

The York Herald

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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.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1865.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

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

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. 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.

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude.

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Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

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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.

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DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, Office Hours, 7 to 8 a.m. & 1 to 2 p.m.

W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S., 85 King Street East, Toronto.

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.

GEORGE McPHERSON, GEORGE WELDRICK, Executors of the late John Langstaff.

LUMBERING!

ABRAHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER,

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

GEO. McPHERSON & SON,

Provincial Land Surveyors, RICHMOND HILL, C. W. June 7, 1865.

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

Lot 36, 4th Con. MARKHAM, June 9, 1865.

CAJADIAN SWING PUMPS!

ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others (who have them working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 123 feet).

Every Pump Warranted. Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer.

RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham Rd. on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

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

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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.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS!

John Langstaff, SEAN MILLS, THORNHILL, September 7, 1865.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, Office Hours, 7 to 8 a.m. & 1 to 2 p.m.

Mr. Benj Jenkins is authorized to collect and give receipts for him.

DENTISTRY.

W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S., 85 King Street East, Toronto.

IS 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.

Poetry.

The Departed.

And thou art gone forever! Passed from the earth away! Entered that blissful Hereafter Where reigns eternal day!

Saying this, he spurred his horse and rode off with his troop. The woodchoppers stood and looked after the retreating dragoons till they were out of sight;

Literature.

A ROYAL FUGITIVE.

The scene is England in 1631. It was in the early part of September, that a small party of wood-choppers, with their axes on their shoulders, were passing along a road that wound through a thick, heavy wood, not far from where the Avon unites its waters with the Severn.

'Quick!' cried one, springing into the bushes as he spoke; 'we must make a run for it!'

'Hold!' said one of the others, stopping himself and checking the rest with his words; 'we are already seen, and the course proposed would only draw down suspicion upon us and lead to our certain capture.'

'Who are you?' gruffly demanded the commander of the dragoons, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant; 'and what are you doing here?'

'We don't exactly understand your honor,' said one of the laukiest, ugliest, and meanest dressed of the party, stepping out from his companions and drawing up close

to the officer; 'you don't suspect any of us of being kings, princes or generals in disguise, do you?'

'Well, I'm glad of that,' said the other, with a clownish chuckle, 'for just now I'm thinking the safest head don't rest on a king's body.'

'Your honor'll follow this road to the forks and turn to the right.'

'You must know,' pursued the officer, 'that the late king's son, who commanded the royalists on that day, has succeeded in making his escape, and a reward of a thousand pounds is offered for his person, dead or alive.'

'The morning following, the fugitive being left alone in the thickest part of the wood, his friend and guide having gone to procure some food, and ascertain if there was any immediate danger, he began walking to and fro, in a restless, impatient manner, a voice addressed him from above. Looking up, he saw the face of a man among the thick, clustering leaves of a giant oak.'

'Who are you?' he quickly demanded, fearing that all was lost. The man gave his name as a royalist captain, and slipping to the ground, persuaded him to hide in the tree with him.

'I believe he in this wood yet; and if we can find him, we'll be certain to make our fortunes, and see the prettiest piece of beheading that's been done in England since his father made his bloody bow to the people.'

After this, his dress was changed to a plain gray, and he travelled for several weeks with a lady as her servant, across thickly-settled portions of the country, and often came in contact with the soldiers who were hunting for his person. He subsequently met with quiet a number of hairbreadth escapes, and was recognised by several individuals, in both high and low life, not one of whom was base enough to betray him for the large reward and great honors they would have received for their perfidy.

'But you mustn't remain here another hour' was her warning advice; 'for by day-light tomorrow morning the soldiers are going to search these woods.'

On being called from his bed and informed who his principle visitor was, Mr. Wolf became very much alarmed on his account.

'There is no safety here,' he said 'for two regiments are stationed in the village, small bodies are out in every direction, every boat on the Severn has been seized, a guard put on every bridge, and once already has my poor dwelling been searched for you.'

'I believe,' said the fugitive, offering his hand, which the clergyman respectfully pressed to his lips 'And now, my friend, as you can't recommend any place in your house for my weary head, what do you say to your barn? for, by my faith, I must sleep somewhere soon in spite of old Noll and his rebel crew.'

'Would to Heaven, my liege, I had a better place to offer you in security!' returned the clergyman. 'The barn be it, then, said the other, gleefully; 'there many worse places, and I am too much fatigued to be fastidious.'

'Come, my jolly comrades, let us go and hunt up the royal fugitive!'

'I immediately turned off in the woods, and kept on till they came to a wild, solitary spot, where the trees and bushes grew very thick, when the clownish fellow, threw himself down on the ground, saying he was tired to go any further. At this one of the others took a blanket that had been carelessly resting on his shoulders, and spread it out for him to lay on, with the remark:

'The ground is damp, your majesty—'

'Hush!' cried the clownish fellow, with an angry gesture, 'why do you so often forget yourself? Should it occur again, you and I must part company. We have no majesties here, you know—we are only deputed by a band of rebel cut-throats to go and look for one.'

'After the repast was over, a serious consultation was held by the whole party, which resulted in a speedy separation—three of the brothers going home with their mother and sister, and the other setting off across the country with the fugitive, whom he conducted to the house of a clergyman named Wolf, whose dwelling they reached a little past midnight.

AN AMERICAN RULER.—See you that bland, clerically-dressed, and pious-looking personage, walking through crowds of stockbrokers and bankers on Wall street, with steady tread and pre-engaged air, as one following some thread invisible to others? That is Pokedweed.

Who is Pokedweed? The genius of jobbery; the power behind the American throne. His sceptre is a railroad, the Irishmen who work on it are his myrmidons, and every president in the Empire State feels his dower.

Accompanied by his faithful guide, the hunted fugitive spent the remainder of that night and all the next day under some hay in the clergyman's barn, the latter providing them with a sufficiency of food. The next night he advised them to depart for some other locality, as he had reason to believe that another search of his dwelling and outbuildings was about to be made.

The morning following, the fugitive being left alone in the thickest part of the wood, his friend and guide having gone to procure some food, and ascertain if there was any immediate danger, he began walking to and fro, in a restless, impatient manner, a voice addressed him from above. Looking up, he saw the face of a man among the thick, clustering leaves of a giant oak.

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she got tired of it, and it made her mad wif' cryin', that and the gin—she didn't get stupid wif' it, only devilish—and the child lay smothered in the bed one morning.

'That's where my home went. But I go back there yet, and halve my wages with her when the brig's in; and I'm precious jolly when we come in sight of land—don't you see?—The Gaywothes; a Tale of Threads and Thrumbs.

COURAGE AND INTEGRITY.—A Calco, who had been some time tutor or than, King of China, ingratiated himself into the favour of that monarch by acting the part of flatterer, telling the King what he knew would please him, and omitting what was fit for him to know, which generally offended the Chinese. One of the captains took the courage to go to the King, and kneeling before him, the King demanded 'what he would have?'

'Leave,' said the captain, 'to cut off the head of a flattering courtier who abuses you.' 'And who is that man said the King. 'The Calco who stands before you,' said the Captain. 'What,' said the King, in a great passion, 'wouldst thou cut off my master's head in my sight too? Take him from my presence, and chop off his head immediately.' The officers laying hold of him, in order to execute the King's command, he laid hold of a wooden balaster, which, with their pulling, and his holding fast, broke asunder; and the King's anger by that time being abated, he commanded they should let the captain alone, and that the balaster should be mended, and not a new one put in its place, 'that it might remain to perpetuity as a memorial that one of his subjects had the courage and fidelity (with his hazard of his life) to advise the King what he ought to do for his own and the people's safety.'

A RARE PATRIMONY.—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (what an idea!) Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused 20,000 dollars for. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

INTUITIVE PERCEPTION OF WOMEN. In a conversation I once had with an eminent minister of our church (says Dr. Boardman), he made this fine observation—'We will say nothing of the manner in which the fair sex conduct an argument, but the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate course of reasoning.' No man who has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant and with unerring accuracy, which you had been pouring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties.

It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet their seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that when a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel of an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

POOR FELLOW!—You've got a mother? Well, that's something as long as it lasts; but the real ones mostly die. I can just remember one who used to cuddle me up, and tuck me in bed, and tell me prayers; to say; but after that I don't remember anything but kicks and cuffs, and drink and misery. Then my father died, and my father's brother cheated us out of what living there was left, and my own brother cheated me out of what was more than living to me, or I was foster made a disgrace of myself, and broke the heart of an honest fellow as was my friend, and I went knocking about the world; and it's all made up of just the same stuff. I've been all over it, and God aint anywhere in it. If he was, he wouldn't let things be as I've seen 'em. I set out at once to plant a home of my own and see if 'twould grow. But I married a she-devil, and I tell you we made hell. My child never had a mother. It's dead; and if God was anywhere round I thank him for it. She overlaid it in the night; she said she did. I knew

I once heard Lord Brandlands, who was a fast man, ask old Mr. Justice Mellow, of a convict's memory, if there was any truth in the old saying, 'As sober as a judge.' It was a good bit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the Judge, 'as most of the old saws are.' They are characteristic at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. 'Tis we say 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.'