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RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1870.

WHOLE No. 611.

The York Herald

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Advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Business Directory.

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D., GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

DR. HOSSTETTER, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT HOME FROM 9 TO 9 A.M.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS, THORNHILL.

R. E. LAW, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL.

GEO. H. LESLIE & Co., CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, COR. OF Bloor and Yonge Streets, Yorkville.

THOMAS CARR, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS, THORNHILL.

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JACOB YELINSKI BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.

MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, 44 King Street East, Toronto.

OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Varnishes!

P. A. SCOTT, LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER, 618 Yonge Street, Toronto.

PETER S. GIBSON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.

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J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE:—Church Street, 2 doors north of King Street, Toronto.

WILLIAM MALLOY, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

DUGGAN & MEYERS, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.

READ AND BOYD, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, &c.

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.

Licensed Auctioneers. HENRY SMELSOR, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of York and Peel.

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

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

EDW. SANDERSON, Licensed Auctioneer, FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEELE.

Farmer's Boot & shoe Store JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Boots & SHOES.

Ringwood Marble Works P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES!

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Seaforth, Ontario.

Card. N. B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE take notice that Mr. John Taylor has ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, RICHMOND HILL THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANSFERRED their Library to the HERALD Book Store.

New Firm.

H. SANDERSON & SONS, CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, RICHMOND HILL.

Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy articles.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

MARRIAGE LICENSES, Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

GREEN BUSH HOTEL, 215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL, YONGE STREET.

NELSON DAVIS, Proprietor.

MARRIAGE LICENSES, RICHMOND HILL.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS.

J. S. SCOTT, M.D., L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST!

ROB'T E. LAW, ASSISTANT, RICHMOND HILL.

DENTISTRY, W. C. ADAM, D.D.S., 95 King Street East, Toronto.

Money to Lend. \$1200 TO LEND, FOR A TERM of years, on a satisfactory Mortgage.

Money to Lend. MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants.

Money to Lend on Landed Security. THE undersigned is authorized to state that for, then?

THE undersigned is authorized to state that for, then? That's it, matey; and what do you think of it, eh?

M. TEEFY, Notary Public, Agent &c. N. B. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Bonds, &c.

J. SEGSWORTH, IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto.

Poetry.

Last and Best. Sometimes, when rude, bold shadows run, Across whatever light I see;

For I, with grandeur clothed upon, Shall lie in state and take my rest,

What things will be the first to fade, And down to utter darkness sink?

And Love will be the last to wait And light my gloom with gracious gleams

Ay, when my soul its mask shall drop, The trair to be no morecst an end, Love, with its prayer, shall bear me up Beyond the lark's wings and the sun.

Literature.

Begumbagh; AN EPISODE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY. CHAPTER XX.

I could just make out the great looming figure of an elephant, as we marched slowly on, when I was started by a low sort of whimpering noise, followed directly after by a grunting on the right.

Then in an instant, "Thursright!" he cried to the men, and they leaped round so as to cover the women and children.

There was no farther alarm, though, and all seemed as silent as could be; so once more under orders, the march was continued till we were out of the dust, plain; when there was another alarm—we were followed—and the men in the rear; and, and enough looming up against the darkness—a mass of darkness itself—we could see an elephant.

It is not the noise of the feet, as you would think, but the noise of the trunk, as it strikes the ground.

The old elephant it was passing through, he went up to where Harry Lant was calling him softly, knelt down to order; and then climbing and clinging on as well as they could, the great brute's back was covered with women and children—the broad shallow howdah pretty well taking the lot—while the great beast seemed as pleased as possible to get back amongst his old friends, rubbing his trunk first on this one and then on that; and thankful we were for the help he gave us, for how else we should have got over that desert plain I can't say.

I should think we had gone a good eight miles, when Measles ranges us close beside me as I walked by the elephant, looking up at the ridge-party from time to time, and trying to make out which was Lizzy, and pitying them too, for the children were fretful, and it was a sad time they had of it up there.

'They'll have it hot, they sometimes to-morrow morning, Ike,' says Measles to me.

'Where?' I said faintly, for I was nearly done for, and I did not take much interest in anything.

'Begumbagh,' he says, 'And when I asked him what he meant, he said: 'How much powder do you think there was down in that vault?'

'A good five hundredweight,' I said. 'All that,' says Measles. 'They'll have it hot, some of 'em.'

'What do you mean?' I said, getting interested.

'Oh, nothing, pertickler, mate; only been arranging for some of 'em, since I can't get it myself. I took the head one of one keg, and emptied it by the others, and made a train to where I've set a candle burning; and when that candle's burnt out, it will set light to another; and that will have to burn out, when some wooden chips will catch fire, and they'll blaze a good deal, and one way and another there'll be enough to burn to last till, say, eight o'clock this morning; by which time the beauties will have got into the place; and then let 'em look out for promotion, for there's enough powder there to startle two or three of 'em.'

'That's what you wanted the matches for, then?' I said.

'That's it, matey; and what do you think of it, eh? You've done wrong, my lad, I'm afraid, and I didn't finish; for just then, behind us, there was a bright flashing light, followed by a dull thud; and looking like a little fire-work; and though plenty was said just then, no one but Measles and I knew what that flash meant.'

'That's a dead failure,' growled Measles to me as we went on. 'I believe I am the unluckiest beggar that ever breathed. That oughtn't to have gone off for hours yet, and now it'll let 'em know we're gone, and that's all!'

The morning broke at last with the knowledge that we were three miles to the tank Captain Dyer had meant to reach. For a few minutes, in a quiet stern way, he consulted with Lieutenant Leigh as to what should be done—whether to turn off to the tank, or to press on. The help received from old Nabob, made them determined to press on; and after a short rest, and a better arrangement for those who were to ride on the elephant, we went on in the direction of Wallahbad, I, for my part, never expecting to reach it alive.

A look back did I give to see if we were within sight of a temple by the roadside, that there was the news spread that there were enemies behind; and though I was ready enough to lay the blame upon Measles, all the same they must have soon found out our flight, and pursued us.

The sun could never have been hotter, nor the ground more parched and dusty than it was now. We were struggling on to reach that temple, which we might perhaps be able to hold till help came; for two men had been sent on to get assistance; though of all those sent, one and all were waylaid and cut down, long before they could reach our friends. But we did not know that then; and in the full hope that before long we should have help, we crawled on to the temple, but only to find it so wide and exposed, that in our weak condition it was little better than being in the open. There was a building, though, about a hundred yards farther on, and towards that we made, every one rousing himself for what was really the last struggle, for not a quarter of a mile off there was a yelling crowd of blood-thirsters in eager pursuit.

It was with a panting rush that we reached the place, to find it must have been the house of the collector of the district; but it was all one wreck and ruin, glass, tables and chairs smashed; hangings and carpets burnt or ragged to pieces, and in one or two places, blood-stains on the white floor, told a terrible tale of what had taken place not many days before.

The elephant stopped and knelt, and the women and children were passed in as quickly as possible; but before all could be got in, about a dozen of the foremost mutineers were down upon us with a savage rush—I say us, but I was helpless, and only looking on from inside—two of our fellows were cut down in an instant, and the others borne back by the fierce charge. Then followed a desperate struggle, ending in the black fellows dragging off Miss Ross and one of the children that she held.

It was a couple of hours after when I came to, and became sufficiently sensible to know that I was lying with my head in Lizzy's lap, and Harry Lant close beside me. It was very dim, and the heat seemed stifling, so that I asked Lizzy where we were, and she told me in the collar of the house—a large wide vault, where the women, children, and wounded had been placed for safety, while the noise and firing above told of what was taking place.

I was going to ask about Miss Ross, but just then I caught sight of her trying to support her sister, and to keep the children quiet.

As I got more used to the gloom, I made out that there was a small iron grating on one side, through which came what little light and air we got; on the other, a flight of stone steps leading up to where the struggle was going on. There was a strong wooden door at the top of this, and twice that door was opened for a wounded man to be brought down when coolly as if she were in barracks, there was that noble woman, Mrs. Bantem, tying up and binding sword-thrusts and bayonet-thrusts as she talked cheerily to the men.

The struggle was very fierce still, the men who brought down the wounded hurrying away, for there was no sign of finching; but soon they were back with another poor fellow, who was now whimpering, now muttering fiercely.

'If I'd only have had—course them!—if I'd only, had another cartridge or two, I wouldn't have cared,' he said as they laid him down close by me; 'but I always was the unluckiest beggar on the face of the earth. They've most done for me, Ike, and no wonder, for it's a fifty to one up there, and I don't believe a man of ours has a shot left.'

Again the door closed on the two men who had brought down poor Measles, backed almost to pieces; and again it was opened, to bring down another wounded man, and this one was Lieutenant Leigh. They laid him down, and were off back up the steps, when there was a yelling, like as if all the devils in hell had broken loose, and as the door was opened, Captain Dyer and half-a-dozen more were beaten back, and I thought they would have been followed down—but no; they stood fast in that doorway, Captain Dyer and the six with him, while the two fellows who had been down leaped up the stairs to support them, so that, in that narrow opening, there were eight sharp British bayonets, and the captain's sword, making such a steel hedge as the mutineers could not pass.

They could not contrive either to fire at our party, on account of the wall in front, and every attempt at an entrance was thwarted; but we all knew that it was only a question of time, for it was impossible for man to do more.

There seemed now to be a lull, and only a buzzing of voices above us, mingled with a groan and a dying cry now and then, when I quite forgot my pain once more or hearing poor Harry Lant, who had for some time been quite off his head, and raving, commence talking in a quiet sort of way.

'Where's Ike Smith?' he said. 'It's all dark here; and I want to say goodbye to him.'

I was kneeling by his side the next minute, holding his hand.

'God bless you, Ike,' he said; 'next God bless her. I'm going, old mate; kiss her for me, and tell her that if she hadn't been made for you, I could have loved her very dearly.'

'What could I do or say, when the next minute Lizzy was kneeling on his other side, holding his hand?'

'God bless you both,' he whispered. 'You'll get out of the trouble after all, and don't forget me.'

We promised him we would not, as well as we could, for we were both choking with sorrow; and then he said, talking quickly:

'Give poor old Sam Measles my tobacco-box, Ike, the brass one, and shake hands for me; and now I want Mother Bantem.'

She was by his side directly, to lift him gently in her arms, calling him her poor gallant boy, her brave lad, and no end of fond expressions.

'I never had a bairn, Harry,' she sobbed; 'but if I could have had one, I'd have liked him to be like you, my own gallant, high-hearted soldier boy; and you were always to me as a son.'

'Was I?' says Harry softly. 'I'm glad of it, for I never knew what it was to have a mother.'

He seemed to fall off to sleep after that when no one noticed them, those two children came up, and the first I heard of it was little Olive crying: 'Alley Lant, Alley Lant, open eyes, and come and play with us!'

Now, then—Elsie or death. Are you ready there? Forward!

That last word rang through the vault we were in, and Captain Dyer ran down the steps, his knotted sword hanging from his wrist by the hilt. But he was too late to take his messmate's hand in his, and say farewell, if that had been his intention, for Lieutenant Leigh had fallen on his back; and that senseless figure by his side, with a quivered lip, Captain Dyer gently lifted her, and bore her to where, half-stupified, Mrs. Colonel Measles was sitting.

CHAPTER XXII. I got rather confused, and am to this day, about how the time went; things that only took a few minutes seeming to be hours in happening, and what really did take a long time gliding away as if by magic. I think I was very often in a half-delirious state; but I can well remember what was the cause of the silence above.

Captain Dyer was the first to see, and taking a rifle in his hand, he whispered an order or two; and then he, with two more, rushed into the passage, and got the door drawn toward us, for it opened outwards; but in so doing, he slipped on the floor, and fell with a bayonet-thrust through his shoulder, when, with a yell of rage—it was no cheer this time—our men dashed forward, and dragged him in; the door was pulled to, and held close; and then those poor wounded fellows—heroes I call 'em—stood angrily muttering.

I think I got more excited over that scene than over any part of the struggle, and all because I was lying there helpless; but it was of no use to fret, though I lay there with the weak tears running down my cheeks, as that brave man was brought down, and laid near the grating, with Mother Bantem at work directly to tear off his coat, and begin to bandage, as if she had been brought up in a hospital.

The door was forsaken, for there was a new guard there, that no one would try to pass, for the silence was explained to us all; first, there was a loud yelling and shrieking outside; and then there was a little thin blue wreath of smoke beginning to curl under the door, crawling along the top step, and collecting like so much blue water, to spread very slowly; for the fiends had been carrying out their wounded and dead, and were now going to burn us where we lay.

I can recollect all that; for now a maddening sense of horror seemed to come upon me, to think that those poor souls left us to be slain.

and I am calm, quiet way in which to take it.

Once, indeed, the men had a talk together, and asked the women to join them in a rush through the passage; but they gave up the thoughts directly, for they knew that if they could get by the flames, there were more cruel foes outside, waiting to thrust them back.

So they all sat down in a quiet, resigned way, listening to the crackle outside the door, watching the thin smoke filter through the crevices, and form in clouds, or pools, according to where it came through.

And you'd have wondered to see those poor fellows, how they acted: why, Joe Bantem rubbed his face with his handkerchief, smoothed his hair and whiskers and then got his belts square, as if off out on parade, before going and sitting quietly down by his wife.

Measles lay very still, gently humming over the old child's hymn, *Oh! that'll be joyful*, but only to burst out again into a fit of grumbling.

Another went and knelt down in a corner, where he stayed; the rest shook hands all round, and then, seeing Captain Dyer sitting up, and sensible, they went and saluted him, and asked leave to shake hands with him, quite upsetting him, poor fellow, as he called them, in a faint voice, his 'brave'; and asked their pardon, if he'd ever been too harsh with them.

'God bless you! no, sir,' says Joe Bantem, jumping up, and shaking the hand himself; 'which *that* you've never been, but always a good officer as your company loved. Keep a brave heart, my boys, it'll soon be over. We've stood in front of death too many times now to shew the white feather. Hurray for Captain Dyer, and may he have his regiment in the other land, and we be some of his men!'

Joe Bantem gave a bit of a reel as he said this, and then he'd have fallen if it hadn't been for his wife; and though his was rather strong language, you see it must be excused, for, leave alone his wounds, and the mad feeling they'd bring on, there was a wild excitement on the men then, as you may say, half-drunk.

We must all have been choked over and over again, but for that grating; for the hotter the fire grew above, the finer current of air swept in. The mutineers could not have known of it, or one of their first acts must have been to seal it up. But it was half covered by some creeping flower, which made it invisible to them, and so we were able to breathe.

And now it may seem a curious thing, but I'm going to say a little more about love. A strange time, you'll perhaps say, when those poor people were crouching together in that horrible vault, expecting their death moment by moment. But that's why it was, and not from any want of retiring modesty. I believe that those poor souls wished to shew those they loved how true was that feeling;

As for me, I could only lie there helpless, and in a half-dreamy way, see and listen to all that was going on. The spirit in me was good to help; but thinking of my state—going for days with that cut on the face, and a broken arm, and in that climate.

I was puzzling myself about this time as to what was going to happen next, for I could not understand why the rebels were so quiet; but the next minute I was watching Lieutenant Leigh, and thinking about the morning when we saw Captain Dyer bound to the nine-pounder.

Could he have been thinking about the same thing? I say yes, for all at once he started right up, looking and excited. He had hold of Miss Ross's hand; but he threw it from him, as he called out: 'Now, my lads, a bold rick, and a short one. We must bring them in. Spike the guns—cut the cords.

Now, then—Elsie or death. Are you ready there? Forward!

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