

# The York Herald

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And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

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

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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 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 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 despatch.  
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., &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 Charitable office, Brock Street, Whitby.  
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beaverton, Township of Thorn, 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.

**STABLING** 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, 1

**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, &c. This house possesses every accommodation. Travelers can find every comfort are respectfully invited to put up at this establishment.  
Aurora, June, 1865, 1-1f

**THOMAS SEDMAN,**  
Carriage and Waggon  
MAKER,  
UNDERTAKER  
&c. &c. &c.  
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,  
Richmond Hill.  
June, 1865, 2-ly

## 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.

All persons are hereby notified not to purchase any of the Mortgages, Notes, or securities of the said John Langstaff, from any person or persons whomsoever.

GEORGE McPHILLIPS,  
GEORGE WELDRICK,  
Executors of the late John Langstaff.  
Richmond Hill, June 12, 1865, 1-1f

## LUMBERING!

ABRAHAM EYER

BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do

PLANING TO ORDER,  
In any quantity, and on short notice.

Planed 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, 4-1y

**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, 1-1f

**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 by Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere.  
Post Office Address—Richmond Hill, June 1865, 1-1f

**JAMES BOWMAN,**  
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,  
ALHRA MILLS,  
Markham, Nov. 1, 1865, 22

**R. H. Hall,**  
Chemist & Druggist,  
RICHMOND HILL

**W. G. CASTELL,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
PURE AND UNADULTERATED  
CONFECTIONARY!  
363 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
W. G. C. calls at all the Stores between Toronto and Richmond Hill every two weeks, and supplies Confectionary of all kinds at the Lowest Wholesale prices.  
Toronto, July 20, 1865, 7

**EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS,  
CISTRONS AND PUMPS!**  
Manufactured and for Sale by  
**John Langstaff,**  
STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL,  
September 7, 1865, 14-1f

**DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF,**  
Office Hours, 7 to 8 a.m. & 1 to 2 p.m.  
ALL parties owing Dr. J. LANGSTAFF are expected to call and pay promptly, as he has payments now that must be met.  
Mr. Benj Jenkins is authorized to collect and give receipts for him.  
Richmond Hill, Sept. 7, 1865, 14-1f

**DENTISTRY.**  
**W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S.,**  
OF  
95 King Street East, Toronto,  
NEAR CHURCH STREET,  
I S prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it.  
Consultation free, and all work warranted.  
June, 1865, 2-ly

## Poetry.

### The Emigrant's Farewell.

Fast fading cliffs of England,  
White cliffs that sternly stand,  
A rampart pinched by nature  
To guard our favored land,  
I turn once more with longing eyes,  
Your giant form to view,  
As grandly beautiful ye rise;  
Fair, strong white cliffs adieu.

Deserted home of childhood,  
Fair spot I could not leave;  
My heart grows hot with memories  
Of wrongs that will not sleep,  
Strange voices ring in the old hall,  
Strange footsteps tread the floor,  
While I who owned each ivied wall,  
Must tread a foreign shore.

My broad paternal acres,  
Too early won and lost;  
Ye smile in quiet beauty,  
While I am toment tressed,  
On fields over which I lightly trod,  
A stranger's crops now lie;  
Oh furrowed land, oh dashed sod,  
Ye claim a parting sigh.

Woods clothed with verdant beauty,  
Time honored graceful trees,  
Dispiriting low, soft music,  
Wooded by the summer breeze,  
Dear old oak woods, I'll not forget  
Your shadowy aisles of green;  
You may have power to charm regret,  
When oceans roll between.

Green graves of my departed,  
Ah now too tear-drops start;  
The bitterness of exile  
Already fills my heart.  
Oh groves, wave green, oh flowers spring  
Bright,  
Above the graves I love;  
Lost darlings, be your slumbers light,  
Until we meet above.

Farewell, white cliffs of England,  
Pointing to Heaven's blue dome;  
Farewell, sweet native valley,  
Farewell, ancestral home,  
Farewell green meadows that arch above  
Dead hearts, once warm and true;  
I leave ye all afar to rest,  
And weep my last adieu.

## Literature.

### A Yankee at the Adam's House

Some years ago a very long, brown Down Easter, attired in one of those costumes which are now no where to be met with except upon the stage, a tall, bell-crowned, with hat short-waisted blue coat, with enormous power buttons, a vest as yellow as a barberry blossom, and a pair of corduroys whose highest ambition seemed to be to maintain their ascendancy over a pair of cow-hides that had trodden many a hundred miles of logging-paths, might have been seen, Jack-knife and shingle in hand, wending his way up Long wharf, in realization of his life-long anticipations of 'secin' Boston.' At the corner of Merchants' Row, his progress was arrested by the lumbering transit of a two-story house on wheels, drawn by half a dozen yoke of oxen, with the people inside pursuing their usual avocations.

'What on airb is that ere?' he asked of a bystander.  
'Oh nothing,' replied the 'towney'—'the folks are only moving out—that's all. When we move down here, we do it house and all.'

'Je-usalem! Wall! cap'n what's that ere big stn house over the left?'  
'That's the new Custom House. It's a mighty location—but they're going to move it next week.'

'Thunder and molasses! It'll take all the oxen in creation for to start her!'  
'Oh! they use elephants for moving such large buildings.'

'And how many elephants it'll take?'  
'Upwards of a hundred.' The Yankee cut a deep gasp in his shingle and walked on.

He next inquired for the Adams House, for he 'heard tell' of that, and was determined to progress during his juvenility, aware of the impossibility of doing so at a more advanced age.

He soon found the 'tavein,' and the 'deacon' and ordered accommodations, liberally 'darning the expense.' Having 'sleeked up' a little, he witnessed the operations of a servant on the gong simply remarking that 'he know'd what sheet lightning' was, but this was the first time he'd ever heard of sheet thunder. He followed the crowd into the dining-hall, and was ushered to a seat where he encountered himself, tucking his towel under his chin with a sort of desperation as if he was going to be shaved or scalped.

The sight of the covered dishes added to his amazement. 'Dod dern it!' he exclaimed, 'ef I ever heerd of cookin' on the table!—but here they've gone and sot tin kitchens all over the lot. Whar's the firs to come from—that's what I'd like too know?'

He got along with the soup very well, and was pausing for breath, before he finished it, when a waiter snatched his plate and was running off with it.

Hello! you sir!—vociferated the Yankee—'I see you—Feteh that 'ere back quicker'n link lightening, or else you'll have your head punch ed.'

His plate was returned and he finished his soup with dignity. After waiting about a minute, he raised his voice again, and summoned the offending waiter sternly.

'kalkelate to starve me?'  
'No-sir.'

'Wall—why don't you fetch on some fresh fo'der—dern ye!'

'There's the carte sir.'

'Where's the cart? And what in thunder am I to do with the cart when I've got it? Look out you pesky sarpan, or you'll catch it.'

'The bill of fare.' I don't pay my bill till I've had my fodder.'

The waiter humbly explained his meaning.

'What's all these crack-jaw names mean? Give me somethin' plain and hearty—biled corn beef—and fetch it about the quickest—while I look over the paper and see what else I'll hev.'

The meat was brought him.

'Hold on! was the next order.

'What's this here? M-a-c-e-e—Read it, won't you sir.'

'Maccaroni, sir.'

'All right cap'n—Harry it up.'

The dish was brought. 'You eternal cuss!' roared the Down Easter—'of I hadn't a great mind as ever I had to ker-wallop yer, and make an example of ye on the spot. What do you mean by runnin' your rigs on me just because I am a stranger in these parts? Take away yer biled pipe-stems, and fetch us on some cabbage. That's right. And now, squire, some vinegar?'

'Vinegar's in the castor,' replied the waiter, and made good his retreat.

'In the castor is it—hey?' soliloquized the Yankee, 'and where in thunder is the castor?'

The gentleman opposite pushed it toward him. He looked at it—'took the stopper out of the vinegar, and taking hold of the castor by the bottom, turned it up. But all the cruets manifested a desire to illustrate the laws of gravity, and leap from their locations, and the Yankee was compelled to set it down again.

'Jerusalem!' he exclaimed. 'This here is a curious contrivance and no mistake. How on airb am I to get at the ternal vinegar? I'll try it once more.'

Again he heanted the castor, but this time all the stopples tumbled out.

'Thunderation!' he roared, 'here is a pretty mess. D—n it all!—here I've got the castor all into my gravy, and the red lead on my cabbage, and the yaller on my 'tater. D—n the thing! I say!'

'My friend,' said the gentleman opposite, with a strong control over his risible muscles, 'it appears to me if I were in want of vinegar, that I should take the vinegar cruet out of the stand and by that means I should avoid all trouble.'

Here the whole company, waiters and all, burst into a fit of laughter. The Yankee rose in a rage upsetting his chair and glaring defiance on his neighbors.

'How in the nam' of ternal cusses in creation,' he yelled, 'should I know anything about the way the d—n thing worked when I never seed one of 'em afore? You've hatched this up agin me—I know it. Whar's the landlort! Fetch your bill on—I'll get out of this. I hain't eat ten cent's worth but I'll pay up like a boob and quit. And if ever I set out to eat a meals vittles in Boston town again—you may take my hide and tan it. D—n your castors—and your castorile—and you too, one and all! And flinging down a dollar on the table he seized his white bell-top from the hand of a trembling waiter, and vanished. Down Washington and State streets, he streaked it like a comet, and never looked back.

his pace till he pulled up on board the Centenec.

'Cap'n,' said he to the commander—'cast off your line jest as quick as you're a mine to, and ef ever you catch me wanting to see Boston agin jest you take me by the s'ack and throw me right into that ere bilor, boots and all—by gravity!'

### The Mysterious Sailor.

I was in a whaleman just from Nantucket. While the ship was in the gulf stream, I observed, as I stood at the helm, that much conversation passed between the captain and mate, in regard to the owner of the vessel.

'He looked miserable the last time he came down to the wharf,' said the mate; 'I think his voyage is pretty near up—won't hardly weather it till we get back.'

The captain turned round to give me an order, and then said to his chief officer.

'Do you know anything about that son of his?'

'I only know, sir, that he's just from college; he's been off the island since he was knee high to a toad, and must be chuck full of learning by this time. Them that's seen him say he's a fine, stout, well built young man, that looks more like a granny-dear than college-bred.'

'It's likely the business will fall into his hands very soon,' observed the captain, musingly.

'Yes, sir, the old man can't hold out much longer. I heard that as soon as he came to the island he was to have the business.'

'Indeed!' cried the captain.

'But you know sir,' answered the mate, 'that these youngsters are never so strict as the old ones—'

'What's that to me?' interrupted the captain, in so captious a manner that the mate looked up as if he thought it was a great deal to the disadvantage man.

The mate knew that Captain Johnson had got the ship with the utmost difficulty. There had been such reports about his cruelty and violent temper, that it was not easy to ship crews for the vessel which he commanded. But the owner of our ship was an easy old man disposed to be lenient to the captain's faults, and the latter had, after repeated efforts, succeeded in getting command of the ship.

It is difficult, therefore, to comprehend the state of the captain's mind, when he contemplated the substitution of the son for the father.

The son might discharge him immediately on the return of the ship to Nantucket. There was nothing agreeable, therefore, to Captain Johnson, in change of owners. The mate well understood that he had disturbed the captain's mind by speaking of the old man's withdrawal from business, and hastened to change the subject.

'There must be discipline on board the vessel,' said he; 'and I'm thinking we have some pretty tough sticks to handle.—There's that Alpheus Bailey has a lurking devil in the corner of his eye—'

'A mutinous dog, Mr. Barney—a mutinous dog! Why don't you speak out?'

'And that's very strange, too, in a green hand,' added the mate. 'Now, if he was an old man-of-war, it would be as natural as a chew of pig-tail.'

'There's much talk of that kind in the forecastle, Mr. Barney; give me an old salt in preference to these raw-johnnies that don't know a marlin spike from the flying jib-born, and grumble because they don't have their muffins served hot every morning.'

'They musn't grumble to me,' said Barney, nodding his head threateningly.

'Well I think we can keep them from spitting in our faces,' cried the captain.

'Take a pull on the lee braces, Mr. Barney. Keep her off a little—there steady as she goes.'

This discourse between the captain and mate sounded very much like a declaration of war against the crew; and where hostile feelings exist without a cause a small

spark is sufficient to kindle a great fire.

From that time forward, it was easy to perceive that the young man called Alpheus Bailey, was regarded suspiciously by the captain and both his mates; yet it would be difficult to tell why, unless it was because he was a strapping fellow and might be a dangerous customer in case of coming to blows.

It was not so difficult, however to account for the fact, that the crew generally looked with an evil eye upon that young novice; for he was not only ignorant of seamanship but was also disinclined to work, and took matters very easy. He had little to say to any of us, and yet he seemed to see and hear everything that passed on board. Every movement, whether of the crew or of the officers was watched with the closest scrutiny.

'Take the slush bucket and go up and slush down all the top mast,' said the mate to Alpheus one morning, just as we were in sight of Juan Fernandez.

'Alpheus took the bucket and proceeded to work in the most leisurely manner. It was night before he finished the job.

'Now ain't you a skulk—a lubberly hound!' said the officer, as Alpheus came down from aloft.

Alpheus said nothing, though several of the crew grinned at him as if they coincided entirely with the mate.

Before he had reached the Sandwich Islands, however, the continued ill-usage on board the ship had served to combine the crew more closely together; and even the hauteur and laziness of Alpheus were forgotten. Yet a hearty laugh was raised at the expense of the young man; when one of their number expected punishment, Alpheus had promised to use his influence in favour of his downcast ship-mate.

We were lying at Honolulu; the sailor had run away, and had been caught and brought on board the ship by several natives employed to ferret out deserters from among the mountains.

The poor fellow was in irons, and as the captain had promised to flog him within an inch of his life, the prospect was not as ambrosial as the poet's dream.

'Never mind, Bob I will do what I can for you,' said Alpheus, consolingly.

There was a general roar, and even poor Bob could not help smiling, as he knew that Alpheus was the last man in the ship whose word would have any influence with the captain or indeed be of any value to any one else on board.

Alpheus showed no more emotion than a porpoise at a camp meeting. Nobody was surprised at that. We had become acquainted with his peculiarities; but when, on the next morning, captain came on board, in a towering passion and roared like a mad bull for the offending Bob, and ordered him to be seized up in the rigging and flogged, we all turned our eyes upon Alpheus, and wondered what his temerity might attempt.

Bob was stripped to the buff, and seized up in the main rigging by the mates.

The captain stepped forward, with a piece of rattling in his hand, to commence the flogging. To our utter amazement, Alpheus walked boldly up to the captain, snatched the rope from his hand, and drawing out his sheath knife, began to cut the marlings by which Bob's limbs were bound.

Captain Johnson stepped back one pace, and fairly frothed at the mouth, while the mates ran up to collar the audacious youth.

'Lay a finger on me if you dare,' cried Alpheus to the officers, in a tone of haughty defiance, and assuming an attitude that would have done credit to Forrest Mac-ready in their favorite Carolinas.

The mates hesitated.

'Seize the mutinous scoundrel!' shouted Captain Johnson. 'Knock him down with a cleaver! Break his skull!'

'Stand back, you impertinent varlets!' exclaimed the youth, and taking a strip of paper from his bosom, he handed it to the captain. The latter glanced over it, and

them appeared during the day.

Three days afterwards, Alpheus went on board a homeward-bound vessel, and sailed for the United States. The conduct of the Captain underwent a change from that hour. The rest of the voyage was pleasant and successful, while every one wondered who was Alpheus Bailey, and how he contrived to effect so great a change.

We never heard his right name mentioned, but when the ship reached home, he came on board as the crew, hailed us as old ship-mates.

As I had overheard the conversation between the captain and the mate in the Gulf, I found little difficulty in recognizing in Alpheus the young collegian—the son of the owner—who had taken a romantic notion to ship as a common sailor, and see for himself how the men were treated by Captain Johnson. Having heard from us that the Captain was really an altered man, our young owner continued him in command of the ship.

OUR BEDROOMS.—If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss through out the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from the bodies partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air, in part, and in part absorbed by the bed clothes. If a single ounce of cotton or wool be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air, with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can be but one ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half-hour during the night the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours sleeping; for while the day smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly aired sheets and coverlets and mattresses in the morning, before packing up in the form of a neatly-made bed?

A gentleman of Lewiston says, the other day a girl called at his door and asked if his family wanted house help.—He replied they did. 'Do you have small children?' she asked. 'No.' 'Do you have your washing done out of the house?' 'No.' 'Will my room be carpeted?' 'Yes.' 'Are you going on a while in this manner, the gentleman turned the tide, and said he would like to ask her a few questions. 'Can you play the piano?' he began. 'Oh, no.' 'Can you speak French?' 'No.' 'Can you sing the opera?' 'No.' 'Can you dance the lancers?' 'No.' 'Well then,' he concluded, 'if you can't do any of these you won't suit,' and off went the astonished maiden smelling nice!

A GOOD EXCUSE.—In a certain parish on the borders, not long since, an old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to the house, but the gentleman was not in. He enquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now? 'Oh,' she replied, without the least hesitation, 'that young man ye've got roars so loud that John canna sleep so comfortable as he did when preaching yersel' sac peaceably.'

BELEAF is in the midst of a 'water famine.' The hot summer has lowered the wells, the town has built no reservoirs, and the people have nothing to drink except water brought in barrels, carried on donkeys, from the environs. This water is sold as if Belfast were Seville, and many trades are suspended for want of their supply.