

The York Herald

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Business Directory. MEDICAL CARDS.

D. I. OSTETT ER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE & COLBOURNE STS., THORNHILL.

B. BOWMAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur.

ROBERT MARSH, J.P., Commissioner in the Queen's Bench CONVEYANCER, &c.

CLERK OF THE 3rd DIVISION COURT Office, opposite RAYMOND'S HOTEL, Richmond Hill.

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

A CARD. W. C. KEELER, Esq., of the City of Toronto, has opened an office in the Village of Aurora for the transaction of Common Law and Chancery Business, also, Conveyancing executed with correctness and despatch.

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office, in Victoria Buildings, over the Charitable office, Brock Street, Whitby.

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts., Toronto, March 8, 1861.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Yonge St., where he hopes, by attention to the wants of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

DAVID EYER, Junr., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer, RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham, on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

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

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1863.

Whole No. 245.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL

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

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.

YONGE STREET HOTEL,

AURORA. A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.

CLYDE HOTEL,

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

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.

Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, November 1861. 157-1f

James Massey,

(Late of the King's Hotel, London, Eng.) No. 26 West Market Place, TORONTO.

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

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutscher 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.

W. WESTPHAL, Corner of Church and Stanley Sts., Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-ly

BLACK HORSE HOTEL,

Formerly kept by William Ralph, 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. 125-1f

JOS. GREGOR'S

Fontaine Restaurant: 60 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO. Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

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

NEWBIGGING HOUSE,

147E, Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 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. 124-1f

YORK MILLS HOT-L,

YONGE STREET. THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he has leased the above hotel, and having fixed 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. 132-1f

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 north of Toronto.

N.B.—A careful Hostler always in attendance. Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1f

THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Wagon MAKER. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. 172-7f

UNDERTAKER

&c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. 172-7f

Poetry.

LINES TO A LITTLE GIRL AT PLAY.

Little maiden—lightsome, gay Smiling as a morn in May— Merry music in thy laugh— Sweet as nectar Jove might quaff.

Little maiden, in thine eye Joy is dancing; tell me why All seems golden to thy gaze, All is bright as summer days?

Little maiden, now methinks Thou art like the bee that drinks Honey from each blossom fair— Heedless of the poison there.

Fan sits on thy ruby lips, Careless as the lambskin skips O'er the sunny meads of June— Now may'st thou Nature's tone.

Now I see thy kindling eyes, Full of wonder and surprise, Melting into radiant joy, At some cunning childish toy.

Or with sunny, blushing face, Downcast eyes and modest grace, What a gleam of anger now! And a cloud flits o'er thy brow.

'Tis a summer cloudlet floating— As you gaze the vision cheating— Nothing on the azure plain, Leaving all things bright again.

Little maiden, thou wilt learn Life is rough, and sad, and stern; Chilling winds thy path a illness— Tera thy shining gold to dress.

Hast thou, maiden, ere been told, Hope's a shadow—love is cold— Faith is but a longing doubt? Thou may'st live to find it out.

Know'st thou in her fairest hour, Life grows many a passion flower— Right and tempting to the hand— Scathing like the lightning's brand?

Nay, thou know'st not, nor would I Cloud thy smile, or dim thy joy; If the flower is doomed at all, Let it blossom ere it fall.

But it is not: vice's breath Buries the shining frost of death, Tarnishes the virgin gold— Hope and love will then grow cold.

But in virtue's fostering arms, Aye but follows youthful charms; Death embosoms them, and above They shall bloom in endless love.

Literature.

A Northern Shipwreck.

BY EMERSON BENNETT. I was surgeon on board the Newcastle, one of the Greenland whale ships, when, as we were near the entrance of Davis' Strait, a gale sprung up, which in spite of all our efforts, drove us in among some loose, floating ice, that soon closed around us, and held us at the mercy of the storm.

When night came on, we felt our situation to be very critical, and orders were given to get all the boats on the ice, put in our instruments and provisions, and prepare ourselves for the worst.

The gale continued to increase in fury, and somewhere about midnight our masts snapped like pipe-stems, one after the other, and came down with an awful crash. Soon after this the ice began to press together in a way that threatened to crush our vessel like an egg-shell, and we all got out on the moving mass, in that dark, furious storm, and awaited the result in a most horrible suspense.

For an hour we could hear our imprisoned ship creaking and groaning as if it were 'a thing of life,' and then there came another awful crash, and our noble vessel was a total wreck. We now hastened into the boats, but hardly with a hope that we should ever see land again—for it was cold enough to freeze us, to say nothing of the other perils with which we were surrounded. Not long after this, the ice began to rock and part from under us, and presently the boat I was in sank down into the water.

At the same moment there arose the wildest shrieks of human distress from the unfortunate tenants of the other boats, and we knew their fate was, so far, worse than ours. These shrieks of pain and horror lasted scarcely a minute, and then all gradually became still, save the wild howling of the furious storm and the clashing together of the lumps and cakes of floating ice.

'It is all over with them,' said I, speaking aloud, but in a tone that

was unheard above the roar of the tempest, 'and perhaps they are to be envied rather than pitied, for their earthly sufferings are over, while ours are yet to be endured.'

There were nine persons in our boat—the second mate, seven ordinary seamen, and myself—and as far as we could judge in the thick darkness, we were in a kind of water-trough, between masses of floating ice, which might remain apart, or close up and crush us at any moment. There was nothing for us to do but steer between them as well as we could, and wait for daylight in a suspense that presented the horrors of almost absolute despair.

For the remainder of that seemingly endless night, the gale continued with the same wild, unabated fury, and the thundering roar of the wind and sea, and the thumping, cracking, clashing and crashing of the ice all around us, made a most horrid din, beyond the power of language to portray.

How we lived through that night, in an open boat, tossed about by the angry waves, right in the centre, as it were, of a field of floating ice, that sometimes crashed together before and behind us, is one of the mysteries that I shall never attempt to solve. Yet live we did, and with the exception of being now and then wet with the spray, chilled to the very bones, and so benumbed that only with the greatest difficulty we could exercise our limbs sufficiently to keep them from being frozen, we found ourselves at daylight in as good a condition as when we entered our frail craft.

We had prayed for daylight as men pray for life, yet when it came it showed us such an awful, dreary, hopeless prospect, that for one I could almost have wished darkness back again, to shut it out. Around us, in every direction, as far as we could see was a mighty field of broken, floating ice, which was being dashed together, piled up, thrown down, and whirled around with a fury that it seemed as if nothing could withstand; and in the very midst of this, with nothing but God's Providence to save us for a single minute, was our little frail boat and our helpless selves.— Twenty times, within the first hour after daylight, I commended my soul to my Maker, in view of what I believed to be certain destruction; and yet, at the very last moment, 'ere would be some unforeseen change, some unexpected way of escape, and our frail boat would still ride on unharmed, bearing its human freight, so to speak, through the very jaws of death.

Thus we kept on, for it might be another hour, when the storm began to abate, which was the first sign of real hope that we were able to perceive. And yet, in view of our almost frozen condition, our great distance from land, and the thousand perils with which we were surrounded, how faint was this hope! Still, somehow, I could not but think that, as we had so far been miraculously preserved, it must be for some wise purpose of Him who orders all things, and which He would not permit to be thwarted, and this thought went far to sustain my sinking spirit in its hour of trouble.

Fortunately, among our provisions was a quantity of fat pork, and I had myself ordered in a small keg of spirits, and these two articles were of immense value to us now. I dealt out nearly half a pint of raw spirits to each man, and drank the same myself, which had the effect to give our sluggish blood a fresh start. Then we split up some small pieces of boards, and kindled a fire in the bottom of the boat, by which we managed to thaw our frozen pork; after which I cut it into slices, dealt it out in equal portions, and set the example of eating just as much of it as I possibly could well impart to our bodies. After this we all jumped up and down, stamped our feet, swung our arms violently, beat our breasts, and had the satisfaction of finding ourselves in a condition to defy the cold for at least several hours to come.

The next three hours brought a favorable change in our condition. The storm had not only gone down, but we had managed, I hardly know how, to get out into a comparative open sea, where our danger from the ice was so much decreased as to seem like a piece of absolute safety. We now laid our course to

the northward, and spent the remainder of the day at the oars, rowing for life; and although when the sun went down we had seen no signs of land, yet, considering what we had gone through the night before, we felt quite cheerful and hopeful.

I did not think it safe to permit any one to sleep that night, even for a moment; and so, by constantly talking to the men of the hopes of the future, warning them against the dangers of the present, occasionally rousing some nodding head with rough words and a rougher shake, I managed to keep them all steadily at the oars, and some of them from an insidious death.

At daylight we saw, with a delight that no words can express, that we were in an entirely clear, open sea; and, from the best calculations we could make, within a few leagues of a sight of land.— Fortunately, our spirits and provisions were good for several days; and if we could only reach ashore, start a fire, and erect some kind of a shelter, under which our weary bodies could find one night's comfortable rest, I felt that, after all our numberless perils, we might count on saving our lives, and, sooner or later, getting a passage home to our friends in a far-off land.

The breeze being now favorable, we managed to rig a temporary sail of a couple of blankets and run before it, using our oars also. In this way we made pretty good progress, and, but for the fact that we were nearly worn out for the want of sleep, we might have been rather cheerful under the circumstances.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, one of the sailors gave the welcome cry of 'Land ho!' and though we all now saw it in the dim distance as a fleecy cloud on the verge of the horizon, we hailed it with wild shouts of joy.

The breeze, fortunately, still continued favorable, or we might never have reached it, for we were so exhausted as scarcely to be able to pull the oars at all. I stimulated the men with spirits and the hope of saving our lives; but for all that, I found that some of them were disposed to fall asleep, even with the risk before them of never waking again.

Another long, freezing night set in, and by midnight I found that it required my most constant care and utmost determination of will to keep awake; and when at times I found my head drooping and senses wandering, I would jump up and shout, and swing my arms, and beat my breast, and rouse the others with shakes and even blows. It cost me a mighty effort to do it—but I still had reason enough left to tell me my life was worth the exertion.

In this way we reached land at last, but with five of our number fast asleep, and whom no efforts of the remaining four of us could rouse.

The mate, two sailors and myself, crawled out upon an icy beach, and in the darkness looked around for some means to start a fire. Nothing could we discover but the tops of a few bushes barely protruding above a thick bank of snow and ice, and from these, under the circumstances, we felt we could never collect the fuel necessary for our purpose. A fire, however, we must have—our very lives depended on it—and, after a brief consultation, we resolved to sacrifice our boat.

Immediately we set to work, and, one by one, dragged out our sleeping comrades, not knowing whether they were living or dead. Then, with the axes we had brought with us, we proceeded to split up our boat; and I do not think I ever felt much worse, on parting with a near and dear friend, than I did while destroying the little craft that had borne me safely through such awful perils. It was a time for stern realities, however, and not for sentiment, and so the work of destruction went speedily forward, and in a few minutes we had a fire lighted on the beach. We placed our sleeping comrades near it, put on fuel enough to last a couple of hours and then, wrapping ourselves each in a thick blanket, sank down, and almost instantly fell asleep.

I awoke just as daylight was making its appearance, and found the fire had gone down to some smoldering embers. Without disturbing my sleeping comrades, I threw on more fuel, saw it get into

a fresh blaze, and then lay down and went to sleep again.

The next time I awoke, I uttered an exclamation of joy, at perceiving a small party of natives standing round the fire and quietly surveying us. I could just speak enough of their language to make myself understood, and I at once informed them of the leading events that had placed us in our distressed situation. They received my communication with marks of kindness, and said we must go home with them to their dwellings, which were but two miles distant. With this I aroused the three companions who had gone to sleep with me, and the joy of the poor fellows at our deliverance was what may be imagined. We tried to rouse the others, but, alas! only the trump of Gabriel could I ever do that again.— They were dead, and it only remained for us to bury them decently beneath the snow and ice of Greenland.

We spent some two or three days at the humble huts of the hospitable natives, and were then conducted over the icy wilds to the nearest port, where we were so fortunate as to find a vessel about to sail to our distant home. We embarked, and, after a long, tempestuous voyage, reached that home which at one time we had never expected to see again.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

A letter dated "Saskatchewan, 10th May, 1863," says:—

Gold is to be found in almost every point or bar, to pay from 6s. to 8s. per day; and before next fall, you will hear good news from the Saskatchewan mines. News from Peace River and other places nearer the mountains, on this side, is very cheering. Five hundred miners from the west have crossed the mountains to mine on this side, and those at Peace River are represented to have found gold in great quantities; but they are badly off for provisions. Flour is \$1 50 per lb., and everything else in proportion. One hundred of these miners propose to come here this summer for provisions, and if they cannot get enough they are going to Red River for their supplies.

In the richness of soil this country cannot be beaten. Indeed, there is every encouragement in the soil, climate, and demand for agricultural products to induce settlers to come here. For trading even among the Indians, flour is better than goods, and the parties who raise it here would, of course, save freight, while they realized the highest prices going, which are high enough, in all conscience. If a good millwright were to come to this place, and bring a pair of mill stones and the necessary iron, he would do a great business by running a mill. There are several people who propose going to Red River for ploughs, who intend to commence farming on their return. Mill streams with good stone bottoms, are, I may mention, plenty. There is a great demand for cows.

As an instance of the profits of farming, I would state, that I saw a man coming home from the plains with several horse teams loaded with pounded meat, and grease that he bought from the Cree, in barter, for fat or nothing. Two bushels of potatoes sold to the Indians will load a horse sled, for one turp you will get a bladder of grease. For ten quarts of good flour you will get 100 lbs. of provisions, and you can get buffalo robes and furs generally for flour, at similarly cheap rates, cheaper than for goods.

AN ILLINOIS MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.—Examining a land title the other day, which involved a question of legitimacy, I stumbled upon the following marriage certificate, which is decidedly too good to be lost and is literally *bonafide*. The Marriage, of which this is the only legal evidence, took place in the Coprus precinct in this county, in the infancy of the county, or rather the penitentiary times, and the magistrate ought to be immortalized, whether he got his commission or not. The certificate is in the following words:

State of Illinois }
Peoria County ss. }
To all the world Greeting know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers is hereby certified to go together and do as old folks does, say where inside of coprus precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry em god, and date em back to latter accidents.

O—N—R—
Justice Peace

SIMPLE RULES ON SHOEHING.

BY W. JONES, M. R. C. V. S., LONDON.

1st. After having taken off the old shoe, shorten the toe, and remove all the dead and loose parts of the hoof. Do not cut the sole or pare the frog, except when the foot has received an injury from a nail or otherwise, when it must be cut out.

2nd. Let the shoe be of equal thickness, or rather thinner at the heel. The ground and foot surface should be perfectly level. The shoe should lay light on the heel.— Too many nails are objectionable, and these should be kept as far as possible from the heels.

3rd. For the hind feet there is no objection to calkins, though they are of doubtful benefit. Horses travel better without them. The hind shoes are made thicker at the toes than at the quarters; the nails also can be put closer to the heels without causing inconvenience.

4th. Side clips should be avoided, they destroy the hoof, the same is the case when the nails are too close together. The feet should never be rasped, as it destroys the enamel of the hoofs, renders them brittle, and causes sandcrack, and consequently lameness.

5th. Expansion is a fatal error, which has led to many abuses in shoeing, such as parting off the sole and frog, rasping off the hoof, &c.— The elasticity of the foot, which is, however, very limited, exists only in the upper part of the hoof, principally round the coronet. On the lower part and the toe it is nil.

COMPOSITE OF SOAP.

The following constitute the substance of two patents granted for composite soaps:—Strong potash lye, 75 pounds; tallow, 75 pounds; coco-nut oil, 25 pounds. Boil until the compound is saponified in the usual manner.

To make 30 pounds of the new composition, take 2 gallons of boiling soft water in a kettle, add half a pound of sal soda, 2 ounces of borax, 2 table-spoonsful of spirits of turpentine, and 1 table-spoonful of linseed oil. Stir this mixture until the borax and soda are dissolved; then add 15 pounds of the above soap made from lye, tallow, and coco-nut oil; and continue the boiling with stirring for fifteen minutes, until the whole is incorporated and dissolved. Now add 2 ounces of the spirits of harts-horn, and stir. It may be scented with any essential oil, or odor, and coloured, if desired; then run off and moulded into cakes for toilet use. It is a good soap for chapped hands, and is free from any disagreeable odor.

Patent for Warren's compound chemical soap: 2 gallons of water; when boiling, add 8 pounds of Brown's opodeldoc, shaved fine, three quarters of an ounce of alcohol, half an ounce of spirits of turpentine, half an ounce of ammonia, 2 ounces of sal soda, 2 ounces of borax, 1 ounce of spermaceti; boil until all is dissolved; colour red, with Chinese vermilion; blue, with ultra marine. This makes 24 pounds of soap— Pour it into frames and it becomes solid in three weeks.—Scientific American.

TEA TASTING.

Few of our readers are aware that tea-tasting is reduced to a regular profession, one which is a certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium eating. The success of the broker, or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation, he may make from twenty to forty thousand dollars per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this, he first looks at the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it.— He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and breathing his warm breath upon it, he sniffs up the fragrance. In doing this he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then sitting down to the table in his office, on which is a long row of porcelain cups and pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way, he classifies the different sorts to the minutest shade; makes the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tasters is fairly a marvel, but the effect of the business on their health is ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive. At the end of a hard day's work, they feel and act as if they had the hysterics.—Scientific American.

The editor of an American paper, in alluding to the cause of its discontinuance, says, "Our journal has but one single solitary subscriber, a dealer in groceries, who paid in articles of the store. For two weeks the two editors have lived exclusively on salt fish and champagne."