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York Commonwealth,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earlies mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK COMMONWEALTH 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.

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ESTABLISMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:—
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LETTER-PRESS PRINTING!
done in the best style, at moderate rates.
Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

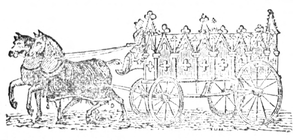
DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF,
Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

JOSEPH KELLER,
BAILIFF Second and Third DIVISION Court. Office, Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

J. B. DEEGIER,
APPOINTED CONSTABLE at the Assizes for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Residence—Corner of Wright and Yonge Streets, near A Wright, Esq's.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 65-1-tf

P. CROSBY,
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

T. J. WHEELER,
WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,
JEWELLER, &c.
RICHMOND HILL,
Oct. 1. 1858. 69-1y

THOMAS SEDMAN,

FUNERAL FURNISHER,
CARRIAGE,
Waggon & Sleigh Maker,
Opposite the White Swan Inn.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

JAMES McCLURE,
INNKEEPER. Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Corner of Yonge and Bradford streets, Holland Landing.
December, 1858. 25-1-tf

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR.,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c. ☞ Also, Licensed Auctioneer.
December, 1858. 1-tf

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
NEAR the Railroad Station, Aurora. Careful Hostlers always in attendance.
C. CASE,
Proprietor.
December 1858. 32-1-tf

MANSION HOUSE,
SHARON. Attentive Hostlers always in attendance.
J. KAVANAGH,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 32-1-tf

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD,
Barristers, &c.,
NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS,
KING ST., TORONTO,
December, 1858. 1-tf

CLYDE HOTEL,
KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers
JOHN MILLS,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 1-tf

W. H. MYERS,
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,
TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.
☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 55-1y

JOHN COULTER,
Tailor and Clothier!
Yonge St., Richmond Hill,
December, 1858. 1-tt

GEORGE DODD,
Veterinary Surgeon
Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.
"HORSE & FARRIER" INN.
g15-1-tf

J. VERNEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge street, Richmond Hill.
Ladies' and Gentlemens' Boots and Shoes, made aiter the latest styles.
December 1858. 1-8m

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
A Good supply of WINES and LIQUORS always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others Cigars of all brands.
D. MCLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, July 6, 1858. 57-6m

J. N. REID,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
Thornhill.
December 1858. 10-1-tf

ROACH'S HOTEL,
CORNER of Front and George s'reets, one block east of the Market, Toronto.
JOHN ROACH,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 39-1-tf

ROBERT SIVER,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
ADJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill. A choice selection of Gentlemens', Ladies' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes constantly on hand, and made to order on the Shortest Notice.
☞ All kinds Shoemakers Finding for sale.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

GLOUCESTER HOTEL,
THREE MILES NORTH OF TORONTO, ON YONGE-ST.
THE above Hotel is fitted up in neat and comfortable style. Transient visitors and others will find the accommodations to be that of the first class, while the charges will be extremely low.
☞ Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler.
THOMAS COATES, Proprietor.
Yonge Street, Dec, 1858. 62-1y

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH,
MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W.
Dec. 2, 1858. 52-1y

SPLANADE HOTEL,
BY G. TURNER,
PALACE ST. (OPPOSITE THE OLD GAS WORKS) TORONTO.
Meals 20 cents each, and good accommodation for Farmers and others.
Toronto, Dec, 1858. 53-1y

JAMES HALL,
HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices to meet the times.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 54-1-1y

W. HODGE & Co.
WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers. Parties giving this house a call will find their orders punctually attended to, and the lowest prices charged.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 54-1-1y

EDMUND GRAINGER,
BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice.
Thornhill, Dec. 1858. 41-1tf

WILLIAM HARRISON,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Next door to G. A, Barnard's,
Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

JAMES JENKINS',
Grocery & Provision tore
RICHMOND HILL
NO CREDIT GIVEN. Produce taken in exchange.
The above is the oldest established Grocery and Provision Store on the Hill.
Dec. 2, 1858. 55-1y

F. W. HOLLISS,
MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a very superior stock of CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c. Garments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted.
Thornhill, Dec, 1858. 60-1-tf

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL.
A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from he Elgin Mills at 7, a.m. and returning at 7, p.m. Fare 2s. 6d. each way.
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.
RICHARD NICHOLLS,
Proprietor.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 2, 1858. 55-1y

T. MACBETH, Jnr.,
CARRIAGE, SIGN,
—AND—
Ornamental Painter.
Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 137-1y

BLACK HORSE HOTEL
[FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. ROLPH.]
CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. Board $1 per day. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. An omnibus to and from the Railroad Station.
THOMAS PALMER,
Proprietor.
Toronto, Feb 26, 1858. 138-1y

J. HACKETT, M.D.
Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada
LATE RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER,
KINGSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL.
RESIDENCE, MAPLE VILLAGE.
Dec. 23, 1858. 59-1-6m

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE!
MARKHAM VILLAGE.
GOOD Accommodations. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands.
R. MARP, *Proprietor.*
Markham, Dec, 1858. 57-1y

NEW STORE,
Richmond Hill,
CORNER of Wright & Yonge streets. Cheap Groceries and Provisions. Crockery and Glassware cheap for Cash. No Credit.
D. HOPKINS.
Dec. 3. 1858. 1-tf

THORNHILL HOTEL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises, and fitted them up in a neat and comfortable style.
Boarders and transient visitors will find the accomodations in every way agreeable.
The best of Liquors and Cigars carefully selected. Good stabling and attentive hostlers
HENRY LEMON,
Thornhill, } Proprietor.
Jan 20, 1858. } 138

THE PLOUGH INN.
H. W. PECK begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of RICHMOND HILL and surrounding country, that he has opened the Hotel formerly known as the WHITE SWAN, The Bar will be replete with all kinds of Liquors of the best quality. Good Stabling, Hay and Oats at all times. An attentive Hostler always on call,
November 5, 1858. 74 4m

EDWARD CROWN,
HAS always on hand a large and well assorted stock of DRAPERY, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES, &c. &c. which will be sold at prices that will defy competition.
Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 60-1y

HALF-WAY HOUSE, RICHMOND HILL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous Patrons and the public, that he has removed from the White Swan Hotel to the above Premises, where there will be found excellent accommodation for Travellers, and good Stabling.
☞ Horses and Buggies for Hire.
JOSEPH GABY,
Proprietor.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 22, 1858. 72-7m

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,
10 MILES NORTH OF TORONTO ON THE YONGE STREET ROAD.
THE Proprietor begs to inform the public that he has purchased the above Hotel, and has recently refitted and furnished it throughout in a comfortable style. The Bar will be continually supplied with good Liquors and Cigars. GOOD STABLES attached to the premises, with careful Hostlers to attend to travellers wants.
THOMAS STEELE, Proprietor.
(formerly of the Bond Lake Hotel.)
Sept. 29, 1858. 69-1y

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL
142 KING STREET, TORONTO.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has opened the above Hotel, opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto. His bar will always be found replete with all kinds of Liquors of first-rate quality. His Table will also be found *rechertle.*
Good Stables are attached to the premises.
W. M. SHORT, VETINARY SURGEON,
Proprietor.
Toronto Sept. 17, 1858. 67-1y

York Commonwealth,
AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

Vol. I. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1858. No. 2.

Selections.

THE FLOWER THAT FADETH.

O BE not Beauty's slave!
The wise man never sighs
For loveliness that dies
For ever in the grave.

Give not the subject heart
To Fancy's luring voice;
But shool the reckless choice
To know the better part—

The chains that ne'er control,
The lasting, ever-fond
Heart-union, and the bond
Of so l allied to soul.

Vain folly thus to sigh
For outward form and grace;
The roses of the face,
Like other roses, die.

Say not her eye is bright,
And lily-white her hand;
Who fears the rocky strand,
Heeds not the shifting light.

The sun may glow for aye,
The stars for ever shine,
But brightest eyes decline,
And beauty fades away.

Youth, to its nature true,
May see in glowing eyes
A fire that never dies,
A joy for ever new:

Drink nectar in a kiss,
Adore each outward grace,
And think the smiling face
A pledge of future bliss.

If such be thy demand
For love on beauty based,
Go, fertilise the waste,
Go, till the desert sand;

And ask the barren soil
To yield its recompense:
Soon shall the waken'd sense
Conceive its bootless toil.

Thy love, tho' rich in May,
Shall leave its Autumn poor—
Beauty hath naught in store,
Its joy is of to-day.

O let no grosser leaven
Corrupt with earthly stain
Souls that may meet again,
And share the joys of Heaven.

Seek thou the better lot,
The richer grace of heart,
The joy that knows no smart,
The love that changes not. x

THE HONORED GUEST.

A BRIEF CHAPTER FOR WIVES.

'Well,' said I, one fine morning last week, 'I have the prospect of a leisure afternoon—a somewhat unusual thing with me—and all being well, I will do a little shopping; call and pass an hour with my old friend Mrs. Ashburton, whom, on account of the distance, I have neglected of late; and then drop in to take a friendly cup of tea with my niece, Clara Whitford.'

Having completed my household arrangements, I accordingly set out, after an early dinner, and, the shopping done, made my first call.—Mrs. Ashburton's warm welcome, pleasing talk, and cheerful fireside, would have proved strong temptations to induce me to accept her invitation to remain for the evening, had I not felt anxious to see my niece, whose residence was not much nearer my own.

On arriving at Clara's door, I was a little surprised to see no light in the front part of the house. 'I am afraid they are from home,' thought I, with a regretful mental glance backward at the pretty home picture I had just left. But I was mistaken. A servant came, ni answer to my ring at the door-bell, and ushering me into the dining-room, lighted the gas, and went to summon her mistress. I had ample time to look about me before Clara made her appearance, and could not help admiring the perfect order and good taste which prevailed in both the apartment and its furniture, I was the more pleased to note this, as my niece, when unmarried, did not promise to become very notable as a housewife.

I was beginning to tire of waiting—as, my brisk walk over, I felt chilly in the fireless room—when Clara entered, fastening a little article of dress, evidently just assumed. Her greeting was most cordial; and yet there was a shade of regret in her tone when, our first salutations over, she said, 'Why, my dear aunt, did you not let me know you were coming, and I should have been better prepared to receive you?'

'Surely, Clara,' I replied, 'no preparation is needeed before you can bestow a cup of tea on so near a relative as I am. Pray do not make my friendly call into a ceremonious visit, or I shall be tempted to run away again, in place of waiting till after tea, and begging Mr. Whitford's escort home.'

'Pray, dear aunt, do not think of such a thing. I will light this fire in a moment, and the room will be soon warm and comfortable.'

So saying, Clara was about to apply a light between the bars of the grate, when I stopped her.

'You must have a fire somewhere, my dear,' I said; 'and where you were sitting when I arrived will, I am sure, suit me the best. If I am to disturb any of your arrangements, I will leave you forthwith.'

'Then, if so, aunt, you will have to excuse my taking you into the nursery.'

'Any where to a warm fireside, Clara; but is Mr. Whitford from home?'

'No, aunt, he is here,' replied my niece, her color rising as she spoke.

I laughingly congratulated her on her husband's liking for the company of his first-born; but perceiving no evidence of pleasure on her countenance, I asked if the baby were well.

O yes, quite so, thank you, aunt. To say the truth, it is my doing that we are in the nursery to-night, and Frederick is not too well pleased about it; but it saves so much trouble, and the other rooms have just been cleaned and put in order. But do not say a word,' she added, as she opened the nursery door.

My nephew advanced, shook me warmly by the hand, and then, turning to Clara, said: 'I hope, my dear, you do not intend to make your aunt a nursery guest. If you do, I shall not wonder if her visits become still more rare.'

I hastened to assure him that I had been brought there at my own request, and begged no difference might be made; but, quietly ringing the bell, he desired a servant to light the dining-room fire, and bring word when it was well burnt.—Clara bit her lip, and looked red and uncomfortable, while I, feeling still more so, occupied myself in admiring the baby. I could, however, distinguish two or three little articles which convinced me that a tea equipage had just been removed; and certainly this was not what I expected to see in Clara's home, knowing the comfortable and even the affluent income of her husband. I felt sorry that my unceremonious visit should have produced such an alteration in the arrangements; for I could tell, from the production of sundry keys, etc., that many articles not in common use were to be brought out, and the evening meal deferred on my account. Besides this, I felt grieved at Mr. Whitford's ill-concealed vexation, not displayed toward me, but his wife.

At length we were summoned to the dining-room; and truly a wonderful change had been effected there. A bright fire illuminated every corner; an elegant tea-equipage was on the table; in short, every thing looked—as I had hoped at first to find it—in accordance with the position of the owners—Moreover, the pleasant aspect of affairs banished the cloud from Mr. Whitford's face, and so agreeably did the time pass, that I quite regretted when obliged to bid my niece "good-night.'

'Good-night, dear Aunt,' said Clara, affectionately kissing me; 'do come again very soon, but let me know when to expect you.'

'And then,' added Mr. Whitford, after the door was closed, 'the dining-room fire will be lighted before your arrival. Dear aunt, what do you think of Clara's new notions respecting domestic economy?—When we were first married, she was rather ignorant of household matters; *now* we are so exceedingly orderly and careful that every thing is too good to use. The drawing-room first became so; then the dining-room underwent a thorough renovation; and the nursery, resorted to for temporary convenience during the repairs, has become our regular abode, the others being only used on state occasions. Probably our next remove will be into the kitchen. I go into other houses, and find that their masters can introduce a friend at any time, with the certainty of causing no embarrassment. In my home, on the contrary, the call of a relative even produces quite a domestic revolution; for plate, china, in fact every thing presentable, is laid up in lavender, like the rooms. I wish you would say something to Clara on the subject, as I know you possess great influence in that quarter.'

'Have yon named the matter, Frederick?' I asked.

'O yes, a thousand times, I think; but I can not effect any change.—I trust you will be more successful.

'I will try, at any rate, said I as I took leave of my nephew-in-law.

Having thought over the matter, I arranged my plan of operation.—I decided that it would be better to try the effect of an opposite picture on Clara's mind, before giving utterance to any remonstrance; for I well knew that young housewives do not generally relish the pointed interference of their elders. I therefore called for Clara—having previously given her due notice of my intention—to accompany me in a long ramble; and I contrived to be near. Ashburton's just as tea-time was approaching, and we were thoroughly tired.

'Clara,' said I, 'what is to prevent our obtaining rest and refreshment? I can insure you a welcome to both, and, besides, you are not quite a stranger to Mrs. Ashburton.'

'O, dear aunt, I could not think of such a thing; we should be sure to cause inconvenience.'

'You should judge for yourself, Clara,' I answered; 'and if you think so half an hour hence, we will journey homeward.'

The moment we were admitted, I frankly told my friend that I had come expressly to claim her oft-tendered hospitality for my niece and self, as we were tired, but still had a long walk before us.

'How glad I am that my house lay in your route!' replied she.—'Tea is coming in and my husband will be here directly.'

In a few moments he arrived, and we were all seated, prepared to join in the social meal. I noticed Clara's glances at the perfect order which surrounded us, and the elegant but simple preparations for the repast. Besides these, it was impossible not to feel the thorough comfort diffused around us.

'My niece,' said I to Mrs. Ashburton, 'was afraid of causing you inconvenience by coming unawares, and taking two places at your tea-table by storm.'

A cherry laugh from Mr. Ashburton, and a bright smile from his wife, followed my words. 'Mrs. Whitford,' said the gentleman, 'I am the most fortunate fellow in the world, for nothing ever causes my wife inconvenience. You understand me, I dare say—I mean none of these domestic invasions which are usually expected to cause a bustle. She has a peculiar theory of her own, which she most thoroughly reduces to practice, consequently we are always able to welcome a friend, however unexpected the guest may be.'

Clara blushed, and stammered a few words in reply; and, perceiving her confusion, I changed the conversation.

On our way home, after spending a delightful evening, my niece was unusually silent; but at length she asked if I could tell her to what theory Mr. Ashburton alluded when he said—here she hesitated.

'I understand you, Clara,' I answered, 'and I can explain it in very few words. Mrs. Ashburton says, that, being sure of the daily presence of one guest at her table, whom she wishes to honor above all others, she always prepares for that one, and is of course ready for any visitor, and at any time.'

'But I saw no guest besides ourselves, aunt.'

'Did you not? and yet the person I allude to was there.'

'Where? whom do you mean? You are jesting.'

'Indeed, my dear Clara, I am not. The one whom Mrs. Ashburton considers worthy of all honor is her husband. She says, and I think justly, that she should deem her marriage vow but ill-performed, did she bestow pains to make her home attractive in the eyes of a stranger, and grudge doing so for him whom she has promised to love, honor, and obey—her husband, and the father of her children.'

Clara did not speak in reply; but when we parted, the moistened cheek that touched mine convinced me the lesson was taken home; and I have little doubt that when I next visit my niece, I shall find her opinion is changed as regards the guest most deserving of honor.—*London Leisure Hour.*

THE DYING CHILD.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet flower of the household. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice—the truthful, affectionate, large-hearted, pious child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside, and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, 'Thy will be done!' It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

'Papa, dear papa,' said she at length.

'What, my darling?' answered her father, striving for composure.

'Papa,' she asked, in faint broken tones, 'how much—do I cost you—every year?'

'Hush, dear, be quiet!' he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

'But please—papa, how much do I cost you?'

To soothe her he replied, though with a shaking voice:

'Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?'

'Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year in Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by.'

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort? A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart, the bliss of one noble loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

'I will, my precious child,' he replied, kissing the brow with solemn tenderness.

'Yes,' he added, after a pause.—'I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven.'

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long loving smile-gaze into her father's eyes; and, still gazing she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy:

'O, papa, what a sweet sigh!—The golden gates were opened and crowds of children came pouring out. O, such crowds! And they came to me, and began to kiss me, and call me by a name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for the father's sake!'

She looked upward, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, 'Yes, yes, I come! I come!' and her lovely form lay there untenanted of the lovlier spirit.

John Lee arose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face.—'Thank God, I am richer by another treasure in heaven!'—*Macedonian.*

"I'M TOO BUSY."

A merchant sat at his office-desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business. A zealous friend of mankind entered his office.

'Mr.———, I want to interest you a little in a new effort for a benevolent cause,' said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying: 'Sir, you must excuse me, but really I'm too busy at present to do anything.'

'When shall I call again, sir?'

'I cannot tell. I'm very busy.—I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir. I wish you good morning.'—Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers. The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was their object, he was always too busy to listen to their claim. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for anything but to make money.

But one morning a very disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying: 'Go home with me." The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber. His new, unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering ever and anon, 'You must go with me.' A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart, dim spectres of ships, notes, and lands fluttered before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower; his heart heaved heavily thick films gathered over his eyes; his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

The man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.