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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, JULY 24, 1868.

Whole No. 523.

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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage...

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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.

GRISING AND CHOPPING. The biggest market price paid for Wheat.

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Poetry.

I'M A MAN OF MIDDLE AGE.

My youth has glided from me, My hair is turning grey;

Once sparkling eyes could charm me, Soft music thrill my soul;

Proud hopes and gorgeous visions Were mine in years gone by;

But griefs and sorrows many Fill the record of past years,

There, too, are days of sunshine, Glad scenes of joy and mirth,

Comes then the solemn question, Since my youth's passion'd prime,

Young minds spring up about me, Small hands are clasped in mine,

First mingled with my strain, Grave thought and sudden feeling

Literature.

PRECIPITATION.

I am not old. Those wrinkles which cut deeply into my brow

It is with a heart inwardly cursing its own rashness, that I gaze

I had received a liberal education, and had been admitted as a junior clerk into a house in the city.

I had been often importuned to go over to India, and a successful career was temptingly sketched out to me;

I was at the church again for the afternoon service which seemed much shorter than the morning's;

I had a trying time of wooing, for Lizzie Franklin, though a vicar's daughter, had a most determined little will of her own;

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tire of a business nature. Neither had I formed any companionship with my fellow-clerks, and it was to this latter circumstance that I ever ascribed much of my success in life.

Strange that, during all this time I never felt the loneliness of having no bosom friend; but if ever mortal was perfectly satisfied with his lot and condition, I was Charles Dormer.

A quiet beauty reigned around the place. On one side of the hill was a long strip of wood, in which holly bushes twinkled a welcome

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name, and the name of the village which held her, might have been traced; and each succeeding Saturday saw me at the livery-stables, enjoined by the ostler, as he received my half crown, to let the mare take a little more easy.

Each time I faced my horse for Liston I was determined to break the barrier; and each time I turned away it was only to console myself that the truth should be told on my next visit.

My horse was urged forward, and left at the inn, whilst I hastened to meet her who held my happiness at her disposal.

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with deep sorrow she would turn, and point the parlor window, where stood the aged pastor, her adored father.

For the village maiden, in the sweet confidence of love, had wept bitter tears as she told her father's woes; and Charles Dormer knew that the pastor wept not her loss alone.

In the village our engagement formed a theme of constant gossip, and many a wish there was that he would prove worthy of Parson Franklin's daughter;

The villagers, as they noticed the father and daughter, now never apart, gathered that the great separation was soon to take place,

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horrible dread of being alone possessed me. These furrows on my brow were then first imprinted in deep lines of misery;

In the intensity of my sufferings, reason fled as far as regarded the cause of them. I so far annihilated thought that not for one moment did I allow other thoughts of her to steal over me than that of her heartless infidelity to me.

Again the head passed by me, and soon I received the summons into the private room, and the keen searching glance caused my agony to be redoubled.

With the keen glance he bowed me out; but even his warning words produced no reflection, for which there was no room in heart, soul or mind of all which were crowded with that frightful picture.

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