

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest mails, 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 acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in Advance; and if not paid within Three Months two dollars will be charged.

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No paper discontinued until arrears are paid; and parties retaining papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

THE YORK HERALD Book and Job Printing ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to—

BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, CHEQUE-BOOKS, AND PARCHMENTS.

And every other kind of LETTER-PRESS PRINTING done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assortment of JOB TYPE is sufficiently new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards, Circulars, &c., kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL, May 1, 1861. 127-1/2p

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE & COLBORNE STS., TORONTO.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to 10 a.m. All Consultations in the office, Cash.

Tuesday, April 9, '62. 178

LAW CARDS.

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

AGREMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., drawn with attention and promptness.

Richmond Hill, Aug 29. 144-4

A CARD.
W. C. KEMPE, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office at all times in charge of the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and dispatch. Division Courts attended.

Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto November 20, 1862. 164-1/2

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR

in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Broad Street, Windsor.

Also a Branch Office in the village of Beaverton, Township of Threlton, and County of Ontario.

The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.

Whitby, Nov. 23, 1860. 164-1/2

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister.

Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts. Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-4f

Mason's Arms Hotel!

ROBERT COX begs to inform his friends, and the travelling public, that he has taken the above Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. STRAZAS, where he hopes, by strict attention to the comforts and convenience of his guests, to merit an equal share of the patronage given to his predecessor.

Toronto, July 17, 1862. 190

Maple Hotel!
 THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support. Good Stabling, &c.

JAMES WATSON, Maple, July 17, 1862. 190

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 Sleds.

The best of Liquors and Cigars kept constantly on hand.

The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first Wednesday in each month.

Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862. 16

The York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL, ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

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

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. IV. No. 47.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1862.

Whole No. 204.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, RICHMOND HILL, Proprietor.

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

AS STAGES leaves this Hotel every morning for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves Toronto at half past 3.

Good Stabling and careful Hostler in waiting.

Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-1/2

White Hart Inn, RICHMOND HILL.

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. As this house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND, Richmond Hill, Dec. 29, 1860. 108-1/2

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others. Cigars of all brands. J. McLEOD, Proprietor. Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-1/2

CLYDE HOTEL, KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W.

Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

Toronto, November 1861. 157-1/2

John Massey, (Late of the King's Hotel, London, Eng.)

No. 26 West Market Place, TORONTO.

Every accommodation for Farmers and the attending Market. Good Stabling. Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutches Casibus, 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. This house possesses every accommodation Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to call.

W. WESTFALL, Corner of Church and Stanley Sts., Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1/2

THE WELL-KNOWN BLACK HORSE HOTEL,

Formerly kept by William Relfe, Cor. of Palace & George Sts. [EAST OF THE MARKET.] TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor, (Successor to Thomas Palmer). Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2

JOS. GREGOR'S Fountain Restaurant!

60 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

Supps, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c always on hand. Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got up in the best style. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2

NEWBIGGING HOUSE,

1 ATE Clarence Hotel, No. 38, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.

W. NEWBIGGING, Proprietor. Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1/2

YORK MILLS HOTEL, YONGE STREET,

THE Subscriber begs to inform that he has leased the above Hotel, and having fitted it up in the latest style travellers may rely upon having every comfort and attention at this first class house.

Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler always in attendance.

WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor, York Mills, June 7, 1861. 134-1/2

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

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 hotel of Toronto. Travellers at this House find every convenience both for themselves and horses.

N.B.—A careful hostler always in attendance.

Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1/2

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER.

UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill March 14, 1862. 172-1/2

Poetry.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

The flags of war like storm birds fly,
 The charging trumpets blow:
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strikes below.

And calm and patient, Nature keeps
 Her ancient promise still,
 Tho' 'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
 The battle's breath of fell.

And still she walks in golden hours
 Through harvest-leppy farms,
 And still she wears her fruits and flowers
 Like jewels on her arms.

What means the gladness of the plain,
 This joy of eve and morn,
 The mirra that shakes the beard of grain
 And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
 And hearts with hate are hot;
 But even peevish come round the years,
 And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
 With songs our groans of pain;
 She meets with tint of flower and leaf
 The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the annals of our race
 Her sweet thanksgiving-palm;
 Too near to God for doubt or fear,
 She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the road lies safe below
 The fire that beats and burns:
 For all the tears of blood we sow
 She waits the rich return,

She sees with clearer eye than ours
 The good of suffering pain—
 She hears that blossom like her flowers
 And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
 Two vision of her eyes:
 And make her fields and fruited trees
 Our guide and prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
 Above this stormy din,
 We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
 King peace and freedom in!

Literature.

An Adventure in California.

(From Harper's New Monthly Magazine.)

It must have been nearly ten o'clock when my mule suddenly stopped, turned around, and set up that peculiar nicker that which these animals had the approach of strangers. As soon as he ceased his unwelcome noise, I listened, and distinctly heard the clatter of hoofs in the road, about half a mile in the rear. That my pursuers were rapidly approaching there was now very little doubt. It was useless to attempt to reach San Miguel, which must be still four or five miles distant. I had no time, and resolved at once to make for a little grove some three or four hundred yards to the right. As I approached the nearest trees I was rejoiced to see something like a fence. A little farther on was a gray object with a distant outline. It must be a house. There was no light; but I soon discovered that I was within fifty yards of a small abode building. My mule now pricked up his ears, sniffed the air wildly, and absolutely refused to move a step nearer. I dismounted and tried to drag him toward the door. His terror seemed unquenchable. With starting eyes and a wild blowing sound from his nostrils, he broke away and dashed out into the plain. I speedily lost sight of him. This time I had taken the precaution to secure my papers and pistol on my person. The mule had taken the direction of San Miguel, but even should I be unable to recover him the loss would not be so great as before. However, it was no time to calculate losses. The clatter of hoofs grew nearer and nearer, and soon the advancing forms of two mounted men became distinctly visible in the moonlight. There was no alternative but to seek security in the old abode. I ran for the door and pushed it open. The house was evidently unoccupied. No answer was made to my summons save a mocking echo from the bare walls. My pursuers must have caught sight of me as they approached. I could hear their imprecations as they tried to force their animals up to the door.

One of the party—the Colonel, whose voice I had no difficulty in recognising, said, "B—the fellow what did he come here for?"

The other answered with an oath and a brutal laugh, "We've got him

holed, any how. It won't take long to root him out!"

They then dismounted and proceeded to tie their horses to the nearest tree. I could hear them talk as they receded, but could not make out what they said. While this was going on, I had closed the door, and was looking for some bolt or fastening, when I heard the low fierce growl of some animal.—There was no time to conjecture what it was—the next moment a furry skin brushed past, and the animal sprang through an opening in the wall. A wooden bar was all I could find; but the iron fastening had been broken, and the only way of securing the door was to place the bar against it in a diagonal position. The floor was of rough hard clay, and served in some sort to prevent the brace from slipping. A few moments of painful anxiety passed. I had drawn my revolver, and stood close against the inner wall, prepared to fire upon the first man that entered. Presently, the two men returned, approaching stealthily along the wall, so as to avoid coming in range of the door. The sharp, hard voice of the colonel first broke the silence.

"Come," said he, "open the door! You can't help yourself now! It is all up with you, my fine fellow!"

I knew the villains wanted to find my position, and made no answer. "You may as well come out at once," said the colonel; "you have no chance. There is nobody here to stand by you as there was last night. Your friend is keeping camp with a bullet through his head and a gasp in his throat!"

Pressed as I was, this news shocked me beyond measure. The unfortunate man who had befriended me had paid the penalty of his life for his kindness.

"Out with you!" roared the colonel, fiercely—"or we'll burst the door down. Come, be quick!"

Another pause. I heard a low whispering, and stood with breathless anxiety with my finger upon the trigger of my pistol. In that brief period it was wonderful how many thoughts flashed through my mind. I knew nothing of the construction of the house, had no time even to look around and see if there was any back entrance. A faint light through one small window hole in front, within three feet of the door, was all I could discern. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension. My sense of hearing was painfully acute. The low whispering of the two ruffians, the faint jingling of their spurs, the very creaking of their boots, as they stealthily moved, was fearfully audible. With an almost absolute certainty of death, without the remotest hope of relief, it was strange how my thoughts wandered back upon the past; how the peaceful fringes of home was pictured to my mind; how vividly I saw the beloved faces of kindred and friends; how all that were dear to me seemed to sympathize in my unhappy fate. Yet it was impossible to realize that my time had come. The whole thing—the camp, the dark, murderous faces, the chase, the blockade—resembled rather some horrible fantasy than the dread truth. Strange, too, that I should have noticed something even grotesque in situation; run into a hole, as the ruffian Jack had said, like a coyote or a badger. Five minutes—it seemed a long time—must have passed in this way, when I became conscious of a gradual darkening in the room. A low, heavy breathing attracted my attention. I looked in the direction of the window and thought I could detect something moving; but the darkness was so impetrate that it might be the result of imagination. Should I fire and miss my mark. The flash would reveal my position, and be certain destruction. The dark mass moved again. I could distinctly hear the respiration. It must be one of the men trying to get in through the small window-hole. I raised my pistol, took dead aim as near as possible upon the centre of the object, and fired.—The fall of a heavy body outside, a groan, an imprecation, was all that I could hear, when a tremendous effort was made to force the door, and two shots were fired through it in quick succession. The wood was massive but much decayed; and I saw that it was rapidly giving way before the furious assaults that were made upon it from the outside, evidently with a heavy piece

of timber. Another lunge or two of this powerful battering-ram must have borne it from its hinges or shattered it to fragments.

"Hold on, Jack!" said the wounded man in a low voice; "come here, quick! The infernal fool has shot me through the shoulder. I'm bleeding badly."

The ruffian dropped his bar, as I judged by the sound, and turned to drag his leader out of range of the door. Now was the time for a bold move. Hitherto I had acted on the defensive; but everything depended on following up the advantage. Removing the brace from the door, I made an opening sufficient to get a glimpse of the two men.—The stout fellow, Jack, was stooping down, dragging the other toward the corner of the house. I fired again. The ball was too low; it missed his body, but must have shattered his wrist; for with a horrible oath he dropped his burden, and staggered back a few paces, writhing with pain, his hand covered with blood. Before I could get another shot he darted behind the house. At the same time the colonel rose on his knee, turned quickly, and fired. The ball whizzed by my head and struck the door. While I was trying to get a shot at him in return, he jumped to his feet and staggered out of range. I thought it best now to rest satisfied with success so far, and again retired to my position behind the door. For the next ten or fifteen minutes I could hear, from time to time, the smothered imprecations of the wounded ruffians, but after this there was a dead silence. I heard nothing more. They had either gone or were lying in wait near by, supposing I would come out. This uncertainty caused me considerable anxiety, for I dared not abandon my gloomy retreat.—Two or three hours must have passed in this way, during which I was constantly on the ground; but not the slightest indication of the presence of the enemy was perceptible. Two nights had nearly passed, during which I had not closed my eyes in sleep. The perpetual strain of mind and the fatigue of travel was beginning to tell—I felt faint and drowsy. During the whole terrible ordeal of this night I had not dared to sit down. But now my legs refused to support me any longer. I groped my way toward a corner of the room to lie down. Some soft moss on the ground caused me to stumble. I threw out my hands and fell.

What was it that sent such a thrill of horror through every fibre? A dead body lay in my embrace—cold, mutilated, and clothed with blood! It has been my fortune, during a long career of travel in foreign lands, to see death in many forms. I do not profess to be exempt from the weakness common to most men—a natural dread of that undiscovered region to which we are still travelling. But I never had any particular repugnance to the presence of dead men. What are they, after all, but inanimate clay? The living are to be feared,—not the dead,—who sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Not this—not the sudden contact with a corpse; nor simply the cold and blood-clotted face over which I passed my hand was it that caused me to recoil with such a thrill of horror. It was the solution of a dread mystery. There, in a pool of clotted gore, lay the corpse of a murdered man. No need was there to conjecture who were his murderers. I rose up, thoroughly aroused from my drowsiness. It was probable others had shared the fate of this man. If so, their bodies must be near at hand. I was afraid to open the door to let in the light, for, bad as it was to be shut up in a dark room with the victim or victims of a cruel murder, it was worse to incur the risk of a similar fate by exposing myself. After somewhat recovering my composure I groped about, and soon discovered that three other bodies were lying in the room: one on a bed—a woman with her throat cut from ear to ear—and two smaller bodies on the floor near by—children, perhaps eight or ten years old, but so mutilated that it was difficult to tell what they were. Their limbs were almost denuded of flesh, and their faces and bodies were torn into shapeless masses. This must have been the finishing work of the animal—a coyote no doubt—that had startled me with a growl, and

broken through the window after I had first closed the door. I could also now account for the strange manner in which the mule had snuffed the air, and his unconquerable terror in approaching the house.—Only a few articles of furniture were in the room—a bed, two or three broken stools, a frying pan, coffee pot, and a few other cooking utensils, thrown in a heap near the fire-place. There was no other room; nor was there any back entrance, as I had at first apprehended. It was a gloomy place enough to spend a night in; but there was no help for it. I certainly had less fear of the dead than of the living. It could not be over two or three hours till morning; and it was not likely the two men, who were seeking my life, would lurk about the premises much longer, if they had not long since taken their departure, which seemed the most probable. I knelt down and commended my soul to God; then stretched myself across the brace against the door, and despite the presence of death, fell fast asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke. The sun's earliest rays were pouring into the room through the little window and the cracks of the door. A ghastly spectacle was revealed—a ghastly array of room-mates lying stiff and stark before me. From the general appearance of the dead bodies I judged them to be an emigrant family from some of the Western States. They had probably taken up a temporary residence in the old abode but after crossing the plains of the Southern route, and must have had money or property of some kind to have inspired the cupidity of their murderers. The man was apparently fifty years of age; his skull was split completely open, and his brains scattered not upon the earthen floor. The woman was doubtless his wife. Her clothes were torn partly from her body, and her head was cut nearly off from her shoulders; besides which her skull was fractured with some dull instrument, and several ghastly wounds disfigured her person. The bedclothes were saturated with blood, now clotting by the parching heat. The two children had evidently been cut down by the blows of an axe. Their heads were literally shattered to fragments. What the murderers had failed to accomplish in mutilating the bodies had been completed by some ravenous beast of prey—the same, no doubt, already mentioned.

Mr. George Peabody is literally

persecuted by beggars in London.—His noble deed of charity to the poor of London has aroused the avarice of the improvident and needy denizens of that city, who are reported by one of the daily journals as invading his privacy, interrupting his business, and disturbing his peace generally. The only means of replying to applicants for charitable assistance is by a printed circular, in which Mr. Peabody says: "The immense number of letters daily arriving at his address, renders it difficult for him to read them even partially; and a written reply to each would take up the time of a dozen persons. To those who ask pecuniary relief, Mr. Peabody will say that it is his means would allow him to assist all in adversity, nothing would give him more pleasure; but as they are not, applicants must take the will for the deed." To give to one-tenth that ask, would deprive Mr. Peabody of the means of support in one month."

SALT FOR THE THROAT.

—In those days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word on behalf of a simple, and what has been with us a most effectual preventative, if not a positive cure, of soar throat. For many years past, indeed, we may say the whole of a life of 40 years, we have been subject to soar throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which was not only distressing to ourselves, but our friends, and those with whom we were brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day,—morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large table spoonful of pure salt in about half a tumbler full of cold water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the whole winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry hacking has disappeared. We have attributed these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle, have had the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary it is pleasant, and after a few days use no person who loves a nice clean mouth, and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.—Farmer and Gardner.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

—At a temperance meeting held not long ago in Alabama, Colonel Lemons, who had been 23 years a soldier in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, addressed the meeting. He rose before the audience, tall, erect and vigorous, with a glow of health upon his cheek, said: "You see before you a man 80 years old. I have fought 200 battles, have 14 wounds on my body, have lived 30 days on horse-flesh with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering; without shoes and stockings for my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun on my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, with the nostrils and mouth filled with dust; and thirst so tormenting that I HAVE OPENED THE VEINS OF MY ARMS AND SUCKED MY OWN BLOOD! Do you ask how I survived these horrors! I answer that under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health, my vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquors in my life;" and continued he, "Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it as a fact that the 6,000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all of them men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

A SHARP DOG.—The Fond du Lac

(Wisconsin Recorder), contains the following compliment to the canine family: "A very good anecdote is related of a Newfoundland dog, owned by Mr. T. F. Strong of this city. Among other things the dog had been taught to take a basket and go to the market for meat. This duty he had performed for some time, when the butcher presented his bill for settlement and to the astonishment of Mr. S. it was double the amount he had kept. The bill was paid, but the dog was suspected and watched, one day it was found that after doing the regular marketing, he took the basket and did a little on his own hook, eating the proceeds on his way home, and on his arrival returning the basket to its proper place. To put a stop to this the butcher was instructed to give meat only when a piece of paper was found in the basket. The dog tried the marketing on his own hook several times, but failed in getting anything, and finally, as though he had turned the matter over in his mind, observing how it was done, he one day went in and tore off a piece of a newspaper, placed it in a basket, and obtained his hard earned dinner. If the whole of this is true it shows a reflectiveness on the part of the dog not often seen among animals, and stamps him as one of the most sagacious of his kind."

A cow belonging to Mr. John Davidson,

at Guelph, which had been missing since the 17th of September, was found on Friday last jumbled up in a woodpile in the vicinity of the Guelph Mills. "The poor animal was in a most attenuated and ghastly condition, looking like a prepared skeleton wrapped in an old hide, and must have existed without food or water for twenty-two days. When she went astray she weighed nearly 700 lbs. On being liberated she drank some good and now appears likely to become herself again."

Advertising for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. "Talk up" to the dear creatures, if you'd marry them. One-half the world was born to marry the other half.