

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest
mail, or other conveyance, when so desired.
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 ac-
ceptable to the man of business, and a val-
uable Family Newspaper.
TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in ad-
vance; if not paid within Two Months, One
Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$0.50
Each subsequent insertion... 00.13
Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00.75
Each subsequent insertion... 00.20
Above ten lines, first insertion, per line... 00.07
Each subsequent insertion, per line... 00.02
One Column per twelve months... 50.00
Half a column do do... 30.00
Quarter of a column per twelve months... 20.00
One column per six months... 40.00
Half a column do do... 25.00
Quarter of a column per six months... 18.00
A card of ten lines, for one year... 4.00
A card of fifteen lines, do... 5.25
A card of twenty lines, do... 6.50
Advertisements without written directions
inserted at the advertiser's risk.
All transient advertisements, from strangers
or irregular customers, must be paid for when
hand in for insertion.
All advertisements published for a less period
than one month, must be paid for in advance.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be
post-paid.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages
are paid; and parties refusing papers without
paying up, will be held accountable for the
subscription.
Published for the Proprietors by Scott &
Broughton.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
England.
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL.
June 9, 1865. 1-y

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF,
Will generally be found at home before
half-past 7 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.
Richmond Hill, June, 1865 1

JOHN M. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURN 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.
Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE,
Clerk of the 3rd Division Court,
CONVEYANCER, AND
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
Office opposite R. RAYMOND'S HOTEL,
Richmond Hill.
Deeds, Mortgages, &c., drawn up with neat-
ness and despatch.
Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

M. TEEFY, ESQ.,
Notary Public,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH,
CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

AGREEMENTS. Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention
and promptitude. Terms moderate.
Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

CHAS. C. KELLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office
in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office,
Brock Street, Whitby.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Bar-
rington, Township of Thornhill, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby June 2, 1865.

Masonic Arms Hotel,
GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

STABLES for Sixty Horses. Good Pas-
turage. Loose Boxes for Race Horses
and Studs.
Monthly Fair held on the premises, first
Wednesday in each month. Agency as usual.
Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

MITCHELL HOUSE!
AURORA.
DAVID McLEOD here to announce that
he has leased the above Hotel and fitted
it up in a manner second to none on Yonge St.
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house
possesses every accommodation. Travelers can
depend, those who wish to stay where they can
find every comfort are respectfully invited to
put up at this establishment
Aurora, June, 1865. 1-1f

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage and Waggon
MAKER,
UNDERTAKER
&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill
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Aurora, June, 1865. 1-1f

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF,
Office Hours, 7 to 8 a.m. & 1 to 2 p.m.
ALL parties owing Dr. J. LANGSTAFF are
expected to call and pay promptly, as he
has payments now that must be met.
Mr. Ben Jenkins is authorized to collect
and give receipts for him.
Richmond Hill, Sept. 7, 1865. 14-1f

DENTISTRY.
W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S.,
95 King Street East, Toronto,
NEAR CHURCH STREET,
Is prepared to wait upon any who need his
professional services in order to preserve
their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new
teeth in the most approved style. Also to re-
gulate the teeth of those who need it.
Consultation free, and all work warranted.
June, 1865. 2-ly

THOMAS SEDMAN,
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The York Herald,

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

Vol. VI. No. 28.

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

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1865.

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

Whole No. 288.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of
the late John Langstaff, of the township
of Markham, are notified to pay their debts to
the undersigned only. And all persons having
debts or claims against the said Estate are no-
tified to present the same to the undersigned
forthwith.
All persons are hereby notified not to pur-
chase any of the Mortgages, Notes, or securi-
ties of the said John Langstaff, from any person or
persons whomsoever.

GEORGE McPHILLIPS,
GEORGE WELDRICK,
Executors of the late John Langstaff.
Richmond Hill, June 12, 1865. 1-1f

LUMBERING!

ABRAHAM EYER

BEGS respectfully to inform his customers
and the public that he is prepared to do
PLANEING TO ORDER,
In any quantity, and on short notice.

Planed Lumber, Flooring, &c.
Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also
Lumber Tongued & Grooved
At the lowest possible rates.

Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 21
miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road
Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865. 4-ly

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

J. GORMLEY,
COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCER AND
AUCTIONEER,
Lot 31, 4th Con. Markham,
June 9, 1865. 1-1f

POWELL'S
CANADIAN SWING PUMPS!
ACKNOWLEDGE! by 800 Farmers, Pro-
fessional Gentlemen and others (who
have them working in Wells, varying in depth
from 10 to 133 feet), to be the EASIEST
WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFI-
CIENT ever offered to the Public.
Price 60 cents per foot. No extra charge
for Top.

Every Pump Warranted,
Orders for these Pumps addressed to
C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W.
Will receive prompt attention.
June 7, 1865. 1-1f

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

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

R. H. Hall,
Chemist & Druggist,
RICHMOND HILL

W. G. CASTELL,
MANUFACTURER OF
PURE AND UNADULTERATED
CONFECTIONARY!
363 Yonge Street, Toronto.
W. G. C. calls at all the Stores between
Toronto and Richmond Hill every two weeks,
and supplies Confectionery of all kinds at the
lowest Wholesale prices.
Toronto, July 20, 1865. 7

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS,
CISTRONS AND PUMPS!
Manufactured and for Sale by
John Langstaff,
SEAR MILLS, THORNHILL,
September 7, 1865 14-1f

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Poetry.

The Ocean Burial.

Oh bury me not in the deep sea,
The words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay,
On his cabin couch at close of day;
He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow,
The death shade had slowly passed and now
Where the land and his fond loved home
were nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him
die.

Oh bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me,
Where no light will break thro' the dark
cold wave,
And no sunbeams rest upon my grave.
It matters not I have oft been told,
Where the body shall be when the heart is
cold,
Yet grant ye, oh grant ye this boon to me,
Oh bury me not in the deep sea.

For in Fancy I've listened to the well known
birds;
The free wild winds and the song of the
birds;
I have thought of home, of cot and bowser,
And of scenes that I loved in childhood's
hour.
I had ever hoped to be laid when I died,
In the churchyard there on the green hill
side;
By the bones of my father's, my grave
should be,
Oh bury me not in the deep sea.

Napoleon's Grave.

On a lone barren isle where the wild roar-
ing billow
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempest
roar,
The hero lies still, while the dew drooping
willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, leaned over
the grave.
The lightening may flash, and the loud thun-
der may rattle;
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from
all pain.
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his
last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the
legions?
That rushed but to conquer when thou bidst
them on.
Alas they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all, save the fame of their triumphs, is
gone.
The trumpet may sound and the loud cac-
non rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free
from all pain,
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought
their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet spirit immortal the tomb cannot bind
thee,
For like thine own eagle that soared to the
sky,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest
behind thee
A name, which before thee, no mortal hath
known.
Though nations may combat, and war thun-
ders rattle;
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er
the plain.
Thou sleepest thy last sleep, thou hast
fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

Literature.

The Star's Stratagem.

'Crying!' exclaimed Nina New-
ton, as she opened the door of Caro-
line Burr's chamber and saw her
in tears.

'Oh, no, not crying exactly,' an-
swered Caroline, wiping her eyes
hastily.

'Not crying! What do you call
this?' asked she, taking hold of the
handkerchief, saturated with her
tears. 'Tell me what ails you,
before I consent to leave this spot:
As an old friend and schoolmate, I
must know.'

Caroline looked at her interroga-
tively, and, finding from the expres-
sion of Nina's face that evasion
would be useless, told, hesitatingly
her pent-up sorrow:

'Dear Nina, Charley does not
love me any more.' Nina, laugh-
ing aloud, replied:

'You are right; he cannot love
you any more than he does.'

'But he loves others better,' sob-
bed Caroline.

'Jealous, eh? Oh, fie for shame!
Of whom are you jealous?'

'Not jealous, I tell you; but
when a man has been married not
quite two years, and leaves his wife
alone every evening, to go and see
another woman, it is time she
should feel—feel unhappy.'

'And what's the name of his
charmer?'

'Frances Templeton, the new
actress. He says she's so graceful
has such magnificent eyes, such a
divine form—that her feet vic-

with a China-woman's; and in-
deed, dear Nina, he's crazy about
her. Then he tells me I'm so plain
—I lack talent, elegance, and, in
fact, is always comparing me with
her not much to my exaltation.

'Does he visit her?' asked Nina.
'Oh, no, he sees her on the stage
only.'

'Then you have but one course
to pursue—cultivate your own
tastes, dress yourself more carefully
do the courting yourself. Every
man should do the courting before
marriage, but the wife after mar-
riage. This is the great secret of
happiness in married life. You
have been saving your extra dollars
for the future. It is a worthy
thought; but as your husband knows
nothing about it, and as he is so
carried away by the show of ge-
waws and paint, try and compete
with the object of his admiration.
Have some new dress made; dress
you hair with flowers, that when
he comes home from his daily
business he will exclaim, 'how fair
how lovely is my little wife!'

Some men are weak enough, al-
though they are the stronger sex,
to chase butterflies at the expense
and exclusion of real worth.'

Promising to take Nina's advice
Caroline Burr wiped her eyes and
smiled pleasantly, promising to
leave no effort untried to gain and
retain her husband's whole and un-
divided affection.

When Charley Burr returned
home that afternoon, he found her
eyes looking swelled, and, suspect-
ing the cause, remained at home
that evening. But he was restless
and talked but little, except of
theatres, clubs and company. He
had never cultivated a taste for
domestic life, and did not know
how many pleasant hours he had
spent around the fireside.

Several months after the forego-
ing occurrence, Charley Burr pro-
posed to his wife to make herself
ready for the country, as the weath-
er was exceedingly warm.

'I prefer remaining in town,' she
said.

'Why in town? You are always
anxious to get away? This is a
strange and unaccountable change!'

'I do not feel so tired of New
York as I did last season. I got
out more than I used to do, and I
find so much entertainment in visit-
ing among some of my friends, that
I prefer staying in city, and culti-
vating my friends' society. There
are many advantages to be gained,
I am confident, Charley—many
advantages!'

'Advantages! what do you mean,
Caroline? Have you formed some
valuable acquaintances. Have you,
perhaps, seen some one who pleas-
es you? from who's fascinations
you cannot tear yourself? We will
go to the country.'

'What do you mean to insinuate,
Charley? Do you think I could so
far forget myself as to feel an in-
terest in any other than my husband?'

Charles Burr looked conscience-
stricken.

'Oh!' he replied, 'I should cer-
tainly not object to your receiving
your friends occasionally.'

And he clasped her in his arms
and imprinted a kiss on her sweet
ruby lips; for he loved her dearly
in his heart; how much he did not
yet himself know.

The summer passed, and many a
pleasant walk and ride Charley
and Caroline Burr took together,
for although the husband had per-
fect confidence in his wife, he dis-
covered she was in the habit of go-
ing out alone much more frequent-
ly than she had previously done,
and on almost every occasion had
tried to conceal the fact from him.

'I will watch her,' he had often
thought to himself; but he was too
manly to do so mean an act. And
as he himself was absent from
home more than half his leisure
time, he felt how little right he had
to watch so faithful a woman as
Caroline Burr had always been;
for although she was not beautiful,
she was by no means homely; and
although she did not possess a
wasp-like waist, her form had more
roundness and elasticity than the
majority of ladies of her own age,
which was scarcely twenty years.

Her disposition was kind and
amiable, her manners retiring and
somewhat diffident. Her great
aim since she got married, was to

save every cent her husband gave
her for pocket money, even limiting
herself in her wardrobe. Charley
Burr had led the life of a New York
liberal man. Having had a hand-
some fortune left him, he had not
known what it was to earn a dollar,
until through extravagance of clubs
and companions, he had been re-
duced to a few hundred dollars and
the necessity of engaging in busi-
ness. His associations were of the
same class as himself, lending and
borrowing and throwing away the
money which Caroline felt he
might yet be in need of, and was
carefully guarding against this con-
tingency. His habits had become
much more domestic, but some of
his old associations of actresses
and their attractions had not yet
been overcome. Fearing that he
might encourage a feeling of jeal-
ousy in his wife of himself, which
would interfere with his own plea-
sures, he had endeavored to induce
her to seek some other object be-
sides himself, to divert her atten-
tion. And now that the green-eyed
monster stood before him at times,
he drove away the phantom.

As the fall was approaching, he
stretched out his arms about his
neck, and exclaimed 'I am so glad
Carrie, that winter is near. It is
tedious to have no places of amuse-
ment open.'

'Does it promise a gay season?'

'Not particularly that I am
aware of. Of course there will be
something new at the theatres;
some new pieces always, and I
hope we may have some new per-
formers for them. I intend taking
you with me often this season, and
as I see you have the dress-maker
here so much, I presume you will
be in first rate trim to make your
appearance.'

Caroline accepted his invitation.

The city began to look gay,
people were returning from their
country trips: trunks, valises and
carpet bags were bearing down,
the carriages driven in haste from
boats to abodes, their proprietors
demanding exorbitant prices, as
business was brisk; whitewashers,
painters, house-cleaning women
were in great demand. Confec-
tioners began to rub their hands
in anticipation of great orders from
great folks. Chimney sweepers
were taking a last fond look at
their clean faces, for insurance
companies demanded clean chin-
neys for winter use.

Business of every kind was reviv-
ing. Newspapers were again
filled with new advertisements, suit-
able for every class of society.
Law, love and accidents, amuse-
ments, deaths, and marriages—
cures of all diseases for the sum
of 25 cents—Matrimony held out
for those who possessed stipulated
charms—in fact a matter for the
million.

Caroline Burr had finished read-
ing the book which lay upon her
lap. Her lips were moving, and
she seemed intent upon her own
thoughts. Much of her time had
been of late, devoted to study. For
an hour she had been alone. And
when suddenly the door opened
and her husband stepped quickly
up beside her, and put his hand
heavily on her shoulder, it is not
much to be wondered at that she
screamed with momentary alarm.
Nor did she feel more amiable
when the cause of such unneces-
sary haste was explained.

'I can tell you news. There is
to be a new piece produced at
theatre, and it is to be played by
the most splendid woman who has
appeared on an American stage—
at least so they say.'

'What's her name? Where does
she come from? What peice does
she appear in, and when does she
appear?' inquired Caroline, almost
without taking breath.

'Ah! you are interested, because
I have promised to take you with
me. I see now where my mistake
has been all along. But you do not
love the drama. You have no taste
that way. I wish you did enjoy
theatricals more; I would always
take you with me.'

'Perhaps by cultivating my taste
I would improve.'

'Never! those things must be
natural.'

'Would you like me to go on
the stage?'

'Yes, if you could make a sensa-
tion. You are a dear little girl,

Carrie, but you would not shine in
such a situation. It requires talent,
beauty, grace, and years of study,
to make a hit. But I will answer
your questions to-morrow morning.
I only heard the rumor this morn-
ing, and to-morrow's papers will
announce particulars.'

And to-morrow's papers did so.
'New decorations—new play—
new bright star! Mademoiselle
Elise Charmante will appear in the
drama called 'The Stratagem.'

The first time in this or any other
country. Reserved seats, etc.'

Mr. Charles Burr made inquiries
in every direction as to the claims
the debutante might possess.
Had anyone ever seen her any-
where? 'She had not yet arrived,'
said one. 'She will not be seen
until she appears in public,' was
the announcement of another. But
still the excitement increased as
the time approached for her appear-
ance.

Fearing the impossibility of ob-
taining good seats, Charles Burr
purchased two as soon as they
were offered for sale, and when the
evening and the hour arrived, no
man or woman rejoiced more than
Mr. Burr. Impelled by curiosity,
he determined not to lose a moment
of time. Ordering dinner at an
earlier hour than usual, he left the
store, and took an omnibus to his
house.

It was a matter of considerable
disappointment to him, on reaching
home, to find in place of his wife,
the following note:

'DEAREST CHARLEY.—It is with the ut-
most regret I am deprived of your company
this evening. Mrs. Santau's child is very
sick, and she has sent for me to come to
help her to watch this evening. Enjoy your-
self.
Your own Carrie.'

Charley consoled himself by the
fact that Carrie did not care much
either way, and substituting a young
friend for his wife, filled the ap-
pointed seats.

His lognette was arranged to
the proper focus, the play-bill read
and re-read, until almost learned
by heart, and when the curtain rose
Charles Burr was too much occu-
pied with his own hopes to join in
the applause which welcomed some
of the old but favorite actors.

In a few moments a rustle was
heard behind the scenes.

'It is she no doubt,' he whisper-
ed to his companion, who, before
he had time to reply, saw, and
knew it was 'she' who now ap-
peared before the public.

Charles Burr looked amazed.
He scrutinized the star closely.

'Turning to his friend, he said, still
holding his glass steadily to his
eyes:

'Do you know, Bob, she is like
Carrie. Her eyes resemble her's,
her hand is like my wife's, and her
foot—gracious, just the shape!'
Carrie has an elegantly-formed and
remarkably small foot, but she
never displays it, as many women
would. But, continued he, after
another moment's rigid scrutiny,
'I see the difference. Look at this
woman's form—it is one moulded
to worship for its perfect symmetry.
She has a face combining beauty,
and bespeaks intellect. And what
purity in that expression! What
grace in every motion! Look at her
arms and neck!' cried he almost
audibly, 'I must be introduced.
Who knows the star?'

'I do,' answered a voice from be-
hind him, and as he turned he saw
the hand of an old friend extended