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Business Directory.

DR. HOSFETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage...

P. J. MUTER, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur Thornhill.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m.

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.

LAW CARDS.

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.

D.B. READ, Q.C. & J.A. BOYD B.A. May 7, 1866.

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.

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c.



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

SAVE TROUBS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRENS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff

Richmond Hill Bakery

P. BASINGTWAITE, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER. BASKINGWAITE to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of W. S. Pollock's establishment...

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL, LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class liquors, &c.

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

LOOK AT THIS

JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's and Children's Boots & SHOES, 38 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, BY ROBERT FERRIS.

F. having leased the above Hotel, (formerly occupied by the late Mr. R. Nichols), and having put it in a thorough state of repair, Travellers will find this house both comfortable and convenient.

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.

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

DAVID EYER, Jan., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con., Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road. A large Stock of STAVES and SHINGLES, kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL, Residence—Lot 49 Yonge Street, Vaughan, January 16, 1866.

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

Worth Knowing!

THE Subscriber would intimate to the farmers and others of Richmond Hill and vicinity, that he has a number of reference given if required of persons whose horses have been cured by me.

Horses Afflicted with Ring-bone, That he has successfully treated the same for the past ten years without a single failure.

My charge is \$1.50 if paid when operated on, or \$3.00 will be charged to ensure a cure.

Residence rear of lot 25, 2nd Con. Vaughan, JAMES DUNTON, Richmond Hill, Oct. 25, '66

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an 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.

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

Poetry.

THE GOOD MAN'S HOME IS HIS PALACE.

In the good man's home there stands a throne, Clad with honour and rich delight, Upon which there sits a noble one.

His grand domain is his own sweet heart, And a royal attachment from birth, And a dignified crown her brow.

Assuaging fierce troubles which roll, And the home a true palace it stand, If the breast holds a kingly soul.

Little prince and princess are there, The idols of love's beating heart; Innocent beaming with love so fair, In home royalty from a part.

Not alone with the rich it is found, Where the sunbeams of fortune rest, But in the lone cottage joys abound, Though poverty strikes to the breast.

And the heart sighs for love's control, And the home's a palace free from strife, And is ruled by a kingly soul.

Literature.

A Modern Crusoe.

In that wide waste of waters that stretches southward from the Indian Ocean, and between the African continent and Australia, lies a lonely and rocky island, which the feet of but few bold explorers have ever trod.

Regular merchant ships, in their Indian voyages, never venture near its surf-beaten and inhospitable shores; and it is only the adventurous whaler, who with his roving commission, leaves no corner of the world of waters unexplored, that has dared to penetrate its dangerous harbours, or attempt the threatening reefs that guard this dreary home of the seal and wild fowl.

To find this Island, you have but to refer to the map of the eastern hemisphere, and place your finger upon the equatorial line, where it traverses the Indian Ocean, and where it strikes upon the seventieth degree of east longitude.

This island, destitute of trees, and, in fact, of almost every kind of vegetation, except several varieties of mosses, and the antiscorbatic plant known among whalers as the sea-cabbage, was for nearly twelve years, the abode of a Yankee sailor named Pitman.

These men put their whole soul to the work, and so abundant and fat were the seals, that scarcely had four months passed by than every cask was filled with oil, and several thousand skins rewarded their industry.

At the end of three years their clothes became reduced to rags, and they had to resort to the sea shore afterwards of their covering, the seals furnishing all they required.

After this sad event, said Pitman neither M'Carthy nor myself felt disposed to work for several days, and for myself, I never lost a friend, under any circumstances, whose death left so wide a blank to me.

from the man aloft; and, on consulting the chart, the captain found it to be the north-eastern point of Desolation Island. An idea now occurred to him. He had heard that this island was the resort of immense numbers of seals; and it occurred to him that he might make up in seal skins and oil what he lacked in sperm oil, to make his voyage sufficiently remunerative.

But in another month they would be on the look-out for the return of the Penguin; and it behoved them to lay in as large a store of skins as possible. For some time they had ceased to save the oil for want of casks to put it in.

Calling, therefore, the crew about him, the captain made known to them his plan, and asked if there were any willing to volunteer to spend a few months on the island, who knew anything of sea-ving. He promised a lay of one half to those who would make the venture.

Immediately, Pitman and two other young men stepped forward and offered to go. One of these men was a native of Newfoundland named M'Carthy, whose life had been spent, almost on board a sealing schooner, and the other was an old friend and shipmate of Pitman's.

The ship ran down to the island, and the three adventurous fellows were landed in a little cove on the westward side of the point. As they approached the rocky shore they found it covered with vast numbers of seals, while the air was darkened by the immense flocks of sea-birds that were continually rising and alighting about them, and almost deafening them with their wild cries.

They experienced no scarcity of fuel, for the shores were strewn with drift-wood, and the large mosses, when dried in the sun, proved excellent for the fires of their try-works.

Thus, in a few months, these brave seamen, whose manly courage never for a moment failed them, had not only filled their tank, but found it necessary to construct others while at the same time their pile of cured seal-skins proportionably increased.

They had established, from the first day of their landing on the island, a system of labour. So many hours of each day were devoted to procuring and preparing of food, of which there was always enough for the largest army, in the myriad of sea-fowl and fish always at hand and well as a number of wild hogs, which were easily brought down with their guns; so many hours were also set apart to the killing and skinning of the seals, and the other necessary work of trying out the oil; and other hours for such diversions as might present themselves.

Sometimes this routine was relieved by explorations of the island. At these times they would climb the broken peaks, and scour the horizon in the vain search of some approaching ship; but, although they would sometimes catch a glimpse of the upper sails of some distant ship, passing either to the eastward or westward, none came near enough to perceive the canvas flags that kept continually flying from the top of the cliffs.

At the end of three years their clothes became reduced to rags, and they had to resort to the sea shore afterwards of their covering, the seals furnishing all they required.

The first good hearty laugh we had, after the death of poor Dagget, said Pitman, was when I had completed a suit of seal-skin clothes, with the hairy side out, and trying them on, submitted them to the criticism of my companion.

M'Carthy sickened and died. And it was now that Pitman began to experience the horrors of his lonely situation. Here-tofore the companionship of his friend had made life endurable, and in the

daily pursuit of their work together, his mind was kept from dwelling upon it. But now he brooded over his terrible breathe his last upon this unfrequented shore. Till this last sorrowful event he had been cheered with the hope of once more returning to his native land; but it seemed that in the death of his last comrade he had nothing more to live for.

But one day, while climbing a long the cliffs in quest of wild hogs, his eyes were once more gaddened by the sight of two sails upon the northern horizon; and although they did not approach the island, his courage was renewed by the event, and he doubted not that at length some fortunate breeze would yet bring a rescuing vessel within sight of his continually-flying signals.

With renewed strength and hope therefore, he returned to his hut, and once more strove to banish his unhappy thoughts, by resuming his work of curing skins and saving oil; for, said he, I thought it should ever be so fortunate again as to return to my fellow-men, I might as well do so with the means which would enable me in future to spend my days among them, without the necessity of following any more the precarious life of a sailor.

Then again, for long years, did the courageous sailor toil away and hope on, almost against hope. Tank after tank of seal oil rewarded his lonely labours, and stacks of skins surrounded his rude cabin.

Twice every year he made a circuit of the rocky beach in search of parties of seal-hunters; but never again did he discover signs of any having landed.

Scarcely had three months elapsed after the death of M'Carthy, than the loneliness of his situation prompted Pitman to seek, among the living creatures by which he was surrounded, for companion ship; and soon his cabin was filled with a variety of domesticated birds. In a few months he had quite a flock of tame albatrosses and other sea-birds, which came at his call, and fed fearlessly from his hands. But the pets in which he took the greatest delight were his female seals, which with little trouble when taken young, became as gentle and as much attached to his persons as ever the house dog was to his master.

In this way the seasons rolled on, and long years of vain watchings and longings for companion-ship his fellow-men passed; and still our modern Crusoe, surrounded, with his pets, lonesome on a length according to his computation, of time, eleven years and ten months had elapsed since the day of his landing upon the island, when one morning, as he was lying in his bunk from a slight indisposition, his ears were valued by the joyful sound of a gun close under the shore. With heart leaping with excitement, he ran to the nearest cliff, and looked seaward. There—oh! blessed vision!—not half a mile from the beach, a large whale-ship lay, with her sails chequered up, while a boat, full of men, was approaching the shore!

The ship proved to be a London whaler, which, after an unsuccessful cruise, had borne down upon the island with the intention of sealing, when, discovering Pitman's signal—that tattered fragment of canvas, which, with frequent renewal had for nearly twelve lonely years waited for recognition—the captain directed a gun to be fired, and thus once more was the exile restored to his kind.

The oil and seal skins Pitman was master of more than sufficed to load the ship; and, dividing equally with his rescuers he returned to his native land with a hand-

some competence; and, giving the sea and sailor's life a wide berth, now enjoys a pleasant home upon the western bank of Lake Michigan.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Ursines, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance to his library, "Friend whoever you may be, who enter here be quick with your business, or go away."—Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in everything, was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect his purpose, he had written on the door of his study, in large letters, "Be brief."—The learned Scaliger placed the following sentence upon the door of his cabinet: "My time is my estate."—The favourite maxim of Shakespeare was, "Consider time too precious to be spent in gossiping." "Friends are real robbers of time," said Lord Byron.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour.

ANGELS UNAWARES.—There is often more romance in the mosaic street than in any novel that was ever written. Each day the sun rises on men and women of note in the world's eye, who silently perform heroic deeds. True, the halo round the heads of these martyrs is visible only to angel eyes. Quietly they pass on their several paths, having conquered and overcome, so that no deadly thing has now power to harm them. There are no traces of the struggle which preceded the victory, when they wandered the pitiless wilderness, marked with their heart's blood at every step.

SCHOOL GIRLS AS THEY ARE.—An ideal school-girl is one of the loveliest things on earth. Personally so fresh, so hopeful, the beauty of womanhood in its promise. A rose with all its sweetest leaves unfolded. Mentally, full of appreciation and docility, knowing so little, yet capable of knowing so much, a compound of sweet credulity and questioning keenness. Morally the most innocent and unselfish of beings, gentle, loving, and lovable, with reverent eyes lifted proudly to heaven, and yet worshipping poor idols of the veriest clay, ready to believe that men are angels and to make them so by the power of angelic purity and devotion. Shrinking from admiration abroad, to diffuse blessings at home. She is a sunbeam in the house and a violet in the street. She is the delicate fabric of whom artists dream and poets sing.

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes! those clear wells of unclouded thought—what on earth can be so beautiful? Fall of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has a relessly passed by one of the pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it, or knowing its value. A child cannot understand, you think? Speak to it of the holy things your religion of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not return it; it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engulf itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

LOST LOVE.—If we have few sympathies for the man of many loves, not the most hardened of old maids can refuse pity to the man of one lost love. He has usually lived well and truly, may be for years, till death or decay removed his affianced, then follows a blank, say of ten years; circumstances change; the old sea-slowly heels over, and he marries for money or position after a formal and respectable courtship. Or perhaps (the case is but too common) the loss of his first love impels him frantically to propose to the nearest lady who cares to take him, utterly irrespective of her disposition. Few tales command a better audience than those which tell of widower's life, while he remains constant through loneliness, trouble and loneliness to the memory of the lost one. His grief must be felt to be realized. Sleep brings him no solace; rather as a fog than a friend does it visit him.