

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mail, or other conveyance, when so desired.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, in advance; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$10 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. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

Business Directory.

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

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

JOHN M. REID, M. D., CDR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to 10 a.m.

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

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

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.

George Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor. STABLES for Sixty Horses Good Pasture. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

MITCHELL 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.

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

The York Herald

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

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

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 11.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1865.

Whole No. 271.

LUMBERING!

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

STUMPING MACHINE FOR SALE!

THE Subscriber offers for sale, one of John Abo's superior Stumping Machines. The machine has couplings enough to stump an acre without moving.

Maple Hotel!

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 1/2 Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

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.

CLYDE HOTEL

King St., East, near the Market Square, TORONTO. JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

Richmond Hill Hotel!

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

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,

Provincial Land Surveyors, RICHMOND HILL, C. W. June 7, 1865. J. GORMLEY, COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER AND AUCTIONEER.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of the late John Langstaff, of the township of Markham, are notified to pay their debts to the undersigned only.

THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professionals, Gentlemen and others (who have them working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 133 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

Every Pump Warranted.

Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. June 7, 1865.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con Markham, on the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of Straws and Shingles kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices.

Poetry.

How Varied are the Characters. How varied are the characters In city and in town; The rich and poor, the high and the low, The solemn and the gay.

There's "Mr. B." the Christian man, A deacon in the church; He failed, you know, his creditors Were all left in the lurch.

Yet he is so benevolent The people call him good; An honest cheat, who would not fail And get rich if he could.

Then there is "Mr. Fitz Parzee," A mustached Toronto chap, Who draws an income yearly As a baby draws its papp.

He's such a genius, lives alone, To criticize the style Of dogmas human, and to twist And curl his hair the while.

Another character exists, I'd not have you forget; 'Tis "Mr. Shoddy," he whose aim Is "spend fast as you get."

You'll see him promanade the street With simpering air and mien; He does not think in other's eyes He looks most dreadful green.

Yes, there are men of every grade, In city and in town; A numerous list of shoddy made, And men of great renown.

Literature.

RECIPROCITY.

Joseph Buntline had for many years been boatswain of a man-of-war, and having served twenty-years he retired on a pension. No being accustomed to an idle life, he took a public-house near the sea shore, and as he had the character of a free and hearty fellow he was always well patronized.

NOTICE.

Richard, take the lantern and light this stranger to bed. The stranger pressed his hand, and would have given utterance to his feelings; but his voice faltered, a tear of thankfulness stood in his eye, and he turned off abruptly and followed Richard in silence.

NOTICE.

Pray help a poor seaman that's cast adrift, and almost perishing for want, said the strange man. 'Cast adrift and perishing for want,' echoed Joe. 'How came you to be cast adrift?' 'Ah that's too long a tale to tell you now,' replied the stranger. 'I belonged to a merchantman, and came ashore with others of the crew; but by some accident I did not get on board in time, and the vessel sailed without me; that is now a fortnight since, and I have not been able to meet with a berth since that time.'

NOTICE.

'Home!' echoed the stranger.—'Alas I have no home.' 'No home?' said Joe, starting back. 'None,' added the stranger. 'That's hard, indeed. Poor fellow I can't say I like the looks of you; but however, I will give you a lodging for the night, at all risks; so follow me.'

NOTICE.

He went forward and the stranger followed, and they shortly arrived at Joe Buntline's house. It was now a late hour, and the few persons who had remained were leaving the house. 'Go into the taproom, and sit by the fire,' said Joe to the stranger.—'He did as he was directed; and Joe proceeded to the bar, and received payment from some of his customers who were departing. Two scuffling men who stood together seemed to take particular notice of the stranger who had entered with Joe; and one said to the other, 'I tell you I am sure it is him.' 'Hush,' said the other, 'say nothing about it here.'

NOTICE.

Several of these broken expressions were overheard by Joe; and observing their attention was occupied by the stranger, he of course guessed they had been speaking of him; and he was half inclined to ask them if they knew anything about him; but however, as there were several persons around the bar at the time, he forbore to do so.

NOTICE.

As soon as the house was cleared, and the doors fastened for the night, he made a glass of grog and presented it to the stranger, together with some food, and told him to help himself, and then he went to bed. The stranger returned thanks, but in such a hollow sepulchral voice, that Joe lifted up the light and looked in his face, to ascertain if he was really a living being, or the spectre of some departed soul. His looks were not the most encouraging. A long pale visage, with an unshaven skin, dark straggling hair, which hung long and thick over his forehead, his cheek-bones almost protruding through the skin, and his hollow dimmed eye gave him almost a spectral appearance.

'Some of those people appeared to know you,' said Joe, as he looked steadfastly in his face. The stranger started as he echoed 'know me?'

'Yes, know you,' replied Joe 'are you afraid of being known, then?'

'No,' replied the stranger; 'why should I be afraid?'

'I can't say,' replied Joe. 'I think your appearance was enough to frighten them; for you look very like—'

'Who?' interrupted the stranger. 'Why you look as if you had been stolen from a churchyard; and your voice sounds more like the grunting of a half starved bear than a human being; but, however, as you appear to be distressed, and in want, that shall be a sufficient passport to Joe Buntline's hospitality; so you shall now retire to rest; but mark my words, I shall expect you to give some account of yourself in the morning, for I am rather particular as to whom I receive into my house, as it has always been in my house since I was a boy.'

'Richard, take the lantern and light this stranger to bed. The stranger pressed his hand, and would have given utterance to his feelings; but his voice faltered, a tear of thankfulness stood in his eye, and he turned off abruptly and followed Richard in silence.'

Joe looked after them, and began to clear away some of the glasses that lay on the table. 'I can't help thinking of that poor fellow,' ejaculated he, 'and I can't for the soul of me think all is as it ought to be. What the deuce could those two fellows mean by saying they were sure it was him? It's very suspicious.'

His cogitations were disturbed by a smart knocking at the window shutters. 'Who the deuce can that be at this late hour?' said Joe.

'The knock was repeated. 'Who's there?' said Joe. 'The police,' replied a voice outside; 'open.'

'Certainly,' said Joe, as he drew back the bolts. 'Three of the head officers entered.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Joe, 'what occasions this visit so late at night? you are aware that I always close my house at a proper hour; and that I never admit improper persons if I know it.'

'We are aware of that,' replied the officer who appeared to be the principal. 'But it is possible you might receive improper characters without being aware of them.—Cast your eyes over that paper.'

So saying, he handed a printed placard to Joe, who unfolded it, and read.

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD. Escaped from the prisonship Ambrose Urban, a notorious pirate, under sentence of death. Whoever will give such information as will lead to his apprehension, shall receive fifty pounds reward. Stands five feet ten inches high, with a scar on the back of his neck.'

'Ah well!' said Joe, 'there has been no such person here, nor have I any person of that description lodging in the house.'

Richard having conducted the stranger to his bed, returned at this moment, and as he placed the lantern on the table, said, 'I have conducted the stranger to the room as you directed.'

'Yes,' said Joe, 'a poor half starved fellow that I found wandering in the street; but he's not the man you want.'

'We must be assured of that,' said one of the officers, 'before we

NOTICE.

quit your house, for we have positive information that he was seen here this very evening. 'That's a great falsehood,' said Joe, angrily; 'who dare utter such a lie.'

'Come forward,' said the officer as he moved toward the door. The two soldiers who had entered the stranger now entered. And in reply to the question, 'said they had seen the very man in that house, but same night. Further resistance was useless; the officers immediately rushed up stairs to the stranger's room; while one remained below to watch that Joe did not quit the place, as they strongly suspected he had wilfully concealed the object of their search.'

Richard glanced on the placard and reading—'A scar on the back of the neck,' exclaimed: 'You are right, sir; it is the very man O, I wish I had seen this at first, I would have gained fifty pounds.'

'How?' said Joe. 'By betraying him into their hands,' replied Richard.

'Why, you sculking long-shore lubber, would you go and bring disgrace on my house? I say it is impossible he can be the pirate; hasn't the strength of a mouse and is unable to protect himself, much more to attack another.'

'He has a scar on the back of his neck,' muttered Richard. 'Well what has that to do with it?' said Joe; 'I'm not a police officer, to examine and suspect every one I meet—what business is it of mine?'

'Fifty pounds reward,' muttered Richard. 'Out of my sight, you soul-selling swab,' said Joe; 'got to bed and mind your own affairs.'

The officers had rushed into the room where the stranger was supposed to be, and had already drawn back the curtain of the bed; but he had disappeared. The stranger overheard what passed in the room beneath. In an instant, his mind was made up; he threw up the window, and finding it within a few feet from the ground, he jumped down and escaped. The officers, finding themselves disappointed in securing their prize, returned below.

'Well did you find your prize?' inquired Joe. 'No,' replied the officer; 'and I say that I suspect that you have been the cause of his escape, therefore it is my duty to take you before a magistrate.'

'Before a magistrate!' exclaimed Joe; 'take old Joe Buntline before a magistrate! Lord, you minister officer, I have sailed under the British flag for thirty years, during which time no complaint was ever made against me for breach of discipline or neglect of duty. I have been in thirteen severe engagements and received some severe wounds, the scars of which will go with me to the grave. I have received a good character from every commander under whom I served; and after all, to be hauled up before a magistrate as if I was a felon; let me tell you this is hard lines.'

'Hard times no doubt,' rejoined the officer; 'but we have a duty to perform, and there is no alternative.' Joe, finding there was no remedy, flipped his broad hat on his head, and went away with the officers.

Joe was not long detained, as the magistrate deemed the evidence insufficient, and taking his good character into consideration, discharged him at once.

But Joe Buntline felt himself disgraced; he fancied that every one looked upon him with scorn; he found he could not live under the stain which had been thrown on his character, and he determined to leave England and go to sea again. He therefore made over his little inn to his niece (the only relation he had living), and making his way to a seaport at some distance from his own neighbourhood, entered on board a merchant-ship bound to Quebec. They had been at sea about three weeks, when the man on the look-out gave notice of a strange sail bearing down upon them. The master took his telescope, and declared it to be a pirate. All was consternation on board; what few arms they had on board were quickly put in requisition; and the master swore if she was not too heavy for

NOTICE.

them, he would put the helm a-lee, and run her down. The pirate (for such indeed it was) gained lusty upon them; and every act that bravely could suggest was achieved on board the merchant vessel. The master and mate were both killed, and the mariners rushed on board. Joe used his cutlass with dreadful effect, as many gaping wounds would testify, but he was unable to stand against unequal numbers. He received a severe blow, which brought him to the ground; many daggers were upraised, and he was about to fall a victim to the pirates' rage, when one of the crew, who appeared to have authority over them, rushed forward and in a stentorian voice called out:

'Hold, I command you!—I, whom you have elected Captain, claim the privilege of taking this man as my prisoner. His life must be preserved at all hazards. Take him to my cabin and dress his wounds.' Joe was accordingly conveyed on board the pirate-ship, and laid on a cot, and fatigue soon lulled him to sleep. The noise and bustle occasioned by the pirates overhauling the treasures they had taken from the merchant-ship did not allow him much repose. He arose from his couch, and feeling sufficient strength, ascended to the deck. Here all was bustle and merriment. The pirates were gambling for the plunder; cards, dice, and money were scattered promiscuously before them. Joe turned from the scene with disgust when his eye fell on the man at the helm. He paused and endeavored to recollect himself—he thought he recognised the features, and was determined to ascertain if he guessed rightly. He advanced slowly toward him, and in a low voice said, 'We have met before.'

'We have,' replied the helmsman. 'Sit down here; the crew are half gone with liquor, and are too busy to notice us.' Joe seated himself on a coil of rope, and looked at the helmsman with an inquiring gaze.

'You do not appear to recollect me!' said the pirate. 'I am not surprised; for when last we met, I had been three days without food, and had been hunted through the country for many a day; till chance threw me in your way; you stretched forth your charitable hand, and saved me from perishing from want.'

'What,' exclaimed Joe, 'are you the poor half finished fellow I took into my house? Why, how you are altered! Who could ever have thought such a thin spar, as you looked to be, could ever change to a stout limbed fellow near six feet high, and that faint, spectral voice change with one loud enough to vie with half the boatswains in the Navy.'

'It is true,' replied the pirate. 'And you will be further convinced when I tell you that I overheard the conversation between yourself and the police officers. I was guilty of many crimes, it's true; my heart was turned against my fellow men—I hated mankind for their ingratitude. But callous as I was to every generous feeling, your noble conduct at that moment so wrought upon my better feelings, that I vowed I would at any time lay down my life to serve you.'

'And who the deuce are you?' inquired Joe. 'I am Ambrose Urban, the pirate, whose head is worth fifty good English pounds.'

'What!' exclaimed Joe, 'have I been snatching a pirate!—a murderer! from justice?'

'No man is guilty until convicted,' replied Ambrose. 'You saved my life, and I have now saved yours. You though a pirate and a proscribed felon, 'tis fit you know I was once reckoned as a good seaman as ever trod the deck of a British ship. And I should have been so still; but I had a bitter enemy among the officers who seem ed as it were born to be my scourge. I vowed revenge; and one night when on shore, I wanted my opportunity, waylaid him and tax'd him with his perjury. He drew his sword upon me, and treated me contemptuously. Enraged at his conduct I drew forth a pistol which had concealed about me, and shot him through the head; I flew from the kingdom, and was

taken by pirates at sea, and became one of their crew. I was next taken by the English, and condemned to die. I made my escape, and wandered about the country, hoping to meet with a chance of getting to sea. I was on the point of perishing for want, when chance threw me in your way—'

At this moment an unusual bustle was heard at the fore-castle; Ambrose looked out, and observed two brigs of war to windward. The pirate crew were completely intoxicated; the brigs gained upon them, and their shot played heavily about the pirate's ship. Ambrose stood at the helm and gave orders; a shot struck the binnacle and shivered it to atoms—another moment, a shot struck Ambrose on the neck, and he fell a lifeless corpse at the feet of Joe. Joe instantly decided what course to take. He rushed to the spot where the survivors of the merchant crew were confined; he forced up the hatches and released them, and thus reformed the panic-struck pirates were immediately overcome. Joe hailed the nearest of the king's ships; 'Cease firing and I'll bring her alongside.' He did so, and went on board the king's ship, and related the whole of his adventure. 'There,' said he, 'is all the rich cargo safe about the pirates' ship; Joe's joy was beyond bounds when he was informed that the suspicions which had attached to him, as having been accessory to the escape of Ambrose, had been cleared up, and his pension raised in consequence. The cliffs of Old England once more met his gladdened sight—The gale ashore, and went to his old house. Here he found a young man in the bar, and observed a sleeping infant in a cradle.

'Shiver my teapails, if I know what to make of this!' exclaimed he. 'Where's my niece Martha? is she dead?'

'No, uncle, no,' exclaimed Martha, as she rushed into his arms; 'that baby is mine, and that is my husband. Your house has prospered, and it is with joy I resign it into your hands.'

'Na my good girl,' replied Joe, 'it is now all your own; only give me a corner to lay my old hulk in harbor for life, and the rest is yours for ever.'

Martha and her husband testified their gratitude for his generosity, and Joe cast anchor for life.

THE WONDERS OF A WATCH.

Very few of the many who carry watches ever think of the complexity of its mechanism, or of the unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery.

There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolution which the wheels in an American watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: the main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1,440 in a year; the second or centre wheel, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 59,980 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand) 1,440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth, or 'scape wheel,' 12,960 in 24 hours, or 4,752,000 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 338,900, or 141,812,000 in a year.

Only Tight.

'How flashed, how weak he is!—What's the matter with him?'

'Only tight.'

'Yes, intoxicated.'

'Only tight! It's his best and greatest gift, his intellect, dignified; the only power that raises him from the brute creation, traiden under foot of a debasing appetite.'

'Only tight?' The mother stands with pale face and tear dimmed eye, to see her only son's, and her fancy pictures the bitter woe of which this is the foreshadowing.

'Only tight!' The gentle sister, whose strongest love through life has been given to her handsome talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot, impure kiss he has printed upon her cheek.

It is a bright sorrow upon all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with the brutes; he has tasted, exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood to lolling idocy and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, almost dispare to his bride and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blame him not, for he is "ONLY TIGHT!"