

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

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. 29.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1865.

Whole No. 289.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Six lines and under, first insertion... \$10 50 Each subsequent insertion... 00 13

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

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

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

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.

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMSON, Proprietor.

STABLES for Sixty Horses Good Pasture. Lease Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

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.

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

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.

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. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, RICHMOND HILL, C. W.

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

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others.

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

DAVID EYER, Jun., Stave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham 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.

W. G. CASTELL, MANUFACTURER OF PURE AND UNADULTERATED CONFECTIONARY!

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff.

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

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

Poetry.

Mountain Maid's Invitation. Come, come, come, O'er the hills, free from care,

What of that? 'Nothing, only the description fitted our Don to a dot.'

Except that we would quit the claims, at all events, we came to no conclusion, whatever, and soon retired to our bunks to sleep the thing through, and see what the morning would bring forth.

When the day's glow had gone, Evening shadows coming on, Then by love kindly won, Truest bliss be thine.

Literature. Scorpion Gulch. A GOLD-SEEKER'S TALE. CALIFORNIA in the scorching mid-summer 1855.

Other preparations being complete, we sewed up our dust in a little sack, and went into the underbrush to find a suitable place for secreting it.

'Did you see her?' exclaimed Hereford. 'I saw nothing.'

'But I did. I think it was that monkey faced girl of the Don's. She slipped through the brush like a ghost.'

'What of it?' said I. 'She runs through the mountains at will, and has frequently been here before.'

'Not at daybreak,' grumbled Hereford, uneasily. 'Do you know, George, I suspect the Don sent her as a spy upon us.'

This seemed entirely unreasonable to me, and, without replying, I led the way deeper into the thicket. We heard another rattle, but saw nothing to warrant suspicion, and, soon selecting a suitable place for a little hillock, completely surrounded by a dense, bristling growth of the Spanish Bayonet—we put our treasure under ground, blazed the trees on either side to mark the spot, and then retraced our steps.

We had barely reached the bar again, before we heard a familiar volley of mongrel maledictions fired at some beast of burden. A moment afterward, Don Miguel broke out of the undergrowth on the opposite shore of the stream, driving a laden donkey before him.

Our present contemplated change of base, however, involved a new consideration. We had long had vague apprehensions about the trustworthiness of our swarthy partner, Miguel, or 'Don Miguel,' as we jocosely termed him.

We had now fallen into a reverie, when Hereford suddenly broke the silence with: 'George, aren't you somewhat afraid of the Don?'

'Yes,' I replied, starting a little at the question, for, at the very moment he spoke, the sinister features of the Mexican were floating darkly through my thoughts. 'I don't like him at all,' said my comrade. 'If he wasn't so shrewd

I would go in for turning him out of the concern. 'Do you know,' he continued, 'when I was down at Marysville last week, I heard Jack Hays describing the appearance of that infernal robber and murderer, Gonzago, whom the Vigilance Committee chased for miles up the San Joaquin valley, without being able to catch him.'

'What of that?' 'Nothing, only the description fitted our Don to a dot.'

'Besides that,' persisted Hereford, 'I believe he hates me like a fiend. The greaser has got it into his head, one way or another, that I have been making love to his wife.'

I laughed; for I had, 'in one way or another,' got the same thing into my head.

We rose betimes, while the sky was yet rosy in the east, as our preparations for departure would occupy several hours. After a hasty meal of biscuit and salt junk, Hereford proceeded to gather our mining implements together, while I stuffed the provisions into rude panniers of canvas cloth, wherewith to pack our mule for the journey.

Our visits to Marysville or Sacramento were necessarily unrequited. We were, therefore, in the habit of secreting our earnings, when of considerable amount, generally by burying them in the ground, and only using them in case of dire necessity.

The little girl Inez, was probably ten years old, perhaps eight, and possibly twelve. She ran at large half-naked, picked up rattlesnakes and bloated spiders with charming impunity, and laughed like an idiot at everything she saw.

Hereford, having gone to the forest, retraced with our mule, which had been picketed there, thence to me, for the second time, to ask the Don where he proposed to go.

'Oh, plenty dust! plenty! plenty!' he replied, again describing an arc of the heavens, to indicate the limitless extent of affluence to which he was about to lead us.

'Not at daybreak,' grumbled Hereford, uneasily. 'Do you know, George, I suspect the Don sent her as a spy upon us.'

'Lo! Scorpion Gulch!' I started back in surprise, and Hereford mechanically passed from arranging the pack of our mule. But the Don and his wife laughed immoderately at our astonishment and admiration at the grandeur and magnificence of the scene so suddenly disclosed above, beneath and around us.

'True; but fuller of snakes, tarantulas and every other poisonous pest!' cried Hereford; 'and I, for one, have no inclination to pursue lazar in such company.'

The place in question was far up in the sierras, somewhere in the neighborhood of Antelope Creek. A few miners, who were supposed to have been there, had spread marvelous reports throughout the mines of the treasures there concealed, but most effectually guarded by indescribable swarms of deadly insects and reptiles, as well as being almost unapproachable from the topographical nature of the neighboring country.

The Don's little bare-legged girl was trotting merrily beside her mother as they came through the brush.

'Good-morning, seniors,' said the Don, who spoke tolerable English when he so wished. We returned his salutation, and, as he had every appearance of merriment somewhere, asked where he was going.

'Yes,' replied Hereford; 'but we didn't know that you were.'

'Si, si, senior! Caramba! We must dig more dust. Plenty up the mountains! Oh, plenty! plenty!' he earnestly exclaimed, illustrating his idea of 'plenty' by describing, with his arms a mighty curve, the continuation of which would probably have taken in about three fourths of the starry heavens.

But, as nearly every barren bar, stream, or gulch, to which he had heretofore piloted us, had been described in much the same manner, we had grown some what skeptical. Nevertheless we had great faith in Gonzago's skill as an explorer, and, after a few minutes' consultation agreed to accompany him.

On the evening of the third day, we reached Antelope Creek, and Donna Maria's faithful little donkey dropped down and died at the brink. It was the first instance in my experience of a donkey actually perishing from exhaustion.

Otherwise than that the remainder of the journey would have to be performed on foot, the snora was by no means concerned at the loss of the faithful animal. The next day Hereford played the gallant in giving her the support of his arm over the more difficult portions of the way.

These Don was a man of forty, dusky-featured, gloomy-browed and sunken-eyed, romantically dressed in the most approved ranchero style of stoutheaded sombrero, white fringed buckskin trousers, and enormous spurs—upon the whole half-bravely in his appearance, but polite and suave within.

Here Don Miguel announced to us that we were within one mile of our destination, and proposed to make the plateau our encampment while we prospected the gulch. This we assented to. Leaving Donna Maria and her little change-ling of a child to prepare the meal by our return, we set out for the infinite 'plenty, plenty,' of which our guide had so confidently assured us.

As we turned from the comparatively level plateau upon a narrow path, which wound deviously around an awful chasm between two lesser crags, Hereford and myself instinctively paused, and sent forth a great shout of surprise and admiration at the grandeur and magnificence of the scene so suddenly disclosed above, beneath and around us.

'Caramba!' said Miguel. 'Gulch only sixty miles off! Gulch full of gold!'

'True; but fuller of snakes, tarantulas and every other poisonous pest!' cried Hereford; 'and I, for one, have no inclination to pursue lazar in such company.'

The place in question was far up in the sierras, somewhere in the neighborhood of Antelope Creek. A few miners, who were supposed to have been there, had spread marvelous reports throughout the mines of the treasures there concealed, but most effectually guarded by indescribable swarms of deadly insects and reptiles, as well as being almost unapproachable from the topographical nature of the neighboring country.

The Don's little bare-legged girl was trotting merrily beside her mother as they came through the brush.

An hour after sunrise, we started on the gulch, crossing Feather River, and striking through the mountains north-west by north. We had a difficult journey before us, which would probably occupy five days, as the most of the way lay through the rough, frowning sierras, increasing in height at every step, over stoney and very indistinct hunting trails, where it seemed to the inexperienced eye that a wild goat could scarcely climb with safety.

On the evening of the third day, we reached Antelope Creek, and Donna Maria's faithful little donkey dropped down and died at the brink. It was the first instance in my experience of a donkey actually perishing from exhaustion.

Otherwise than that the remainder of the journey would have to be performed on foot, the snora was by no means concerned at the loss of the faithful animal. The next day Hereford played the gallant in giving her the support of his arm over the more difficult portions of the way.

These Don was a man of forty, dusky-featured, gloomy-browed and sunken-eyed, romantically dressed in the most approved ranchero style of stoutheaded sombrero, white fringed buckskin trousers, and enormous spurs—upon the whole half-bravely in his appearance, but polite and suave within.

Here Don Miguel announced to us that we were within one mile of our destination, and proposed to make the plateau our encampment while we prospected the gulch. This we assented to. Leaving Donna Maria and her little change-ling of a child to prepare the meal by our return, we set out for the infinite 'plenty, plenty,' of which our guide had so confidently assured us.

As we turned from the comparatively level plateau upon a narrow path, which wound deviously around an awful chasm between two lesser crags, Hereford and myself instinctively paused, and sent forth a great shout of surprise and admiration at the grandeur and magnificence of the scene so suddenly disclosed above, beneath and around us.

'Caramba!' said Miguel. 'Gulch only sixty miles off! Gulch full of gold!'

'True; but fuller of snakes, tarantulas and every other poisonous pest!' cried Hereford; 'and I, for one, have no inclination to pursue lazar in such company.'

The place in question was far up in the sierras, somewhere in the neighborhood of Antelope Creek. A few miners, who were supposed to have been there, had spread marvelous reports throughout the mines of the treasures there concealed, but most effectually guarded by indescribable swarms of deadly insects and reptiles, as well as being almost unapproachable from the topographical nature of the neighboring country.

The Don's little bare-legged girl was trotting merrily beside her mother as they came through the brush.

'Caramba!' said Miguel. 'Gulch only sixty miles off! Gulch full of gold!'

'True; but fuller of snakes, tarantulas and every other poisonous pest!' cried Hereford; 'and I, for one, have no inclination to pursue lazar in such company.'

The place in question was far up in the sierras, somewhere in the neighborhood of Antelope Creek. A few miners, who were supposed to have been there, had spread marvelous reports throughout the mines of the treasures there concealed, but most effectually guarded by indescribable swarms of deadly insects and reptiles, as well as being almost unapproachable from the topographical nature of the neighboring country.

After lingering for many seconds upon its marvelous beauty, we followed the Mexican, who piloted us silently around the narrow brink of the chasm. Attaining firmer ground, we climbed a sharp ridge, through a twi light of dense pines, then down again over more level ground, but still through the trees, until we came upon the steep sloping verge of an abyss so black so terrible, that it seemed grotesque and unnatural—the phantasm of some haunting dream.

'Come, Don! hurry us around this infernal hole!' said Hereford impatiently. 'It looks like the mouth of the bottomless pit! Come let us go on to the gulch!'

'Caramba!' exclaimed the Mexican, with a complacent chuckle. 'Caramba! this is the gulch.' We looked at him in amazement. 'Si, si!' he continued. 'Los Scorpion Gulch! plenty gold! plenty! plenty!'

'Suppose you go down first, and fetch up a few specimens,' said Hereford, with some bitterness. In spite of our disappointment, we both laughed heartily at the ludicrous figures we cut on the outer verge of that yawning, horrible pit, whose very brink was almost unapproachable, without the certainty of being precipitated into unknown depths.

Gulch until lately, was an obsolete word of Scandinavian origin, signifying, as a verb, to swallow or devour greedily; hence, as a substantive, a greedy swallower or devourer; and, therefore, was synonymous with gulf or abyss. I heard the word in California when I went there; and it is a most excellent one, if we wish to preserve an analogy between the meaning of the thing and the term expressing it.

Scorpion Gulch, as it was called, was an enormous irregular rift or crater, covering a surface of probably two acres and a half. The outer edge, upon which we stood, was fringed with dark and lofty pines on every side, with the shadows of a dozen far loftier mountains upon them. The ground sloped at this outer edge, at a steep decline—say that of sixty degrees—down to the proper verge or edge of the abyss, which, from them, dropped into perpendicular blackness; while a little rill of water leaped flashingly down one corner of the slope, and entered the pit with a very slight, shrill, ringing sound, which, as it came up from below, I likened in my mind to the laughter of some maniac giant, confined forever in the gloomy depths. Aside from this there was a strange and oppressive stillness. The sound of the distant cataracts was here shut away by the dense woods on all sides, and, owing to the close vicinity of the mountain wall, a strong breeze seldom stirred the trees, which rendered the mid-day heat almost unbearable. The trees were also so lofty that, on the one side or the other their deep shadows almost covered the pit, so that the sunlight could seldom reach its mouth with an illuminating ray, but merely stole round the outer skirt—in a pallid, frightened way, it seemed to me. The sloping sides—between the bordering pines and the inner brink—were covered with a thick growth of the pale tufted grass of those regions, known as Buffalo grass, interspersed with the sharp, stout, bristling prongs of the Spanish Bayonet, prickly pear, and other species of the caesi. As we stood wonderingly at the edge of the timber, instinctively keeping hole of tress, a rattlesnake, about four feet in length, slipped boldly out from behind a cactus clump, eyed us malignantly for a few seconds, and then glided glimmeringly down to the gulch, passed cautiously over, and was lost to our sight.

I turned away with a shudder. My comrades followed me, and we began to retrace our steps. 'To-morrow we come with ropes and crowbars, and prospect the way down to the bottom,' said Don Miguel.

The idea of returning to that pit of evil struck Hereford and myself as so preposterous that we laughed at the proposition. But, all the way, and about the camp fire in the evening, the Mexican urged so vigorously for an exploration of the gulch that we went to sleep half persuaded to attempt it.

(To be continued.)

A single grain of barley was planted by an agriculturalist in the Isle of Man in 1862, and the same year produced three hundred grains. These were sown, and the second year's produce was about a half-pint. These were again sown, and the third year's produce was fourteen pounds, which, being again sown, have this year realized about seven bushels covering a space of one hundred yards by five. Thus there have been produced in four years seven bushels of barley from a single grain.