

The York Herald

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$10 50 Each subsequent insertion... 00 13 Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00 20

Business Directory.

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

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, LL. M., generally held at home before 11 o'clock P.M. and from 1 to 2 p.m. Richmond Hill, June, 1865

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURN STS., THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 10 to 12 a.m. All consultations in the office gratis.

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.

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STABLES for Sixty Horses Good Pasture, Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs. Monthly Fair held on the premises, first Wednesday in each month. Agency as usual. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

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 Street...

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

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer. Residence—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham, on the Elgin Milk Plank Road.

EVERY PUMP WARRANTED. Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. June 7, 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 00 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 15.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1865.

Whole No. 275.

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...

GEORGE McPHILLIPS, GEORGE WELDRICK, Executors of the late John Langstaff, Richmond Hill, June 12, 1865.

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.

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved

At the lowest possible rates. Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2 1/2 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865.

STUMPING MACHINE FOR SALE!

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

EDWARD SANDERSON, Lot 20, 4th Con., Markham, June 9, 1865.

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. 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.

C. VAN NOSTRAND, Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

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! THOMAS COOK, Proprietor.

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.

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

The Best is Always the Cheapest. POWELL'S

CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! AKNOWLEDGED by 600 Farmers, Professors, Gentlemen and others (who have them working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 137 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

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My Honest Friend.

He came to me so smilingly, And shook me by the hand, And spoke to me so silverly, In tones so smooth and bland, That, though I did not know him yet, His way and mine, so kind, Proclaimed at once the gentleman We now days seldom find.

He spoke to me so cordially About his home affairs; He spoke to me so willingly Of all his business cares; He told me most that happened from The moment of his birth; I grasped his hand in joy to find I'd found a soul of worth.

He drew me now so lovingly A little way aside, He then whispered me confidentially, And said it was with deep chagrin That he did ask of me— But did I have about me then So small a thing as a "V"?

I slipped the sun right eagerly Into his honest hand, He vowed to me so tearfully My friend he'd ever stand. We parted, but death soon, alas! O'ertook this nature's prince; That is—I think he must be dead, For I've not seen him since!

Literature.

LAST DEBATE OF THE FEMALE SUFFRAGES AND POLITE SOCIETY.

'Ladies of the Female Suffrage Society,' said a tall, black-haired, broad-browed, two-hundred-pound man who presided over the strong-willed body, as she thumped her imperious fist heavily on the table at her side, to still the whispering whirlwind which prevailed throughout the hall; 'as there are many women present who are not, but wish to become members, I will distinctly state, that they may clearly understand, that this society was organized to effect a great political change, now, at the particular eve of the world's civilization, when the right of negroes to vote is being generally discussed; we hoping, at the same time, to obtain the right of suffrage for ourselves. (Thump!) Silence—that whispering! this is not a sewing circle.'

'I would also explain, in advance of the discussion this evening, that among the means we propose to adopt, that we may obtain our right of suffrage—which is as clear as our share of duties and of suffering—is some scheme for greater politeness between the members of the human family; and to this end, it has been suggested that we call ourselves, to begin with, 'The Female Suffrage and Polite Society'; thus indicating our object by the mere mention of our name.

'Politeness is persuasive, and its observance, by rendering the men more gallant, would hasten the concession of our right to vote. Surely, the subjects of law have a natural right to assist in the framing of it; and until we are angels (which we are not, though called so) and while we are free and thinking human beings (which we are, though at elections not treated so) we should strive for the acknowledgment of our right to a voice at the ballot-box, equal to our right to a voice at home. Be this our motto: Give me a ballot or cut out my tongue!

This was a strong-minded speech, which, because of its high tone, pleased everybody; but as it argued the right of discussion, it invited dissent; and so, as she who filled the chair to overflowing sat down, up jumped a vinegary little woman, who seemed anxious to make up in determination for what she lacked in size.

'I object to that motto!' she cried in a shrill tone of spiteful independence. 'I say give me a ballot or give me an extra tongue—and I'll use it. I'll be bound. For my part, I think we not only want all the tongue the Lord allows us, but a good deal more cheeks. O, I'm no Miss Nancy! and as for politeness, I despise it. Politeness never raised a peck of potatoes or salted a shoulder of pork. Politeness does to fiddle with but pluck does the dancing. What we want to take is a bold stand, but owing to this simpering politeness we have never done that yet. No wonder the men call us fools—it is because we sugar 'em so. Do men say 'please,' to a stubborn horse? No!

they give him a good beating. So lash the men with your tongues, till they learn to work in harness. Politeness is played out. The men are too polite already. We want less politeness and more justice. Less talk and more cider. The open hand and not the mining mouth. No bowing, smirking, flunkeys around my hoopskirt, with their deceitful small-talk and India-rubber backs. A woman's rights should be ladies' delights—that's a motto I propose—and until we get 'em, we should swap elastic skirts for unyielding coats of mail, wear flints instead of flowers about our faces, and fence ourselves in with daggers. Do I talk turkey, ladies? Or do you mean to try palaver, and win your way by winking? If so, I win the men will never let you see the day when you can take your equal liberties with them.'

Without venturing to solve the whole of such a riddle as a woman, it may be safely remarked, as a peculiarity of the sex, that however masculine a woman may be in her own nature, it never finds favor in her eyes when seen in others of her sex.

It was evident from the sly sid-glances, puckered mouths, and wrinkled noses of most of her hearers, that the last speaker had excited much spleen and little sympathy—whether owing to her manner or her matter, or both, she could not tell, and did not seem to care.

More respect was shown to her successor a taller and paler lady, in black, with a melancholy face and meditative voice, and hair parted from one side of her head, man-fashion. She bowed and curtsied to all with a dignified composure, and spoke with extreme deliberation and articulate distinction.

'In the language—of the sublime—and profound master—of the human heart—Sir William Shakespeare—our sister—who last spoke—I am touched with noble anger. I am inclined to agree—with those philosophers—who consider—the language—of passion—the language—of sincerity; but—however—notwithstanding—the parity—of her motives—I feel constrained—to observe—that in my humble—opinion—she is in error when she states—that our brethren of the—male gender—are too polite—to us. On the contrary—quite—the reverse. Hence it is—sisters—we should strive—to win them—to courtesy—first—and to conscience afterward. By a studied—politeness—we may woo them—to civility, and when the brute—is tamed—he will ride you where—you like. The harsh blow of—a sledge hammer—will completely destroy the—cocoon; but wisdom gives a—gentle blow—and thus secures the—thee.'

Amid the gentle tapping of kid gloves, the tall lady subsided to whence she rose, like a highly disciplined and most discreet phantom.

Here a little and lisping pretty girl, who had been giggling through out the formal speech, got merrily and tittering up, under a most profusion of frizzled hair and gay ribbons. She had a very red and pouting under lip, to which she seemed to be looking down as she spoke, half-ashamed and amused at her own pertness.

'I am sure I never thee any reason for accuthening the gentlemen of lack of politeness! They are always very polite to me—I can't they what the reason it is—he he! I think if thum of the thitherth would be leth thiff and thuck up, theethelth, we should thecure thuffrage a great deal thooner. I wath talking thith evening with thoveral very thanthum young genth, and they thaid I took a very thenthible view of the thubject of female thuffrage. I thaid that our heceth wath 'oo thlow and tharly to the oppohithe theceth; but if they wath all thuff free and eathy ath I wath, the genth would give ath all we thoothities. There wath one threal thee young fellow there, and he theerned perfectly thimthiten with what I thaid; and thaid he, 'Mith, I'll tell what it it; you woomth-rightth people are too thavage, that if you had the right of thuffrage you'd vote for every man to be hung.' 'Not quite the bad ath that, thain I. 'I woudn't truth you,' thaid he. And then I came away, perfectly thatisfied that the

genth would thee juthith done to uth, if we be ath thicvet and thorth ath they are. I'm very glad we are going to be called the Polite Thoocty, but—he, he!—if thum of the thitherth don't mend their looth as well ath mannerth, I think they'll find they've got the fiddle without the beaw. He, he, he! And here the pouting lip sat down and shook with convulsive giggling.

'Then a short, stout, beef-armed woman, of forty, with a voice like a crow got up, with a loud gruff puff, and shook her heavy beetle head, with a cast-iron scowl at the hissing Miss.

'I've been waiting here for that sly and silly puss to get through with her nonsense, long enough to wash half-a-dozen shirts. Wash? Yes, wash—for, thank God, I'm a washerwoman; and I am perzactly the one who don't care a sloop of suds who knows it. I believe in hard knocks, and rubs and tubs, and no perlitensness in man or woman, one or 'othor. Grub, scrub, and club a cub! that's my motto, and how I've always got along. Roughed it. If you want your money for washing, you must go after it. Perlitensness don't get the brads; perlitensness don't pay for soap, starch and elbow grease. But that a'n't what I'm scorning at; you may call yourselves perlit, and be as shiny-sudsy as you please but I heard the boss chairman say she thought now would be a good time for women to get allowed to vote, because there was talk about the niggers voting in the first place. What? The niggers vote before us? By gosh! if that's your gawg, give me a dry plate. Are women going in behind the niggers? If they're ever allowed to vote all over this free country, afore I get a chance to vote at all, you may chalk me out of the Female Suff. Society. I've had enough trouble from niggers. It was nigger wash-erwomen that nigh washed me in to the alshouse, one spell. It was nigger wood-sawyers that saved my two husbands out of heart, and into the grave. I hate 'em worse than shillin tea; and if we've got to climb up to suffrage by the aid of niggers' heels, I, for one, shall turn back too, and do all my voting in the wash-tub.'

A very modest, very genteely dressed, but veritably homely woman, who had evidently seen very many younger if not uglier days, here elevated her plaintive features in the hall, and introduced a somewhat higher tone to the discussion. At a glance it could be seen that she was of a rather romantic turn, for she made a theatrical gesture with her right arm, on which she wore a gold bracelet, and with a horrid facial contortion, resembling the smile of some long-suffering soul, in the agonies of death, she observed.

'It has produced an exquisite sensation of interperable pleasure in the inmost recesses of an humble maiden's bosom, to learn that the angelic charms of politeness are to be henceforth a means, toward securing for our sex the heaven-born right suffrage. From the earliest incipency of rosy childhood when I roamed with the bee and the butterfly from flower to flower and from vale to vale, I was ever impressed with the seductive fascinations of endearing politeness. Celestial kindness, reciprocally bestowed, springing from the sweetest influences of the heart and the beauty of the mind, O, how the bright loveliness of the external body pales before it, likewise including the magnificent coronation of the royal diadem. In other words, that I may make myself understood to the plainest intellect in the hall, I am in favor of politeness toward all, without distinction of age, sex or color; and I should judge from the thrilling emotions which the slightest act of politeness invariably produces within my own susceptible breast, that it could not but prevail with the majestic lords of productive creation, to extend to us the privilege we so passionately desire. Ah me! methinks I could renounce even the inestimable right of voting if continued politeness to them would only induce them to be kind.'

With this the lackadaisical old girl sank down upon her settee, like dew upon a flower, leaning her wan cheek upon her right hand—bracelet in view, as if mourning the

vanished sweetness of five and forty vanished years.

The next speaker was a well-pressed, chatty-looking, animated, but venerable lady of seventy, with hair as white as snow. Her pleasant face seemed to denote that she had seen a great deal of life, and was satisfied with it, and felt a commendable interest to see some more.

'Mrs. Presidentess,' said she, with a light laugh, tapping the back of a seat with her fan, 'I have been much struck with some of the remarks this evening. I agree with the young lady who just sat down, that politeness from the men is a desirable article; but I have never worried myself about it. My idea is that the colored men should be helped to their wish as fast as possible. What harm in giving them all a vote? Poor fellows! they mean well; let them put it in. We should favour it from policy, at the least; because, after them, we surely can't be denied; and then, when we vote, we shall find politeness enough, from candidates and political good fellows generally, to satisfy the craving of the most unreasonable woman. My granddaughter here, Alicia Ann, is anxious to join this society; and, like me, when I was young, she has some pretty bright ideas of her own, when she's excited in company. Stand up, Alicia.'

A very handsome, roguish-eyed maid of eighteen stood up at her gay grandmother's side.

'She has been scratching of some resolutions since she came here,' continued the old lady; 'and if you will vote her in, you may be interested in hearing them read.'

A vote was taken, and the blushing beauty became a member.

'Speak for yourself now, Alicia,' said the old lady.

'Being in favour of female suffrage, and the promotion of politeness between man and woman,' said the maiden, quiet at ease, 'I will propose the following rules of conduct for ladies to observe, that they may set an example of politeness to the men.

'No lady hereafter to hide her face with a veil.

'When seated in a crowded car, stage, or ferry-boat, all ladies to insist on resigning their seats to the men, and standing up themselves.

'On meeting men in the streets, ladies to step aside.

'From church, or places of attendance, the ladies to escort the gentlemen gallantly home, and to hold umbrellas over them, or hire a carriage in stormy weather.

'Ladies to invite gentlemen to ride, and pay for it.

Ladies, on convivial occasions among themselves, to drink to the gentlemen: 'The men, God bless them.'

'Ladies to assist the men to cross puddles; into carriages, or in mounting and dismounting.'

'At theatres, etc., front seats to be reserved for men.

'And so on, Mrs. Presidentess,' proceeded Alicia, 'in all the affairs of life, in this amiable and gallant practice to improve our own manners—prove that we are not invalids nor cripples, and thus win, assisted by the charm of amiability, the concession of our right to vote.'

It is with pleasure that we are enabled to record that these sensible rules were adopted in the form of resolutions; and so, henceforth, the practical character of that society will be indicated to the public, by the prevalence of such customs among the gallant, indispensable, and reciprocal fair sex.

The steamer Ironsides, which arrived at Det ont on Sunday evening, from Lake Superior, reports that on the way down a large fire could be seen raging somewhere near Lac La Belle, another near Fourteen Mile Point, and a small one back of Marquette. Probably, most of these fires, possibly all of them, were in the woods.

FATALITY AMONG HORSES—Is it THE CATTLE DISEASE?—Yesterday morning, a horse, while attached to one of Peacock's City Express wagons, on Adelaide street, opposite the Court House, fell down dead. The horse we learn, was in good health and the cause of death is unknown. A horse, while drawing one of the Don Brewery wagons, fell down on Church street, and is not expected to live. One of the Bay Street steamer horses, owned by Mr. John Irwin, died last night, of inflammation of the lungs. Bad ventilation in the stables is supposed to be the cause of it. A carter's horse fell dead yesterday afternoon, while drawing a load along one of the streets.—Globe.

A Word to the Ladies.

(Communicated)

When I look around me and see the ways of man, I am surprised; but when I see the ways of woman, I am thunder-struck. What a world of wonders we have! Every one is aiming at something above his reach; work is despised, and the young ladies of the present day seem to think it a disgrace, to be found cooking a dinner or washing clothes. If a gentleman comes to the door and none of the ladies are dressed to receive him, what a hubbub, with brushing and dressing and fixing and fussing, and then Miss Dibden comes to the door and makes a thousand apologies for her dress, confesses she was assisting a little, and gives numerous reasons for why she was doing so. Now this is one thing that always puzzled me why such a thing should be thought necessary. If a man is a gentleman, he won't feel it to be his duty to ask any lady how many hours in the day she spends in the kitchen; and if he is a man of mind, he will admire the very dignity which will not allow her to apologise for what ought to be. Indeed, I think it would be a disgraceful thing, to see a lady performing the various cleaning and scouring processes, decked out in evening attire. The only reason I can find for this is that women don't feel their importance sufficiently. Now, we gentlemen, we don't care who see us with our sleeves up and our necks all pained, and we never feel required to make any apology; how is this? Why, we feel our true position; we don't expect anything else but to be appreciated, and what is the consequence, why the ladies think far more of the independent gentlemen, than they do of the other spouse's who are forever twisting the corners of their moustache and centering their whole thoughts and affections on a prolongation of the physiognomy called a goatee. But apart from this, what is going to become of the children of Canada, who have been trained in this manner. Boys and girls who despise work, and cannot wait, why it just comes to this, they must either work or beg. Why do parents conceal this fact from their children, because they want the path to be smooth for them; they want their sons to marry heiresses, and their daughters, professional men. They want said parties to think that as their children have been brought up in luxury, it was because they could afford it, &c. Well, this is the greatest nonsense, in a country where one man can estimate another's resources to within a few pounds, reckon his probable outlay, and cast up his savings, or, as often, perhaps, liabilities. And suppose the support of this family were to fail or be taken away, then what, why the sons would learn to loaf, or be a kind of hangers on, and the daughters would have to marry for a home, and because they were not wealthy, they could not marry wealthy gentlemen, and so they must marry some one who must support them by labour, and they, as true wives, should assist in providing for their household. I don't mean that they must take in work, &c., but this I mean: They must understand all that is necessary to carry on household economy; they must not only know how to cook, but to do so carefully, so that there may not be as much wasted as used. Sometimes, however, it is not necessary for Mrs. Dibden to cook at all, she should, however, be able to direct Biddy so that the beefsteak may not be crisped, nor the tea-cakes green with soda. What is there in this that a woman should be ashamed to do or know—you answer, nothing; in fact it is a shame for any lady to attempt to pass through life without this knowledge. Now ladies, the effect that all this has upon my mind is just this: you don't in reality think that you can possibly be appreciated, without making yourselves a sort of martyrs, by appearing what you are not. But this is a false idea, and one which you should get rid of as soon as possible. Never be ashamed of anything that is virtuous and honorable, and try always to obtain correct views of things, don't view things in the most fashionable manner, but make common sense your guide and you won't go very far astray. Again, does the fact that you can bake, wash, and make soft soap, iron, sew and knit, make you any the less agreeable. Cannot a lady that understands all these down the drawing-room quite as well as if she had her various accomplishments, minus useful knowledge, certainly she can, and the reason why so many of us bachelors who could support a wife comfortably, and live happily with a spouse, live single, is just this, we cannot find one lady out of forty (and that one is always engaged) who would be a suitable helpmate on a farm. Those who are accomplished know nothing else, and those who are without finish would not be suitable companions, and as we cannot afford to keep a wife, oversex and servant, we must try to pick up a few crumbs of happiness while living in single blessedness, rather than make an ill-assorted match, which would prove a source of as much unhappiness to the one party as the other.—Dear reader, don't think I mean you particularly, but if any remarks point specially to you, I have nothing against you taking it gratis. The closing thoughts and feelings of all the bashful brotherhood who cannot muster courage to say so.

ODDO,