

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill.

JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT.

JOSEPH KELLER, BAILIFF Second and Third DIVISION COURT.

G. A. BARNARD, IMPORTER of British and American Dry Goods.

CHARLES DURRANT, (Late M. Tefy), IMPORTER of British and Foreign Dry Goods.

P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh MAKER.

J. W. GIBSON, Boot and Shoe Maker.

THE WHITE SWAN, Inn, and Livery Stables.

JOSEPH GABY begs to inform the public that he has commenced to run a Stage from the above Hotel to the O.S. & H.R. R. Station.

SMELSER & BOWMAN, Licensed Auctioneers!

JAMES McCLURE, INNKEEPER. Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Rimous.

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., TWO Miles North of Richmond Hill, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wine, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, Opposite the Post Office, Yonge Street.

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY.

J. K. FALCONBRIDGE, Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker.

WARD & McCAUSLAND, PAINTERS, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers.

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier.

GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon.

HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon, and AUCTIONEER.

J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE. Tribune.



WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

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DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, RICHMOND HILL.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers, &c., NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING ST., TORONTO.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

BOTTLED ALE DEPOT, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W.

JOHN MURPHY, House Decorator, Painter, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER &c., &c.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker.

OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill.

VICTORY HOTEL, and Masonic Hall, YONGE STREET.

ROBERT WISEMAN, Proprietor, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

A. GALLANOUGH, DEALER in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill, C. W.

THORN HILL HOTEL, GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR Travellers.

CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker, THORNHILL.

CHAS. POLLOCK, [80] IMPORTER of British, French German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods.

TORONTO "CITY" MARBLE WORKS, NO. 138 YONGE STREET, NEAR QUEEN STREET.

D. C. & W. YALE, IMPORTERS and dealers in Italian and American Marble, also manufacturers of Monuments, Cenotaphs, Tomb and Grave Stones.

C. LUDFORD, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER, THORNHILL.

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform Farmers and others that he has constantly on hand, or manufactures to order, all kinds of Saddles, Heavy and Light Harnesses, Carriages, and other articles.

Select Poetry.



Paddle your own Canoe.

Voyager upon life's sea, To yourself be true, And whate'er your lot may be, Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on To the silent shore, From its sunny source has gone To return no more.

Then let not an hour's delay Cheat you of your due; But while it is called to-day, Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth, Lofly state, and power, Honest fame and hardy health Are a better dower.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame From the hand of fate? Would you write a deathless name With the good and great?

With the good and great? Would you bless your fellow men? Heart and soul imbue With the holy task; and then Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong In the world's free fight? With a spirit brave and strong, Battle for the right.

And to break the chains that bind The many to the few; To enfranchise the slavish mind, Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won; Nothing won is lost; Every good deed nobly done, Will repay the cost.

Leave to heaven, in humble trust, All you will do to; But if you succeed, you must Paddle your own canoe.

The Haunted Storey

(Concluded from our last.)

'There was no alternative but to return, and in fear and caution did we creep up that narrow winding stair of full six storeys; and never went I a journey whose end was desired so anxiously.

The sounds which we had heard in our own apartment had long since died away, but in turning a sharp angle, as we afterwards ascertained on the fourth flat, a thread-like ray glimmered across the gloom; it was but for an instant and all was dark again, but I instinctly laid my hand on the wall through which it seemed to have shone; it was wood under the dust and cobwebs; and judge of our amazement, when distinctly from within came the voice of our professor, Dr. R.—'I should have known it among a thousand,—saying in his usual slow and quiet fashion, 'The head of the old one would be worth dissection, I should like to see if her sensorium exhibits any appearances to account for such singular illusions.'

'Then spoke a husky voice, what it said we could not hear, but the concluding word was 'rent.'

'Aye,' said the doctor, 'that's true, the young girl would answer your interests better; then to-morrow night you can use the nitrogen, in the mean time let us see the article you have got, for the night is wearing fast.'

light the candle, a task of no little difficulty, as by this time the embers were all but extinguished; we succeeded at last, and I tried the other door, but it was locked again, and that circumstance kept us up for at least an hour, uncertain whether to descend or not. We whispered our wonder over what we had heard, and listened at intervals, but there was no sound in the silent house, and with the light and our former weapons down we went once more.

'The spot at which we had heard the voices was marked in our memory in spite of the darkness, and on the right hand, thickly covered with cobwebs, and almost invisible from the closeness of its construction, we found a low door fastened at the top with an iron bolt of great strength, which had now grown so firm with rust that it defied our utmost efforts.

'This idea had indeed taken possession of his mind, and came strangely on my own; but the bolt could not be moved, there was neither voice nor light to be seen, and it seemed as if in the great old house there was not one awake but ourselves.

'With the determination of procuring a file on the following day, Henry was at last persuaded to give up the attempt, and we proceeded down the stair, in our discovering no less than five doors of a similar description, one on every flat, but no less firmly barred, not one of them could we open, but our greatest efforts and aspirations were, to say the truth, expended on the first.

'With double caution for our light, we at length squeezed through into the large cellar; it was, as I at first observed, half filled with empty casks and barrels, and heaps of valueless lumber, but it was of great extent, and at the farther end we perceived the cause of our former misfortunes in a wide grate, through which the night wind blew keenly from a narrow close leading through the dense buildings in that part of High Street to the cemetery of the Cannongate.

'Up to this grate rose a strait stone stair, and to our surprise, though evidently long unused, the iron door was moveable as that of any ordinary coal-cellar, which we proved in less than a minute, and both stood looking up at the tall dark houses and the narrow strip of moonlit sky that appeared between them.

'Thus far we were satisfied. Here was a mode of egress for us; but our further exploring the cellar revealed nothing. If known to any of the present inhabitants of the house, it was evidently unemployed as there, except one corner, the most remote from the grate, where a step-ladder led up to an ordinary trap-door which was fastened outside, and defied our efforts. The floor around, though clear of lumber, was damp and slippery, from the vicinity of a large old well, which lay close beside the wall, almost covered with an enormous flag; but it sent up a heavy odour, as I thought, of long stagnant water.

'Once again we returned to the door on the fourth storey, and tugged and strained till some of our skin remained with that rusty bolt. Back we could not force it, but it moved nevertheless; and with many a fixed resolve to spend the following day in filling, we returned to our room to witness the breaking of the winter day.

'This was to be a great day in the anatomy class. The porter informed us that a new subject had been obtained, which in those days was an occurrence more welcome than frequent. The students were all assembled when I arrived. The professor was there in his operating costume, knife in hand.

Henry and I were the nearest. Poor boy, he had worked hard! And, bending to a crevice from which he had cleared the dust, we saw beyond a large room strangely furnished, in the midst of which stood old Ross, with a still immovable countenance, quietly holding a candle, in order to light in the youngest of the Duncans, who came in carrying in his arms, as gently as a mother might do her sleeping child, a woman apparently dead or overpowered by some sudden fit, whom he proceeded to place on a bench at the further end of the room, beside which stood a large basin, and close behind him came Mrs. Duncan's

husband with a large lancet in his hand, the point of which he was deliberately trying. I saw him step towards the woman, and the light fell full upon her face, when Henry bounded from beside me, seized Carroll's iron bar, which he had kept in readiness, and thrusting it under the old door with all his strength, he prized it off its hinges in a moment.

'In we rushed, Gorman and Carroll with pistols in hand, I with my still trusted poker, and Henry wielding the bar. I saw him make one lunge with it at the gentleman with the lancet, but the same instant the lights were at once extinguished, old Ross having blown out his candle, and Carroll, who attempted to prevent his escape, dropped his lantern, which was broken and trampled out in the scuffle. The trio took the opportunity to make their escape.

'Carroll and Gorman were, like ourselves, two Irish students; but not brothers. They were natives of Connaught; tall, handsome, fearless fellows, who would go any length to serve a friend or follow a whim. We had studied Latin under the same teacher, namely, the priest of our parish, of whom the one was a sister's, and the other a brother's son. So the good priest sent his nephews to college, and they were students of the second year; but, nevertheless, the only persons on whom we could depend.

'Both were at home, and after informing them of all we knew of the business, the young men at once agreed to proceed under our direction to the cellar and up the narrow stair, whilst we entered the house in the usual manner, and joined them from our bed-room; each of them proffering to bring a pair of pistols, a dark lantern, and an iron bar to force the door if it should be necessary.

'Wiser heads might have thought of applying to the city authorities, but Henry and I had been brought up in a country where the law was but little relied on, and our old school-fellows seemed to us far less troublesome assistants.

'The night had already fallen, and our friends having discussed a supper of oysters and a bottle of strong waters from Ireland, by way of preparation for the business, set out with us to the old close about half-past eight, as Henry was impatient, and they were no less so, to begin the work. We conducted them to the hidden door. All was darkness and silence within and without; and leaving Gorman vigorously flung at the bolt, while Carroll held the dark lantern, we returned to the legitimate mode of entrance and were soon in our own quarters.

'Things seemed as usual with the family. Mrs. Duncan attended us with her wonted civility. We ordered tea, talked of drowsiness, and promulgated our resolution of retiring early; and early enough we did retire into the bed-room, as soon as matters were quiet, having taken the precaution to pile against the outer door every article of furniture we found moveable, and then descended to join our colleagues.

'Henry had been up and down a dozen times already. Neither the file nor the chisel were spared on the iron, and yet the rusty bolt was fast. We stood in a close row, working and listening by turns, for more than an hour: The staples were nearly filed through and the last effort to be made, when we heard the sound of a door opened within, and a light streamed through.

'Henry and I were the nearest. Poor boy, he had worked hard! And, bending to a crevice from which he had cleared the dust, we saw beyond a large room strangely furnished, in the midst of which stood old Ross, with a still immovable countenance, quietly holding a candle, in order to light in the youngest of the Duncans, who came in carrying in his arms, as gently as a mother might do her sleeping child, a woman apparently dead or overpowered by some sudden fit, whom he proceeded to place on a bench at the further end of the room, beside which stood a large basin, and close behind him came Mrs. Duncan's

which seemed to have been unfinished, though communicating with the apartments always occupied by the family, we found a small door and a narrow wooden staircase evidently of modern erection, which led down to a large room hung with old tapestry in the walled up flat.

'This storey, according to the fashion of a former age, contained the best rooms, and after breaking a door which we found double locked, a whole suite of them, completely furnished in the manner of the fifteenth century, was opened to our view; the pictures, the mirrors, and the drapery, remained as they had been at the time the place was deserted; but the windows were grated outside, and their bars had grown rusty with time. Yet judge of our astonishment when we beheld in the largest of these gloomy chambers, clothed in the identical black in which I had seen her last, and bending with a look of solemn enthusiasm over a large bible, the pious Mrs. Ramsay.

'She raised her eyes as we entered, and said with a most complainant expression, 'Ah! have you passed the Jordan too! Welcome to eternal rest!'

'In short, readers, she was hopelessly insane, and the singularity of her delusion was, that the good lady firmly believed herself in the better part of the world to come. Certainly considering the locality of her actual habitation, the idea was sufficiently preposterous; but there she had been for the last six months.

'When Miss Ramsay was completely recovered from the effects of that fearful night, she stated that at that period they had been induced to visit the Duncan's on the pretence of settling some business regarding her mother's property, which the family had been in the habit of managing, being distant relatives to her deceased father; and that while there they had been decoyed into the walled up flat, where they had been ever since imprisoned, as she believed, for the purpose of securing their property; her mother's insanity, which every day increased, and at length took that peculiar form, being a considerable bar to her endeavours for their liberation.

'Regarding any other transactions of the family she knew nothing, and was wholly unconscious of all that occurred till she felt herself raised by Henry in the dark room. I have observed that the girl though sensible, was naturally simple, and only seventeen; she is now the wife of my brother, who persevered and acquired some distinction in the profession, which I abandoned for ever.

'Though all necessary steps were taken by the authorities, none of the family were ever traced or apprehended; and years after, when the terrible discoveries of Burke's trial created so many rumours and suspicions against Professor R., I could not help remembering, tho' I never spoke of, that Haunted Storey.'

'They threatened to take him to the watch-house. Carroll knocked the first man down, and a regular battle commenced in the close, in which Gorman and I took a tolerably active part, and both powers were soon augmented by some of the emigrant Irish residing in that quarter whom the noise chanced to reach. The end of the matter was, that our party being victorious, the watchmen were driven from the ground; and as we heard them summoning their distant brethren, and the mob began to thicken, I persuaded Henry (for no persuasions would induce the other two) to leave the scene of action.

'After various applications, we at length collected a police force sufficient to make good our entrance, and proceeded about daybreak to the Duncans' house. We found the outer door a few inches open, the whole flat much in the condition we had left it, the smallest articles of furniture being still in their places, but the inhabitants, man, woman, and child, were gone.

'In our own apartments nothing had been touched; but the secret passage which led from them to the cellar was not the only one in that old house. In a large back room

Hard Times Indeed.—Lately, in Glasgow, a worthy old woman was laid upon her bed, sick and faint. She had been long troubled with predilections for strong waters, and many plans and schemes did she try to obtain a small drop of these comforts. As a last and desperate resource she sent her weak lassie to the public house with her Bible and sundry explanations. The lassie came back as she went. 'Heeb, sir,' exclaimed the worthy old woman, 'it's fearful times when they neither take my word, nor the word of God for twa gill of whiskey.'

Bogus.—The word 'bogus,' we believe is a corruption of the name of one 'Borgese,' a very corrupt individual, who some twenty years ago or more, did a tremendous business in the way of supplying the great west and portions of the southwest, with a vast amount of counterfeit bills on fictitious banks which never had any existence outside of the 'forgiveive train' of him the said 'Borgese.' The western people, who are rather rapid in their talk, when excited, soon fell into the habit of shortening the Norman name of Borgese to the more handy one of 'Bogus,' and the bills and all other bills of like character were universally styled by the name 'bogus currency.'

A DREADFUL SPECTACLE.—It will be remembered that the Russian line of battle ship Lefort lately captured at noon in the Bay of Finland, carrying down twelve hundred men, of whom nearly four hundred were females. A writer in the London Times from St. Petersburg, says: 'Such persons as were on deck at the time, were of course at once washed away, but the divers found no less than 1,100 corpses in the cabins 'tween decks, and in the hold of the vessel, all clinging to some portion of the timbers of the ship, or to each other. The horror of this fearful sight appears to have been aggravated by the circumstance that the bodies were already far gone in decomposition, and, with few exceptions, the eyes were wide open and glaring. The effect of this dreadful spectacle on the divers, was such that one of them was totally unable for many days to recount the ghastly scenes he had witnessed down in that hive of putrefying corpses,—and on his persistent refusal to repeat his visit there, was sent home.'

WHAT JEWS CAN DO BESIDES MAKE MONEY.—Who composed 'Il Barbiere?' Rossini—a Jew! Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the 'Huguenots' and the 'Prophete?' The composer is Meyerbeer—a Jew! Who has not been spell-bound by the sorcery of 'Die Judin?' by Halevy—a Jew! Who, that at Munich, has stood before the weeping Königspärke, whose sharp silently hung on the willows by the waters of Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist is Bendemann—a Jew! Who has not heard of the able and free-spoken ape of liberty, Brone—a Jew! Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one Israel's sweetest singers, Heine—a Jew! Who has not listened with breathless ecstasy to the melting music of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream?' Who has not danced with 'Elijah,' prayed with 'Paul,' and triumphed with 'Stephen!' Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies? Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy! who, also that I must so write it, was a Jew!—Bentley.

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO UTAH.—The public should understand that the very meagre details of the progress and operations of the army on the march to Utah are the result of caution—of a desire not to put the Mormons in possession of the movements or plans of the command, should the messenger or letters fall into their hands. From a letter written on the 9th October in camp on Ham's Fork we gather that the command was to start the next day for Salt Lake City, 'where,' the writer says, 'we will winter. We are all in good spirits. The Mormons have burnt three of our supply trains, but we have enough provisions to last us for six months. The fifty batteries, Capt. Reno's and Capt. Kearney's, are with us. The Mormons are burning every train, but our sutler has two companies of troops with him, so that it is expected he will get along safely.' Another letter from the same source, dated on the 28th October, at the same place, from which we suppose the command did not leave as expected—speak of the sutler's train being some few miles from that post, having been heard from on the previous day. 'We have had some very cold weather and two or three hard snow storms. All the animals are in good condition. A Mormon major and his adjutant have been captured by the troops.'

Advertising.—The Baltimore American in a very sensible article on advertising, concludes as follows: 'To be successful, advertisements must be presented through the right means, and come before the reader at the right time to secure his favourable consideration. That means is the weekly paper. To that the purchaser looks as the legitimate place for the information he seeks, and he finds it there when most in the disposition to dwell upon its statements and note its facts. There he is as leisure to note its reader, and he is repeated to him week after week, and as his wants are suggested he recurs to it for guidance. It is in its legitimate place, having a proper publicity, but not obtrusively or surreptitiously forced upon his notice, and therefore is not met with distrust.—The coincidence between his needs and the places at which they may be supplied is naturally established, and the fact that the establishment he seeks is known by its prominence among those which press its statements through a proper channel begets confidence and produces the desired result. No man who was relied upon this means of advertising and judiciously pursued it, has ever regretted the expenditure in view of the results, whilst instances are repeatedly occurring in which thousands of extensive circles, distributed liberally among those who were desired to reach, have failed in producing any appreciable advantage.'

AN EXTENSIVE FARMER.—Col. Jacob Carroll of Texas, is said to be the largest farmer in the United States. He owns two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land (nearly four hundred square miles). His home plantation contains 8000 acre nearly all valuable bottom lands, along Guadalupe river. On this he has over 600 acres in cultivation, on which he raises annually about 300 bales of cotton worth from \$75 to \$100 per bale, and 20,000 bushels of corn worth about fifty cents per bushel. He has a force of about fifty field hands, and he works about sixty mules and horses, and 15 yoke of oxen. Col. Carroll has, on his immense ranges of pasture lands, about one thousand horses and mules worth \$20,000, one thousand head of cattle, worth \$7,000; six hundred hogs, worth \$2,000; three hundred Spanish mares, worth \$15,000; fifty jennies, worth \$2,000; fifteen jacks, worth \$9,000, and five stallions, worth \$2,000. Col. Carroll's property, in stock and negroes, is worth at least \$150,000, and the value of his land estate will swell the amount to over half a million of dollars. His annual income from the sale of stock amounts to from \$5000 to \$10,000; and from the sale of cotton to from \$15,000 to \$20,000.