

The York Herald.

VOL. XI, No. 28.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1869.

WHOLE No. 595.

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY
ALEXANDER SCOTT,
RICHMOND HILL,
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when 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.
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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion.....\$0 50
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 13
Ten lines and under, first insertion..... 00 75
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 20
Above notices, 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 do..... 25 00
Quarter of a column per six months..... 18 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
All advertisements without written directions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.
All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.
All remittances, advertisements, from strangers or regular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Business Directory.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF
WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT HOME FROM 8 TO 9 A.M.
Mr. A. F. Armstrong is authorized to collect Accounts.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 568*

JNO. HOSTETTER,
M.D., M.R.C.S., ENGLAND—RESIDENT, North of Richmond Hill—opposite the Elgin House. Office hours from 6 to 9 A.M., daily.
The Dr. begs to announce that his books are posted, and those indebted to him by account will find it to their advantage to call and settle without further notice.
Elgin Mills, Aug. 26, 1869. 580-1f

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,
(Graduate of Toronto University)
LICENSED PRACTITIONER IN MEDICINE, Surgery, Obstetrics, &c.
RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.
July 22, 1869. 575-1y

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS, THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.
*All consultations in the office, Cash.
Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

R. E. LAW,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-1f

MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,
[Formerly J. L. Margach]
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,
44 King Street East, Toronto.

OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Varnishes! BRUSHES, ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c., At Low Rates for Cash.

Call when you visit the city, inspect the stock and learn the price; we shall feel pleasure in showing goods whether you purchase or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-1y

GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,
COR. OF BLOOR & YONGE STS., YORKVILLE,
DEALERS IN DRUGS,
CHEMICALS, DRUG STUFFS,
Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c.
Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-1y

DRUG STORE IN MAPLE.

JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of Maple and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.
All kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.
Maple, April 15, 1869. 560-1f

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS,
Seaford, Ontario.
June 7, 1865. 1

P. A. SCOTT,
LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER,
618 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting, Mouldings, &c.
All kinds of Building Materials supplied.
Post Office Address—Yorkville.
Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

Law Cards.

WILLIAM MALLOY,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: No 78 King Street East, Toronto; over the Wesleyan Book Room.
Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,
Barristers and Attorneys at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.
Office—In the Court House -- TORONTO,
August 1, 1865. 95

STRONG, EDGAR & GRAHAME,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.
Offices—Wellington Chambers, Jordan St. Toronto.
S. H. STRONG. J. D. EDGAR. R. GRAHAME.
Toronto, June 18, 1868

J. N. BLAKE,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office—Over the Gas Company Office, Toronto Street, Toronto.
Toronto, August 1, 1867.

DUGGAN & MEYERS,
Barristers, Attorneys at Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
CONVEYANCERS, &c., &c.
Office:—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Court Street, Toronto.
JOHN DUGGAN, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.
Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-1y

READ AND 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 6, 1867. 40-1f

Licensed Auctioneers.
HENRY SMELSOR,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty of do Lasker, March 2nd 1865 39-1y

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK
Sales attended on the shortest notice at moderate rates. P.O. Address, Buttonville. Markham, Jan. 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK.
RESIDENCE, Lot No. 14, 2nd Co., Vaughan Post Office Address Carville, All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to.
Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

JOHN CARTER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEELE.
RESIDENCE, Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P.O. Address—Buttonville.
Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office, January 4, 1865, 31

EDW. SANDERSON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEELE.
RESIDENCE—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P.O. Address—Buttonville.
Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office, January 4, 1865, 31

Farmer's Boot & shoe Store
JOHN BARRON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of
BOOTS & SHOES,
38 West Market Square, Toronto
Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

Ringwood Marble Works
P. WIDEMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF
MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES!
&c. &c. &c.
Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.
*Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Ringwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 497

THOMAS CARR,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill.
By Royal Letters patent he has appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR.
(Or any number—not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor.) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.
For particulars apply to
M. TEEFY,
Postmaster
*Mr. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of
MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.
May 4, 1869. 563-1f

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,
YONGE STREET,
NELSON DAVIS, - Proprietor.
*Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler always in attendance.
Yonge St., April 7, 1869. 559-1y

M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Agent for Issuing Marriage Licenses in the County of York.
Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.
Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

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

J. S. SCOTT, M.D., L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST!
RESIDENCE—PORT HOPE.
ROBT E. LAW, ASSISTANT,
RICHMOND HILL.
N.B. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless Extraction of Teeth,
Toronto, Jan. 27, 1869. 549-1y

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 to relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also regulate the teeth of those who need it.
Consultation free, and all work warranted.
June, 1865. 21-y

Money to Lend.
MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants.
Apply to
DUGGAN & MEYERS,
Attorneys, Court St.
Toronto, April 1, 1869. 55-3m

Money to Lend on Landed Security.
THE Underigned is authorized to state that
\$20,000!
Can be procured, in sums to suit borrowers, on Landed security. Terms made known on personal application to
M. TEEFY,
Notary Public, Agent &c.
N.B. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Bonds, &c. &c. drawn with neatness and despatch.—M. T. continues to act as Division Court Ass't. Fees moderate.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 28, 1866.

W. WHARIN & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND
DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS,
AND JEWELRY
ELECTRO PLATED WARE, CUTLERY,
&c., &c., &c.
THE attention of the Public is invited to their Stock, consisting of
A Great Variety
OF
CHOICE AND FANCY GOODS,
Of the best description and newest designs. Careful attention given to the repairing of Watches and Clocks. Jewelry manufactured and repaired.
No. 11, King Street East, 6 doors east of Yonge Street.
Toronto, April 26, 1866.

J. SEGSWORTH,
IMPORTER OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
AND FINE JEWELRY.
113 Yonge Street, Toronto
*Masonic and other Emblems made to order.
Toronto, April 27, 1866. 47.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
RICHMOND HILL
THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANS-ferred their Library to the Herald Book Store, where Stockholders and others may procure Books every Friday afternoon.
A. SCOTT, Librarian.

Poetry.

UNKNOWN HEROES.
Amid the dazzle and the glare
Of this world's fleeting show,
How many stout hearts sink beneath
A weight of battled woes?
Heroes whose names are scarcely breathed,
Beyond home's humble hearth,
Who live unknown, unrecked of,
The brave souls of the earth.
And Genius glory loves to shed
Around the warrior's name,
And in verse or story consecrates
Her own bright sons to fame;
Thus morn's glad halo hovers o'er,
Proud peaks that pierce the sky,
While shrouded in oblivion's gloom
The lowly valleys lie.
Yet in the hidden vales of life
Are battles fought and won,
Glorious, though seeking not the blaze
Of fame's too partial sun;
There oft are fortune's stern avowls met,
Griefs uncomplaining borne,
With only God and hope to cheer
Lonely hearts with sorrow worn.
There have I seen strong men grow pale,
Beneath the gripe of want,
And disease's famished phantom form
The lowly dwelling haunt;
And death the parents' fond hopes crush
Relentless, one by one,
While from the gloom the sufferers looked,
And breathe, "Heaven's will be done!"
God knows—wealth's favorites ne'er can know
The fortitude sublime,
That nerves the poor man's soul to keep
Unstained by vice and crime,
When the partner of his wretchedness,
The children of his heart,
In looks of misery bid the tears
Of helpless sorrow start.
'Tis music to the soldier's soul,
When a nation's proud acclaim
Greet him, the laurel conqueror,
In war's unhallowed game;
But loftier joy that hero boasts,
Who, toiling up life's road,
By unseen triumphs wins the smiles
Of conscience and of God.
Like the lonely bark that ploughs her way
Far on the dreary deep,
And sinks, unmarked by all save Heaven,
Beneath the storm's wild sweep;
Earth's unknown heroes silently
The world's rough tempests brave,
And, gliding noiseless on life's waste,
Sink to a nameless grave.
Yet though unknown, ye warriors,
If ye war for truth and love,
Unmarked below, your silent lives
Are registered above;
When the blood-bought laurels of the field
Beneath Time's reach shall die,
The unseen flowers of earth shall bloom
In heaven eternally.
In the best land that knows no change,
No danger, or distress,
Where tides, riches, honors,
Sunk in the ocean's deep,
The fattered gab of Lazarus,
A vain world's robe of glory,
Shall shine a robe of glory,
On the Resurrection Morn!

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.
San Francisco, California,
November 5, 1869.
MY DEAR OLD BOY.—Here after all my weary wanderings—I'm at rest; I find that I need rest after 10 days continuous "working on the Railroad." When I shook hands with you at Toronto, I expected to be in California in 7 days, but the actual time was 12 days, 6 hours—difference between expectation and stern reality, 5 days, 6 hours. I arrived in Chicago on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, after a journey, part of which I never will forget—especially the Grand Trunk part of it. You know that I did not insure my life at Toronto, and riding from Sarnia to the Junction made me regret it very much. Talk about being at sea with a stiff Nor-Wester! it's nothing to riding on the Grand Trunk. It was impossible to keep my seat; first your head knocked against the wall, then forward—but against the back of the passenger in front of you, then a retrograde movement which would nearly drive you out, then a swaying, lithering motion, counterbalanced by a sudden jerk in the air—finally you find yourself sitting on the floor looking like "The Last Rose of Summer." It was dark so that I could not see the track, but it is my opinion the G. T. is nothing more or less than a first-class corduroy road. It was like riding a board fence during an earthquake. However I got to Chicago all right, and put up at the Sherman House, where I took my first lesson in Hotel charges on a large scale. I was there from Saturday morning to Monday morning, and upon leaving was presented with a little bill of "\$13." A good house to board at if you carry your pocket book in a freight train. Here in "Prisco," I live in just as big house, with a little better table, for \$5 per week—cheaper by far than you can do in Toronto. The peculiarity of this establishment is this, that there is not a "solitary woman" about the house—all the chambermaids "are men." But to continue the narrative of my travels. I left Chicago on Monday morning, in the emigrant train, and had some five travelling companions—Dutch, Scotch, Italian, Irish, &c. It was like travelling in a small "Tower of Babel" for many of the passengers looked as if they had been working on that venerable building for, at least, two centuries without washing, or changing their clothes. The Italian sitting next to me, although he could not speak a word of English, was, nevertheless, a remarkably lively fellow—in fact, so lively that I left his neighborhood in a hurry. Suddenly recollecting that I carried a quantity of "Mollifier," I ventured to converse with the Conductor, he proved amiable, and offered me a berth in his caboose, which afforded berth I immediately accepted. He not only offered me a bed, but took me upon the roof of the car, at the same time giving me an amulet for a seat. This a wonderful instance of the power and strength of Canadian big juice. As we had the most glorious weather all the way through I was enabled to keep my seat with comfort, and as the train did not go faster than Billy Wilson's trotting horse, I was able to get such a view of the country as may never occur again. I made the most of it, for I kept my seat from dusk in the morning until dark in the evening, never getting down unless compelled by hunger. After leaving Chicago there are a few farm houses here and there until we get into the Platte River valley and here the magnificent scenery commences; the road runs for hundreds of miles along what is supposed to be the Platte River. By what stretch of imagination it is dignified by the name of River, I cannot conceive. It is about the size of that stream called Newton Brook. Just now it contains about as much water, and of a very yellow hue. The conductor informed me that from June until September there was a mighty river. I think from the evidence of piles of brush, gravel beds, &c. that he is about right. The valley is about two miles across; on each side it is bounded by smooth hills, destitute of trees or shrubs; not a thing, not a rock to relieve the sight, not even anything in the shape of animal life. No, I mistake—I saw one venerable old cow, but he was evidently bewildered and did not know where he was. In fact, this part of the country puts me in mind of a little story. One day a tall lean Yankee came into an hotel in Denver and took a seat at the table, the waiter asked him what he would have. "What beef you got?" he inquired. "Roast beef, mutton, pork and boiled curlew." "Boiled curlew; what's that?" "Why, boiled curlew is a bird, sir—game. "A bird pray! did it have wings?" "Yes." "Could it fly?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew in mine." The Yankee was about right; for I prayed for the wings of a dove—or even a Turkey buzzard—to be hitched upon the engine, but patience and resignation were the order of the day—so I retired to my bed in the caboose, to be awakened by the conductor informing me that we were approaching the Mississippi. I rushed up to my seat on the cars to get a moonlight view of the "Father of Waters." It is well named the Father of Waters, for here at Rock Island it is 2800 miles from its mouth, yet it is nearly two miles wide. We crossed it on a bridge, and as we go slowly over, you can look down upon a rush of water like a mill-race—for the current is very rapid. The town on the other side is called Rock Island—from a huge rock in the centre of the river. It

is quite a God-send to see the lights twinkling in houses, after the barren scene we had been gazing at during the day. Here we had half an hour to get supper, then on we go. I go to bed; at four o'clock in the morning I again take my station on the chair; we view Kaladiseope like changes; but the trouble is it contains but one view. Far as the eye can reach, N. S. E. W., is an unbroken rolling prairie, here and there blackened by fire from the engines. The same monotonous view presents itself all day; nothing but brown and black, with streaks of fire; at night we have a grand spectacle—a real live prairie on fire. It is a pretty sight to see a roaring fire, ten or twelve miles long, throwing off vast clouds of smoke, which go rolling and curling up to the skies. We again retire to our couch, thinking the magnificent scenery of which we formerly read was a huge swindle. The next morning the same scene; but towards nine o'clock, a hill was visible. Yes—no mistake. I rub my eyes thinking that I may be still asleep, but a hill, palpable hill begins to loom up in the distance; by degrees it grows larger, at last houses can be distinctly seen, at last we approach Omaha, the termination of the Rock Island & Pacific Railway. As we stay here from ten o'clock in the morning until half past six in the evening, I say forth to see the town. Like all towns in the far west it is built upon a mountain. An old inhabitant told me that it contained twenty thousand inhabitants—where they are, I cannot see. The place looks as if it might contain five thousand inhabitants; the houses are like all new places, built of wood, the mass of them simply sheds, as far as the streets—where! The top of Jarvis street, in Toronto, is Nicholson pavement, compared to the sea of yellow sand that the mules wade through in Omaha. I forgot to tell you that the Railroad Co., have, as yet been unable to find their way in the Missouri river, so that we had to cross on ferry boats. We got off the cars, jump on an omnibus, and drive right on board, cross, then have half a mile to go before reaching the town. The Missouri river, at the ferry, is about as large as the Don river, by the bridge, in Toronto—now at low water; but the banks are about three quarters of a mile. A passenger on the cars who had crossed it in the rainy season told me that the whole valley was a roaring river, five miles wide. Just now, as I told you, it is about the size of the Don, and about the color, and consisting of pea soup. If the Railroad Company succeed in getting a bridge across, it will run Omaha, as the people live only by plunder from unfortunate travellers—you may be sure they do not want a bridge across the Missouri. At half past six we shook the dust of Omaha from off our feet, and went on our way. In the morning, the same eternal monotonous view presented itself; but now we are in a country inhabited by the buffalo, antelope, &c., you may be sure I kept my eyes open for the cattle. The first look at animal life we had was a large herd of antelope, who did not appear to mind the train any more than a civilized horse. They are pretty animals, streaked, spotted and striped, and about the size of an ordinary sheep; we passed hundreds of them on our way, until they ceased to be interesting. Now we are passing a village of prairie dogs. (You know that ugly specimen of a dog that Velie, of Richmond Hill, owns—he told me that that "animal" was a prairie dog, he is much like a prairie dog as a bull calf.) They are for all the world like a red squirrel, with the exception of the tail, which is like a rat's. The general size is a guinea pig; some I observed a little larger. It was comical sight to see the little brutes come skipping out of their holes by hundreds, sitting straight up on their haunches, with their heads straight up in the air, and barking like a puppy two weeks old. Just ahead of us is an encampment of U. S. soldiers, and as it is also a watering station, we stop to water up, an immediate rush, en masse, was made for dog town. The soldiers told us to look out for "Rattles," every dog has a rattlesnake for a lodger. As we went charging through the town, the little brutes plunged head foremost into their holes, and in their place a flat head and forked tongue was protruded, which plainly said "thus far and no further;" but I was bound to capture a dog, so I went back to the tent and got a pole, with which instrument I returned to the charge. In the meantime nearly every one on the ground was busy banging away with his revolver at their snake-ships. I succeeded by a strategic movement in taking an old "rat" on the back of the head and squaring up with him; I then introduced the stick into Mr. Dog's house, for the purpose of stirring him up—but alas!—time and tide waits for no man, the whistle shrieked and we had to run for it, thus losing one chance of capturing a prairie dog. We again resume our journey, the same scene of rolling land on all sides as far as the eye can reach, unbroken, without life or interest, with an occasional herd of antelope, deer or town of dogs. About 4 o'clock we come upon another camp of soldiers, and, as we stop for 15 minutes, we get out and inspect the camp; the men were busy at skinning and cutting up 28 head of buffalo which they had killed; this was our first sight of buffalo; the Commandant very kindly offered us all the meat that we could eat, so that in three minutes there was an immense frizzling and frying of buffalo meat: I ate so much that I did not want any grub for a day after. The men also had an enormous elk; he weighed over 1400 lbs., with a pair of antlers 7 ft. 4 in. long and a spread of

five feet; imbedded in his horns were two bullets; it took eleven balls altogether to bring him down. Here we had our first sight of the real live native, a son of "Big Thunder," with his mother, besides some 20 women and children, taken prisoners in the last fight. I asked the Captain where the men prisoners were, the answer was very significant: "Oh, D—n it, we kill all the bucks—never take any of them prisoners." It seems in their last fight they succeeded in surprising the Indians—killing 58 warriors and capturing 939 head of cattle and horses, besides all the camp furniture. According to the Captain's account, those Sioux and Apaches fight like fiends; he told us that the chief's wife, that they had in the camp, finding that she was likely to be taken, dashed out the brains of her infant with a tomahawk, rather than it should be a prisoner; several more of the squaws did the same. He also said that they fought like catamounts, biting, kicking and scratching before they would submit. The inexorable whistle again sounds all on board, thus cutting short an interesting account of Indian troubles. Night again falls, and we are once more treated to the magnificent spectacle—a prairie on fire. I sat on my perch until I could no longer put my eyes open, so I retired to rest with the glare of the fire illuminating the car. In the morning I look out of the window—Heavens! what's this I see in the place of monotonous prairie! My vision is limited by a huge rocky wall! I lose no time in mounting upon my perch; there, a slight worth looking at presents itself: away in the distance, ahead of us, rises, rock above rock, mountain above mountain, looking in the distance like the white capped waves of a storm at sea; the purple rays of the morning sun were reflected back into the valleys, forming a brilliant phantasmagoria, which the pencil of no artist can ever portray, nor can words adequately describe the scene. As we wind through the pass, under overhanging cliffs, and solid walls of granite, 10 to 12 high, you are impressed with the idea of Omnipotent power; which idea is immediately and completely knocked out of your head, by reading on the smooth places of the rocks, the following evidences of man's power in defacing nature: "S. T. X., 69, Plantation Bitters." We are now approaching the summit of the Rocky Mountains; the air grows cold, I descend from my perch, take a drink of Bitters, and turn in for the night. In the morning the scene is again changed; again we are in the interminable prairie; towards night we approach Salt Lake, and are again coming to mountains—this time the last range, the Sierra Nevada. For the first and last time we see a herd of Buffaloes! I counted 152. They, like the antelope, did not appear to care for the train, but as we were approaching a watering place, the whistle blew and the Buffaloes flew; (original) they tossed their heads and tails in the air, and disappeared in a cloud of dust like a sillon. We stop here for half an hour to fill our watering cans, as we now have to cross the Great Desert, 70 miles wide at this point. It is nearly night, and I determine to remain out and see the desert; just before we come to it (it commences at the foot of the rocks as sharply as if it were rolled off) I took a look N. S. E. & W., as far as I could, bounded by the horizon, nothing was to be seen but a vast bed of Alkali, almost as white as snow. We were not in the desert 10 minutes before I was glad to feel my way down to the caboose, for the train raised such a cloud of dust, it penetrated everywhere; it was blinding, choking, smothering in the cars, with the doors and windows shut. I turned in with my rug rolled around my head. In the morning you would have laughed, on walking through the cars—every person looked as if they had been rolled through a flour-mill; and the more they washed the dirtier they looked! However, we had left the desert far behind, and were once more in the hills; here and there in the fertile valleys was a Mormon settlement, of a few houses—about the size of a decent chicken house. We now arrive as Salt Lake; Brigham's town is 40 miles down the lake. He is building the Railroad from Salt Springs—the name of the Station—to Salt Lake city, at his own expense. As we stop here for breakfast I visit the Springs; there are 40 or 50 of them—one of them, the principal one, sports 6 feet high, and the water is so hot that you could not keep your hand in it for 4 seconds without getting it boiled. Some of the passengers bought some eggs at the town and boiled them in it. I went down to taste the water of the Lake. Bitter salt is no name for it! its pure acid! it will blister your mouth in a jiffy! I was sorry when that "shriek" again called us all on board, as I wanted to have a swim in the "sacred waters," however, no help for it, off we go, through beautiful valleys, flanked by abrupt precipices, growing higher and higher as we approach Promontory, the termination of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Old Records.
PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS IN THE Second Session of the Fourth Parliament OF THE PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA. 1866. (CONTINUED.)
Dr. Government to his Excellency Lieut. Governor Hunter, for Fees on divers Public Instruments signed by him between the 1st day of July and the 31st day of August, 1865. £ s. d.
July 14. To Fees on 7 Commissions of Oyer and Terminer, at 3l. 10s. each, Great Seal..... 24 10 0
To Fees on 7 Judgments Potestatis, at 1l. 10s. each, P. S..... 10 10 0
To Fees on 8 Commissions of Assize and Nisi Prius at 3l. 10s. G. S..... 28 0 0
July 26. To Fees on a Proclamation proroguing the Parliament from 20th July to the 6th September..... 2 10 0
Aug 30. To Fees on a Proclamation proroguing the Parliament from the 6th September to the 15th October, G. S..... 3 10 0
Provincial Currency £70 0 0
Errors Excepted.
(Signed) Wm. JARVIS, Sec'y.
William Jarvis Esquire, Secretary of the Province of Upper Canada, maketh Oath that the account in this Sheet contained, amounting to the sum of seventy pounds Provincial Currency, is just and true to the best of his knowledge and belief.
(Signed) Wm. JARVIS, Sec'y.
Sworn before me this thirteenth day of January, 1866.
(Signed) Wm. DUMMER POWELL, J. Audited and Approved in Council, 20th January, 1866.
(Signed) PETER RUSSELL, Presiding Councillor.
(Examined.)
(Signed) JOHN M'GILL, Inspctr. Gen. P. P. Accts. (A true Copy.)
JOHN M'GILL, Inspctr. Gen. P. P. Accts.

DISPENSIA.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Allenvator for dispensia, flatulency, heartburn, &c. Sold by druggists. 689Q
THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSALLE, at Paris, 1867, awarded Wheeler & Wilson the highest premium, a gold medal, for the perfection of their Sewing Machines, over 82 competitors. This machine is crowned with 67 medals, has been tested beyond all question, and stands to day without a rival. Over 60,000 machines were sold in the year 1868. Send for circular and samples of work to Charles Chapman, agent, Markham village; he gives instructions free and warrants every Machine.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS IN THE Second Session of the Fourth Parliament OF THE PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA. 1866. (CONTINUED.)
Dr. Government to his Excellency Lieut. Governor Hunter, for Fees on divers Public Instruments signed by him between the 1st day of July and the 31st day of August, 1865. £ s. d.
July 14. To Fees on 7 Commissions of Oyer and Terminer, at 3l. 10s. each, Great Seal..... 24 10 0
To Fees on 7 Judgments Potestatis, at 1l. 10s. each, P. S..... 10 10 0
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