

Business Directory.

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...

British and York Ridings' Gazette. AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



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

Vol. 1.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1858.

No. 32.

P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c. THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh MAKER.

J. W. GIBSON, Boot and Shoe Maker. YONGE STREET, RICHMOND HILL. 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. Station. SMELSER & BOWMAN, Licensed Auctioneers.

JAMES McCLURE, Innkeeper. Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Kinco. JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR or Dental SURGERY, 66, King Street East. J. K. FALCONBRIDGE, Richmond Hill, Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

WARD & McCAUSLAND, House, Sign and Ornamental PAINTERS, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL. JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier, Yonge St., Richmond Hill.

GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon. HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon, AND AUCTIONEER. J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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. JOHN MURPHY, House Decorator, Painter, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER &c., &c. No. 49, King Street.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, LAG, 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. EXTENSIVE Stabling, and obliging Hostlers. Choice Wines and Liquors. Beer, Porter and various Summer Beverages.

Thorn Hill Hotel, GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR Travellers. JOHN SHIELDS, Proprietor. CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker, THORNHILL.

CHAS. POLLOCK, Importer of British, French German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, No. 80, City Buildings, King Street East, opposite St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, C. W. Nov. 5, 1857.

TORONTO "CITY" MARBLE WORKS, No. 135 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, Ornamental enclosures for Graves, &c.

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform Farmers and others that he has constantly on hand, or manufactures to order, all descriptions of Saddles, Heavy and Light Harness, Bridles, Surcingles, Whips and other articles belonging to the trade.

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Select Poetry. THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE. There's music in a mother's voice, More sweet than breezes sighing; And care for those she calls her own, That's ever, ever-growing.

Indian Soothsayers. The following anecdote relative to the extraordinary prophetic power possessed by a Brahmin of Bombay, are given in the last number of the Zoist, as instances of clairvoyance independent of mesmerism.

These persons (soothsayers) abound in all parts of India; but there are among the Brahmins a small number who seem to differ from all the descriptions of people before mentioned; they appear also perfectly distinct from the fortune-telling Brahmins and pretended astrologers, who, like the gipsy tribe in Europe, are well known in India.

On my arrival in Bombay in 1766, Mr. Crommelin, the governor of that settlement, was under orders to relinquish his situation at the beginning of the following year, and then return to England.

The second anecdote relates to the same Brahmin, and was as well known to the inhabitants of Bombay as the former. Mr. Forbes had been on terms of the closest friendship with the parties to whom it relates from the first day of his landing in India.

This extraordinary character was then a young man, little known to the English, but of great celebrity among the Hindoos and every other description of natives in the western part of the peninsula.

The lady sitting at the head of my friend's table when I made my bashful entry, was a widow at the time he married her. Her first husband died when she was very young, leaving two children, a son and a daughter.

The ships of that season all reached the island in safety, except the one in which this young gentleman sailed, which at length was a missing vessel, and her safety despaired of.

er appointments of chief at Tellicherry and Surat, and would choose his Indian career by being Governor of Bombay. Mr. Hodges, not being enjoined secrecy, spoke of the Brahminical predictions among his associates and friends from their very first communication, and their author was generally called Mr. Hodges' Brahmin.

When, therefore, Mr. Spencer was appointed governor of that settlement, and Mr. Hodges dismissed from the chiefship of Surat and suspended the service, he sent for his Brahmin, who was then at Pulpara, a sacred village on the banks of the Taptee of which I have already spoken, on a religious visit.

Mr. Hodges received him at the chief's garden-house, where he was sitting in the front veranda. He immediately communicated to him the events which had lately taken place, to the disappointment of all his hopes and future expectations; and slightly reproached him for a pretended prescience, and for having deceived him with false promises.

Mr. Hodges in complete possession of the government. It is almost needless to remark the ascendancy of this Brahmin over the mind of Mr. Hodges during the remainder of his life; nor is it to be wondered at, that the new governor undertook no important step without consulting his Brahmin.

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view of the ocean. Maternal solicitude frequently cast a longing eye to that quarter where the ships from Europe generally appeared. The shore of that bay was also the place where most of the Hindoos erected the funeral pile and burnt their dead.

This ceremony is attended by Brahmins, and Mr. Hodges' Brahmin, then at Bombay, was occasionally among them. Observing the mother's anxiety, he asked her the cause; the lady being a native of India, and well knowing his character, inquired, in his own language, why a man so extraordinary gifted should be ignorant of the cause of her tender solicitude.

The Brahmin was affected, and said, 'I do know the reason of your sorrow; your son lives: the ship will soon arrive in safety, but you will never more behold him.' She immediately mentioned this conversation to her friends.

A signal was made not long after for a ship from Europe; on the pilot reaching her, his private sign indicated the missing ship; boats were sent off to bring the passengers on shore. The expected son was not forgotten; his mother's friends went on board, and were informed that he had remained at the Brazils, where the ship having been long detained for repair, the Jesuits converted this promising youth to the Church of Rome.

Instead, therefore, of conducting him to his expecting parent, they only delivered her letters replete with affectionate expostulations and entreaties that she would follow his example, and enter the true church. A mother's disappointment is easier to conceive than describe.

Her son continued at Rio de Janeiro, and occasionally wrote to her, until the suppression of the Jesuits in the pontificate of Clement XIV., on which occasion, with many other members of that society, he was sent from South America to the prisons of Portugal, and no more heard of.

The unfortunate mother came to England some years afterwards with her husband and only daughter, who was married, and died soon after her arrival. This was a stroke her fond mother was little able to sustain—a bereavement which seemed to admit of no consolation.

The downy wings of time, the balmy comforts of religion, aided by every effort of an affectionate husband, were of no avail in extricating her from a state of apathy and despair.

and fresh air; for 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' The sudden transition from hopeless despair in the dungeon's gloom to the sight of the sun, the fanning of the breeze, and the sympathy of friendships, was too much for his emaciated frame; he faintly uttered the effusions of a grateful heart, and expired!

"Thus was the Brahmin's prediction to his mother, uttered full thirty years before, completely fulfilled!" The last anecdote I shall relate respecting this man is very short. Some months previous to my first leaving India, a gentleman and his wife arrived from England at Bombay. He, having been appointed to a lucrative situation at Surat, proceeded thither at an early opportunity, leaving his wife in a friend's family until he should have procured a house, and made suitable provision for her reception at Surat.

They were both young, and had an only child. In a few weeks she followed him to Surat. The evening before she embarked, sitting in a mixed company of gentlemen and ladies, anticipating her approaching happiness, the same Brahmin came into the verandah, with the gentleman of the house, who was high in station at Bombay. He introduced him to the company, and in a sort of jest asked him to tell the destiny of the happy fair one lately arrived from Europe.

To the surprise of the whole company, and particularly so to the object of the inquiry, he gave her a penetrating and compassionate look; and after a pause, said to the gentleman in the Hindoo language, 'Her cup of felicity is full, but evanescent! A bitter potion awaits her, for which she must prepare!' Her husband had written that he should come in a barge to Surat bar, to accompany her on shore. He did not appear, but a friend of mine went on board to announce to her his dangerous illness: he was then in the last paroxysm of a fever, and expired in her arms!

I came home a passenger in the same ship with the widow and another lady, who endeavoured to alleviate her sorrow by every tender assiduity. The name of a Brahmin was never mentioned at table, nor anything relating to Hindoo astrology. The anniversary of her husband's death happened during the voyage, and was indeed a day of woe.

The Effects of Conscience. A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it.

In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him.

In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it.

countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw the same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well-informed, poor, but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter.

Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudders, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronised by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg.

He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace: at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him.

At last in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and this was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him.—COLERIDGE.

A Political Anecdote. During the Harrison campaign, in 1840, an eloquent orator in the western part of the State of Virginia was holding forth to an immense assemblage in favour of the hero of Tippecanoe. Especially the speaker was expatiating upon Gen. Harrison's courage, tact and success as a military commander. While in the midst of his discourse, a tall, gaunt man, probably a school-master in those parts, arose from a crowd, and said in a voice which penetrated the whole assembly:—"Master—Master, I want to ax you a question. We are told," he continued, "fellow citizens, that Gen. Harrison is a mighty great general; but I say he is one of the meanest sort of generals. We are told here to-night that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you on that occasion he was guilty of the Small Tail Movement, and I challenge the orator here to deny it." The orator declared his utter ignorance of what the man meant by the "small tail movement," and asked him to explain himself.

"I tell you," said the man, "I've got it here, in black and white. Here's 'Grimshaw's History of the United States'—holding up the book—'and I'll read what it says. This is it:—'At this critical moment Gen. Harrison executed a novel movement.' Does the gentleman deny that?" "No, no; go on."

"Well, he executed a novel movement. Now, here's Johnson's Dictionary"—taking the book out of his pocket and holding it up—'and here it say, 'Novel, a small tale.' And this was the kind of movement General Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no soper, and don't know much about military tick tacks, but this I do say,

the man who in the face of an enemy is guilty of a Small Tail Movement is not fit to be President of the United States, and he shan't have my vote." The orator of the evening could make no headway against such an argument, and give it up in despair.

Miscellaneous Items.

The New York Herald states that half a dozen Wall-street adventures have each made \$100,000 in speculations since the "panic." It is estimated that as many as twenty-seven thousand Mormons have emigrated from Europe to the United States within the past sixteen years.

The office of the Brampton Times was destroyed by fire one day last week. The fire took place while the men were at dinner. Damage was done to the extent of £250, which was partly insured.

Senator Garlington of South Carolina, estimates the loss sustained by the South from the depression of the market for cotton, in consequence of the late commercial crisis, at more than \$70,000,000.

The news of the arrest of General Walker has caused the greatest excitement in New Orleans, and an indignation meeting has been called. Immediate steps will probably be taken for the reinforcement of Colonel Anderson at Fort Castillo.

The meteorologist of the Boston Traveller reports the average temperature of the first twenty-four days of December as 38.19 degrees, which is 6 degrees above the average of the same period during 33 years. The average of the same period last December was 26.8 or 10 degrees colder than this year.

Slavin, who was hanged recently at St. Johns, N. B., for the murder of the Mackenzie family, confessed that, after the elder members of the family had been butchered, a little girl about three years old, innocently held up her doll, and offered it to him if he would not kill her. The little innocent's offer was refused, and the inhuman monster murdered her!

We have the published statement of the Chicago Press, says the Buffalo Courier, that, during the season of navigation, the actual loss of property on the Lakes is estimated at \$1,820,316, and the loss of life to 291. Last year the loss of property amounted to \$3,038,874, and the loss of life to 407. During the last ten years the loss of property has been \$13,821,253, and the loss of life during the past four years has been 765.

A man got drunk on the quay at Marseilles in France, and, unperceived, went to sleep in a flat-bottomed boat, in which a quantity of lumber had been piled. While there, it seems some more lumber was put in without any one seeing him, and when three days out at sea the sailors heard a voice from the hold, the poor wretch having been unable, up to that time, to make himself heard. He was liberated and is likely to recover.

It is said that at least five hundred individuals witnessed the catching of a greased pig on Christmas day, in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Twenty-eight persons competed for the prize, each one paying the sum of 25 cents, making \$7 in all. Warren Haley was successful. There was a foot race immediately after the pig race, in which Johnathan Baker, one of the six young men who engaged, outstripped his competitors.

Among the novelties observed in New York on New Year's day, was a carriage propelled by steam and operated by two fast young men, in their business of making calls. They doubtless considered the old foggy turn-out of four-in-hand as altogether too slow for the times, and the accomplishment of 600 calls. A miniature carriage, drawn by a pair of diminutive ponies, and driven by two lads, also attracted considerable attention.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser publishes the official statement of the canal commerce of Buffalo for the season just closed. The total number of tons of property exported was 571,520; the total value \$16,956,740, and the tolls collected \$598,470. Last year the corresponding figures were: Tons, 662,238; value, \$21,970,119, and tolls, \$783,905. The decrease in the number of tons is 90,718; in value, \$5,013,379, and in tolls, \$185,435. The total number of tons imported was 318,849, and the value \$4,608,526. Last year, 875,204 tons, valued at \$72,098,745. Decrease in tons 556,255, and in value \$67,471,216.