

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion....\$00 50
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 13
Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00 75
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 20
Above ten lines, first insertion, per line... 00 07
Each subsequent insertion, per line... 00 02
One Column per twelve months..... 50 00
Half a column do do..... 30 00
Quarter of a column per twelve months... 20 00
One column per six months..... 40 00
Half a column do..... 25 00
Quarter of a column per six months..... 15 00
A card of ten lines, for one year..... 4 00
A card of fifteen lines, do..... 5 25
A card of twenty lines, do..... 6 50

Advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

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.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid: and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

Published for the Proprietors by Scott & Broughton.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 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.,
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS.,
THORNHILL.

Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10, 12, and 4 p.m. All consultations in the office, Cash.
Thornhill, June 9, 1865

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.

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 *Charioteer* office, Broad Street, Whitby.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Deer-vein, 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 Pasturage. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Stud.

Monthly Fair held on the premises, first Wednesday in each month. Agency as usual.
Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

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. Parties whose desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to put up at this establishment.
Aurora, June, 1865.

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

DENTISTRY.
W. C. ADAMS, D. D. S.,
95 King Street East, Toronto,
NEAR CHURCH STREET.

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. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it.
Consultation free, and all work warranted.
June, 1865.

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.

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. Parties whose desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to put up at this establishment.
Aurora, June, 1865.

The York Herald,

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. VI. No. 27.

“Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion.”

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1865.

Whole No. 257.

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 whatsoever.

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.

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c.
Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also **Lumber Tongued & Grooved**
At the lowest possible rates.

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

The Best is Always the Cheapest.
POWELL'S
CAVALRY SWING PUMPS!

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

DAVID EYER, Junr.,
Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con., Markham, on the Elgin Mill Plank Road. I have twenty working H. Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 123 feet, to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.
If Price 60 cents per foot. No extra charge for Top.

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

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

W. G. CASTELL,
MANUFACTURER OF
PURE AND UNADULTERATED
CONFECTIONARY!
303 Yonge Street, Toronto.

W. G. C. calls at all the Stores between Toronto and Richmond Hill every two weeks, and supplies Confectionery of all kinds at the lowest Wholesale prices.
Toronto, July 20, 1865. 7

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

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All parties owing Dr. J. LANGSTAFF are expected to call and pay promptly, as he has payments now that must be met.
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Consultation free, and all work warranted.
June, 1865.

Poetry.

The Driller's Hope.
—
In the cabin small I sit,
Thinking, kindred dear, of you,
And my bright and happy home so far away;
And my fears make sad my heart,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my spirits and be gay.

CHORUS.
Hope, hope, hope, the drill is boring,
Clear up my friends, Oil will come;
And my bright and happy home so far away;
And my fears make sad my heart,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my spirits and be gay.

I have slept upon the ground,
And I've eaten ancient beef
That had lived and chewed their cud before
I was born.

And was saved by Noah's ark;
And at last here came to grief;
Stall fed on dry brags, wet down with
liquid mud.

CHORUS.—Hope, hope, hope, the drill is boring, etc.

I still live in oil and dirt,
Hoping fortune I shall woo,
And that joys in store are yet not far away;
Still my fears make sad my heart,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my spirits and be gay.

CHORUS.—Hope, hope, hope, the drill is boring, etc.

I will struggle on and on,
Tolling hard both night and day,
And I'll drill and drill within the derrick
high.

Now my wife and children dear,
My hopes are laid in store,
And winter's storm, and beggar'd orphans' cry.

CHORUS.—Tong, hope, hope, the drill is boring, etc.

LITERATURE.
WILLIE VARDEN.

In a low-roofed garrat near the foot of the Canongate, in Edinburgh, sat a little girl of eight years by the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Varden. To say that the room was scantily furnished would be but imperfectly to describe it; in strict truth it was not furnished at all. The only article of furniture it contained were the bed, a chair, a trunk, and a few dishes (with nothing in them) on a shelf. On one of the walls, however—and this was the only ornament which relieved the nakedness—there hung a violin and bow.

It was just about dusk. Presently the little girl spoke.

“Mother,” she said, “do you think Willie will be long? I'm so hungry. Do you think he will be very long?”

“I don't think he will, dear,” replied the mother, drawing the patient little watcher to her and kissing her thin starved-like face.

“Perhaps Mrs. Steele has sent him some where, or perhaps he cannot find the landlord. If I was well you would not want for food; but it is God's will—we must trust in Him.”

“But, mother,” said little Jessie, nestling close to her, “do you think it is right, quite right for God to let us be so poor and hungry, we who never do anything bad, and you who had once kind friends and a grand house to live in?”

“My poor little girl,” replied Mrs. Varden, tears starting to her eyes, “we cannot understand it sometimes, but it is not only right, but for some wise purpose that He sends us these things.”

At this moment the door was opened and a boy of thirteen entered, and walking up to the bed, said despairingly—

“Mrs. Steele is at the country, and the landlord says if it is not paid by to-morrow at twelve o'clock he will turn us out and seize the things. I've been through ever so many shops looking for a job, but it's no use: I am not big nor strong enough, they say. Got kicked for a young vagabond at the railway station, because I was looking for a bag or a parcel to carry. I don't

want to steal,” he added, leaning hard against the bed, and looking away from his mother; “but if it comes to this—” and he closed his lips firmly, and gulping down something that was rising in his throat, left his hearers to fill up the rest of the sentence.

“Come here, my son,” said Mrs. Varden, with a painful effort sitting up in bed. “You know how wrong it is to speak in such a way, and that we would sooner die than eat anything gained by such means. You know that so long as we trust in Him, God will not suffer us to perish.”

“Oh, Willie, you wouldn't steal!” cried little Jessie, so frightened as to forget all about her hunger.

“No,” he answered, crossing the room, “it has not come to that yet. I won't steal, nor I won't beg; but I will do something that's very like it. I'll go and play on the street for money. You have often said, ‘mother,’ he added, taking down the violin, “that I neglected my lessons for this; and perhaps I did, but I am going to try it as a last chance.”

“Promise me,” said Mrs. Varden, “that whatever you do, you will do nothing dishonest—that you will not even think of it. Will you promise?”

“I promise,” he answered, “taking her outstretched hand; “but I don't see much that God is doing for us. I haven't eaten a bit since morning, and I suppose it is the same with you. But I will try what I can do with this,” and he grasped his instrument under his arm, and put on a manly air. “I am ragged, but I am not a thief, and he drew himself up proudly; “and if—more is to be had honestly—”

“Go, my son,” said Mrs. Varden, sinking back on her pillow with an inward prayer for his success.

“And don't be long, Willie,” cried Jessie, “and I will sit up till you come.” And then she listened till the sound of his footsteps died away on the stairs, and they were once more alone waiting wearily and hungrily.

Now Willie Varden—although when goaded on by disappointment and hunger, he had thought for a moment that honest people were always poorest—had a stout heart withal, and a great respect for what his mother said, so that he trudged up the Canongate quite cheerily with his instrument buttoned under his jacket, and repeated to himself—“I am ragged, but I am not a thief!” with a face far more radiant than those of many who had just left the most substantial of suppers, to say nothing of a dinner before that, and a good breakfast before that.

He reached the High Street just as the bells began to peal out the old curfew after eight o'clock had struck; and the North and South Bridges were thronged with people returning home after the labours of the day. He got out his violin a little below this place, and began to play some Scotch reels. The effect was wonderful. Before he was well begun a large crowd had gathered round, and were admiring and commenting upon the young prodigy, for from his short stature he looked younger than he was. He thought of the two hungry watchers at home, and sent new life and energy into his music. He flashed his bow cross, while “his feyding fingers kissed the strings,” when—

“Move along out o' this,” said a gruff policeman with official sternness, showing through the crowd. He was not a together without feeling, however, for when he caught sight of Willie's pinched face he whispered—“You had better go to some of the squares that are not thorough-frees.”

Willie thanked him politely, whereas the policeman expressed his wonder by a surprised stare, while the crowd showed its disapprobation of his interference and sympathy for the performer at a cheap rate, by calling him “Peg.”

“Move on,” &c. Willie paid little attention to this however, but, pushing his way out, walked along to Hunter Square, followed by a part of the crowd. Here he began to play once more, the crowd forming a semicircle before him. He was nervous now, but this only

helped to render the tremola passages more delicate. Presently he stopped and looked around. Not one of the crowd stirred or offered him a copper. He thought of home and his eyes suddenly and quietly unaccountably filled with tears, while, as if in sympathy, the ball rose in his throat bigger than ever. He winked his eyes determinedly, and tried to look indifferently at a street lamp; but it was no use.

The more he tried, the faster they came; while the lamps, as if in derision, seemed to point long fingers of light at him. In addition to this he felt, for he could not see for the tears, that the crowd was moving closer to him. He was surprised too, at this critical moment to feel the earth slowly heave up and down under him, and then, after performing a few curious and uncommon antics in this way, suddenly begin to whirl round with surprising quickness. These movements suddenly ceased, and he felt himself grasped by the shoulder.

“What is the matter, my boy?” The words were kindly spoken, and came from a gentleman who was supporting him.

“Oh, sir!” Willie sobbed, and that was all he could articulate.

The gentleman (Willie knew he was a gentleman, for who but such could have such a thick gold chain and such an elegant travelling bag slung over his shoulder!) said—

“My poor little fellow, don't be afraid. Tell me why you were crying and looking so ill! Come, whisper it if you like.”

Who could resist this? Willie could not; and he whispered—

“Mother's ill, and we are starving.”

“Oh, I see,” answered the gentleman, tenderly. “Sit down on these steps and give me your cap.” Then turning to the people who were crowding round, he said—

“My good people, this boy and his friends are at the point of starvation. I am a stranger here, but am willing to do something for them, and let you do the rest.” With this he took out a big white five-shilling piece, and dropping it into the cap, went round holding it out to the sympathizing onlookers. This touched them in the right place, and they crowded round the tall gentleman, dropping in their contributions with no niggardly hands. The mechanics with the canvass overalls—bless their honest hearts!—dropped in their pennies; and the women—bless their tender hearts!—dropped in their little pieces of silver; and then shillings and sixpences followed from men with black coats on—and still clink, clink went the collection. Willie's cap hung down quite heavily, and the tall gentleman brought it and laid it on his knee. Strange that Willie should begin to cry again after that! Yet so it was. He cried and smiled, and smiled and cried. Oh, bless you, sir, in such a way that the tall gentleman felt very much inclined to cry too, and had to cough several times before he could manage to say—

“There now, give me your name and address, and I will try and find you out to-morrow, and see what I can do for you. I have to leave this city in an hour, but I will be back then.”

“Willie Warden, Reid's Close, Can—” began Willie.

“Willie what?” cried the tall gentleman in great excitement.

“Varden, sir,” answered Willie, timidly, frightened at the sudden change in his manner and colour.

“Come, here,” said the tall gentleman, huskily, taking him by the arm and drawing him away from the crowd, gazing in his face all the while. “Your father—have you a father? is he alive?”

“We don't know, sir,” answered Willie; “he used to drink, and mother left him in New York seven years ago.”

“And you have a little sister, Jessie?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Willie, surprised at the knowing he displayed.

“Thank Heaven! Found at last,” cried the tall gentleman, tears running down his cheeks now.

“Willie,” he added, “don't you know me?”

“No, sir,” answered Willie; and then he added timidly, “But are not—not—father?”

“Yes!” cried the tall gentleman, clutching him, violin and all, up in his arms, and hugging him frantically, to the no small astonishment of the passers-by. “I am your father, Willie, and not a drunkard either, but a rich man, free from intemperance. Where do you live? Quick! but stay!” and he hurried Willie into the confectioner's shop and ordering a can of hot soup, besides innumerable scones, bismuits, queer pastries and jellies, the like of which Willie never dreamt of tasting had them put in a basket, and paid for them out of a purse having that delightful appearance which denotes the presence of lots of money inside. Then hailing a cab, Mr. Varden (we may call him by his proper name now) first lifted Willie and his basket into it, and getting in himself, ordered the coachman to drive to Reid's Close—quick.

Quick? I should think so. And Willie thought so too. His father had little more than time to tell him that he was the proprietor of a large theatre in New York, and how he had been advertising and travelling about Scotland for the previous six months in search of them, when the cab drew up with a springing jerk, and they got out and began to ascend the stairs, followed by the cabman carrying the basket.

They had made up a little plan how Willie was to go in and prepare his mother for the surprise; but when were such plans kept? No sooner was he within the door than he forgot all about it, and making up to his mother cried—“Oh, mother, father's come!” and then the door was flung open, and—and—Mrs. Varden had fainted in her husband's arms. How they kissed and hugged and cried over each other! And you can imagine how, when they had continued in this state for somewhat less than an hour, the cabman who had been rubbing his eyes with his knuckles in a lively and energetic manner was sent away with such a payment as made him say, “Thank ye, sir, four or five times at least; and how they got the things out of the basket on to the table, and now even Mrs. Varden made a show of tasting the good things, supported by the strong arm of her husband, of whose knee Jessie had taken sole and absolute possession; and how Willie was so unsettled that he got up between every sixth or seventh bite or so, and played the ‘College Hornpipe,’ or the ‘Deil among the Tailors,’ at a rate that no dancer—no, not though he had had the supplest of joints—could have kept up to for a moment.

How all this took place, and a great deal more besides, you can guess far better than I can tell you. I need only add that Mr. Varden did not leave Edinburgh in an hour, nor in a good many hours, nor days either; and that now Willie can play as much or as long as he likes; for he is, although only eighteen years of age, leader of the orchestra in one of the large theatres in New York, the proprietor of which is Mr. Varden.

Clippings by Deviljoe.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone.

May his boots leak, his gun hang fire and his fishing line break.

May one thousand night-mares trot quarter-races over his stomach every night.

May every day of his life be more desolate than the Day of Algiers.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his sauce seasoned with spiders.

May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to wade over gunpowder.

May the famine-stricken of our editor's baby haunt his slumbers.

May he be bored to death with boarding school misses practicing the first lesson in music, without the privilege of seeing his tormentors.

May a troop of printers' devils, lean lank and hungry, dog his heels each day and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window each night.

May his daughters marry one-eyed editors, and his sons wed female type-stickers.

Hints on Feeding Cattle.

Cattle feeding is a science or trade, to be studied and learned like any other. One man will make the same amount of feed go further and accomplish more than another. A great deal depends on knowing how.

Major George Taylor, of Westfield, who is literally head and shoulders above most other men, has had some seventeen years' experience in feeding, and his father was a feeder before him. Some of the best cattle in that famous fat-cattle town have graduated from his stalls, and allowing success to be the test, his practice and observations are worthy of consideration. His usual practice is to feed coarse hay first in the morning, then dry meal, and then two or three fodderings of finer hay and rowen. After the cattle are well filled, about 11 a. m., they are turned out to water, and while out the stalls are regulated, cleaned and strawed. They are immediately stabled again, as they gain faster shut up, and are expected to lie down and rest till feeding time again. About 3 p. m. dry meal is given, then one or two fodderings of hay, and lastly stalks, which answer for the night. Every leaf and straw unconsumed is removed from the mangers between the feedings. Only such quantities and qualities are fed as are likely to be eaten entire and clean. The hay is mostly pulled with a hay hook, in order to draw from different layers of the mow, and thus secure greater variety. The meal is a mixture of corn, rye and oats. Eight quarts of meal a day per animal, is a common regular allowance, and less likely to overload the stomach than a larger quantity. Coarse herds grass is poor stuff to fatten cattle. Fine English clover and rowen hay are best. Poor hay, if any, is fed to old cattle that can bear it. The best fat cattle is kept growing from birth. They should never be allowed to waver or decline, as their recovery is more expensive than their continual advance. An animal fed heavy one day and light another becomes big bellied and a great eater. Regularity is indispensable to success. The cattle thus know what to expect, and do not fret over deferred hopes. Cattle at five years old have all the bone and lean meat possible, and have done growing. They increase after that in fat, which at first smoothly shoves and juts over the muscles, and in the last stages of ripeness manifests itself in bunches and misshapen projections. There is no profit in feeding beyond this period. Comfort is another requisite in good management. Animals should have a clean soft bed. Cattle have been known to lose their hoofs and become lame by standing on mnnure. Heat in manure induces fooms. The major does all his feeding by daylight, but likes to feed so well that his creatures will grunt over it. This is all the exercise a fattening animal needs. He has sometimes got up at midnight, because of sounds of distress at the barn, and only found his cattle grunting and stretching with fullness. He prefers large cattle because they eat but little more than small ones, and they weigh heavier, and are more profitable.

LINCOLN ON LEE'S SURRENDER.—On the day of the receipt of the capitulation of Lee, as we learn from a friend intimate with the late president Lincoln, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member was able, for a time, to give utterance to his feelings. At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln all dropped on their knees, and offered in silence and in tears their humble and heartfelt acknowledgements to the Almighty for the triumph he had granted to the national cause.—*Life, Public Services, and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln. By Henry J. Raymond.*

MAGNANIMOUS LEGATEE.—About the year 1772, a grocer of the name of Higgins died, and left a considerable sum to a gentleman in London, saying to him at the time that he made his will, “I do not know that I have any relations, but should you ever by accident hear of such, give them some relief.” The gentleman, though left in full and undisputed possession of a large fortune, on which no person could have any legal claim, advertised for the next of kin to the deceased, and after some months were spent in inquiries, he at length discovered a few distant relatives. He called them together to dine with him, and after distributing the whole of the money according to the different degrees of consanguinity, and paid the expenses of advertising out of his own pocket.

A Superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract: “The prisoners set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scoundrel, a rascal, and an idiot—all of which testify to be true.”