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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 mass of business, and a valuable family newspaper.

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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER'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 the whole of his attention to the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF WILL 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 payment now that must be met.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COB. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to 10 a.m. All consultations in the office, free.

R. H. HALL, DRUGGIST, AND PHARMACEUTIST, RICHMOND HILL, Richmond Hill, Jan. 31, 1867.

THOMAS CARR, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, GROCERIES, Wines and Liquors, THORNHILL. By Royal Letters patent has been appointed

MARRIAGE LICENSES. Thornhill, Feb. 6, 1868

Law Cards. M. TEEFY, Esq., NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER AT LAW, ONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE—over the Gas Company office Toronto Street, Toronto. Toronto, August 1, 1867.

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c. OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill.

Money to Lend. July, 5th, 1866. McNabb, Murray & Jackes, Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.

READ AND BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c., &c., 77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House) Toronto.

DR. R. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A. May 6, 1866, 40-47

The York Herald

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1868.

Whole No 542.

STRONG, EDGAR & GRAYME, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Office—Willington Chambers, Jordan St. Toronto.

Henry Smelson, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do. Laskey, March 2nd 1865 39-1

Francis Button, Jr., LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK. Sales attended on the shortest notice at moderate rates. P.O. Address, Buttonville, Markham, Jan. 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK. RESIDENCE, Lot No. 14, 2nd Co. Vaughan Post Office Address Carville. All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to. Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

John Carter, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession on Markham. Post Office—Unionville. Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr. Carter's services will be promptly attended to. Jan. 27, 1867.

Edw. Sanderson, Licensed Auctioneer, FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEEL. Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P.O. Address—Buttonville. Jan. 4, 1865. 31

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865. 1

P. A. SCOTT, LUMBER MERCHANT, AND BUILDER, 618 Yonge Street, Toronto. Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Mouldings &c. ALL KINDS OF Building Materials Supplied! Post Office address, Yorkville. Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Stave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of STAVES 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 1-4f

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon Maker, UNDEBTAKER, &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office Richmond Hill.

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

Ringwood 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. Ringwood, 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. 49-4f

Poetry.

LONDON LYRICS.

A terror is in the city, By night and by day, And a horror that terror passes I tremble and pray, And the eye of my soul closes swiftly To shut it away.

Not the sneer of the wording, The smirk of the saint, Not the poor lost woman With their smile of pain, But faces and ever faces, With a warning faint.

Faces, and ever faces, They pass on the stream— Piteous human faces, Like things in a dream; Mournful and night and most awful In the gaslight gleam.

Faces, terrible faces, With a tale unaid, Fixed human faces, Whence the light has fled, Faces, and ever faces, Where the soul is dead.

Faces, lost pale faces, Of the rich or the poor, Faces of hearts where meanness Hath cut to the core, Faces—the signs of spirits That muse no more.

The sadness of these faces Is sad beyond belief, Mournful that the shrill sorrow Of the harlot or the thief; The gladness of these faces Is sadder than their grief.

Oh, there seems hope for evil, Though blindest crime befall,— But life that hath neither banty Nor foulness—it is so small! Alas, for the frozen spirits That do not stir at all!

They gather the gold and raiment, They buy and they pay; But, ah! at the glimpse of their faces I tremble and pray, And the eye of my soul closes quickly To shut them away.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

er, devise some use for reflecting the capture of this fellow! What say you, old chum?

"I think your idea a most praiseworthy one," answered Crooke; "though whether it could be successively carried out, is another matter. The man who rides the black mare with the white star is an old fox, and scents a trap by instinct. However, we can think over the matter for a little while. You can impart your ideas to me, and I will impart mine to you."

"So be it," said the major, as he rose and began to draw on his gloves. "Business, my dear friend, is my business."

"Tolerable," answered Crooke. "You see, this is now 'I'm fixed,' he went on; more confidently than before. 'I have no such business to do in the town here—I don't care to cultivate it. The bulk of my work lies in the way of agencies and sales among the county families and gentry of the neighbourhood. One way or another, I make a tidy thing of it, so I've no right to complain. Of course it takes me from home more than I like; and I'm obliged to keep a couple of servicable nags, otherwise, I should never get through my work some of it lies such long distances away."

"All the better for you, Tom—all the better for you," said the major. "I'll wager you three dozen of port that before three months are over, you and I between us will have effected the capture of your redoubtable Derbyshire Turpin!"

"You are over-sanguine, major," answered Crooke with a laugh. "But the event will show. Mean while, I'll look you bet."

CHAP. II. Major Gregson sat long that evening over his dinner, and the bottle of dry sherry he followed it. He had

him, but the individual had pleaded some pressing business as an excuse for declining the invitation; so the major partook of his meal in solitary state, and now sat with his chair drawn up to the fire—for a keen wind was blowing outside—and the decanter at his elbow, musing in somewhat melancholy mood.

As he had told Crooke, he had come to Derby with his mind half made up to settle either in the town itself, or in the immediate neighbourhood of it. It was his native place; and all through his adventurous career in India and the North American Provinces, his memory had clung to it tenaciously; and for years past he had looked forward to the time when he should be able to retire from active service, and build up a happy little home for his old age among the oaks and woods of Derbyshire, where old friends, whom he had not seen since he was a lad, would ever be welcome visitors. And now that time had come. He was his own master, free to come and go untroubled by the trammels of military life; he had amassed a considerable share of this world's goods; and one of the first uses he had made of his new-found freedom had been to fulfil the secret wish of his heart, and visit the spot that was hallowed in his memory with all the fond associations of boyhood. And what, so far, had been the result of his visit? Something very nearly akin to disappointment, although he would not whisper that ugly word even to himself. As he had told Crooke the lack of all closer ties had disposed him to think more highly of those slight threads which remained to him. He had been weak enough to believe other men as deeply impressed with such trifles as he was. He had been foolish enough to hope that the school boy friends of thirty years ago would be school-boys at heart still; as he felt himself to be; and that delicate edging of sentiment, with which, as with a sweet-smelling plant, his own daily life was rounded, must of necessity flourish equally in the lives of others. But to-day had sufficed to undeceive him. He could not help acknowledging to himself that the three friends whom he had succeeded in hunting up by no means reached the height of the ideal standard which he had fixed up in his own mind to measure them by. The world's corrosion had eaten too deeply into their souls. From the three of them together it would have been difficult to eliminate one tolerable gentle-

man, and this was a fact to which the major could by no means shut his eyes. They would be no fit associates for him, should he come to settle in this part of the country. But could he really make up his mind so to do? Now that he had seen the town—how mean and small it looked; how dull and commonplace. Should he not feel that he was burying himself alive to make his home in such a spot? To be sure, there was the country; and it would be easy enough, by means of the introductions which he could command at any time, to gradually form a pleasant circle of acquaintances among the best families in the neighbourhood. His father, it is true, had been neither more nor less than a draper in Derby; but he himself—Major Isaac Gregson—was a man of note; a man whose name had been mentioned specially in the war-despatches on more than one occasion; and the county would welcome him gladly as an acquisition of whom it might be reasonably proud.

In the course of the next few days, the major's fame went abroad in the little town; for the landlord of the "Brown Bear"—who ever seemed quite able to get over his surprise at finding so tremendous a fire-eater so short of stature and so mild of demeanour—took care to inform all and sundry who frequented his bar-parlour, that the quiet-looking gentleman in number three was none other than the celebrated Major Gregson, of whose exploits everybody had heard—"A man, sir, who has killed more black chaps than any other man living; who has fought a tiger single-handed; and who yet reads his Bible every night like a Christian." From this source the news spread in ever-widening circles; and on the third day of his stay, the major was surprised by a visit from the major, who having, as he said, heard of the arrival of his distinguished townsman, had come to pay his respects, and at the same time request the honour of the major's company to dinner. Other invitations followed quickly from some of the best people in the town, and the major found himself in clover. He began to think that, after all, he might do worse than pitch his tent within the hospitable arms of his native place. He even went the length of consulting Tom Crooke, as to whether there was any likely house in the town in want of a tenant, or any small estate for sale in the neighbourhood that would suit at once his tastes and his pocket. But Crooke had nothing suitable on his books just then.

At the second interview with the auctioneer, Major Gregson was more reserved, both in his speech and demeanour than he had been on the previous occasion. What he had been told in the interim respecting Mr. Crooke had not been to the credit of that individual. He had been told, on authority that he could not doubt, that Crooke was little, vicious and dissipated; that he was a gambler and a drunkard; and that his ill-treatment of his wife was a notorious fact. Now, Crooke's wife, as Major Gregson further heard, was his old school-master's daughter, Letty Leyland, and he had a very vivid recollection of her, as a dark-eyed beautiful child, when he was a boy at school. As such she had taken firm hold of his imagination; for years after he had left school, when he was in India, a young subaltern with few guineas in his purse, slowly fighting his way upward, he had had pleasant love-dreams, of which Letty Leyland, as a dark-eyed houri just budding into womanhood, had formed the central figure. But these were dreams of long ago; and Letty Leyland was now Mrs. Crooke—a middle-aged, ill-used woman, the wife of a profligate and a drunkard. He met her on one occasion in the outskirts of the town, as he was taking his forenoon constitutional. He knew her the moment he saw her. It must have been something of the old look in her eyes, combined with some fine instinct of his own heart, that told him who she was. She was quite a plain-looking woman now, with grey hair and homely attire; but the major's heart warmed unaccountably towards her, as he stepped in front of her, and lifted his hat.

"Pardon me for addressing you," he said; "but I am an old scholar of Dr. Leyland's, and, if I mistake not, you are his daughter."

"I am, or rather was," said Mrs. Crooke, flushing painfully, "for my father has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"I knew you again, although it is over thirty years since I was at school. But you are now Mrs. Crooke, are you not?"

"Pardon me, but you look as if you had seen much trouble."

"Then my looks do not belie me," she said with a bitter smile. "Do you know what it is never to lie down at night without wishing that you may never get up again? Do you know what it is never to rise in the morning without wishing that you may be dead before sunset? But of course you do not. What should a prosperous gentleman like you know of such matters!—Happiness! I almost forget that there is such a word in the language."

"Mrs. Crooke, you have my warmest sympathy in your trouble—my sympathy and respect. Your father was the best friend my youth ever knew; and should you, in your turn, ever need the assistance of a friend, I hope you will grant me the privilege of acting in that light towards you. There is my card, which I pray you to accept. The name on it may be unknown to you; but were your father alive, he would at once remember. Unaccustomed tears stood in the major's eyes as he spoke thus."

"You are a good man," said Mrs. Crooke earnestly, as she took the card; "and I thank you for your offer; but it is not likely that I shall ever trouble you. Your ways and mine lie widely apart, and we must each of us bear our own burden after our own fashion." She held out her hand as she spoke. The major took it, and pressed it respectfully in his; and then without another word, they parted.

What a contrast to the fellow must be to ill-treat that woman! murmured the major to himself as he went on his way.

He called on Crooke two or three times a week, but it was rarely he could find that person at his office. When he did succeed in seeing him, he confined the conversation entirely to business topics; for however much the major's opinion of Crooke might have altered since their first interview, having once promised him certain remunerative commissions, he was too conscientious a man not to fulfil that promise to the strictest letter. Meanwhile, new friends were gathering round the old soldier day by day; and day by day he found the little town becoming a more agreeable abiding-place, and even beginning to invest itself in his thoughts with a home-like aspect, such as a tired wanderer like himself knew how to appreciate.

It so fell out, about this time, that Major Gregson accepted an invitation to visit one of his new-found friends at Melbourne, a small hamlet ten or a dozen miles from Derby. The major went, stayed two nights, and decided to return to Derby after dinner on the evening of the third day. As on the occasion of his memorable journey from Nottingham, he had travelled by post chaise, so he now adopted the same method of locomotion. His friend's dinner had been good, the wine superb, and before the chaise had got three miles out of Melbourne, the major was in a comfortable post prandial snooze. He was suddenly and disagreeably aroused by the putting down of the chaise-window, by the presentation of a pistol at his head, and by a peremptory demand for his watch and purse. The major was in dinner dress, and unarmed. To resist would have been the height of folly. Under such circumstances, to submit with a good grace is the best philosophy. The major's coolness did not desert him.

"Here is my purse," said he. Fortunately, it is not very heavy. As for my watch, unless I am mistaken, you are the individual who relieved me of it a few weeks ago, and I am happy to think that I have not bought another since that time."

The highwayman took the purse without a word, raised his hat, politely, and vanished.

"As I live the identical fellow that robbed me before," muttered the major, as the clatter of hoofs died away down the stony road. "The Derbyshire Turpin—the fellow with the blackened face, and mounted on a black horse with a

white star. A pretty thing to say of one of his Majesty's officers—that he has been twice robbed by the same man, without so much as firing a single shot in his own defence. What would Colonel Chowder and old Blomley think?"

What the landlord of the "Brown Bear" thought, and what the landlord's guest thought, as the major descended from the chaise, and walked up stairs in grim silence to his own room, leaving the post-boy to tell the tale, was that of an unlucky gentleman, he was the most unlucky. The topic was a thirsty one, and could not be properly discussed without fresh glasses; and more people came in, so that, by and by, the house became quite crowded; and the post-boy was had into the parlour and his story pumped out of him at least twenty times in the course of a couple of hours, to compensate for which exhaustive process much drink was poured into him as his excess would hold, so that finally, he had to be carried to bed in a state of hopeless insensibility.

The major's man coming down stairs when he had finally disposed of his maver for the night, admitted to the landlord, in the discreetest of whispers, that he never before saw the old boy so much put out of his way.

"He's a gentleman as never swears, the major is, went on the man; but when he talks aloud to himself, as he did to-night, and stares so with his eyes, as if he saw something that nobody else could see, why, then I know there's something more than common on his mind."

The landlord was dying to ask what it was the major talked about, but he merely said: "Ay, ay, that was very strange now, wasn't it?"

"You wouldn't think it strange if you knew the major as well as I know him," responded the man. "What seemed to trouble his mind most was, that he should be twice robbed by one man without having a single shot at the blackguard. You may take your davy that he won't go rambling about the country again without his pistols."

Major Gregson's sleep that night was troubled, haunted by uncanny dreams, from which he woke up three times with a start. At last, just as the first faint streaks of daylight were beginning to chase away the darkness, he got out of bed, and slipping into his dressing gown and slippers, he took to pacing his bedroom from end to end, repeating to himself long passages from the Psalms and the Book of Job as he did so.

The major was still pacing his bedroom when the grave-like silence outside was broken by the sound of a horse's tramp. Faint and far off it sounded at first, but presently coming nearer, and presently penetrating the bedroom, it attracted the major's ear. He stopped in his walk to listen. The gray light of dawn filled the street by this time, and all objects were clearly visible. The quick tramp of the horse came nearer and nearer. The major was still listening with an absent look on his face, as though his thoughts were far away, when a peculiar something in the regular tramp, tramp of the coming horse, which was now close at hand, startled him, in one brief instant, into vivid life. The look on his face changed into one of the most breathless anxiety. Two strides carried him to the window; it was the work of an instant to unlock back the blind, and to peer out with face close pressed to the panes, into the gray, solitary street. He was just in time to see a black-cloaked figure, mounted on a big black-horse, ride swiftly past. As the horseman rode by the sound that had so startled Major Gregson was plainly audible; it was the clank of a loose shoe in the hard flints of the road.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

At a late meeting of the Marylebone electors, the following question was put to one of the candidates: "Will Mr. Grant vote for a Bill to supply the working men with porters?"

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved you will never get a husband." "Ma," replied the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a prim Rose is not without attraction."

Scene: Railway Carriage.—Swell—A—would you object—aw—to having the glass no—in fact I was on the point of asking you either to put your glass down or leave off staring at me! Swell—Aw!

One of the editors in Reading had a clean shiver about which he made a brag, and abused his contemporaries for having none. It afterwards appeared that he had stolen it off a pole from a brother editor, who was in bed waiting for it to dry.

"What is the worst?" "Yellow-citizens," said a stump-orator, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government. No people on the face of the globe enjoy more privileges than we do. We have the liberty of the press without onerous despotism. What, fellow-citizens, is more desirable than this? Can you want anything more, my countrymen?" "Yes, siree! I should a listener. 'I want a sect of that black sticking out of your coat-pocket be hind."

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