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Poetry.

POEM ASCRIBED TO MILTON.

Mr. Henry Morley, of University College, London, writing to the Times, says:—As the discovery of an unpublished poem by Milton is matter of interest to all readers, and the authenticity of such a poem cannot be too strictly and generally tested, I shall be obliged if you will give publicity to the fact that such a poem has been found.

AN EPITAPH. He whom Heaven did call away Out of this Hermitage of clay Has left some relics in this Urn As a pledge of his return.

Meanwhile the Muses do deplore The loss of this their paramour, With whom he sported ere the day Budded forth its tender ray.

And now Apollo leaves his lays And puts on cypress for his bays; The sacred sisters tune their quills Only to the blubbering rills.

And while his doom they think upon Make their own tears their Helicon; Leaving the two-topt Mount divine To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not, reader, me lest blest, Sleeping in this narrow chest, Than if my ashes did lie hid Under some stately pyramid.

If a rich tomb makes happy, then That Bee was happier far than men, Who, busy in the thymy wood, Was fettered by the golden flood

Which from the Amber-weeping tree Distill'd down so plentifully; For so this little wanton elf Most gloriously enraptured himself.

A tomb whose beauty might compare With Cleopatra's sepulchre. In this little bed my dust Incarcerated round I here intrust; While my pure and nobler part Lies entomb'd in every heart.

Then pass on gently, ye that mourn, Touch not this mine hallowed Urn; These ashes which do here remain A vital texture still retain;

A seminal form within the deeps Of this little chaos sleeps; The thread of life untwisted is Into its first existencies; Infant nature cradled here In its principles appear;

This plant though entered into dust In its ashes rest it must; Until sweet Psyche shall inspire A softening and attic fire, And in her fostering arms enfold This heavy and this earthly mould.

Then as I am I'll be no more But bloom and blossom as before When this cold numbness shall retreat By a more than chymic heat. J. M., Ober., 1847.

Literature.

THE MAN-CAT: A LEGEND OF YORK.

Continued. On the staircase where my lather stood was another small window, which commanded a view of the back court, by which it was evident the man was escaping.

My father threw it open, and gazed out. Running along the side of the courtyard, which was used as a receptacle of stable refuse, was a high brick wall, not more at the most than a foot wide. Upon this the man leaped from the window-sill below with a fearless bound, and alighting upon his hands and feet, crawled swiftly along the narrow surface, the knife still in his grasp.

Arrived at the end of this wall he gave another agile bound, this time upwards, and catching at a projecting spout, crawled into a deep gutter, by which he gained a distant roof, over which he disappeared.

At first my father believed himself to be dreaming. The whole thing seemed more like a vision than reality, for as the figure had moved along the wall it seemed to my father's fancy more like a huge cat in its strange mode of progression than a human being.

Returning to the garret, he found Flamingo on his knees, shivering with cold and fear, and praying audibly. 'It's a ghost! I know it's a ghost!' cried the poor fellow, when my lather had described what he had seen. I've read of such things often but never thought to have seen one as now.

Some dreadful crime has been committed, said my father, in a voice which he vainly endeavoured to render firm. Did you not see blood upon the knife?

I saw nothing but those terrible eyes, replied Flamingo. Such eyes as those never glittered in a living man's head! It's a ghost we have seen—a ghost that will be our ruin, Andrew!

Shall we alarm the house? No, no, let us remain quiet till morning. For my part, I only want the opportunity to get out of the city as soon as possible. Who'd believe our story? They would only laugh at us—or, who knows but we might bring suspicion upon ourselves!

So the two youths, for they were but little more, crept back into bed waiting for the morning. When morning came, the first thing my father's eyes rested upon was the old-fashioned watch on the mantelpiece.

It was determined that, at the earliest opportunity, this bit of what Flamingo still continued to consider a ghostly property should be lodged in the hands of a magistrate. The manner of such lodgment they could not determine; and daylight found them even more nervous and undecided.

When they descended to the general room, where Mr. Octavius Maw was already busy consulting with the other members of his little troop as to the day's movements, they were glad to sit down to the repast which Mrs. McCubbin and her niece had placed upon the table.

My lather and Mr. Flamingo were just placing the first morsel in their respective mouths, when the door of the Blue Boar was pushed roughly open, and some half dozen noisy and swaggering men came trooping in.

Close up the door Joe, said a short powerful built man, with a cast in one eye, a scar on the left cheek, and nose like a vulture's beak. Close the door, and till I've had a good look at 'em, don't let one of 'em this here company leave the room.

There was no doubt who he was. His top-boots, red-flapped waistcoat, and ostentatiously displayed staff showed him to be one of the then newly appointed bodies of detective police, who attained such a world wide celebrity as Bow-street runners.

There's been more sticking and stabbing in this 'ere respectable city o' York; and, as I hear you've a lot o' strangers in your house, Mrs. McCubbin, I shall just trouble 'em to oblige me with their names, business here, and gen'ral occupation.

At the first apparition of the officer and his myrmidons, Flamingo had started white with terror, from his chair, and as the Bow street officer ceased, was seized with the idiotic idea to take the stranger's watch from his pocket, and endeavour to slide it into his boot.

The action, clumsily performed, caught the quick eye of the vulture-nosed officer.

Hullo! What are you slipping down there, Master Threadpaper! Lay hold of young Skelligalee one of you, and see what he's been faking into his boot.

The command was promptly obeyed, and the old-fashioned watch was dragged forth and held up to the gaze of the horrified company.

The gentleman from Bow-street gave a prolonged whistle. Hand that here Jerry! Why, if that isn't the very watch I saw yesterday on one of the magistrate's desks at the assize-court.

It's Alderman Grayvat' watch, said the man called Jerry. He's just been elected church-warden of Holy Trinity here, in Micklegate, as charitable and good a gentleman as ever held a plate at church door, or slept through a sermon.

Yes, that watch belongs to Mr. Ebenezer Grayvat, said another of the bystands. He always times it by the almshouse clock—the clock of them almshouses as he's just had erected.

Then, said the Bow street officer emphatically, these strolling rascals has stolen it, and this with ominous significance—are guilty of who knows what besides. Joe, shove on the bracelets, and bring the whole beggarly pack along with you.

My father, when he saw the handcuffs upon poor Flamingo's bony wrists, obeyed the first instinct of self-preservation, and dropping down behind a large oak-bench, crawled into a corner of the room which was near the cellar door, and in a deep shadow.

He was crouching down, when a hand grasped his, and a soft voice whispered in his ear. He knew it to be Nelly's Gomm's, and guided by her he crept down the cellar steps, and she closed the door behind him.

Hidden down among the casks, my father heard his comrades, hurried away, weeping and protesting, and then Mrs. McCubbin's voice, at its highest pitch, lamenting that thieves and murderers should ever have had house room at the Blue Boar.

You can imagine what his reflections must have been as he crouched squeezed in between two hogheads of beer, which were covered with cobwebs and dust, and knowing that each minute the merest chance might betray him to the officers of justice.

He had lost all power of reflection. He was stupified with the suddenness and completeness with which misfortune had swept down upon himself and his humble companions.

The guests had all departed, following in the train of the distinguished London detective, by name Robert Dobbs, who was marching his miserable captives through the streets of York in triumph.

My father was beginning to uncurl his stiffened limbs from between the two casks, when Mrs. McCubbin, having despatched the reluctant Nelly on an errand upstairs, descended with a jug to fetch some fresh beer from the cellar.

As ill-luck would have, she, knowing the darkness of the place, had lighted the candle, which she carried without a candlestick, like a torch in her big red hand.

He came down the steps slowly, placed the measure she had brought with her under the tap, then, raising a scream that must have made every cobweb tremble, and have sent each female spider into violent hysterics.

The space between the casks was limited, and Mrs. McCubbin's gaze had fallen upon two badly shod feet—my father's.

Down dropped the candle, and up the steps rushed Mrs. McCubbin, rending the air with her cries. Help! help!—the robber!—the assassin! Let go my gown! I'll kick!—I'll bite! Take my money, good mister robber, but spare my life!

The moment she had regained the general room, she made one convulsive effort to release from my father's imploring grasp the robe to which he had been clinging, and then fainted.

Oh, Andrew! exclaimed Nelly, now appearing on the scene, and clasping her hand, why have you killed my aunt?

Killed!—I? Oh, Nelly! let me get out of this place, or I shall go mad! Quick! quick!

He darted past her, and, without pausing even to thank the creature he loved best in the world, found himself in the street.

The danger seemed so pressing that even love was forgotten. For some hours my father wandered like a spectre about the streets of York. As lie grew calmer, his courage returned, and, with a determination to tell the whole, and abide by it, he took his way with a firm step back to the tavern.

There were voices in the general room, some of which he recognized as those of the companions he had deserted. Before pushing open the door, he placed his ear against it and listened.

A voice, stern and magisterial, now made itself heard. It was the voice of the magistrate who had returned, with the players still in close custody, to make an examination of the premises.

A ghost! Do you take us all for idiots? I ask you young man, how you came by this watch, and you answer by a ghost! Such conduct arouses the blackest suspicion. I shall commit you all—every one of you—man and woman!

A tempest of entreaties rose up, in the midst of which the magistrate again asked— Can anyone of you explain to me how my worthy colleague, Mr. Ebenezer Grayvat's watch came into your possession?

I can! It was my lather who spoke. He had opened the outer door, and now stepped into the tavern room, standing in front of the prisoners, who were huddled together, under guard of several constables, who, after the fashion of that time, carried pistol and cutlass.

A cry of joy rose up from my companions, especially from Flamingo, while among the rest of the audience there was a movement of astonishment.

In the street just now, said my father, uncovering his head, as he turned to the magistrate, I heard that another murder was committed last night.

You heard truly, said the magistrate, gravely, Michael Stangate, clothier, an inhabitant of this ward was found this morning barbarously murdered. Now, before you speak, young man, it is my duty to warn you that what you say will be taken down, and, should need, require, will be used against you.

My father thanked the magistrate for his warning, and went on, more boldly.— The watch I have no hesitation in saying I have seen in the hands of the man who I believe to be the author of the mysterious murders which have spread such horror and desolation in York.

The ghost! he means the ghost? murmured the half-demented Flamingo.

Mr. Robert Dobbs from London, who had been eyeing my father attentively, whispered something in the magistrate's ear.

Clear the room of all but Mr. Dobbs and this person, said the latter functionary; this person applying to my father.

The order was promptly obeyed. Now, young feller, observed Mr. Dobbs, briskly, let's have the whole truth. Say what you've got to say from beginning to end, and neither his worship nor I will interrupt you till you've spun your yarn clean off—every thread of it.

My father did, omitting nothing, from the meeting of the horseman outside of York gate, to his own fright and hiding in the cellar.

When he had done, the magistrate, who had turned deadly pale, and seemed much moved, consulted for some moments aside with Mr. Dobbs.

The latter quitted the tavern almost directly. Mr. Gravatt left this morning early for the country. His return is not expected until late this evening.

There was another consultation, the result of which was that my father's comrades were again removed to the castle, but with an assurance that their statement was believed, and that their confinement would only be a very temporary one. Orders were also given for their kind treatment.

When Flamingo, who still clung to his theory about the ghost, and the rest of the troop had departed, the magistrate and Mr. Dobbs accompanied my lather up stairs to what is now called his room.

The frost had been severe, and when he went to the window he was still enabled to show, by sundry indications, as well as by description, the road by which the man-cat had entered; and then retiring to the outside staircase, he showed the dangerous path by which he had escaped.

The magistrate and Mr. Dobbs followed each trace attentively. And you say he made no attempt to attack you? asked the magistrate of my father.

Not the slightest. The more I think of his look and manner, the more it appears to me as of a person under some dreadful monomania, and walking in his sleep.

Again there was a private consultation between the magistrate and the Bow-street officer.

Have you courage enough to stay in this room again to night, youngster? asked Mr. Dobbs, turning to my lather.

The latter confessed without shame that his countenance lengthened considerably at this proposal, this proposal. The officer saw it, and said, with a laugh. I don't mean alone. I'll be your companion, and so will my two mates, Whitechapel Joe and Barney the Jew—two thorough going chaps of the right bull dog breed, who care no more for a ghost than if he was a mere nothing, which, as I take it, your proper, decently behaved ghost ought to be.

I'll stay, said my father, on condition that you remain in the room. All right; that point's settled. It's my idea that this midnight visitor of yours will, in the course of the day, get some inkling that you are likely to be dangerous to him. If that's the case, and he knows that you're still sleeping here, a desperate, stick-at-nothing chaplike that will drop in during the night, if possible, to stop your tongue by means of slicing your throat.

My father, who was far from sharing the jocular view Mr. Dobbs took of such a possible contingency determined not to close his eyes in sleep that night; and then, very sensibly, resigned himself to a position from which there was no means of escaping.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COCKROACH.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The cockroach is a bug at large. He is one of the luxuries of civilization.

He is easy to domesticate, yielding gracefully to ordinary kindness, and never deserting those who show him proper acts of courtesy.

Let the learned and polite pull hair as much as they please about the ancestral claims of the cockroach, it is my bizness and duty as bug scrutimizer, to show the critter up as we find him, without caring who his grandfather or grandmother actually waz. He don't leave the place he waz born at upon the slightest provocation, like the giddy and vagrant flea, or the ferocious bed bug, and until death (or some vile powder, the invention of some man) knocks at his front door he and his brothers and sisters may be seen with the naked eye, ever and anon calmly climbing the white sugar bowl or running foot races between the butter plates.

How strange it is that man, made out of dirt, the cheapest material in market, and the most plenty, should be so determined to rid the world of every living bug but himself.

I don't doubt it he could have his own waz for six years, every personal cockroach would be knocked off from the bosom of the footstool, and not even a pair of them left to repair damages with.

Such iz man! The cockroach is born on the first of May and the first of November some annually, and is ready for use in fifteen days from date.

They are born from an egg, four from each egg, and consequently they are all of them twins. There is no such thing in the annals of nature as a single cockroach.

The maternal bug don't set upon the egg as the goose doth, but leaves them lie around loose, like a pint of spilt mustard seed, and dont seem tew care a darn whether they get ripe or not.

But I never knew a cockroach egg fail to put in an appearance. They are as sure hatch out and run as Kanada thistles, or a bad kold.

The cockroach is of two colors, sorrel and black. They are always on the move, and kan trot, I should say, on a good track, and a good day, class to three minnits.

Their foot seems to consist, not so much in what they ate as what they travel, and often finding them dead in my soup at the boarding house, I have come to the conclusion that a cockroach kan swim, but they float.

But the most interesting feature of this remarkable bugg is the loveliness of their natures. They kan bite, nor sting nor scratch nor even jaw back. They are so amiable that I have even known them to get stuck in the butter and lay there all day and not holler for help and actually die at last with a broken heart.

To realize the meekness of these uncomplaining little fellers, let the phillosopick mind just for one moment compare them to the pesky flea, who lights upon man in his strength and woman in her weakness like a red hot shot, or to the warbling musketo, wild from a Nu jersey cat tail marsh, with his dagger in his mouth ackeing for blood; or, horror, of horrors! to the midnight bed bugg, who creeps out ov a crack az still and az lean as a shadow, and hitches unto the bosom of buty like a starved leech.

Every man has a right to pick his playmates, but az for me, I rather visit knee deep among cockroaches than to hear the dying embers of a single musketeer's song in the room jing, or to know that he waz waiting for an handle to go out, and for me to pitch into bed.

In conclusion, to show that I aint fooling, I would be willing, if I had them, to swarp ten fust class fleas any time for a small sized cockroach, and if the feller complained that I shared him in a trade I would return the cockroach, and sware that he waz even.