

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails...

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents per annum, in advance...

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... 50 50 Each subsequent insertion... 00 13 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00 75...

All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home...

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH...

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public.

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings...

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...

MITCHEL HOUSE: AURORA.

DAVID McLEOD begs 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...

J. PENROSE, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, GALLERY: 48 KING ST. EAST.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

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RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

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

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 2.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1865.

Whole No. 262.

Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

STABLE for Sixty Horses. Good Pasture, Large Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

CLYDE HOTEL, King St. East, near the Market Square, TORONTO.

John Mills, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple...

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...

Richmond Hill Hotel! THOMAS COOK, Proprietor.

LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c. Every attention paid to the convenience and comfort of Travellers.

J. GORMLEY, COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER AND AUCTIONEER.

GEO. McPHERILLIPS, Provincial Land Surveyor, RICHMOND HILL, C. W.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA & PILLS. BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS, WOLCOTT'S PAIN ANNIHILATOR, AND VARIOUS DIARRHÆA REMEDIES.

For sale by R. H. HALL, Chemist, Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

Richmond Hill Bakery! W. S. POLLOCK, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER.

DEGS leave to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of J. Hayward's establishment, and that he is prepared to furnish BREAD and FANCY CAKES to those who may honor him with their patronage.

RICHMOND HILL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. THIS ASSOCIATION has transferred their LIBRARY to the 'HERALD' Book Store, where Stockholders and others may procure BOOKS every Friday afternoon...

J. PENROSE, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, GALLERY: 48 KING ST. EAST.

REDUCED TO \$1.50 PER DOZEN. PERSONS desirous of having their Photographs taken will find it to their advantage to call and examine his specimens...

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER.

RESIDENCE—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

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Poetry. Twilight Thoughts.

I love the Summer's twilight hours, As fade the shadowy hues of even, When dew begins to wet the flowers, And early stars shine out of heaven.

Far in the West I love to see The rosy clouds where daylight lingers— Their tints could scarcely lovelier be If painted by an angel's fingers.

How like the Christian's dying hour, When soul sustaining faith is given— When he from earth enjoys the power To look, like Stephen, into heaven.

White sinks his pulse, his eyes grow dim, And things of time, not worth his heed; At such an hour, are naught to him, But, like the day-beams, are receding.

As ebb the tide of life away, His faith each moment growing stronger, He would not here retract his stay, To weep, and groan, and suffer longer.

Two worlds, with half-plum'd wings, His fluttering spirit is suspended, And things of earth with heavenly things, Like twilight's mingling hues, are blended.

'Tis sweet to die as Christians die, Resigned, rejoicing and victorious, When not a cloud obscures their sky, And all is tranquil, bright and glorious.

Be such a dying triumph mine— May holy passions rise before me— While forms angelic and divine, With beckoning fingers, hover o'er me.

Literature. Fred and Maria, and Me.

PART THE FIRST. I don't suppose you ever was down to Goshen, in the State of Maine. But if you was, you had the old Avery place pointed out to you...

'Well, well, I never thought Fred Avery would turn out as he has,' says the Deacon. 'As smiling, good-natured a boy as ever was!'

'Well, pretty soon Sam Avery came in, looking half as tall again as common, and I'm sure I wouldn't for the world, write down all the dreadful things he was left to say about Fred.'

'I'll go now and consult Lawyer Rogers,' says he, at last. 'But wouldn't that hurt Fred's feelings, says I. And I didn't want to hurt his feelings, I'm sure I don't.'

'Well! I never shall forget the day Deacon Morse come round to get the pew-rent, and I had to say out, 'Deacon Morse I'd give you the money if I had it, but the fact is, I ain't had a dollar these three months.'

'You don't say so,' says he, and he was so struck up that he turned quite yellow. 'Yes, I do say so,' says I. Fred has been plagued a good deal about his business, and I've had to help him along; and then you know I ain't no hand at taking care of money, and so he's been keeping it for me, and he says I give away too much, and he shall look out that a check is kept upon me. I expect that he don't consider that at my time of life folks can't change their natur's—'

And it's my natur to keep my money a stirring. You can't eat it and you can't drink it, and why shouldn't you make your fellow-creatures happy with it? 'But Fred pays the interest regular, don't he,' says the Deacon.

'Well, I can't say as he does pay it regular,' says I. 'He seems me twenty dollars one time, and ten another time; and once or twice he's wrote that he was hard up for cash, and he knew I'd not press him against the wall. And lately he ain't wrote at all.'

'Pretty business, to be sure,' says the Deacon. 'I never thought you knew much, Aunt Avery, [you see I'm everybody's aunt; it's a way folks has] but I did think you had a little common sense, if you hadn't no book-learnin'.'

'I don't suppose I do know much,' says I, 'and I never was left to think I did. And as for sense I know I ain't got much of that either. The Lord don't give everything to once. Folks can't expect, if they are handsome to have sense besides. It wouldn't be fair. And them that has money can't expect to have the gift of taking care of it and hoarding it. No, no, the Lord divides out things even, and his ways are better than our ways.'

'I'll tell you what,' says the Deacon, 'you ought to see a little more of the world, you're a nice little body, and when it comes to standing up for the Lord, and going round among the poor and the sick I don't know your match, anywhere. But you're ignorant of the world, Aunt Avery, very ignorant. And as for that nephew of your'n, I guess you'll find his gift's the gift of landing you in the almshouse, one o' these days.'

'Deacon Morse,' says I, 'I've heard you speak in meetin', a good many times, but I never seen you so much riled as you are now. And if it's on my account, you're so wrathy, you needn't be wrathy no more for I've got riches no man can take from me.'

'And what if I turn you out o' that pew o' your'n where you've sot ever since you was born, and where your father and your grandfather sot afore you?'

'I don't know—maybe it would come hard. But there's free seats up in the gallery, and if I don't pay my rent I'm sure I ought not to say in my pew.'

'Well, well, I never thought Fred Avery would turn out as he has,' says the Deacon. 'As smiling, good-natured a boy as ever was! I'll step over and have a word with Sam, if you've no objection. He may think of some way out of this bother. And as for you, Aunt Avery, don't you worry. The Lord will take care of you.'

'Well, pretty soon Sam Avery came in, looking half as tall again as common, and I'm sure I wouldn't for the world, write down all the dreadful things he was left to say about Fred.'

'I'll go now and consult Lawyer Rogers,' says he, at last. 'But wouldn't that hurt Fred's feelings, says I. And I didn't want to hurt his feelings, I'm sure I don't.'

'Besides, there ain't no lawyer in the world can get your money back when there ain't no papers to tell where it went.'

'It's the most shameful thing I ever heard,' said Sam. 'And you set it up as cool as a cucumber.' 'Why, Aunt Avery, do you realize that you won't never have a red cent to give away?'

'Well I hope it ain't so bad as that,' says I. And I took off my spectacles and wiped 'em, for somehow I couldn't seem to see as plain as common.

'Now the next day was Sunday, and I will own sartin is dreadful busy Sundays. And he kept hovering around me as I was washing up the dishes after breakfast, and says he, 'How'll you feel a sittin' up in the gallery this afternoon?'

'You don't say so,' says he, and he was so struck up that he turned quite yellow. 'Yes, I do say so,' says I. Fred has been plagued a good deal about his business, and I've had to help him along; and then you know I ain't no hand at taking care of money, and so he's been keeping it for me, and he says I give away too much, and he shall look out that a check is kept upon me. I expect that he don't consider that at my time of life folks can't change their natur's—'

self up in my go-to-meetin' things, and I went to meetin', but I didn't sit in the Avery pew, 'cause I hadn't paid my pew-tax, and hadn't no business to. I went up into the gallery and set down in the free seats near the singers. There was old Ma'am Hardy, and old Mr. Jones, and one other man and me, that was all; and the old Avery pew it was empty all day. If the people stared and had wanderin' thoughts, I couldn't help it, but I don't believe they did have no wanderin' thoughts. And comin' out of meeting a good many shook hands with me just the same as ever, and our minister he smiled and shook hands, and his little Rebecca, her that used to like my doughnuts, she kind e' cuddled up to me, and says she, 'Aunt Avery put down your head so I can whisper to you.' And I put down my head so she could reach up to my ear, and says she, 'You won't be poor any more, for here's some money of my own that I'm agoin' to give to you, and don't you tell any body you've got it, 'cause they'll borrow it if you do, and never pay it back.' And then the little thing squeezed two cents into my hand, and kissed me, and looked as contented as an angel. And I always was a fool about such things, and what did I do but burst right out a crying there before all the people. But I don't think none of 'em see me, for they all passed on, and so I got out and got home, and I laid them two cents down on the table, and I knelt down, and says I, 'Oh! Lord look at them two cents!' I couldn't say no more, but he knew what I meant, just as well as if I'd prayed an hour, and I could almost see him a-laying of his hands on that child's head and blessing of her just as he did to those little ones ever so many years ago. So I ate my dinner, and read a chapter, and went to meetin' in the afternoon, and our minister preached such a sermon that I forgot I was up in the gallery, and everybody forgot it, and there wa'n't no wanderin' thoughts in that meetin' house, I'll venture to say. Well, after tea I sat in my chair feeling kind 'o beat out, and in walks Dea. Morse. 'Aunt Avery, do you keep Saturday night?'

'Yes deacon, I do,' says I. 'So do we to home,' says he, and it's all the same as Monday mornin' after sunset, says he, 'so there ain't no harm a talkin' of worldly things. And I want to know what you went and left your pew for, and took and set up in the gallery a fillin' every body's mind with all sorts of thoughts, and a makin' 'em break the Sabbath day talkin' of all the time between meetings?'

'Why I hadn't no right to no other seat,' says I, and I didn't mean to do no harm, says I. 'If you weren't so good you'd put me all out a' patience, says he. 'The pew's your'n, and there ain't no hurry about them taxes, and if there was, why we could sell the pew and get our money's worth. And don't you go to being stuck up 'cause you've lost your money and making believe humble; the Lord don't like them sort o' things. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but I signed my name. And the old Avery place wasn't the old Avery place any more. Squire Jackson cut down those trees my grandfather was so proud of, and had the house turned upside down, and inside out. I went to board at the widow Dean's and she gave me her best bed-room, and I tried to make it out I was to home. But 'twasn't home after all, and I couldn't have the minister to tea, nor fry doughnuts for them dear children, and the widow Dean's ways wasn't like my ways, and things seemed kind of strange, and I began to feel as if it wasn't me but somebody else, and my head got a spinning round in a way it never did afore. I thought it was the tea, and that the widow Dean didn't make it right, but I didn't like to hurt her feelings by saying that, and at last I said to myself: 'The fact is, Aunt Avery, you're an old maid and full of notions, and you've no business sitting here boarding as if you was a lady; you ought to be doing something as you was brought up to. But when I happened to speak to the doctor about them queer feelings in my head, he said: Aunt Avery, a journey would do you more good than all the doctors in the county. You've had a great deal to try you and you've changed your manner of life entirely. It don't agree with you to sit here doing nothing, and you must get up and go off somewhere. But whereabouts?' says I, 'I never was twenty miles from home in my life, and I'm sure I don't know where to go.'

To WASH SHIRT FRONTS.—Dissolve two ounces gum-arabic, powdered, in a pint of boiling water; cover it over and let it stand for twelve hours; then pour off the clear liquor from the dregs, and cork it in a clean bottle for use. When the shirt fronts are starched, put a tablespoonful of the gum-water into a pint of starch made in the usual manner; and this will give the lawn, whether white or colored, a fresh and new appearance.

To WASH A WHITE LACE DRESS OR VEIL.—If a dress, it must be unpicked from the gathers, and the flounces taken off. It must then be put into a strong white soap lather, and simmered over the fire for a quarter of an hour, then taken out, squeezed, but never rubbed; afterwards rinsed in two cold waters, with a little blue in the last. The lace may then be passed through some rice water and cleared by clapping. It must be pinned out on a clean linen, perfectly straight, to dry, and afterwards covered with muslin, it may be ironed on the wrong side. Lace sleeves may be washed in the same way, but should first be opened that they may be dried flat.

HOUSEWIFERY.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

WHAT celestial thing, and what terrestrial thing, does a rainy day exercise the same influence over? 'The sun and your boots; it takes the shine out of both.'

A COTEMPORARY says that the kind lady who sent him a strawberry short-cake, marked "please insert," my rest assured that her "contribution" will "not be crowded out by press of other matter."

What capital smacks those Swamp-scott fisherman have to go to sea in? exclaimed an appreciative Bostonian, who had been "looking the thing over." "Yes," replied his companion, "but they're not to be compared to the smacks they get on their return home!"

A NEW FUEL has been recently patented, it is a combination of petroleum and oil waste, or raw petroleum oil, cow-dung, coal-dust, and water, the proportion of the ingredients being varied according as the fuel is intended for domestic, locomotive or marine purposes.

The Sword of a Swordfish was found sticking in the bottom of the steamship Golden Age, when she was hauled up recently in Panama for repairs. The sword of bone was thirteen inches long, and it was driven through the copper and both the outer and inner planking. The fish stabbed the wrong customer for once; had it been a whale all would have been quite right.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is said to be as witty as he is brave, and excessively fond of conundrums. One day he astounded the grave and quiet Lieutenant General by asking him why a grape-vine is like a soldier. Of course, General Grant couldn't begin to guess. "Well," said Phil., it is because it is "listed and trained, has ten drills (tendrils) and shoots." The Lieutenant-General gazed fixedly for a time upon his favorite officer, then bowed his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and quietly remarked, "You'll do."

A FRENCH SAVAN, Mr. Sauvoyeon, of Valence, has converted the mere fact of sweetening a cup of coffee into a barometer—he says, "If in sweetening your coffee you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of the duration of fine weather; if the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is indicated by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."

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