

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill. JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT. JOSEPH KELLER, DAILIFF Second and Third Division Court. G. A. BARNARD, IMPORTER of British and American Dry Goods. P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES. THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh MAKER. JAMES McCLURE, INNKEEPER. JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., TWO Miles North of Richmond Hill. CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker. A. GALLANOUGH, DEALER in Groceries, Wines and Liquors. WELLINGTON HOTEL. MANSION HOUSE. SHARON. MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers & C. CLYDE HOTEL. Bottled Ale Depot. ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter. J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker. CHAS. POLLOCK, 801 IMPORTER of British, French, German and American. JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier. GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon. HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon. AUCTIONEER. J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. ROACH'S HOTEL. ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker.

British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE. WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. II. No. 6. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1858. Whole No. 58.

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH, MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W. June 2, 1858. 52-ly.

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-ly.

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, June 17, 1858. 54-ly.

W. HODGE & Co. WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers. Richmond Hill, June 17, 1858. 54-ly.

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Thornhill, March 19, 1858. 41-ly.

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

JAMES JENKINS, Grocery & Provision Store RICHMOND HILL. No CREDIT GIVEN. Richmond Hill, June 1858. 55-ly.

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

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from the Elgin St. at 7 a.m. and returning at 7 p.m. Fare 25 cts. each way. RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor. Richmond Hill, July 2, 1858. 55-ly.

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-wy.

T. MACRETH, JR., CARRIAGE SIGN, AND Ornamental Painter. Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 57-ly.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL. (FORMERLY KEPT BY MR. BOWEN.) 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. 58-ly.

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

WARD & McCAUSLAND, PAINTERS, Graines, Gilders, 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. 7g-ly.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons & Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight. Watch Clubs in Operation. Warranted Clocks from 20s upwards. Toronto, June, 1857. 51-ly.

Selections.

GONE AWAY. I see the farmhouse red and old, Above the roof its maple sway; The hills behind are bleak and cold; The wind comes up and dies away.

I gaze into each empty room, And as I gaze a gasping pain Is at my heart, at thought of those Who never will pass the doors again.

And strolling down the orchard slope (So wide a likeness grief will carve,) Each dead leaf seems a withered hope, Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call; They will not see these fears that start; 'Tis autumn—autumn with it all— And worse than autumn in my heart.

Oh leaves, so dry, and dead, and sore! I can recall some happier hours, When summer's glory lingered here, When summer's beauty touched the flowers.

Adown the slope a slender shape Danced lightly with her flying curls, And maddened deeper tones were blent With the gay laugh of happy girls.

Oh stolen meetings at the gate! Oh hangings in the open door! Oh moonlight rambles long and late! My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still, The air of sadness and decay, The moss that grows upon the sill— Yes, love and hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart, Which the last tenant finds too cold, And leaves for evermore, as they Have left this homestead, red and old,

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart! 'Twere well if hands of Time Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the Gate, and sigh; Some bitter tears will force their way, And then I bid the place good-bye For many a long and weary day.

I cross the little ice-bound brook (In summer 'tis a noisy stream), Turn round and take a last fond look, And all has faded like a dream!

—Household Words.

THE FORCED SALE. A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was a tempestuous night, the winds whistled fearfully—and hailstones whose size threatened to demolish the windows, rattled against them with a pertinacity, as if to test their strength. In the parlor of an old-fashioned house, beside rather a comfortable fire on such a night, was seated the family of Mr. Sutherland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful maid servant.

A heavy gloom, more of sorrow than of anger, rested on each brow; not even excepting that of the maid servant alluded to, from whose eager glances ever and anon cast towards the family group, a close observer would have noticed the deep interest she took in the cause of their grief. The picture was a melancholy one, for virtue in distress has no light shade to relieve; all round is dark and sombre. The sensitive artist would have thrown aside his pencil if the subject had been presented to his view as we have described it, and his heart would have received an impression which could not be transferred to canvass.

'To-morrow,' observed Mr. Sutherland, 'is the anniversary of the melancholy death of our dear Henry, to-morrow it will be ten years since the vessel in which we sailed, was lost, and all on board perished—all, all.' 'Alas,' exclaimed the wife as the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, 'to-morrow will be a melancholy day. Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house, which belonged to my father—the furniture which time has made, as it were, a part of ourselves, and associated with many a pleasing event in our lives, is to be sold—torn from us by the unrelenting hands of creditors. But thank Heaven, misfortune, not crime, has reduced us to this stage of poverty.' 'No my child, I hope with what little money a friend loaned me, I can secure a few articles. Ellen, my dear, take your pencil and put these down; first the side board, two beds, chairs and kitchen things. The side board, it is true, will be us a superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my mother, I cannot, and will not part with it.' But my piano!—must it go? The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes towards the flickering fire, and the daughter was silent. The fate of the piano was decided upon, a melancholy

pause in the conversation plainly told how severe were the feelings of its victims when exacting the penalty of a bond.

'Go, Mary, and request the Sheriff's officer who is watching the property, to walk into the parlor; he is only doing his duty, no doubt it is as painful to him as it is distressing to us. Let him share a seat at our fire, for it is a severe night.—'It is indeed a fearful night,' observed Mr. Sutherland, 'and we have belated rode to this man.'

'Mother, I have made a fire in this room, where he—but—speak out child—it was with the last stick.'

'Father, it was—'

Mary returned with the officer, a polite, gentlemanly man, for such should be the character of men who have to perform a part in the drama of life—unlike that of the inquisition of old, whose it was to torture by the rack; with this difference, however, theirs was a physical torture—ours a mental one, administered with all the nicety and precision of legal justice. The officer politely accepted the invitation, and endeavored to cheer his victims by enumerating many cases of a similar kind, equally poignant and distressing. Thus the evening passed heavily and cheerlessly away.

On the morning of the contemplated sale, there were to be seen crowds of people flocking to the house of Mr. Sutherland—some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, friends of the family, who come with mockery on their lips, and empty purses, others with an interest to purchase; but not one among the crowd showed the least desire to aid, assist or sympathize with the distress of the family. This is the world; we laugh at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and ever add to their distress, by witnessing in silence their misfortunes. The auctioneer was now making his arrangements by flourishing his hammer, rolling his eyes, and using his tongue. The motley crowd gathered around him. The house was put up first, it was accurately described—free from all incumbrances, and subject to very small house rent. It was started at five thousand dollars. There were several bidders, all of whom seemed desirous to purchase it.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars was at last bid, upon which he dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sutherland compressed his lips together and muttered to himself it cost my father fifteen thousand dollars.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars, going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—'Eight thousand.'

Thank you, sir, going at eight thousand—once, eight thousand, twice—eight thousand, three times, going, gone! What name!

Clifford, was the response; and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who had remained silent during the rapid bidding of the speculators, and who, as the whisper went round, was a total stranger.

'It is gone,' whispered Mr. Sutherland to his wife as he pressed her hand in silent grief, 'we have no home now.'

Now, gentlemen, said the auctioneer, we will sell the side board, in regard to which, I am requested to say by the creditor, that it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain possession of it, if possible. I merely mentioned it, as it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the things are sold.

This had the desired effect, no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five by Mr. Sutherland; fifty from Clifford silenced the parents, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new possessor of the house.

A gentleman remarked that the act was a cold heartless one.

'Was it?' sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford, 'then sir, why did you not buy it for him?'

Mr. Sutherland was much affected by this incident. 'He little knows how he has lacerated this heart.—But I will purchase the piano for my child.'

He stepped up to Mr. Clifford and told the desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter, and he hoped that he would not bid against him.

'Sir,' said the stranger, 'as much as I respect your feelings, and the sympathy of this good company, I cannot, nay, I will not alter the determination made when I first entered this house.'

'And pray what may that be?'

'To purchase everything in it, and by heavens I'll do it, though I pay double the price.'

'Strange,' muttered Mr. Sutherland, as he found his family in another part of the room.

The stranger fulfilled his promise, and actually bought everything from the house itself, down to the very wood axe in the cellar!

After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the auctioneer to go with him into an adjoining room, after the lapse of a few moments, they both returned to the parlor, where the family still remained. The auctioneer looked around and gave them a knowing smile, and as he left the room was heard to say, I never heard of such a thing; a perfect romance. Ha! ha! ha!

'You are now,' observed Mr. Sutherland to Clifford, 'the owner of this house and furniture; they were mine once, but let that pass.'

'I am, sir, for the time being, your landlord.'

'I understand you, sir, but I will not long remain your tenant. I was going to observe, however, that here are a few articles which I am anxious to purchase. That side board for instance is a family relic, I will give you fifty dollars, the price you paid for it, and I feel assured, under the circumstances, you will not refuse me this one favor.'

'I cannot take it, sir.'

'Obdurate, ungrateful man! Will you not let me buy my piano sir?' humbly asked Ellen, 'he will give you the price at which it was sold.'

'It is painful to me, young lady to refuse even this. I will sell nothing—not even the wood-saw in the cellar.'

'Then Mr. Clifford,' said Mr. S., 'we have no further business here. Come my dear Ellen, get your bonnet—that is your band-box—let us quit the house; we are not even free from insult. Where is Mary?'

'I am here, sir, the key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope.'

'Stop, my girl, methinks I purchased that trunk,' coolly observed the stranger.'

'Mr. Clifford, I am not so old but that I can resent an insult, nay, I will if you carry this arrogant, and to me, strange conduct, much farther. That poor girl has been to me and mine, the best, and I may say the oldest friend; she is not to me as a servant, but one of my family, for there is, thank heaven, no such base distinction in poverty that exists in the state of blessed wealth. Here, with nothing but what we have upon our backs, the master and servant are equal. She is a part of my family, and I will protect her from insult. That trunk is hers, and who dare take it from her? Not you, sir!'

Mr. Clifford arose, cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment arose from the floor; for a moment they gazed on each other in silence.

'And she, you say, has been to you a friend?'

'Indeed she has, a kind and noble one.'

'Mr. Sutherland, stay one moment; my good girl put down that trunk; take a seat, madam; permit

me, Miss, to hand you a chair; Mr. Sutherland will you be seated? I have yet something more to say.—When you requested me to give up the wish I had to purchase that side-board, I told you it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now that I will not sell it.'

'This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition.'

'Aye, but it does; and when that young lady made the same request for her piano, my answer was the same. Stop, sir, hear me out; no man would act so without a motive; no one, particularly a stranger, would court the displeasure of a crowded room, and bear up against the frowns of many, without an object. Now, I had an object, and that was—be seated sir; Madam, your attention—that object was to buy this house and furniture for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and yours again!'

'Sir, is not this a cruel jest?'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed the mother and daughter.

Amazement took possession of Mary, and her trunk fell to the floor with a crash, causing her small stock of clothing to roll out, which she quickly gathered up and thrust back, without any regard to the manner in which it was done.

'The auctioneer, continued Mr. Clifford, 'has my instructions to have the matter arranged by the morrow. In the meantime you are at home, Mr. Sutherland—you are in your own house, and I the intruder.'

'Intruder, sir? Oh, say not that! I will not tell you what a relief this is to me, but I am yet to know how I am to repay you for all this—'

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down upon shoulders as white as magnolia leaves; the most kissable of rubicund lips, opened to reveal the pearl of teeth—her eyes twinkled like dew-drops on a sunny June morning—her voice sounded like the cooing of a dove when it answers its mate, her form was plump yet fairy-like in its proportions, her dear little foot encased in a garter boot was annexed to a faultless ankle, in short, Clara was a beauty and "nothing shorter."

She was the life of a ball room, the queen of the parlor and on horseback, why "Di Vernon" would have wilted before her, I mean the Di V. of Sir Walter Scott—not your own gifted correspondent. Fond of equestrian pleasure, as I was, it need not be wondered at that I often volunteered to accompany Miss Clara on her rides, and, hunter born and bred as I am, it need not be thought strange that I should frequently take my shooting rifle along, the more especially as our rides were through a "game" country, in the literal sense of the word. Many a fat buck and many a prime turkey fell before my unerring aim in these rides, even though my hand trembled the more that she was by my side, and many a pretty doe bounded away in safety because Clara asked for its life.

Ah! Clara, Clara, how could you be false to one who loved you so! And one who did for you that which is "hereinafter stated," as the lawyers say!

One day, how well I remember it, Clara and myself took a long wild gallop away up along the banks of the Red River, and only paused when we reached a deep and sluggish bayou which extended up from the river some ways, and here in the shade of some tall magnolias we dismounted so as to rest our horses which had come at full speed for miles.

Like most of the bayous in that section, this was full of alligators, which lay lazily snoozing here and there upon the water, some of them half out on the oozy banks where they could find a sunny spot to "lay off" in, like a Wall street broker watching for a streak of luck in the wake of a crisis.

Across this bayou to the opposite shore a most dangerous bridge extended, at least a perilous one to an inexperienced foot, for it was a long and slender pine, nearly branchless, which had been toppled over by some hurricane.

'What'll you wager that I dare not cross on that pole?' said Clara, as she glanced at the slender tree.

'I'll wager all that I possess that you'll not make the attempt in my presence!' I replied. 'It would be as foolish as it is dangerous!'

'Then the more pleasure for me!' she cried, starting up from the mossy bank wherion she had reclined.

'For the Lord's sake, stop, Miss Clara! I cried, 'just look at the alligators in the water!'

'Wouldn't I create a sensation amongst them?' she cried with a silvery laugh, and before I could prevent it, she was on the fallen tree and advancing.

My heart was fairly in my mouth now, for I did not dare to speak to her—the slightest nervousness or mis-step would be sure to precipitate her down to the dark waters where the great ravenous freshwater sharks lay, looking at her with eager eyes, perchance fancying what a delicious morsel she would make. But grasping my oft tried rifle in my hand I advanced to the edge of the bank and almost breathlessly watched her progress. All went very well—her step was free and firm as if it had been upon the flowery sod, until she had reached a point nearly two thirds of the way across. Then the crackling of some of the top branches on the other shore caused the tree to waver and settle. She became alarmed, lost her self-possession and the next instant, with a wild scream of ter-

ror, losing her balance, she fell into the water.

I had been scared before, had been in some trouble when I was surrounded by over twenty yelping Camanches, and had to fight my way out alone, or die in my tracks, but was never quite so much 'put out' as now. I was in the act of springing into the water to her rescue when I saw that drowning was the least danger which menaced her. Several of the huge and hideous alligators were moving towards her with open jaws, for her clothing prevented her from sinking instantly. I had no time to lose. In a second my rifle was at my shoulder and a ball from its muzzle penetrated the eye of the nearest monster. But scarce had it plunged down into the foaming waters, when another was almost upon her. Another bullet shot from my rifle and it, with a horrible bellow went down. Another and another followed until the water was red with blood, and lashed into foam by the wounded monsters, and worst of all my last charge was expended, and there was no time to reload.

Clara had ceased to scream, but she was now sinking, for her clothes had become saturated and no longer served to buoy her up. One glance at her sweet pale face, and her imploring eyes, decided me to go in and either save or perish with her. So I threw down my rifle, loosened the bowie in my belt, and rushing out upon the tree, plunged into the water by her side.

Fortunately for us both, my heavy weight brought the tree down to the water, and when I rose and clasped her by the waist, it was within my reach. Fortunately, I may say indeed, for the water was now fairly alive with the hideous creatures, which maddened with the smell of blood made the forest echo with the dismal howlings. How I got her up on the fallen tree, and how I clambered after her, or how we reached the bank, and there, covered with blood and slimy mud, sunk exhausted upon the earth, is more than I am able to tell, or ever fully to comprehend.

But there we were full ten miles from home in a pretty condition to "see company." Both of our horses gone, for they had broken their bridles and fled terrified almost to death by the hideous noises which they had heard.

And the first thing which that witch of a girl did while we lay there, was to burst out in a fit of laughter.

'Didn't I create a sensation among those alligators?' she asked.

'I think this no time for joking, Miss Clara!' said I half angry at her levity. 'You have escaped from the very jaws of death?'

'From the jaws of the alligator, you mean?' she cried with another laugh. 'What a figure you are, colonel, you look as if you'd been swimming through a battle!'

'If my appearance displeases you, Miss Clara, I hope you will excuse my further attendance!' said I, now as completely riled as the bayou was.

'Forgive me, Colonel,' she cried, and a sad look usurped the smile on her pretty face. 'I'm so full of fun it seems as if neither water, blood or mud, or even the presence of death can dampen, or chill my spirits—forgive me, dear Colonel; I shall never forget that you have saved my life—never, NEVER!'

'Did I forgive her? Did a bon-ton-per ever refuse hay, or a donkey turn away from a julep? I did forgive her! More than that I knelt down there on that flowery sod, in all the glory of my muddy habiliments, and swore that I loved her harder than an untamed mustang could kick, swore that I would live for her, or die for her—angel that she was—and she—she—what do you think she said while there I knelt and held her little hand in mine?'

That she reciprocated my passion? No, sir! she didn't do any such thing! She only said—'Colonel, couldn't you say it better if you had dry trousers on?'

'I caved! What I should have done, I know not, but just then a darkie hove in view who had caught on-runaway horses, and the sight of that nigger saved me from any immediate act of desperation.'

We remounted and I escorted the lady back to town in humor on a par with my condition.

Just a month after that I received an invitation to attend Clara's wedding with Ketchmedad Trowseiers, a mongrel Creole, half French and half American, that wasn't fit to carry curl-papers for her hair, when compared to me. But who can account for woman's taste? Not I, nor will I try! only should one of your fair readers fall in love with a rough hunter like me, I would be astonished! and perhaps agreeably so—for I'm tired of following the trail of life without any music to keep step to!

CLARA B. OR, A BELLE AMONG THE ALLIGATORS, BY COL. GEO. W. CROCKETT.

Where you ever down on the Red River, in Arkansas, reader? If not all of the "elephants" that you've seen, lacked the ivory. My first experience there was pleasant, very—I may detail it perhaps, for you, some time or other. It occurred in consequence of an advertisement for an editor for the "Alexandria Gazette," on the Red River, stating as an inducement, that the salary was large, pistols, ammunition and bowies provided, and only six editors had been killed in the previous five months.

Whether I accepted the situation or not, has nothing however, to do with this story. But it was only a few weeks after that advertisement met my eyes, that the same eyes were blessed with a first "sight" of sweet Clara B.—dear Clara B.—And as a first sight almost always brings a dead shot, so I got a plumper right into my heart when I saw her.

The glossiest of curls danced about the rosiest of cheeks, and