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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1868.

Whole No. 541.

STRONG, EDGAR & GRAHAME, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

OFFICES—Wellingon Chambers, Jordan St. Toronto.

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THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon Maker! UNDERTAKER, &c.

RESIDENCE—Nearly opposite the Post Office Richmond Hill.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 22

Kingwood Marble Works

P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES! &c. &c. &c.

Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Kingwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 479

Farmer's Boot & shoe Store

JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of BOOTS & SHOES, 38 West Market Square, Toronto

Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices. Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867. 490-4

Poetry.

THERE'S NO SAE MUCKLE ODDS O' FOLK.

My name's drucken Pate, And that may a' be true, I neither beg nor steal, Although I'm sometimes fou; I'm neither lame nor lizz, And I peye for what I drink, And there's no sae muckle odds o' folk As sae wad think.

Aye night no lang sin drappie, When I had got a drappie, Coming home at e'en, Uneo fou and happy, I chanced to meet Mess John, Who blamed me for the drink, But there's no sae muckle odds o' folk As sae wad think.

Next Friday i' the toon, I saw the revd. man, Gang stotin' frae an inn, That fou he scarce could gang, I stept up to him, And wi' a gey silk, says sir, There's no sae muckle odds o' folk As sae wad think.

The laird o' Birdie Iha', He's an elder o' the kirk, He says he canna thole This odious drucken work; But he was yestreen, And fell into the sink, Sae there's no sae muckle odds o' folk As sae wad think.

Hypocrysy I hate, And slander I detest, Fauts shouldna' a' be telt, Nor mine among the rest, When one revies another, The judgment has a blink, Sae there's no sae muckle odds o' folk As sae wad think.

A' hae their druff poek, Some hingin' sair, nae doot, And others prind and patched, Wi' mny a steak and cloot; I am neird fou, Just lipin' wi' the brink, Sae there's no sae muckle odds o' folk As sae wad think.

Literature.

A BLACK MARE WITH A WHITE STAR.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

At precisely five minutes to twelve o'clock, on a certain October night in the last decade of the last century, a post-chaise drove up to the door of the Brown Bear, a well-known family hotel and posting-house in the ancient town of Derby.

'Another touch of the high toby again, Jim,' remarked the postilion confidentially to his friend the hostler, as he slid his foot out of the stirrup, and dismounted. 'Geman inside has had his purse and watch-faked, and a nice temper he's in.'

'Where did it happen this time?' asked Jim.

Just 'o' the side Spon-ton. You know Deadman's Lane? Well, that were the exact spot!'

'Ay, ay! And it was the one this time again?'

'Who else should it be in this part of the country? It was the same black mare with a white star that I've seen twice afore, and with the same black fellow astride her—as black as Old Nick himself he is, from top to toe, and a rare good rider too.'

Jim's powers of conversation being of a limited order, he resorted to a long low whistle, by way of expressing his interest and surprise at the news told him by his friend, and then went on with his work.

Meanwhile, the stranger inside the chaise had been released, by an obsequious waiter, and ushered into the shut-up coffee-room, in the grate of which a remnant of fire still lingered. The candles were relighted, and then the landlord came in person to take the orders of his guest.

'Would the gentleman like to have a fire lighted in a private sitting-room? It could be done in five minutes,' he said.

'Thank you; not to-night,' said the stranger. 'In the morning, I will look at your rooms. For the present, this one will do excellent ly—Supper, did you say? Yes; bring me a crust of home-made bread, and a mug of your best old ale. And then to bed.'

By this time, he had laid aside his long blue fur-collared travelling cloak, and his fur travelling-cap, and stood revealed as a bright-eyed, fresh-coloured, middle-aged gentleman, with the not-to-be-mistaken air of a military man, although his present dress was that of a civilian; with iron-gray, unpowdered hair, cut short in front, but worked into a queue behind; and with small,

gray, mutton-chop whiskers. Judging by the frown on his otherwise pleasant-looking face, he was unmistakably out of temper; but it was not until he had broken the smouldering lump of coal in the grate into minute fragments, and thereby relieved his overcharged feelings, that he vouchsafed an explanation to the landlord.

'A pretty welcome to one's native town!' he began—a very pretty welcome indeed, after an absence of five and thirty-years, to be set upon by a ruffian, and have to decide at a moment's notice between giving up one's purse and having a bullet through one's brain! I had better never have left the Canadas. He spoke in a capious, high-pitched voice, and as if he were more annoyed than angered at what had befallen him—less troubled by the loss of his purse than by the fact of his having been compelled to yield it up without a struggle.

The landlord and the waiter exchanged looks. 'Sorry, I'm sure, sir, to hear of your accident,' said the former in a tone of respectful sympathy. 'For the last three years, the neighbourhood of this town has been infested by one of the biggest villains unhung; and you, sir, are neither the first nor the second that has suffered in like manner at his hands. A clever villain he is, too; and so far, has set all the constables in the country at defiance. Did you notice sir, whether or not his face was blackened?'

'I did,' said the stranger. 'He wore no mask of any kind, such as I have heard that highwaymen customarily wear by way of disguise. His face was perfectly black, either naturally or artificially so.'

'And he rode a black horse, did he not, sir?'

'Either a black or a very dark bay one; a horse with a large white star on the centre of its forehead.'

That much I could see by the light of the chaise-lamp.'

'The very same man,' said the landlord emphatically.

The stranger drew a chair up to the fire, and sat down. He was evidently interested. 'You say, landlord, that I am not the first who has been robbed by this fellow?'

'No indeed, sir; not by a dozen, or more than that. Hardly a single month has passed during any winter these three years without our hearing tell of at least one person meeting the same fate that befall you, sir, to-night. One time, it was one of our most respected merchants returning home from a party with fifty guineas in his pocket which he had won at whist. Another time, it was the Dean of Lichfield who was stopped. Mr. Dean was eased of watch, snuff-box and purse. Next time it was Lady Knutsford and her two daughters, who were stopped as they were on their way home from a ball at the assembly rooms. Her Ladyship's necklace and rings were said to be worth six hundred pounds. These and a dozen other robberies of less note, all perpetrated by the same man, with a blackened face, and mounted on a black mare that has a white star in the middle of its forehead, have kept our little town in quite ferment for some time past, and have driven poor chief-constable to the verge of despair. I believe that you, sir, are the first that has been stopped this season, and it is a sign that winter is setting in. Tom Crooke, an auctioneer of this town, was the last man that was robbed last season, and his little affair happened about the beginning of April.'

'Tom Crooke!—I think I recollect that name,' muttered the stranger below his breath.

'Yes, sir,' resumed the voluble landlord; 'and it is a singular fact that all these robberies, the work of one man, are committed within a radius of twelve miles from this town; now on the London Road, now on the Ashbourne Road, now on the Duffield Road. The rider of the black mare with the white star seems to be here, there, and everywhere, and to be wonderful lucky in picking out as his victims people having about them something worth taking. When he has done his little bit of business he seems to vanish as mysteriously as he came, and is never heard of again, either there or elsewhere, till he turns up suddenly, a few weeks later, not a dozen miles from the same spot. Ah, sir, he's a shrewd fellow, he is, whatever his name may be when he's at home.'

Which is no consolation to me for the loss of my purse,' murmured the stranger.

Then the landlord bowed and retired, and the stranger proceeded to the discussion of his homely supper. When he had drained the last drop of ale in the tankard, he wiped his mouth carefully with his bandana handkerchief, and put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Then he produced from the pocket of his cloak a small dogs-eared Bible, bound in plain calf; and drawing the pair of candles close to his nose, he proceeded to read a chapter before retiring for the night. He read slowly and deliberately with a movement of the lips as he repeated each word to himself, and with a slight movement of the head as his eyes went on from one line to the next. When he had done reading, he meditated silently for a few minutes, and then rang for a bed-candle.

'I cannot sleep shut in by those things,' said the stranger, indicating the funeral-looking curtains that shut in the immense four-posters; 'and the room smells as if the window had not been opened for a month.'

Ultimately, the stranger decided to have the mattress laid upon the floor, and sleep on that, which he thought he might possibly succeed in doing, provided the window were left open both at top and bottom, so that the cold fresh air of the October night could have free play in and out of the room.

'Major Gregson?' exclaimed the astonished landlord, early next morning, reading the name on sundry boxes and packages which had just been brought in by the night-carrier from Nottingham. 'Why, surely he can never be the Major Gregson who fought so bravely in India and America—the son of old Isaac Gregson, linen-draper of this town?'

'But he can be, and is, and the best masters in the world into the bargain,' said the Major's man as he stepped into the bar. 'And I'll thank you, Mr. Landlord, to tell me the number of his room, for it's high time I took him up his shaving-water.'

'Now I call it to mind,' said the landlord, 'he did say something last night about Derby being his native place. But he the brave Major Gregson! the great fire eater! Why, he don't stand more than five foot seven without his boots, and—'

'He looks as quiet and peaceable as a lamb,' put in the major's man; 'that's just him all over. A quiet, pious, God-fearing gentleman in time of peace; but just see him going into action at the head of his men, and it would do your eyes good, and make your hair stand on end at the same time. His men knew he was made of the right stuff, and would follow him anywhere. He was called "Forlorn" Gregson in the regiment because he had headed so many forlorn hopes in his time. But where's the shaving-water?'

When Major Gregson drew up his blinds next morning, and peered out of his bedroom window, he saw before him the old-fashioned market place of the little town, which, as a boy, he had trodden many hundreds of times. It was the old market-place that he remembered so well, but with many changed features, as was only to be expected after the wear and tear of the thirty-five years that had elapsed since he last saw it. With the assistance of his pocket telescope, he could make out the names on the signs over the different shops. Nearly all of them were strange to him, but there were two or three that he recollected as old family names in the town; and—yes! there was one that he remembered as the name of an old school-fellow. It was the same name that had struck so familiarly on his ear when mentioned last night by the landlord. Major Gregson read the sign again, slowly and carefully: 'Thomas Crooke, Auctioneer and Valuer, House and Estate Agent.'

'Poor Tom Crooke!' said the major as he shut up his glass, and prepared to stop his razors. 'A little dark-eyed chap, always in a row; several years younger than me; in fact I was only at the school one half year after he came. I recollect him so well by reason of his great fight with Scroggins. And now he's an auctioneer. What queer

changes the whillog of time brings about? I must call and see Tom after breakfast.'

Accordingly, no sooner was breakfast over than the major taking his silver-mounted malacca, sauntered across the market place as far as the office of Mr. Thomas Crooke. In answer to his inquiry, a dingy office-boy informed him that Mr. Crooke had not yet arrived, and that he was not expected till towards noon.

'I'll take a turn around the town, and call again later on,' said Major Gregson to the boy. 'Perhaps I may be able to hunt up one or two more old friends,' he added to himself.

So the major, with his chest thrown forward, and his chin well up; with one arm resting in the small of his back, while the other flourished his malacca; and with quick sharp glances that allowed but little to escape them, paraded the town for full a couple of hours. Now and then he would halt for a minute or two at the corner of some street, to take the bearings of the country, and to note what alterations had been made during the years that he had been away. The noble tower of All Saints held him with a chain of sweetly solemn memories for a long time. 'I might have left it but five minutes ago, for any change that I can see in its grand old face,' muttered the major under his breath. 'The change is in myself—in myself.'

When he had earned a crick in his neck with staring up at the tower, he went into the church-yard, and flinging a side-door open, he presently entered the church itself. As far as the major could see, he and the dead had the whole edifice to themselves, and he was not sorry that it should be so. Going into one of the many high-backed pews, he shut himself in, and then, after a brief prayer he opened a Bible, and pulling on his spectacles he read the lessons for the day. Then, after a quarter of an hour devoted to silent meditation, he let himself out of the pew, and taking possession of his hat he walked out with hushed footsteps, feeling greatly refreshed in spirit.

By and by, he found himself on the banks of the pleasant clear-running Derwent. Fresh food for meditation here. Recollections of happy boyish days when he and his companions used to come bathing here; of boating excursions; of Sunday evening walks with his mother in yonder meadows, along a path that followed every bend and turn of the river, till one by one the stars came out and the tower of All Saints took the evening mists to itself, and became a part of them. How all these came back to him. At length he turned away with a sigh, and strolled back towards the busier parts of the town. Over a shop-door, in St. Peter's Street, he saw painted up: 'Sampson Clowes, Tailor and Draper.'

Major Gregson came to a stand on the opposite side of the street, and had a quiet laugh to himself. 'What! old Sampson a tailor!' he said. 'The biggest glutton in the school, and not far off being the biggest dunce; the boy who made himself ill with smoking bits of cane; the boy who made such a hullabaloo when he sat down on a lump of cobbler's wax, and found himself stuck fast to the form. Oh, I must go and see old Sampson!'

Major Gregson crossed the road, and entered the shop. There was no one in it but a stout, flabby-faced man, who was busy casting up a ledger. The Major's hat came off with a ceremonious sweep. 'I presume I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sampson Clowes?' he said with an urbane smile.

'I am Mr. Clowes,' said the flabby man, looking up from his ledger with a sort of dog-in-the-manager expression.

'And I am Major Gregson, Isaac Gregson's son that used to be of this town. You and I Mr. Clowes, were school-boys together.'

The flabby man, chewing his quill viciously, took a moment or two to digest this information; then he spoke, 'Well what of that?' he said.

'Merely this,' said the Major with his air returned; 'that having just retired to my native town, after an absence of five and thirty years, and seeing your name over the door, I suddenly remembered

it as the name of one of my old school fellows, and could not resist the impulse I felt to come in and see you.'

The flabby man seemed to grasp for breath. 'It may be as you say sir,' he returned. 'I daresay it is. But my school boy days are far gone past for a plain business man like me to recollect much about 'em. Just got our stock of winter goods in; and here's my young man, who will be happy to show you our latest novelties.'

Ten minutes later 'Forlorn' Gregson emerged into the street, looking very forlorn indeed, leaving in the measurement book of Mr. Clowes sundry cabalistic figures written under his name, having relation to 'one pair of superfine black kersey mere smalls.' So the major went on his travels about the town rather more discorsolately than heretofore. He was somewhat cheered, however, by the sight of another name that he recognised on a brass-plate on the door of a house in one of the most intensely respectable streets of the town: 'Dr. Rufus Cropper.'

'Dr. Cropper was a very little man, pert and voluble. He recollected the major in a moment, and shook him cordially by the hand. 'Old Isaac Gregson's son, to be sure. School-lads together, and all that. I remember you well, sir; you have risen to eminence, while we poor beggars have been vegetating here. We have seen your name in the newspapers, sir, and the old town is proud of her son. Glad to find you think of settling in the neighbourhood. *Otium cum dignitate*, and all that you know. Recollections of one's boyhood, as a rule, are all humbug. Life is full of humbug. If you can't contrive to do the world will do, you. That's my motto. Also, take care of number one. That's another. Two-thirds of humbug to one of utility—that's the rule in every profession. Look at me. I'm a humbug. Ha, ha! But the world believes in me, and I pocket my fees. I daresay if the truth was known, major (no offence, you know), you yourself are not far from a humbug—eh?'

'Very probably not,' said the major grimly.

'Such being the case, what is the end that all philosophy teaches us? To deck the brows of Plutus with flowers; to mix business and pleasure in just proportions; to serape together as many guineas as we possibly can, and enjoy to the full the goods which the gods provide us. And this brings to my mind the fact that I have a prime haunch of Welsh mutton for dinner to-day, and if you will take a knife and fork with me, Major, I shall be most happy.'

But the doctor's hospitable offer was declined, and the major got out of the house as quickly as possible. 'Not the sort of man for me,' said the major with a shake of the head as soon as he was out into the street; 'by no means the sort of a man for me. I think I will go and look up Tom Crooke.'

This time Mr. Crooke was in, and Major Gregson was ushered into a small inner office, dusty and unswept, placarded with the bills of past and gone auctions, and pre- vaded by a musty tap room odour, as though the atmosphere had not yet been purged of the fumes of last night's grog and tobacco. The tenant of the den was a long-limbed, broad-chested man of forty five; dark complexioned; clean shaven; with a crafty vulturine face, and bright, furtive, quick-glancing black eyes. He was well and fashionably dressed, and wore two or three rings of price; but his hands might have been cleaner; and his clothes were mud-stained, and wine stained, and seemed as if they had not been brushed for a month.

Major Gregson, in slow courteous accents, explained the reason of his visit, which he hoped Mr. Crooke would consider neither un timely nor misplaced.

Mr. Crooke was evidently at a loss how to sum up the visitor. All the time the major was addressing him, his black suspicious eyes were taking note of the old soldier from head to foot. It was something entirely out of the range of his experience to find a man claiming acquaintance with him on the score of an old school friendship of thirty years ago. But Mr. Crooke was by no means devoid of perception, and had considerable powers of adaptability; and by the time the major had finished his little harangue, he had arrived at a tolerably correct notion of the role it behoved him to play in the little drama in which he was so unexpectedly cast for a leading part.

(To be Continued.)

WITTY THOUGH WEARY.—An honest Hibernian whose bank pocket, to use his own phrase, had stopped payment, was forced to the necessity of perambulating the streets two nights together for the want of a few pence to pay his lodgings, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the living-in-hospital, he cried, "that the place for me, for I have been lying out these two nights past."