

The York Herald

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George Wilson, (LATE FROM ENGLAND) Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

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

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AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

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

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1862.

Whole No. 199.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

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THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c.

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GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other improvements have, at great expense, been made so as to make this House the largest and best north of Toronto.

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Poetry.

OH! BE NOT THE FIRST.

Oh! be not the first to discover A blot on the fame of a friend, A flaw in the faith of a lover,

Whose heart may prove true in the end, We none of us know one another, And oft into error we fall;

Then let us speak well of our brother, Or speak not about him at all. A smile or a sigh may awaken Suspicion's most false and evasive;

Ask thus our belief may be shaken In hearts that are honest and true, How often the light smile of gladness Is worn by the friend that we meet To cover a soul full of sadness.

To prove a soul full of sadness, How often the sight of dejection Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast, To parody truth and affection, Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest Their noblest emotions conceal; And bosoms the purest, sincerest, Have secrets they can not reveal.

Leave bare minds to harbor suspicion, And small ones to trace our defects— Let ours be a nobler ambition, For base is the mind that suspects,

We none of us know one another, And oft into error we fall; Then let us speak well of our brother, Or speak not about him at all.

Literature.

THE OHIO OIL WELL.

Concluded.

On the evening of the day when the well-digger had ceased operations, I had taken a short stroll among the wooded spurs of the hills which belt in rich alluvial meadows, with no other companion than a stout hickory walking-stick.

Presently a dead branch cracked under a heavy listless tread, and Joe came striding down the path, with his rifle cast into the hollow of his left arm, his hat pulled over his eyes, and a sullen desperate look that it was painful to mark.

I was on the point of rising to accost him, when something rustled briskly through the scrubby ravine to my left, and in a low voice called out,

'Joe! hist! Joe Mallory!' 'Who calls?' answered the young man, stopping short.

'A friend, I guess!' answered the same low bissing voice. And out from among the shrubs glided a lean figure, with a broad straw hat and a suit of yellowish jean—Elder Hiram Rutherford.

'I've no humor to talk much to-night, mister; I'm best by myself just now,' said Joe, roughly.

The elder laughed a little hoarse laugh, with malice and craft in the ring of it, but his voice was not unkindly toned as he said,

'Silly boy, don't you go blocking your own light. You jest listen to me only five minutes, and then cut up rough and shirk my company, if you like.'

Without waiting a reply, the shrewd old man caught Joe by the arm, and walked by his side, talking fast but low, with unpraised forefinger, but evidently with earnest emphasis quite foreign to his usual sneering manner.

Even had I been disposed to turn eavesdropper, not a word could I have caught. I got quietly up from my resting-place, and limped home.

Miss Esther was vexed that evening, for Joe was late, and the tea grew black and bitter, the cakes cold, and the spruce beer flat, with long waiting. But when her nephew did return, he wore a strangely flushed and excited aspect, and there was a glow on his cheek, and an elasticity in his step.

And yet, though evidently in high spirits, there was something odd about Joe. He avoided meeting my gaze, or his aunt's gaze, whenever he could. He shuffled about, turning his shoulder on the company. He ate and drank and laughed in a boisterous way, but as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

That night, Joe's chamber being next to mine, I could have sworn I

heard his window stealthily opened an hour after midnight, and a dull sound as of a big man squeezing himself through a casement almost too narrow to give him egress.— Then followed the cautious tread of a heavy foot on the garden paths. Though why Joe, as a master of the house and himself, should choose to slip out like a truant schoolboy, was beyond my comprehension.

Next night the same sound was audible at the same hour. Nay more, I looked from my little window, and caught the gleam of a dark lantern in the garden, passing rapidly on.

But the morning after a surprise occurred which put the nocturnal sights and sounds out of my head. A new flowing well of oil had been discovered, and wonder of wonders, it was not only on Joe's land, but it had burst forth from the very excavation he had caused to be made!

A cowboy passing with his herd along the lane had first seen the jet and heard the splash of the spouting petroleum, and the news had spread like wild-fire over the village.

Before breakfast, nine-tenths of the people of Sparta, men, women, and children, had gathered in a ring to gaze, open-mouthed and open-eyed, at the portent. There was no mistake about the matter. The tawny liquid, like thick dirty water, leaping up in a thick pillar of fluid, and arching over it as it poured its spray into a little pool of oil, was genuine petroleum, and the quantity was considerable.

Fortune had knocked at my host's door while he slept, or at any rate while he was supposed to sleep. Bating a little not unnatural envy, the impulse of the neighbors was to be sincerely glad. Next to having such an outcrop of luck within his own bounds, every man present would have selected Joe as the best recipient for such a boon.

In elder times and elder countries, the windfall might have been assigned to the bounty of the fairies; but, as it was, more than one man, and many women, loudly declared the appearance of the oil a 'dispensatory' in Joe's favor.

'What will Deacon Boone say to't?' was the general cry. Meanwhile I was standing among the rest, sorely puzzled. My professional knowledge made me suspect that some subterranean flow of the petroleum had taken place, and that in all probability Elder Rutherford's well would be a loser by as much as Joe's gained.

But, beyond the fence of partition, I could see the elder's well flowing, to all appearance, as lustily as ever; and beside me stood the elder himself, with no sign of apprehension on his thin face, or visible in the twinkle of his piercing eyes.

Indeed, Mr. Rutherford wore an odd look of stealthy satisfaction, and he was not the least loud in his congratulations of Joe.

'Very strange,' thought I. 'The old man must have a better heart than I gave him credit for. But the outbreak of this oil is one of those apparent caprices of nature which perplex men of science.'

The last sentence had been uttered aloud, and the aged well-digger, with a shrill answer to it with:

'Solemn true, mister. We dug, and bored, and no signs of ole, and here it comes up, plenty as peaches in the latter end o' July. But here comes Deacon Boone, stuck all of a heap like, at sight of the ole on the ground of the chap he choked off from courtin' his darter. May I never, but he's gwine to eat humble pie!

Eat humble pie the deacon certainly did, for, after hovering about the oil like a moth round a candle, after listening to the bystanders' vague calculations as to how many hundred or thousand gallons a day the well would yield, Mr. Boone went up to Joe and held out his hand.

'Give you joy, my boy!' he said in a tremulous way, and, taking courage from Joe's hearty hand-grasp, actually made a stammering apology for his late conduct, and more than hinted that his desire was that Susan and Joe should 'come together.'

It was curious to see the vain mean man wriggling out of the dilemma, to hear his clumsy phrases, and to observe his coarse greed and time-serving nature. Such things have been done before, in the politest circles, but here the mercenary

character stood out transparent and stripped off artificial adornments. Joe seemed to feel the truth, as he made answer in a voice that was audible to many of those present: 'Deacon, we'll let bygones be bygones. I'm willin' to stick to our old agreement, and I'll be proud of Susan for my wife, but I want nothin' more. Keep your money and your settlements and stuff, or light your pipe with 'em if you like. I take your darter in the clothes she stands in, and no property—not a cent.'

All the villagers were talking for the next three days of Joe's amazing luck, and Joe's goless amazing disinterestedness. It was known that the deacon, who had but one son and no other daughter, would have given Susan a large sum on her wedding-day, and would have prospectively settled a much larger sum upon her.

And however productive Joe's well might be, a good balance at the bank was never a hindrance in business.

Some oil was collected at the new petroleum spring in the course of the next four days, but not as much as if the proprietor had not been absorbed in preparations for his wedding. That wedding was duly solemnized, with the full sanction of parents, minister, and magistrate; and a very pretty dark-eyed bride Susan was, and very lovingly she nestled by Joe's side.

She was a soft nature, but she had found a strong prop to cling to. I was present at the wedding, and found much amusement in the spectacle of the feast and frolic, which wound up with an uproarious dance.

Deacon Boone publicly offered Joe a roll of notes, Susan's portion, which Joe as publicly declined.

Two days afterwards, I was to leave Sparta. My sturdy host would, I know, have been pained by the proffer of pecuniary compensation for my maintenance, but he did not refuse to accept of a good German rifle, neatly mounted in silver, which formed part of my worldly goods, and I had sent for from Philadelphia. This Joe promised to keep for my sake, and in memory of the eventful time we had passed together.

On the day of my departure, a new excitement pervaded the village. Joe's flowing well had ceased to flow. The oil spring had vanished as abruptly as it had appeared. Before long a great crowd gathered, cries of wonder and condolence were heard, and Deacon Boone and his wife arrived in a state bordering on distraction.

Joe alone seemed cool, though a little sheepish. In answer to the deacon's voluble inquiries, he referred him to Elder Rutherford. The deacon faced his enemy.

'What do you know about it, mister?'

'Know?' said Elder Hiram; 'you've come to the right shop for knowledge. The well's dry; and why? Why, because the lease was for a week, and it's out to-day.'

And so it turned out. Elder Hiram's malicious wish to play the deacon a trick, had suggested an expedient at which Joe, in his despair, had caught. A few yards of two-inch piping, laid down under cover of night, between the Wyandot Creek well and Joe's excavation, had succeeded to extemporize a flowing well on the latter's property, while it merely relieved the elder's petroleum spring of its superfluity. The pipe had now been removed.

Of course Susan's parents were full of wrath and reproaches, but they were at last overborne by public opinion. The majority favored Joe, probably considering all stratagems fair in love and war, while Susan took her husband's part, and the young farmer's remark was unanswerable:—

'Deacon, I ain't ashamed. It's fast time I ever deceived anybody, but 'twas for Susan's sake, and I never took a dollar of your money, and never will. Remember that!'

So the young folks moved West, and were thriving, in Kansas, when last I heard of them. Miss Esther was still with them.

NOT LIKE ME.—(Albert Stewart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who hailed him with—'Ah, Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your portrait, and kissed it because it was so much like you.' 'And did it kiss you in return?' 'No.' 'Then,' said Stewart, 'it was not like me.'

THOUGHT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.—If we would have our bodies healthy our brains must be used, and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life giving streams of force may flow down from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as they are ministered unto. We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greeks, and with justice we recognize and partly seem to imitate the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But, probably, we should make a fatal error if we omitted from our calculation the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation and politics, were pursued by them. Surely in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extravagance to ask whether some part of the lassitude and weariness of life, of which we hear so many in our day, might be due to lack of mental occupation on worthy subjects exciting and repaying a generous enthusiasm, as well as to over-exercise on lower ones?—whether an engrossment on matters which have not substance enough to justify or satisfy the mental grasp, be not at the root of some part of the maladies which affect our mental convalescence? Any one who tries it soon finds out how wearying how disproportionately exhausting is an over-dose of 'light literature' compared with an equal amount of time spent on real work. Of this we may be sure, that the due exercise of brain—of thought—is one of the essential elements of human life. The perfect health of a man is not the same as that of an ox or a horse. The preponderating capacity of his nervous part demands a corresponding life.—Cornhill Magazine.

TO ENCOURAGE THE GROWTH OF HAIR AND PREVENT ITS TURNING GRAY.—A young lady friend of mine was recommended by a coiffeur to use sage water. She was obliged to discontinue it daily use, as it made her hair too thick. Pour boiling water on the sage leaves, and let them remain some time in the oven or near a stove; strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade is needed, an equal mixture of cocoa-nut and olive oils, with a little perfume, is very efficacious.—London Field.

BERWICK SPONGE CAKE.—Beat six eggs two minutes, then add three cups of powdered sugar, and beat five minutes; two even cups of flour and two teaspoons of cream tartar, and beat one minute; one cup of cold water, with one teaspoon of soda dissolved in it; and the grated rind of a lemon, and half of the juice, and beat one minute; then add two even cups of flour, and beat one minute. Bake in deep pans in a quick oven.

RAT CHARMING.—It appears that some one has advertised a secret art for catching rats, which the discoverer kindly offers to send to any address on the receipt of 50 cents. The American Agriculturist, believing it to be a humbug, sent for it, and gives the substance of the secret as follows: 'Tie a string to a red herring; put on rubber hoses; trail the herring around the room or field nightly for a week or so, and the rats will, by-and-by, get familiar and follow you into a bag, or anywhere you wish to take them.'

'I've just come since mair to ye, doctor,' said Mrs. M'Tavish, to a druggist who had undertaken to cure her husband's deafness, 'to see if ye can gie John something better, for the last bottle ye gied him did him nae good ava.' 'Dear me,' said the doctor, 'did it no? I'm surprised at that; but it matters very little, for there's naething gann on worth hearing, the no?'

SHOCKINGLY-SAVAGE WEAPONS.—An odd idea has been suggested to the War Office of Italy—that of making the lances of the Lancer regiments convey a powerful charge of electricity, so that at the merest touch, the foe will be killed by the shock. What would Don Quixote have given for such a lance in his attack on the windmills? If this idea is put in practice, a cavalry charge will literally 'electrify' the enemy; and if the horsemen's spurs are similarly influenced, their chargers also will be charged. The Federals ought to introduce this weapon into their armies so as to give a shock to the South.

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD MAID'S OPINION OF MODERN HUSBANDS.

Little knowing, whickers growing, Top-lip greasing, nature tasting, Gold rings wearing, fob chains glaring, Tailor waiting, hatter rating, Op'ra going, debts still owing, Oyster dining, midnight chiming, Wife a weeping, late watch keeping, Children lying, "bread I bread!" crying, Cold wind sighing, shawl defying, "Four" slow ringing, him home bringing, Up-stair reclining, groping, feeling, Cursing, blaming, wife-blaming, Tears despairing, wrong surmising, Fast horse driving, never thriving, Money spending, money lending, Betting, losing, wife refusing, Nought for wanting, most despairing, Never knowing how world's going, Needle plying, deeply sighing, He's out walking, sporting, talking, Life enjoying, stomach cloying, She home sitting, patient, praying, Love still knowing, he falls growing, Pleasures smiling, poor wife filling Up her measure, not with pleasure But with sorrow, brought each morrow, With dreadful lives for patient wives.

In war, rockets are often of signal service. A PROFESSIONAL QUESTION.—Is it feasible.

When a lady runs, what target is she like?—The Running Deer. Pride that dines with vanity too often sups with contempt.

The shortness of life affords no time for a tedious education. A dull and plausible man like an unridged gun, is a smooth bore.

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven. An ambitious barber advertises himself as a 'Professor of Decoracapitulation and Depilacrestoration.'

That was a wise nigger, who in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, 'Dat 'ar 'pends altogether how dey enjoy themselves.'

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.—General Halleck is to assume supreme command of the Federal armies, under the title of 'Halleck-under the Great.'—Punch.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—Want of gold, occasioned by democratic extravagance, may teach the citizens of the Federal Republic the value of a sovereign. The British Friend, a Quaker organ, laments that young Quakers everywhere are dropping the poke bonnet, and taking to ribbons, flowers and mitigated crinolines. Young Quakers are joining rifle corps.

Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintances in inscribing on a tea chest the words 'Tea does.' It was some time before they found out the wit of this in the literal translation—'Thou tea-chest.' (Thou tea-chest.)

A young Scotsman at Aldershot fell sick, and was sent to the hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard for some time, and then he threw up his hands and bawled, 'Oh, doctor! doctor! I can't drink all that!'

TRYING THE EFFECTS OF MEDICINE.—The late Mr. Morier related that an Eastern governor, who had seized an English traveller's medicine chest, was quite puzzled what to make of it; so he collected all the Jews in the town, made each swallow the contents of a box or phial, and locked them together in a room till the effects were ascertained.

A GAMING NET.—A Perthshire baronet saw what he supposed to be a deadly game net hanging behind the door of a farm house. Pointing it out exultingly to his factor, 'Here Mr. M.—, I've long been suspecting these poaching nets, and now we have the proof.' 'Hoot, Sir P.—, said the honest farmer, 'that's the lassie's crinoline!'

At the International Exhibition there is a statue of Caractacus the captive Briton. 'Have you seen Caractacus by Foley?' asked one visitor of another. 'No,' replied the other, doggedly, supposing that the querist referred to the Derby winner, 'and I don't want to see the beast. And he ain't by Foley, neither, stoopid—he's by Kingston.'

SHORT BUT EXPRESSIVE DIALOGUE.—John, where is your master to-day? 'Oh, he's off, sir, recruiting.' 'Recruiting, is he? That's good! where is he recruiting?' 'Up in the White Mountains, sir, recruiting his health!' 'Ah, he's sick is he? What's the matter?' 'He took cold on account of the draft.' 'That's bad; then he won't go to the war?' 'Oh no, sir, he's too 'wide-awake.'

A DIFFICULT IRISHMAN.—An Irishman in a witness box is proverbially a difficult subject. That others have found Patrick a slippery colt to chase appears from the following anecdote: 'The captain as a steamboat, seeing an Irishman smoking about the funnel, stepped up to him and said: 'Don't you see that notice stuck up there?'

'I've none that bit o' painted tin?' 'To be sure I do.'

'Shure I say it.'

'Why don't you follow it?'

'I hain't seen it move; it's nailed fast, I'm considerin'.'

'I mean haven't you read that notice?'

'I've a bit; sure I don't know how to rate.'

'Well it says, 'No smoking allowed here.'

'Be the powers it doesn't consarn me a mite, thin, fer I never smoked at all in my life!'