

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...

P. CROSBY, Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c. THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh Maker.

JAMES MCCLURE, Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. JOHN HARRINGTON, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c.

CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker, Thornhill. A. GALLANOUGH, Dealer in Groceries, Wines and Liquors.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, Near the Railroad Station, Aurora. MANSION HOUSE, Attention Hostlers always in attendance.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers &c., No. 7, Wellington Buildings, King St., Toronto. CLYDE HOTEL, King Street East, to Gt. St. Good Stabling and Attentive Hostlers.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO. ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, Flag, Banner and Ornamental Painter.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker, Opposite A. Law's, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill. CHAS. POLLOCK, Importer of British, French, German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods.

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier, Yonge St., Richmond Hill. GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon, 126, 4th Con., Vaughan.

HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon, AUCTIONEER, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, Richmond Hill. J. N. REID, Physician & Surgeon, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, Thornhill.

ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George Streets, Toronto. ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker, DJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill.

WARD & McCAUSLAND, Painters, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, Thornhill. GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS, Good Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodious Instruments, Electro Wax, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY, 66, King Street East, Toronto. T. MICRETH, Jr., Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (Formerly kept by Wm. Rolph.) CORNER of Palace and George Streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. DAVID ATKINSON, Agent for Darling & Atchison's Combined Mowing and Reaping Machines, Richmond Hill.

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British and York Ridings' Gazette, Tribune.

AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

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

Vol. II. No. 5.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1858.

Whole No. 57.

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

ESPLANADE HOTEL, BY G. TURNER, PALACE ST. (OPPOSITE THE OLD GAS WORKS) TORONTO. Meals 20 cents each, and good accommodation for Farmers and others. Toronto, June 11, 1858. 53-1y

JAMES WALL, Always on hand a large assortment of HATS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices to meet the times. Richmond Hill, June 17, 1858. 54-1y

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, June 17, 1858. 54-1y

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice. Thornhill, March 19, 1858. 64-1

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker, Next door to G. A. Barnard's, Richmond Hill, June, 1857. 61-1y

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

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

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

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY, 66, King Street East, Toronto. Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth. Consultations Free, and all Work Warranted. Toronto, June, 1857. 1-y

T. MICRETH, Jr., CARRIAGE SIGN, AND Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 67-1y

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. 68-1y

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Atchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, Richmond Hill, June, 1857. 67-1y

WARD & McCAUSLAND, Painters, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL. All kinds of Mixed Paints Oils, Glass, and Putty. GOOD WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY. July 23, 1857. 76-1y

WARD & McCAUSLAND, Painters, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL. All kinds of Mixed Paints Oils, Glass, and Putty. GOOD WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY. July 23, 1857. 76-1y

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Selections. MYRTLE FLOWERS. Since Love within my heart made nest, With the fond trust of brooding bird, I find no all embracing word To say how deeply I am blest.

Thought wintry clouds are in the air And the dead leaves buried in, Nor open is the violet's eye, I see new beauty everywhere.

I walk beneath the naked trees, While wild streams shiver as they pass, Yet in the serene and sighing grass I hear a murmur as of bees.

The bees that in love's morning rise From tender eyes and lips to drain In ecstasies of blissful pain, The sweets that bloomed in Paradise.

There twines a joy with every care That springs within the sacred ground But, oh! to give what I have found Doth thrill me with divine despair.

If distant thorns do rise a star Whose beams are with my being wrought, And current all my teeming thought With sweet attractions from afar.

As a winged ship, in calmest hour, Still moves upon the mighty sea To some deep ocean melody, I feel thy spirit and thy power.—Atlantic Monthly.

CONFESSIONS OF THE CRIMES OF A CANADIAN YOUTH. Gregory McDougall was the son of a respectable storekeeper at Wallaceburg, who, despising all counsel, and taking to evil courses, followed from bad to worse in a career of crime but too common, we fear in this country and the neighboring States. Working his way down to the State of Indiana, he committed a murder. The Vigilance Committee of Noble County, who styled themselves the "Regulators," caught this youth, and, after short trial, sentenced him to die! Finding any attempt to escape hopeless, and knowing full well that he must die, he made the following confession to the Rev. Mr. Woolcott:

I was born in Wallaceburg, Kent County, Canada West, in 1831. My parents were respectable, and gave me a good opportunity for an education, but I did not improve it. My father was a professor of religion. I was married to Margaret Jacobs when I was 19 years of age. I have four brothers and one sister. My father died when I was 19, in Canada. He was engaged at the time of his death in merchandising, in Wallaceburg. His name was Laughlin McDougall. I was engaged at the time of my father's death in keeping a tavern. I continued in the business about two years. I commenced my career of crime about four or five years since. My brother Miles was working on the Great Western Railroad, where he was arrested for robbing a house and stealing a horse, and confined in the Chatham jail. I went to the jail in company with John McDougall, and James McDougall, to release my brother. The jail was surrounded by a wall; McDougall, to release my brother, took them into the Pinery. I stopped over the wall by the aid of a ladder. (James dared not venture.) We took the ladder and stove against the door, which was made of wood and burst it in. We went into the hall and so on into the jailer's bedroom. We found no one there but the old lady, who appeared frightened, but I tapped her lightly on her head with my hand, and said, "don't be frightened, I will not hurt a hair of your head." I only want the keys of the prison." She immediately gave me three—one to each of us—and also went to the bed, and from under the pillow took a bag about fifteen inches in length and handed it to us, which I took and put in my pocket. There was something heavy in the bag, but I did not look to see what it was. I then went to the gate doors, and on the opposite side were the guards, who called out "run here, boys," upon hearing which my comrades turned and fled, but I went up to the door, and told the guards to stand back or I would shoot them. I tried to unlock the door, but found the key which I had did not fit, and that

the boys had gone with the one which did. I then started to pass out, and the old lady followed me and demanded back her purse of gold. I stood a second or two, and then handed it back, and said, "there, mother, take your gold, I do not want it." The old lady's name was Payne. I then went out and joined my companions, and travelled home on foot, a distance of 26 miles. The officer pursued us, and got to my house before I did, but we managed to keep out of his way. Then I went to Chemung County, New York, where I fell in company with Sherman Mallett, and with our wives to Bur Oak, Michigan, and there met with Wm. Latta. Bought a place opposite, and stayed there several weeks, repairing the place.—Mallett hired a horse at a livery stable and drove to Port Mitchell, broke open a store and stole a lot of silk goods and kid gloves; he put all into an overcoat and started for home but lost a piece near the Tamarack, took the rest to Latta's.

About six weeks after Latta came and proposed to John McDougall, Sherman Mallett, and myself, that he would furnish us with some counterfeit money, if we would get some goods. We went to Waterford, in Elkhart County, and broke open a store, and stole dry goods to the amount of some \$300. We took them to about three miles west of Lima, and hid them in the woods.—We sold a part to Latta, and a part to Jeremiah Minser for counterfeit money made at Perry Randolph's. The Factory at Fawn River was broken open I think by Chas. Smith and a man called Red Head.—The goods were taken to Wm. Hill's.—I went in company with Mallett, Wm. Ray, and John McDougall, to Detroit, and there passed about \$60 in paper on the Westminster Bank, Rhode Island. I had some six or eight hundred dollars of this money. I sold a part of it to Mallett's comrades in New York. Mallett and I hired a span of horses at Romeo, Michigan, and drove them to Perry Randolph's and sold it to Woodford.

I next went to Pennsylvania, and broke into a grocery store, and got about one hundred dollars' worth of tea and tobacco. Mallett hired horses and buggy of Woodford, and we went down to Ellicottville, where we got in company with a man by the name of Phipps, and we went some seven miles, to a man by the name of Ozen, and I held the horses while they went into the house.—They hurt Ozen badly by striking him with a stick. They got twenty-four or twenty-five dollars. We stopped some two or three months with Reed. I then took my mares and latched them to a wagon, and we came to Tiffin, Ohio, and Mallett sold all to a pump peddler.—I then came to Burnham's to see about my mother. I got thirty dollars of Burnham in bogus coin, and \$2000 in counterfeit of Bill Hill, on the Southern Bank of Kentucky, brought from Cincinnati. I then returned to Chataque County, N. Y., and sold some when I returned.

On my return I became acquainted with Payne through Burnham.—We went to Wolf Lake, and took a pair of horses of Mover's, and took them to Mr. Woodford's in Chataque County, and sold them to him. We stole another pair of brown mares, and drove them back and sold them to Burnham. Payne stopped at Perryburg and stole another and rode to Burnham's. I traded a watch with Payne for his horse and twenty dollars. Next Barney Weston, Sol. Stuart, and myself went to Springfield, broke into a store, got about two hundred dollars worth of dry goods, and sold them to Barney Weston for a wagon. I sold it to Burnham for my board. Next, Payne and I went to Uniontown in July, and got ten or twelve pairs of boots, two pair of long rubber boots, and one pair of men's gaiters. Payne sold his to Bill Hill, and I sold mine to Kreamer. Payne and I next went to Ontario, and pulled some four or

five hundred pairs of buckskin gloves from McKinley; sold some to Joe and Bill Hill. A man by the name of John Wilson stole Spencer's horses, and took them about 35 miles North of Cincinnati, and sold them to an old farmer, and then pulled a pair of brown horses, and brought them to my wagon, drove them to Detroit then shipped them to Dunkirk and drove them to Thomas Reed's in Chataque Co., N. Y. I took a mare and colt from Burnham's to Michigan, four miles east of Albion, on the Jackson's road, and traded to Mr. Hill for a horse.

I traded a horse to E. W. He is with us. I gave him counterfeit money, and he told me he passed it. He was initiated before I saw him. These men are the kind of men that are the cause of so many horses being stolen. Also, I would not be afraid of his exposing me if he knew I had stolen a horse. Stealing from the peddler at Rome—myself, Kessler, Hanley, Stout, Harsh, Core, Smither, hid the goods under a hay stack. Myself, Core and Stout went to Springfield, and on our way back Core went into a shoe shop and took two guns, one deer skin and an accordeon.—Core, I think, took them north.—We then came to McKinzie's wagon and took the box out, and hid it in the bushes. A few nights after I gave it to Forsyth to peddle out, Forsyth, the magic man. On being questioned he stated that I robbed a man by the name of Alexander McCoy, of a watch, on the ice at Wallaceburg; soon after I tried to get my brother out of jail. I ran up behind him and pulled his watch, when he fell down on the ice, but was not hurt; he came to my house next morning for a drink. Upon being questioned in regard to a certain Scotchman, robbed in the western part of New York, he said:—Mallett and William Roy went to his house, the man was sitting smoking his pipe; they asked him for a drink, he got them some water, when Roy knocked him down; he asked what they wanted, Roy said they must have his money; he said he put it in the bank. They poured out wheat and flower, and raked it all through in search of the money, after which they put some live coals in a kettle and set him on it, but he said it was in the bank.—They took an old watch, and left.—A man by the name of N. Jones pointed the place out to them by writing them a letter to York State, in Chemung Co. Jones lives near Georgetown, in Canada.

McDougall was composed, but weeping freely and lamenting his fate. His wife, in view of her last interview upon earth with the husband of her youth, seemed inconsolable. Her ejaculations of grief and sorrow were almost unmanly. She begged to go with him. He told her that it would not do. Once or twice he started from the embrace of his wife, remarking that he would have to go, as "they were waiting for him." He urged her to train up their child in the way it should go. The babe participated in the sadness of the scene; it caught the reflex of grief on the countenances of those around it, and cried sorrowfully.—McDougall, brushing away the tears, hushed his babe affectionately and fondly, and bidding an adieu, he slowly left the room for the carriage, which awaited him in front of the Hotel. He was seated with a clergyman and three or four other gentlemen, and at once driven to the place of execution, followed by a large cavalcade of horsemen, and others in carriages and on foot.

A LESSON TO A SCOLDING MOTHER. A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret and scold?" The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock. "Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?" "Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the "Good Man," when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded?" "No, child, no."

"Well, I'm glad he don't, for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it's me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded." The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie, sensing the effect of her words, hastened to enquire, "Why did you cry, mother?" Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?" "No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I have been to scold so much when my little girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not too bad, you are a good mamma, only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, like I could not come near you as I can when you smile and are kind; and oh, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far I never can get back again."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable to repress the tears that had been straggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively, feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck, and whispered: "Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?" "O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and you know, mother, I want to love you so much." This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

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A COURTING SCRAPE.

BY HAZEL GREEN, ESQ.

'Ha, ha, ha! Say, Haze, did I ever tell you 'bout a scrape that Sal, here, an' me got into when we was a courtin', afore we was married?'

'No, I believe not.' 'Ha, ha, ha! Then I must tell you 'bout it, for it was—'

'Now, Dave, don't get a tellin' that old yarn agin; for it's too bad I declare 'tis.' 'Hold your tatter, Sal, and don't interrupt me—you know it's true, every word, on it.'

'No I don't know no sich a thing, so I don't.' 'Well, as I use a goin' to say, Haze, it was rich. We all lived in old Kentuck then, and a purty wild country it was too. Old Mr. Thatch, Sal's dad, was a mighty queer old customer. For when he built his house he dug a hole in the side of a hill for it to set in—the top of the house and the top of the hill were just even. Then, you see he didn't have to build any chimney—he jest went to work on top of the hill and dug a big hole about five feet across, clean down to a level with the floor; then he came down into the house and dug out a alfired bouncin' big fire place, till it came to the bottom of the hole, and you see he was ready to fire up.

'Well, one orful cold night in the winter, arter Sal an' me we'd got things purty well along—'

'Now, Dave, do for goodness sakes quit a tellin' that! I think I'd be ashamed of myself, so I would.'

'Hold on, Sal, hold on till I get through, and then it'll come your time. As I use a sayin', we'd got things purty far along—that is, I'd popped the question to Sal, an' we'd both got over'n it—'

'Now, Dave!'

'And I was a goin' to ax the folks in the mornin'.'

'Well, Sal an' me we was a scoldin' up afore the fire—it was a orful big one—a sayin' lovin' things to one another, and a huggin' and a kissin' slightly—'

'Dave, Dave! you know that ain't so, now, so you do. You know well enough that I would'n't begun to tell you kiss me afore we was married.'

'As I was a goin' to say—we was settin' up afore the fire enjoyin' ourselves purty well. It was a way late in the night—'

'Shocking! such a man! You'd better try to make folks think we was orful sorts of people. I would'n't a sot up away late with you or enny other young man, when I was a gal, to a saved you plagued necks, so I would'n't.'

'Old 'oman, I want you to quit a interruptin' me when I'm talkin' to folks. If you don't I'll tell Haze 'bout that time Bill Towler came a courtin' you—'

'Stop, now—none of that. If you'll hush, I will.'

'It's a bargain. Well, it was away late in the night. The old man and old 'oman was in bed a snorin' away like sixty, and Sal an' me was enjoyin' ourselves purty well afore a rousin' big fire.'

'Sez I to her, 'Sal, you can't begin to guess how well I likes ye.' 'Sez she to me, 'I specs yer a jokin', aint ye?'

'Sez I to her, 'All but that. I likes yer better'n my own life. If I'd see ye in a river a drownin' I'd jump in an and drown with ye, (smack) so I would.'

'Sez she, 'Oh, no, Davy, (smack) I would not let ye. But I specs yer (smack) a jokin'.'

'Sez I, 'No, indeed, I'm in cold earnest, if it was my last words on yarth. I wish I may die if I don't like ye better'n all the rest of the gals in the world; yes, better'n anything else. If I don't tell ye the truth, I hope the old Scratch may come and take me away this minute!'

'These last words were scarcely out of my mouth afore kerrthunder came some orful, skerp, tremendous big lookin' thing down the chimney, kerslatter right inter the fire, and commenced a kickin the blazin chunks about the room, and makin a orful noise. Sal an' me, we gin the dreadfulest scream ever hearn in old Kentuck afore, and lit on the bed right on top of the old man and old woman, and that was the last we knowed for a minute or two.'

'When Sal and me, we came to our senses, we lookt up, and there we seed—Sal's dad a leudin his old blind mare out'n the house by the foretop. Poor old critter, she'd got to stumblin around, a picken the green grass that the warmth of the fire had caused to grow around of the old man's patent chimney, and seein' as how she couldn't see a stine, she first thing she knowed she slipped in, and that's all on it.'