all I wanted.

As the effect of the first fright passed away, the physiognomy of the man in the cloak gradually recovered its wonted calm. I saw that he had succeeded in quieting his fears, and was by degrees freeing himself from the apprehension that suspicion might attach to him. This grew more plainly apparent each day, till at last, I was sure that my adversary's mind was quite easy again.

Now was my time to make my first coup. Chardon had returned to Morville after his acquittal; and, as I had learned, hid by dint of hard work, managed to shake off the morbid depression which the loss of his young wife and his own suffering had produced. One morning he received a letter from me requesting his immediate presence in Paris. That evening, he was closeted with me in my bureau.

In reply to his questions, I told him that I was, I felt assured, on the track of the actual assassin of his wife; but that his aid was indispensable to my plan for bring-

ing the criminal withing the grasp of the law, and that I had sent to him to ask for it. He agreed eagerly to do all that I might require of him. There might be, I informed him, some danger, possibly; some discomfort certainly; and what he would shrink from more than either a cruel necessity for re opening wounds just closed. But all would soon be over; the right man brought to justice; his own name cleared from even a shadow of suspicion; his murdered wife avenged.

Once more he assured me that, for this, he would shrink from nothing. What was he to do? Mercy this, I said: to engage and occupy that night, and every night for the next week, the apartment Numero Ten, at the Hotel Garai, in the Quartier Latin, which he and his wife had occupied on the night the murder was committed; to walk every morning by a certain route to the Bourse; pass four or five hours there in a little harmless speculation, and return about five in the afternoon, by the same way as he went, in company with a person whom I would send to him. He promised exact compliance with my instructions, and kept his word.

That night, he found himself once more in that fatal room of the little Hotel Garai. Not without an almost invincible repugnance, he made his preparations for passing the night there. To sleep, he felt would be impossible; and flinging himself into a *fauteuil*, he waited a pray to see thoughts of his lost wife till morning came. With it arrived his trusty subaltern, who was to accompany him to the Bourse. The two walked there presently along the Quais together, and returned by the same route in the afternoon at the time I had fixed.

I read on the disturbed countenance of Monsieur Darrouc that day that the assassin of Madame Chardon had recognised, and suspected the errand of the husband of his victim. I was quite prepared for this; but it was highly satisfactory to know that all I had anticipated was coming to pass.

Three or four days passed. Chardon continued to carry out my directions to the letter; attended the Bourse each morning; passed each night in that hateful chamber overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg. Nothing had happened. But my adversary's face told me something would happen before long. On the fifth night, as they lounged homewards rather latter than usual, Chardon remarked to his companion, my *fidus Achates*, that for the last two nights he was certain that some one had been dodging them—was creeping stealthily after them. The other smiled, turned sharply down a cross street and halted.

A man, shrouded in an ample cloak, and with his head pulled over his eyes, passed swiftly by. I thought so, my agent said. C'est lui!

Who? The man we want; the assassin of your wife. Stay! he added, laying his hand quietly but firmly on Chardon's arm as the latter sprang forward with a fierce exclamation—Stay! The game is in safer hands than yours. Monsieur. We are playing it for you. It is not time yet. But *soyez tranquille!* you have not long to wait. He will try it to-night or to-morrow night at latest. Listen! You will retire to rest as usual, extinguish your light as usual, leave your key in the lock as usual, put a pistol under your head if you choose, and leave the rest to us. We have him at last.

Chardon, brave as he was shattered. He understood. The murderer of his wife, whom he knew not, knew him; suspected his errand in Paris, and was ready to commit another crime, to secure himself from the consequences of the first. He understood now what my little plan was.

Fortunately for its success, his courage and his resolution never failed him. At his wonted hour he ascended to his apartment, leaving the key in the lock outside as usual, and placing before he extinguished his light, the Algerian poniard with which Madame Chardon had been stabbed exactly in the same place where it had been on the night of the murder. He had noticed, on taking his candle, that another candlestick, with a

key marked No. 2, lying in it, had been prepared for some occupant of the room next to his own. He could easily guess who that occupant was likely to be.

The two apartments, No. 1 and No. 2, were reached by a short, dark corridor, and divided only by a thin partition. Opposite No. 2 was a wood-closet, built into the wall, and, as Chardon had nightly assured himself, securely locked.

Lying motionless in his bed, his hand clutching the pistol he waited listening for the footsteps that he knew would come. Presently, he could hear them—up the stairs, along the dark corridor, past the door of his room; and then the door of No. 2 was opened and closed, and Chardon could hear the muffled tread of some one pacing cautiously to and fro—that ceased, and then all was quiet—so quiet, that as he lay there prepared for the death-grapple with his assassin, he could hear the beating of his own heart. Would it be to night? Anything was better than this horrible suspense.

What was that! The door of No. 2 creaked as it was gently opened again; then a stealthy tread in the corridor—and then the key of No. 1 turned softly in the lock, and Chardon knew that the murderer of his wife—the man who meant to have his life too—was standing on the threshold.

Breathing regularly, as one in a deep sleep, the watcher drew the hand which grasped the pistol noiselessly from under the pillow. But the stealthy tread came no nearer; either the assassin's courage failed him, or he had merely wished to assure himself of the presence of his intended victim.

It will not be till to-morrow, now; Chardon, thought, as he heard the door of the next room shut the next moment; and he guessed rightly. Nothing further occurred to disturb him; but he tossed feverishly and unable to sleep, and haunted with horrible waking dreams.

Morning came. The day passed as usual. Again Chardon heard as he walked this time alone along the deserted Quais back from the Bourse, the same dogging footsteps behind him.

When he took his candle and key of the occupant of No. 2 were on the vestibule table, as they had been the previous night.

He will try it now, he said to himself, as pistol in hand he lay down once more upon his bed.

No. 2 passed along the corridor to his room about midnight, and after that no sound but the careless chant of some roistering student far away in the street below broke the dead silence. All was so still, that, worn out by watching and anxiety, Chardon began to experience, despite the moral peril he was in, an irresistible inclination to sleep.

His head lay like lead upon his pillow. Involuntary, his heavy eyes closed, opened once or twice, as he woke himself with a sudden start, closed again, and finally—a sleep like the sleep of death had fallen upon him.

He never heard the door of the next room open, nor the assassin's step without, nor saw who entered his own chamber—a man whose face was livid and horribly distorted, who held a taper in his left hand, and in his right a long bright stiletto.

Shielding the light from the sleepers fast closed eyes, this man crept towards the bed. On the commode at the foot lay the Algerian dagger. The murderer lay down the weapon he grasped, and clutched this, while a ghastly smile twisted his white lips. So be it he muttered; both with the same.

A stride brought him to the bedside of his unconscious victim. He paused a moment, and then raising his right hand high, prepared to deal one sure deadly blow. The steel gleamed in the faint light as it descended; the blow fell; but it never got home. A grasp of iron was on the murderer's wrist, another seized his throat, and disarmed and helpless, he was flung arduely on the floor. My *fidus Achates* had him securely bound in a twinkling. At the noise, Chardon awoke.

You may sleep on both ears for the future, I said to him; our friend here is not likely to bother you any more. *Peste! cher Monsieur Dur-*

rouc, you have given me some little trouble, do you know? I have spent the last two nights in that wood closet out-side, solely on your account. But no matter. I am content to know that my little theory has proved correct, and that the mystery of the *affaire Chardon* is satisfactorily solved at last.

And that, said Monsieur Gerbaut in conclusion—that was my duel in the dark. I hope I may flatter myself it has kept you awake for the last half-hour. You will sleep all the sounder presently, for here we are at Lyon, where I descend. Adieu, *tres-cher!* *Bon voyage.*

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Anxiety is always by the human life.—Blair.

Take things always by the smooth handle.—Jefferson.

The guilt of eulogising or apologising for wicked actions is second only to that of committing them.—Southey.

A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, one place his virtues in the fairest light.—Lillo.

To read Shakspeare's works even superficially is entertainment; to linger over them lovingly and admiringly is enjoyment; to study them profoundly is wisdom, moral and intellectual.—Cowden Clarke.

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice, and never ceases nibbling.—Lavater.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness when bequeathed by those who when alive would part with nothing.—Colton.

It always grieves me to contemplate the imitation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It excites their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities heaven gave them, and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments.—Dickens.

It is unjust and absurd of persons advancing in years, to expect of the young that confidence should come all and only on their side. The human heart, at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return.—Miss Edgeworth.

Science is Justice's best minister; it threatens, promises, rewards and punishes, and keeps it under its control. The busy mind attends to its remonstrances, the most powerful submit to its reproof and the angry endure its unbraiding. While science is our friend, all is peace; but it once offends, farewell the tranquil mind.—Hon. Mrs. Montague.

THE USES OF WALKING.—Walking for young and active persons is by far the best exercise; riding is good for the elderly, middle-aged and invalids. The abuse of these exercises consist in taking them when the system is exhausted, more or less, by previous fasting, or by mental labours. Some persons in judiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, under the belief that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both instances is the same; it subtracts from the power of exertion in the after part of the day. A short sunner, or some light reading before this meal is the best indulgence of the kind; otherwise, the waste occasioned by labour, must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort sacrificed by a weight at the chest for the imperfect digestion of food. These observations apply to elderly persons, who are prone to flatter themselves in to the persuasion that they can use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth.

It is rather a humiliating fact that all the mechanical power exerted by a man during his life is more than covered by the power stored up in one poor cart-load of coal.

A woman's heart, like the moon, should have but one man in it.

When does a candle resemble a tomb stone? When it is set up for a late husband.

Household words—Domestic quarrels.

HOPE IS NEVER LOST.—In one of our suburban villages lived an old maid over seventy years old, who never gave up the idea but she should get an offer before she died. She applied last year for admission to the Old Ladies' Home, and was received, after paying the usual fee, and what little money she had, over into the matron's hands for safe keeping. One morning she called the matron, and told her that there was one thing that troubled her mind very much, and she would like her assistance.—With the greatest pleasure. Pray what is it?—"Well, it is this; if I should have an offer of marriage, and accept it, could I get my money back when I leave?"—"By all means, madam!"—"Oh, then I am perfectly contented."

INDIANS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—It must seem strange that the Indians so seldom molest the telegraph-wires, which bear our messages across the plains to the rocky mountains, and thence to the Pacific ocean. This is another case of medicine. Shortly after the wires were erected the attaches of the Telegraph Company invited a number of Indian chiefs to meet at a certain point, and from thence to travel, one party east and another west. When they were separated by nearly a hundred miles they were permitted to dictate messages, which were flashed from one party to the other. Two days subsequently the chiefs met and compared notes. Naturally they were greatly astonished, and expressed themselves as convinced that it was the Great Spirit's talk which the wires did. As all events it was decided that it would be well to avoid meddling with the telegraph wires. As if to strengthen this opinion an affair occurred soon after which made it evident that there was a potent something connected with the iron string. A young Sioux Indian determined to show that he had no faith in the Great Spirit's connection with the wires, so he set to work with his hatchet to cut down one of the telegraph poles. A severe thunder-storm was going on at a distance; a charge of electricity being taken up by the wires was passed to the pole which the Indian was cutting, which resulted in the instant death of the Indian. For a long time thereafter the telegraph line was not molested.

IT IS NOT MINE.—It often happens that the very people most particular respecting their own things, are most wanton in their disregard of the property of others. Habits of neatness and economy are assuredly commendable, but they become mean when applied only to one's individual use and when the reflection "it is not mine" is looked upon as a release from care. This thought, on the contrary, should render the most trifling important in our eyes. A truly benevolent heart and thinking mind dictate a desire to protect the rights, reputation and property even of a stranger. We like the man who goes back in the night toiling aside a stone or a hoop, against which he has hurt his foot, so that at the next passer by, whoever he may be, may be spared the same evil. It is a trifle, but springs from a good principle, and carried out into the great ramifications of society, may produce happiness incalculable.

PUNISHING CASE.—A girl named Elizabeth Adams Lamont, was arrested by Detective Newhall yesterday morning, on the charge of attempting to poison another woman named Jane Hildon. It appears that on Sunday afternoon the prisoner, a woman engaged as a cook in a house on Queen st., sent Mrs. Hildon a apple pie, which, the latter having tasted it, produced such a nausea as to lead her to quit eating it. In the evening she became unwell, and sent for medical aid, when the doctor ascertained that she was suffering from the effects of poison. The pie, which was examined, was found to contain a large quantity of sulphuric acid, and as the facts pointed pretty clearly to the girl Lamont, she was arrested. When taken in charge she was observed putting something into her mouth, but was forced to give it up. It was discovered to be some of the same kind of poison as that found in the pie, and leaves little doubt but that she was guilty of the attempt to murder Mrs. Hildon. She states that a similar attempt was made on her life some months ago by the same girl, by putting some poison in a cup of tea. This was unsuccessful, but did not appear to have deterred her from a second attempt. Mrs. Hildon is a married woman, and has lived for some time on Centre street.—Globe.

CURIOUS THE D.A.P.—The *Journal de Rouen* says:—A curious incident occurred during the revision of the National Guard Mobilis at Peronne. One young man who presented himself appeared to be quite deaf. The surgeon carefully examined him, using all tests employed in such cases, but the other remained mute. He was about to be transferred to the invalid list, when the surgeon, as a final attempt, said in a low tone of voice, your deafness excites you from a wrong; however you will have to appear here again on the next month, in order to go through the requisite formalities. At what hour sir? said the young man, in great delight; joy had in fact, worked a miracle. You are of good service, and need not disturb yourself, was the reply.

FEMALE PHILOSOPHY. A rogue and fool, with different views, For Julia's favor apply; For rogues to mend his fortune seeks, The fool to please his eyes.

As't you how Julia will behave? Daped out, for a rogue, If sa's a fool sh'ld mend the knave, And if a snave the fool!

Haters do in on how work, but rarely have the brain for it.