

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails...

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.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1868.

Whole No. 519.

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR. LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK.

JOHN CARTER. LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK, PEEL AND ONTARIO.

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL, LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel...

THE OLD HOTEL, THORNHILL. HENRY HERON, Proprietor.

S. M. SANDERSON & Co. ARE OFFERING GREAT BARGAINS.

Calif. Kid and Cowhide Boots, At No. 90 Yonge Street, Toronto.

PHYSIOLOGY. Ladies and Gentlemen, who require a true chart of the foot...

S. M. SANDERSON & Co. Are Manufacturing all the Newest Styles of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots & Shoes.

NOTICE TO FARMERS. RICHMOND HILL MILLS.

GEO. H. APPELBY. BEGS to inform the Farmers in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill...

GRISTING AND CHOPPING. Done on the shortest notice.

MALLOY'S AXES. FOR SALE BY DANIEL HORNER, Junr.

LUMBERING ABRAHAM EYER. BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER.

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved.

GEO. B. NICOL. BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

MONEY TO LEND. July, 6th, 1866.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law.

H. D. BENNETT, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK.

RESIDENCE Lot No. 14, 2nd Con. Vaughan, Post Office Address Carville.

J. R. ARNOLD. Richmond Hill, July 3, 1867.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE. BEING the front part of Lot No. 46, in the concession of Vaughan...

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon Maker, UNDERTAKER, &c.

RESIDENCE Lot No. 14, 2nd Con. Vaughan, Post Office Address Carville.

Poetry.

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church, peeping in, No troublesome beadle is near him; The preacher is talking of sinners and sin...

Literature.

MIRA BENSON, THE LITTLE MUSIC MISTRESS.

CHAPTER I. It was on a clear April day, bright with the morning sun, blue sky, and white fleecy clouds, that Mira Benson...

I'm going, replied Mira, taking up her folio. Good bye! she said, standing with the door in her hand.

At the moment she closed the door, one on the upper floor closed also, and footsteps were heard descending the stairs.

Good morning, Miss Benson, exclaimed a voice. Oh, good morning, Mr. Slack, said Mira, with a little blush of pleasure; you are very punctual.

Yes, said Ellen, and not say anything to My about it. What a surprise it would be when she saw him walk in!

Through Mr. Orme was a member of the legal profession, the law was not his only occupation. He was occasionally seen at Tattersall's and the Stock Exchange...

On one subject only did people agree, and that was, that Mr. Orme was a very rich but most mysterious fellow, and that altogether they could not make him out.

This was a curious occupation for a gentleman of Mr. Orme's position, and Slack thought so; but he was the more struck when, on coughing, to make known his presence, he saw Mr. Orme start, and on his turning round to discover that he was as pale as ashes.

Take them, said Mr. Orme, seating himself, and at the same time sliding the documents he had been examining between the leaves of his blotter.

Nothing can be more unjustifiable than for a clerk to be prying into his employer's secrets; but, nevertheless, such things are done. Slack was curious, and he did not rest till he had secured an opportunity of examining the blotting-book on Mr. Orme's table.

One morning, very shortly after Slack had seated himself at his desk, Mr. Orme came out and spoke to him.

There was a good deal of talk and speculation as to who and what she was, but no one appeared to have any good foundation for their surmises.

Mrs. Benson had been on the look out for several days to catch Mr. Slack, but she had always failed. So, at last, it was agreed between her and Ellen that, if the latter got an opportunity, she was to give the invitation.

Well, never mind, said Slack; the shower's nearly over. Come under my umbrella, and let's get home.

Nothing was said to Mira; but she was a sharp girl, and saw that some little surprise was on foot. She, however, said nothing, for she knew that her mamma delighted in small mysteries; and that nothing put her out so much as for them to be discovered before the proper time.

Mr. Slack had no opportunity of seeing her on the following morning, for it was Sunday, and the little meeting on the stairs did not on that day take place.

It so happened that both he and Mira were mutually in a state of agitation; he at the prospect of making the acquaintance of Miss Benson's mamma, and she as to what was the nature of the surprise.

Slack was considerably taken aback by this discovery; but he shook hands with Mira, who was blushing with pleasure, and with Ellen who was looking very saucy.

Mr. Orme is a very nice man, went on Mrs. Benson; a very kind hearted creature. Situated as I have been—left a widow very young, with two small children—without his aid I do not know what I should have done.

Mrs. Benson had been on the look out for several days to catch Mr. Slack, but she had always failed. So, at last, it was agreed between her and Ellen that, if the latter got an opportunity, she was to give the invitation.

Now, Mr. Slack, expostulated Ellen, who was only fifteen, and lisped slightly, don't. I'm not pretty, and I'm not a market woman.

Oh, dear, no, replied Mira. We had a letter from him only a few days since. Very strange, said Slack. I'm sure I've not made a mistake, for I paid a proctor's account for proving his will, and passed the accounts at Somerset House.

Well, said Mrs. Benson, you shall see. And, rising, she went into the next room and brought the letter. There, she said, there are no secrets in it—read it.

Slack did read it; and as he did so, his eyes distended, and his heart leaped almost into his mouth for it was identical, as far as that went, with the portion of the letter which he had found between the sheets of Mr. Orme's blotter.

Slack passed a very pleasant evening, that is, as pleasant as a man can pass whose mind is full of the idea that he is on the point of making a great and important discovery.

Books.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than a gorgeous array of furniture beyond the wants of the inmates. Both, if you can, but books at any rate. Think of the mental torture you must undergo to spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, sitting down on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

DEATH.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless, and are all-powerful, and the faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, the earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss.

THE RUINS OF HUMANITY.—Of all the ruins on which the eye of man can gaze, or on which the memory can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity—and what are they? Not the deep furrow which time ploughs on the cheeks or the whiteness with which years cover the head—not the curved spine which bows the face to the earth as if looking for a grave to rest in; for the wrinkled cheek and the stooping frame are the appropriate accompaniments of age, and as beautiful in the system of life as with its leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of seasons; but the ruins of humanity are in the ruins which time has not made, a frantic trembling with anxiety, shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair—when all the beauty of youth is gone, and the beauty age has not supplied its place; it is as melancholy as snow in harvest.

GREAT EATERS.—Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating; but, as soon as they have eaten, they endure torments so distressing in their nature as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines moderately to eat, when eating time comes, and which when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health; when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increase, until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history.

But, if I remember rightly, he died some three years since, just before I entered Orme's office. Oh, dear, no, replied Mira. We