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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. Opposite the Elgin Mills. RICHMOND HILL. June 9, 1865. 1-y

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. 1

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURN STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to 10 a.m. All consultations in the office, Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865. 1

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH. Office opposite R. RAYMOND'S HOTEL, Richmond Hill. Deeds, Mortgages, &c., drawn up with neatness and dispatch. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

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

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., drawn up with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby. Also a Branch Office in the village of Beaverton, Township of Thornhill, and County of Ontario. The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended. Whitby June 2, 1865.

Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

STABLES for Sixty Horses Good Pasture. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Bouts. Monthly Fair held on the premises, first Wednesday in each month. Agency as usual. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

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. where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class liquors, &c. This house possesses every accommodation. Travellers can find every comfort and are respectfully invited to put up at this establishment. 1-y

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER, &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. 22. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1865. Whole No. 282.

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. And all persons having debts or claims against the said Estate are notified to present the same to the undersigned forthwith.

LUMBERING! ABRAHAM EYER respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER, in any quantity, and on short notice. Planed Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved.

STUMPING MACHINE FOR SALE! THE Subscriber offers for sale, one of John Abel'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, 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.

CLYDE HOTEL King St., East, near the Market Square, TORONTO. John Mills, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, June, 1865. 1-y

Richmond Hill Hotel! THOMAS COCK, Proprietor. 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. 1

J. GORMLEY, COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER AND AUCTIONEER, Lot 31, 4th Con. MARKHAM, June 9, 1865. 1-11

Every Pump Warranted. Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C. W. Will receive prompt attention. June 7, 1865. 1-y

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, and sold at the lowest prices. Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Post Office Address—Richmond Hill. June 1865. 1-y

Poetry. Songs of the Winds.

Ye winds of Palestine, Sing softly o'er each holy shrine, Sing of the prophet's wondering eye That saw the Future shadow by With all its pomp of woe and bliss, The godlike birth, the traitor's kiss, The temple rended and the night That brought for man Redemption's light— Sing, winds!

Literature. THE GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE

Three different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother-officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the Great Fish River. Within the last few days, the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire and assagai; the company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we, infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from his midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinel's charge, had retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the posts outer wall, its only additional defence being a row of palisades. Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest-hearted woman within the gates; and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffre war-cries, and rushing out found ourselves beset by a horde of skj-clad warriors, who concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and with quivering assagais, and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defences, hoping to carry them by surprise. Failing in his design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for day-light revealed us girt round by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth, that our assailant was some border-chief who during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighbouring ravine, between which add us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident they had decided not again to attack the post, but resting on their arms, to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls, or fall by their assagais without. There was indeed but little hope it would be otherwise. There was none among those lonely hills to bear to Graham's Tower the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one,

was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested, that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety, we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet-beating time vehemently to their owners' guttural strains, while the, winding of buffalo horns and booming of calabash-drums swelled the whole into a deafening din. Here was the long sought opportunity; and followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise; bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another, when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass on. But it was not until many a danger had been happily escaped, that a brake was found in the living cord, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare Cape crops horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and saddle, and brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence, avoiding the path across the hills, and travelling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys. This route considerably increased the distance, but well my new steed served me, threading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water courses, and pushing through steep rocky defiles where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysterical laughter, and looking round, I beheld through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need of spur or rein, for conscious of danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my utmost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to yet stinger efforts. I knew that lonely travellers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips, as he still plunged madly on; momentarily more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were evidently against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to out-strip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling,

laughing at our heels; as if we had been demon chased.

At length, with a longer bound, and a higher leap, the foremost sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and as quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild shriek, quivering through the woods told the poor creature's agony, as wayspent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes still clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexpressible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay half stunned, half insensible, helplessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyenas having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless steed's last breath ebbed as I released him; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhoping escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But travelling on foot made dishearteningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon would meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past mid-day, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in the valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in leopard-skin karosse, and vehemently harranging his countrymen, was the well-known chief Tyali, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room; but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste, I retreated, but unfortunately not discreet; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill, which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which on reaching the summit, the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to the hill beyond. Rifle and assagai were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullet flew wide, the flying spear fell short; ponderous knobkerries whirled and whistled through the air, with like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep flendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put into execution against me.

Fanned by their swift passage through the air, the spears came quivering down like fiery serpents but a few yards from me. The long prairie-grass, dried almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and cracked beneath their glowing trail; and in another moment, a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassable barrier between me and my pursuers, but, at the same time, menacing me with a fat more terrible than their weapons could inflict, and before which even the perils of the past night grew faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before this incombustible foe; but when gaining the scent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hillsides devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of those terrific grass fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, taller than a man,

rage unchecked and uncheckable over vast tracts of country. All I could do was to again flee; but my breathless race was no more for life but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate; and as I still toiled through the cumbersome grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleaguered comrades whose fate would be scarcely less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched-up herbage, igniting the tickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, hars nay, even snakes and lizards, fled before its scorching breath, and, despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Suddenly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange, crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy, I strove to reach it; but my breath came fast, and my feet faltered in their course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense suspense of those few minutes—the swift heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length just when the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; and scrambling up the rugged ascent the work of a moment, then, panting and prayerful, I sank down in its shallow basin, as I hoped, saved.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse herbage in its interests, and almost suffocating me with its dense masses of smoke, then passed on its devastating career until it should be stopped by interposing stream. Ere long, some the denuded ground cooled sufficiently and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night, I formed one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost, and escorted its members back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with the Grass-fire Adventure.

Muscle and Machinery.

The great objection to farming hitherto has been hard work. Farm labor is done too much by hand. What manufacturer of the present day could succeed without machinery, and yet manufacturers were once without such aid. The human drudgery on a farm must be saved if the farmer would rise physically and intellectually, in his calling. Farmers cannot afford to be machines, when thinking powers rule the world. They must use machinery, and harness, steam, wind, or horse power to their car. This last must ever be the most common motor of the farm as it is within the reach of all. By horse power the farmer can mow and reap, turn and pitch, thresh and grind, saw and bore, chop feed and crush roots. It is not profitable to farm as those did who lived centuries ago. Labor is higher, taxes are steeper, and commercial values are rising. A better agriculture must arise than the past has known, or the farmer will go under. If our hills and valleys ever become properly cultivated, the farmer has a great work to do. Leaks must be stopped, time must be economized, intellectual and social elevation must be achieved, farmers clubs first be sustained, machinery must supersede muscle. To make any business tolerable, it must be shown capable of yielding something besides health and bread, and this is about all farming has hitherto shown. Farming will become profitable when the farmer better understands himself and saves all that wastes.—Maryland Farmer.

LIEUTENANT DELAFOSSE.—Lieutenant Delafosse, after despatching a number of six-pound balls in the direction of the embrasure without any perceptible result, at length resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion one way or another. He rammed down three cannon-balls, filled up the chink with grape, bade his men stand back, and fired off the portentous charge. To his surprise and light his own gun did not burst and nothing more was heard of the tiresome little antagonist. The same officer, some what later in the siege, was in the north-eastern battery when the carriage of a cannon was ignited by an unlucky accident. The situation was most critical, for the wood-work, which had stood beneath the June sun until it was dry as tinder, blazed furiously, and there was imminent risk of a general explosion of all the powder in the battery. The rebels discerned the opportunity, and concentrated their fire upon the spot where Delafosse, stretched at length on his back beneath the gun, was pulling down the burning splinters and scattering earth upon the flames. By aid of two private soldiers he extinguished the conflagration, though eighteen-pound and twenty-four-pound shot were flying past at the rate of six a minute. With such examples before them, people of no class of calling were behindhand in acts of daring when the common safety was at stake. One Jacobi, a coachmaker by trade, and to judge from his appellation, a person of mixed parentage, descried on the roof of the magazine a fire-ball, which he mistook for a live shell. Under this impression, he clambered up, secured the object of his apprehension, and heaved it over the breastwork with a sigh of relief. There was many a cross of Victoria earned in that camp, where a victory was not, not any reasonable chance of victory.—Cawnpore, by G. O. Trevelyan.

A TIGER ANECDOTE.—I believe that, face to face, a tiger will not attack a human being, unless he displays a thorough want of spirit; the Malays are also of this opinion, but express it differently. They say that 'if you will speak to a tiger, add tell it that it can get plenty of food in the jungle beside you, the animal will be persuaded, and leave you unmolested.' Unfortunately, few get the chance to speak to the tigers in this way, because they almost invariably steal up behind those they intend to attack. I have, however, heard the following account told by an old Malay of an attack which he prevented by an appeal to the better nature of the animal.—He was returning home after a visit to town to his own house at Selita, altho' that part of the road which is described as being the most surrounded by jungle. He had a little child, a boy of seven or eight years old, slung behind him, and both were contentedly chewing away at jagong, when the father, on lifting up his eyes, saw a tiger crouching down right in front of him, and apparently preparing for a spring. Calling to mind the old saying, he gasped out a few sounds, and found that they appeared to arrest the tiger but, being anxious not to risk the life of his son, he moved slowly backward to a tree which he remembered to have passed a few yards behind. The tiger advanced upon him step for step as he retreated. When the old man's back touched the tree, he told his son to climb up. This the boy did, and the father, relieved of anxiety on his account, drew his sword-knife and commenced an advance, arguing all the time with keenest logic—sharpened no doubt by the occasion—that it would be infinitely better for both to part without quarrelling. This advance and retreat continued for about fifty yards, when the tiger, either persuaded by the logic, or daunted by the bravery of the man, turned tail and bolted into the jungle.—Our Tropical Possessions in Malayan India. By J. Cameron.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage? Be mine, ah! A Newspaper reporter says of a very elegant female pickpocket, 'She rarely speaks to any one; is always quiet, gentle, smiling, and genteel; comes like a sunbeam, and, like it, steals noiselessly away.' Lord Uptonson sold Brown a horse. B. meeting the peer some time after, said, 'Why, your lordship told me that your horse had no fault, and he is blind of an eye?' 'All right,' says my lord, 'blindness is no fault; it is only a misfortune.' Saxe, the joker and poet, was once taking a trip in a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady, to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said, 'parting.' 'Good-bye, Mr. Saxe; but I fear you will soon be forgetting me?' 'Ah, miss,' said the inventor of the punster, 'if I were not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you!' A Country gentleman, while strolling out with a Cockney friend—a genuine Cockney—approached a steed, in which was standing a crop of hay. The Cockney gazed at it wonderingly. 'It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip tops.' 'Vy, vater does you call this?' said he to his companion. 'That—why, hay, to be sure!' was the reply. 'Hay! He, he! come, that's cut-sine if a little too thick!' 'If that's hay, just show me the hay cones—come, now!