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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

P. J. MUTER, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur Thornhill. Residence—Near the Church of England Reference permitted to O. S. Winstanley, Esq. Memb. Royal College of Surgeons, Eng., Yonge St. Toronto, and Thomas U. Savage, Esq. M. D., Memb. Roy. Coll. Surgeons, Eng. Thornhill.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half-past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m. All parties owing Dr. J. Langstaff arrears expected to call and pay promptly, as he has payments now that must be met. Mr. Geo. Barkitt is authorized to collect, and give receipts for him. Richmond Hill, June, 1865 1

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. All consultations in the office, Cash. Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

LAW CARDS.

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., 77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House) Toronto. D.B. READ, Q.C. | J.A. BOYD B.A. May 7, 1866. 49-1f

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE. AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Marriages, Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. 1

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c. OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill. July, 5th, 1866. 5-ly

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c. OFFICE—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866. 59



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

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty of do Lasley, March 2nd 1865, 39-1

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. VII. No. 16.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.

Whole No. 328

H. H. Hall, Chemist & Druggist, RICHMOND HILL. JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 22

LOOK AT THIS. JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's BOOTS & SHOES, 38 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO. One of the oldest and cheapest houses in the trade. Give John a call when in Town. Toronto, Dec. 1865. 27

LUMBERING! ABRAHAM EYER BEGS 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. 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-ly

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others (who have them working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 133 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public. Price 60 cents per foot. No extra charge for Top. Every Pump Warranted. Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. 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. Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Post Office Address—Richmond Hill. June 1865 1-1f

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL. Residence—Lot 40 Yonge Street, Vaughan. January 16, 1866. 39

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865. 1

Richmond Hill Bakery! W. S. POLLOCK, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER. BEGS leave to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of J. Hayward's establishment, and that he is prepared to furnish BREAD and FANCY CAKES to those who may honor him with their patronage. Pic-Nic parties and Tea Meetings supplied at the lowest possible rates and on the shortest notice. All orders strictly attended to. Richmond Hill, June, 1865. 11f

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a 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. Good Stabling, &c. RICHARD VALES. Maple, Jan 1866. 32-1y

Railroad Hotel, Maple! ROBERT RUMBLE, Proprietor. GOOD accommodation for Travellers—Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance. January 10, 1866. 32-1

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

Poetry.

After All. The apples are ripe in the orchard The work of the reapers is done, And the golden woodlands redden In the blood of the dying sun. At the cottage door the grandsire Sits, pale, in his easy chair, While the gentle wind of twilight Plays with his silver hair. A woman is kneeling beside him— A fair young form is pressed, In the first wild passion of sorrow, Against his aged breast. And, far from over the distance, The faltering echoes come Of the dying blast of trumpet And the rattling roll of the drum. Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper— 'The end no man can see; But we give him to his country, And we give our prayers to Thee. The violets star the meadows, The rose-buds fringe the door, And over the grassy orchard The pink white blossoms pour; But the grandsire's chair is empty, There's a nameless grave on the battle-field And a new one under the hill; And a pallid, tearless woman By the cold hearth sits alone And the old clock in the corner Ticks on with a steady drone.

Literature.

Lord Nelson's Favourite. It was a bright morning in spring, and the English Fleet lay riding at anchor in the harbour of Portsmouth, awaiting the admiral's signal to start out on a famous cruise. The flag-ship, a huge, formidable vessel, with its dark sides bristling with guns, was all in commotion. The admiral, the most famous sailor of his day, was coming off from the shore, and the ship was ready to receive him. Already the guns of the squadron were beginning to thunder forth their welcome, and soon the huge vessel was wreathed in smoke and quivering beneath the discharges of her heavy ordnance, as Admiral Nelson touched her deck, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Standing near the edge of the quarter-deck, and watching the scene with intense eagerness, was a young lad of about eighteen. He was dressed simply, but neatly, and his cheeks glowed, and his eyes kindled, as he watched the exciting events that were going on around him. As he returned the salutes of the officers, the admiral chanced to spy the lad. 'Who is this,' he asked, turning to the captain of the vessel. 'He's a young lad that came on board a few hours ago,' replied the Captain. 'He insists on seeing you, sir, as he says he has some thing of importance to say to you.' 'Well, my lad,' said the admiral kindly, 'Speak out freely.' 'If you please, sir,' said the boy, 'I've come to ask you to, take me to sea with you.' 'Is that all you have to say, you young scamp?' asked the captain sharply. 'Let him alone,' said the admiral, laughing. 'What position do you want?' he asked, turning to the boy. 'If you would take me as your cabin-boy, sir,' said the lad, 'I would be satisfied.' 'That's a poor chance for you if you wish to rise above it,' said the admiral, kindly. 'It will be a beginning,' replied the lad. 'If you'll give me a start I'll work my way up, sir. You did it, and I mean to do so, too.' The admiral gazed at him kindly but searchingly, and then said, with a smile, 'I'll take you with me on this cruise, and if you want to rise, I'll give you a chance. What is your name?' 'Edward Lee,' was the reply. 'Very well then, Edward, I take you into my service. I shall expect you to prove yourself worthy of the trust.' 'I'll do it, sir,' said the boy earnestly, as he moved aside, respectfully, to let the admiral pass. In two hours the "Vanguard" stood out to sea, followed by the

squadron, to join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. The young valet of the admiral made a decidedly favourable impression upon the officers of the ship before the voyage was over. 'It's too bad,' said the admiral to his flag captain, one day, 'that that boy should fill a menial's position.' The captain agreed with his commander, and the result of the matter was that a few days after the arrival of the "Vanguard" at Gibraltar Edward Lee was given a midshipman's commission by Earl St. Vincent, at the special request of Admiral Nelson. Then came the famous cruise in the Mediterranean, in search of Bonaparte and his fleet. In the terrible gale which dismayed the admiral's ship, young Lee proved that he merited the kindness his great commander had shown him, and won praise from all on board. Then came the brief halt at Syracuse, the arrival of the wished-for reinforcements, and the departure for Egypt. As the dawn of the memorable First of August revealed to the eyes of the English the tricolour floating over Alexandria, and the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir, Edward Lee was standing by his chief on the deck of the flag-ship. 'There they are,' burst from a score of voices, as the distant vessel came in view. 'Yes,' muttered the boy, 'and we'll be there, too, before night.' Nelson glanced at him approvingly. 'There's a chance for promotion for us all in there,' he said, smiling. He was right. The fearful encounter which cost so many lives, and despair to so many English homes, brought to these two men fame and honor. Through the whole action the admiral's eye was on the young "middy," and all through that long and thrilling summer night it never lost the gleam of satisfaction which had illumined it as he heard the young sailor's words in the morning. The same despatch that greeted him as Lord Nelson, informed him that his request for a lieutenantcy for his young friend, Edward Lee, was granted. Steady devotion to his profession and conspicuous bravery in times of danger, soon made the youthful lieutenant a noted man in his majesty's navy. The battle of Copenhagen was a memorable day to him. It was truly the greatest battle he had ever been in. Though severely wounded he refused to go below, and stood at his post until the close of the action. When Sir Hyde Parker gave the signal for discontinuing the fight, Lieutenant Lee reported it to Lord Nelson. The admiral, putting the glass to his blind eye, said, with mock gravity:—'I really don't see the signal. Keep our flag for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast.' It seemed that the fortunes of the great admiral and his protegee were mysteriously united, for this victory which made one a viscount, made the other at first lieutenant, though he had just come of age. He followed his commander, who had become warmly attached to him through all the years that intervened, so that when the great day of Trafalgar came, he was the second in command to Captain Hardy. As the action began, Lord Nelson approached him, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said, 'We are going to have a hard day, Edward. I hope you may pass through it safely.' 'I shall try to do my duty, my lord,' said Lieutenant Lee. 'But,' he added, pointing to the uniform and decorations which the commander wore, contrary to his custom, 'why does your lordship render you conspicuous to-day? You will surely draw upon you the fire of some marksmen.' 'I have a presentiment,' said the admiral, 'that my race is run, so I have put on all my harness to-day. In honour I gained them,' he exclaimed, proudly, laying his hand on the insignia, 'and in honour I will die in them, and more of them—that the caspamore is likely to find elsewhere.

As he fell to the deck in the heat of the battle, the captain and lieutenant of the ship sprang to him, in agony of grief. 'Go back to your post, Edward,' he said, as the lieutenant knelt by him. Then he added, gently, 'God bless you, lad.' With a sad heart the young man returned to his place. The fate which had seemed to unite his destiny with that of his commander was equally kind on this day; for just as the victory was well assured, a fatal discharge of grape from a French ship-of-the-line swept the deck of Lord Nelson ship, and when the smoke cleared away, Captain Hardy saw his lieutenant lying almost in the same spot where the Conqueror of the Nile had fallen with his breast torn open by the terrible discharge. THE VOICE AND CHARACTER.—The voice corresponds precisely with the character of the instrument by which it is made—be it the cooing of a dove, the roaring of the lion, the growl of the tiger, the bellowing of the ox, the bleat of the sheep, the crowing of the cock, the grunt of the pig, the neighing of the horse, or the braying of an ass—each has a voice according to his character. The voice of civilized man is one thing, that of the savage quite another. The intonations of the one, modified by cultivation and refinement, are very different from that of the other, unmodulated by this cultivation. The savage has a coarse, indistinct, guttural voice; while that of the cultivated man is more sonorous and musical. By cultivation, the one has brought the propensities into subjection to the intellect and moral sentiments, while the propensities of the other run riot with the passions as with the voice. Show us a person of either sex who does not modulate the intonations of the voice when speaking, and we will show you a person who does not regulate the passions or the temper.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.—We cannot too much admire the wisdom of Providence, which while man is left at liberty to change the country of his birth and live under any meridian more desirable for his health or his comfort has at the same time deprived him of all control over those laws of nature, on which depend the weather and the seasons, not adapting the state of the weather to the humour and caprices of each individual, but consulting (agreeably to that economy with which the universe appears to be governed) the general good and welfare of all. Thus all we ever find, that there is no evil or apparent evil in life, which if we only feel a deep conviction of the goodness of the Deity, may not be reconciled by a thousand consolatory considerations. We shall find there is scarcely an evil which is not attended by, or productive of, a corresponding good as a balance in the scale; and the occasions in life will be found to be more numerous on which we have reason to congratulate ourselves that things were not worse, than those on which we have to complain, 'things might have been better.'

THE LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.—The ladies generally dress in good taste Paris is really as near San Francisco as New York, and there are many foreign families here. But the styles are not so subdued as in our eastern cities; a higher or rather louder tone prevails; rich full colours and sharp contrast; the startling effects that the Parisian demi-mode seeks—these are seen dominating here. In costliness of costume, too, there is apparent rivalry among the San Francisco ladies. Extravagance is lamented as a common weakness among them, and leading where fortune is so fickle as here, to many a worse one often. Perhaps in no other American city would the ladies invoice so high per head as in San Francisco, when they go out to the opera, or to party or ball. Their point lace is deeper, their moire antique stiffer, their skirts a trifle longer, their corsage an inch lower, their diamonds more brilliant—and more of them—that the caspamore is likely to find elsewhere.

SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.—Another specimen of the Elephas primigenius has been discovered in the bay of Tomsk. The flesh, skin, and hair are said to be in a perfect state of preservation. A commission has been named by the Academy at St. Petersburg for the purpose of taking measures to disinter the monster and remove it to St. Petersburg. It was discovered accidentally. A native in search of some domestic animal which had strayed received a great horn sticking up in the midst of a marshy moor. In his endeavour to remove it he broke the horn, and perceived a piece of skin from the head, which was covered with reddish hair nearly three inches in length. There seems to be little practical difference between the friend who does you no good, and the enemy who does you no harm.

BISMARCK.—Court Bismarck is a man of no common sort. There is in his character a singular mixture of frivolity and fanaticism, of passion and phlegmatic calculation. He ardently desires to suppress all the liberal aspirations of the time, and yet has no respect for the past. He has raised himself to his present high position by parading his hatred for constitutionalism and revolution, yet it would not cost him the slightest effort to unite himself with democracy and socialism, if by so doing he could attain his ends. In Parliament he is an open and uncompromising supporter of the theory of Divine right, while in society he as openly puts it to ridicule. He is a revolutionist of the reaction, and every day a new adventurous idea enters his head; yet he constantly falls back on his original principle, that of the extension of the power of Prussia in Germany. A man of courage ability, and determination, he knows the weak side of our age, and how to take advantage of it, but is incapable of comprehending its nobler feelings, tendencies, and efforts—of taking in what is called the spirit of the time. Superficial judges have often fallen into the error of accusing him of want of principle but he is only unprincipled in the choice of his means. Some say that he baffles all calculation; but in reality he is only unstable. He has been described as the most unconscientious of statesmen, while in truth he is the most reckless. Those who, like the desperate Austrians, place him on a par with Satan, do him a great deal too much honour, for he is too fond of good living and not sufficiently soured by misfortune to aspire to infernal dignities. Those, on the other hand, who call him a genius and against the lofty meaning of the word. What makes him appear to be so powerful is simply the disunion and want of organisation of his adversaries. All his strength consists in his clearly seeing what he wishes to obtain, while most of the other statesmen of our time have hardly succeeded in discovering what it is they wish to avoid. Moreover, he has—and this goes for much—a high opinion of himself, and a very low one of most other people. Philippus Neri who founded the Congregation of the Oratory in the time of Luther, concentrated all his teaching into the following terse aphorism:—'Sperner mundum, sperne te ipsum, sperne te seipsum.' Court Bismarck is satisfied with following the first and last portions of this rule; the 'sperne te ipsum' he leaves to gentler and more pious spirits.

PLANTINUM WIRE.—The following experiment was made by Dr. Wollaston, to illustrate the extraordinary ductility of platinum.—A wire of platinum, 1-100th of an inch in thickness, coated with silver one-fifth of an inch in thickness, was drawn out as long as possible without rupture, and the coating of silver carefully removed with the aid of boiling nitric acid; it was found, on trial that 3000 feet in length weighed only 1 gr., and that a single silkworm's thread possessed a thickness equal to 140 such threads of platinum. Now, as each foot contains 144 lines, and as the one-tenth of a line is readily visible to the naked eye, it follows that a single grain of platinum can be divided into 4,320,000 parts, each of which is distinctly visible.

A SWEDISH TRAGEDY.—The Reders, both on the father's and mother's side, belong to an old historic Swedish family. The annals of this country abound with tragic incidents, none of which seem to be more touching than the following, as related by the historian Fryxell, and immediately connected with the Reders:—The wicked Christian 11. surmanned the Tyrant, seized and beheaded Sir Lindorlm Reder and his servants in Jonkoping, after which, seeing by chance his two little boys, the one eight and the other six, and fearing that they might grow up to revenge their father's death, determined to take their lives. The elder boy was first led out and behead; the younger was then brought out for the same purpose, but he having no idea of what had happened, and seeing his brother's clothes lying in a heap, and his stained and bloody shirt above them turned with childish innocence to the executioner saying, 'Dear man, don't stain my shirt like my brother's, for then mamma will whip me! The executioner melted at these words, threw aside his sword, saying, 'I would rather bloody my own shirt than this!' But the tyrant remained untouched, and, calling for another man less merciful, both the child's head and that of the first executioner were struck off together. There seems to be little practical difference between the friend who does you no good, and the enemy who does you no harm.

RECENT EARTHQUAKES.—1. The first shock of an earthquake at Chittagong, Bengal, was felt on December 15, 1865, at 6.30 p. m., and between that time and 2 a. m., on the 20th of the same month twelve distinct shocks were felt, of various degrees of intensity. In Thannan Roajan the earth's surface cracked in several places, and poured forth jets of water and a fine dark grey-coloured sand. No sand has ever been found in the deepest excavations, either at that spot or within many miles, so that it must have been forced up from a great depth. The heaps of sand thrown out varied from the size of a molehill up to twelve feet in diameter and three feet deep. At the cessation of the shocks the large sand-heap was still wet, and the ground showed signs of having been recently flooded. The water rose some inches from the ground, and so far as could be ascertained it was cold. It appears that there are in the neighborhood several 'burning walls,' which are supposed to be connected with volcanic agency, but none of them exhibited any change during the earthquake.—2. On March 9, at 2 a. m., an earthquake was felt at Christiania, in many places in Norway along the west coast at Verblungas and Dronheim, and the tower of Frauenkirche rocked so violently that the bells began to ring.—3. The earthquake felt in Norway on 9th March appears to have extended as far as the Shetlands Isles. The keeper of the lighthouse on the Flugga rock, which is situated about a mile and a half north of Unst, reports that at 1.20 a. m. on the same day the tower began to shake terribly, and continued doing so for thirty seconds. There was no wind or sea to cause the vibration, and it must, therefore, be attributed to the shock of an earthquake. If the shocks felt at the Shetlands and Norway are in any way connected, they must have proceeded in a north-easterly direction from the former to the latter place, occupied a period of forty minutes—the waves having a velocity of about seven or eight miles per minute.—Reader.

A PETRIFYING WOMAN.—A few evenings since, going up as usual to Tante Fredrika, I found her and Miss Vennberg evidently holding a private consultation. I was immediately retiring, when she called me back, I was then asked to lay my hand on Miss Vennberg's bosom on which her jacket was loosened. I did so, and should instantly have withdrawn it but from an unwillingness to reveal my own painful surprise for it seemed to me that I had touched hard, unimpressible marble. So it was The tenderhearted Lotten was petrifying 'Do not look so unhappy, Miss Margaret,' she said, 'cheerily. It is very strange though. It has come gradually; but it does not at present prevent my going about as usual, my breast may be turning to stone I feel just as warmly for others as ever I did.' We both entreated her to have advice. 'I will go to Soderfelje for a little water cure, she said, 'as soon as I can liberate myself, but at present I am so busy. And she smiled at us because we both looked so sad. This is, and long will be, a sorrowful thought to us both. Tante Fredrika hopes that her friend, dear Lotten, will take advice before this strange malady be comes incurable.—Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer.

A SWEDISH TRAGEDY.—The Reders, both on the father's and mother's side, belong to an old historic Swedish family. The annals of this country abound with tragic incidents, none of which seem to be more touching than the following, as related by the historian Fryxell, and immediately connected with the Reders:—The wicked Christian 11. surmanned the Tyrant, seized and beheaded Sir Lindorlm Reder and his servants in Jonkoping, after which, seeing by chance his two little boys, the one eight and the other six, and fearing that they might grow up to revenge their father's death, determined to take their lives. The elder boy was first led out and behead; the younger was then brought out for the same purpose, but he having no idea of what had happened, and seeing his brother's clothes lying in a heap, and his stained and bloody shirt above them turned with childish innocence to the executioner saying, 'Dear man, don't stain my shirt like my brother's, for then mamma will whip me! The executioner melted at these words, threw aside his sword, saying, 'I would rather bloody my own shirt than this!' But the tyrant remained untouched, and, calling for another man less merciful, both the child's head and that of the first executioner were struck off together. There seems to be little practical difference between the friend who does you no good, and the enemy who does you no harm.