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# 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. 8.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1858.

Whole No. 60.

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### Selections.

#### THE ANGLER'S GARLAND.

Here upon the bank reclining, Let us think what we can do, While the sun is brightly shining, And the trout is jumping.

Let us see the big blue herring, With its wings to the light, Let us eat and see its cooking, Though it's wing is to sight!

On the steam of the quinine dinner— Sunshine gilds the leaves green; Welcome melody of fancies, Fringed with silver summer sheen.

Had the life of the reclining Of the beauty that has been, Like the echo and reflection Of the summer's sounds and scene!

Find us here no golden measure, And count not how we gain, Finding profit in our pleasure Or in our passing pain.

There is wealth of money to be got, Of cattle, and of grain, Wealth in having some dear doing, Wealth of body and of brain.

And when comes the wretched sadness Which the weary hours impart, When the joy of the moment's past, For the joys of the heart?

Oh, heaving and the straining In the blood, a close track, Where the young life is a warning, Like a cloud-capped mountain peak.

Blessed be the wiser who is wiser, With the joys of the heart, When the pulse is fresh beating— Beating time to the heart!

We would work till we were weary, And work what we might rest, Conspiring what is dear, With the joys of the heart.

With the joys of the heart— Oh, his earnest's shiver, Themes of mystery divine, While of common things we think.

—Scotsman. R. B.

#### THE MAN WITH HESSIAN BOOTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL NELLETON.

Among the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well-known Cafe de Foy in the Palais Royal, about the year 1815, was a little old man, very carefully dressed.

His head was enveloped in a warm Welsh wig, with a long thick cue depending from it, which appeared, when viewed from his hinder aspect, to resemble a full-grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference.

His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were met midway down his stumpy legs by long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downwards in folds so as to cover in part a round and well-developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a deep maroon color, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the Republic, encased the outward man; and a hat, beveled off to a sugar loaf form, surmounted the wig, and completed the equipment.

After all, however, it is costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of the hundreds of antiquated men who about this epoch were to be seen swarming forth in fine weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower.

The little old man in question visited the Cafe de Foy every morning, precisely at one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the peculiar fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved from each day's composition, and put aside for his breakfast the following morning.

From this practice the old gentleman became known among the different waiters by the sobriquet of 'the man who always ate stale bread.'

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble in no small degree those of an automaton. He entered the cafe every morning without looking to the right or the left, and proceeded directly forwards to a little round table, isolated and incommodious, and which for this reason was nearly always vacant.

After being served with his breakfast, he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which figured beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pocket of his green waistcoat; he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals.

Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the cafe expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little man as a very Vandal, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, and among them myself, were of a different opinion; we considered him, for precisely the same reasons, a very pragmaton of prudence and wisdom.

Inattentive to both parties, the man who always ate stale bread pursued the quiet tenor of his way without exception. He never attempted to form any intimacies, or suffered any unnecessary expressions to escape from his lips; his breakfast was eaten in silence, and usually terminated with the finale of a march, begun with his fingers on the little table; his next step consisted in pulling up the Hessian boots to their greatest altitude, after which he paid for his breakfast, gave the waiter a sou, and left the house without saluting the dame de comptoir.

tormentors, and generally had the laughter on his own side; he did not, however, exhibit any appearance of triumph; and after one or two additional attempts at mystification, finding him quite immoveable, his enemies left him to enjoy in peace his little table at the Cafe de Foy.

One day, towards the close of the year 1817, the old man quitted the cafe without paying his breakfast; but as he made no observation in so doing, it was supposed that he had forgotten it, and would remember the next morning. The coffee-house keeper, however, reckoned without his host in this supposition for the next day came, and the next, and the next—the man who always ate stale bread regularly pocketed his two lupus of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he had been accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice continued for a week, at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee-house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill, the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, or made any allusion to this remarkable change in his ancient habits.

Domonic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become attached to the old man in consequence of the little trouble he gave, and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Domonic imagined, from the circumstance of his not dismissing the expense of his breakfast, that the good man was merely laboring under some temporary embarrassment; so that partly from calculation, and partly from good feeling, Domonic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and that the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the accommodation.

But Domonic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten no this elapsed without any allusion to the matter, or offer of payment. The coffee-house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Domonic was running. Domonic himself, exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing for ever, when one day the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and after a careful calculation, handed to the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifteen francs six sous as his gratuity, at the rate of one sou a day for ten months, of which four contained each thirty-one days.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head-waiter, it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result, for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash-box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house, the master first helping himself to the lion's share. At this rate, therefore, Domonic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sspence. Domonic knew this, but was satisfied with the reward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment, placed the gratuity in the common receptacle, and transferred the other monies to his own stronghold, for he had previously paid day by day the expense of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Domonic's movements with his eyes, at the same time beating upon the table a march, somewhat longer and a little more vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year—that is to say, three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt—the proprietor of the cafe, who had realized a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of the establishment, and retiring from trade.

Hearing this intention announced in the cafe, the old gentleman made a sign to Domonic, who was in attendance, to approach, and began a conversation. Domonic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened its mouth and asked for a cup of coffee. But Domonic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

'My friend,' said the little old gentleman to the head waiter, 'you are a good fellow, and I wish you well.'

Domonic bowed, and elevated his shoulders with that slight movement which may be interpreted *ad libitum* to mean 'I am much obliged,' or 'It is of little consequence to me.' The old man took the former explanation, and continued—

'Domonic, I am sure you have been economical; I know this and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away—I know you have saved money.'

Domonic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly needed to be interpreted. 'He is about to ask me to lend him money,' thought the head waiter.

The question appeared to divine the thoughts of the waiter; his visage was for an instant distorted with a grimace of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages which decorate the porch of some Gothic church.

'Domonic,' he continued, 'I see that I am right—you have money in the funds. That is excellent; and now to reply to my question shortly, and to the purpose. Do you think, from your own knowledge, that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favorable speculation in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?'

Domonic was pleased to have an opportunity of talking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts. 'He!' said he; 'the purchaser understood the business so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he was not compelled to borrow the purchase-money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune.'

'Well, and why do you not purchase it?'

'Merely, it with what?'

'With your savings?'

'My savings! they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs?'

'Ten thousand francs! how long have you been in service, Domonic?'

'I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine.'

'You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sou to sou would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly it must be so. Domonic, I know a person who could assist you with a loan; how much do you want?'

'Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs—the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter a few years longer, and retire upon a small annuity, than run the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt.'

'You speak sense, my friend, but leave the matter to me.'

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without uttering another word. The next morning he came to the cafe half an hour earlier than was his custom. Domonic commenced arranging his table, but the old man arrested his arm, but the old man arrested his arm, but the old man arrested his arm.

'Where is the proprietor?' said he.

'In his cabinet,' said Domonic. 'Conduct me to him.'

Domonic moved forward to show the old man the way; his heart beat with violence, for although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the good man was weak in his intellect, and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which the man who ate stale bread proceeded about the business. When they were both arrived in the presence of the proprietor, the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

'How much do you demand for your establishment?' said he.

'Before I reply to your inquiry,' said the proprietor, who suspected some misapprehension or some folly, 'I beg to reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, but first let me ask you to give me the honor to address?'

'You are right. If two parties are about to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Razelet, ex-commissary-general of the armies of the empire.'

'Baron Razelet!' said the proprietor, bowing; 'I know the name; I have seen it lately in the newspapers.'

'No doubt—in relation to an injunction obtained by my indignant family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was sequestered, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then, the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity, and having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund the sum to which the generosity of disbelievers had consigned me. Now that we know each other, let us return to business. What sum do you demand for your establishment?'

'Two hundred and twenty thousand francs.'

'It is not perhaps too dear; and you would probably have no objection to have some of the purchase-money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now, is but a trifle in prospect. Here, then, he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, is two hundred thousand francs in notes of his Bank of France. If these satisfy you the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my way I have completed more important bargains in fewer words.'

Domonic and his master both seemed stupefied with surprise. The Baron appeared to enjoy their confusion, and rubbed his hands and repeated the grimace to which we have already alluded.

'I am willing to agree,' said the proprietor, 'but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary.'

'Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form, by the three parties present?'

'But with respect to the interest,' murmured Domonic in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the Baron's coat 'it is necessary—'

'Beh! replied the old man, 'I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgment—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor.'

Domonic fell from his elevation, and the man who always ate stale bread descended to the coffee room.

While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, bent a superb march on the table, drew up his boots, and departed with his two friends to finish, by a dash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Domonic was stabled in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast in his usual impetuous manner, when one day, as he was leaving the room, he deviated so far from his usual custom as to approach Domonic who was enthroned on the seat of honor, and address him with the following words:

'Domonic,' said he, 'I think you have warm affections.'

'Perhaps,' said Domonic, fixing his eyes upon the Baron, as though he would read his thoughts.

'I see,' said the other, 'you have them when the occasion demands it; you are right—I am pleased with the reservation. I find you have not lost your heart—marriage is the most important affair of a man's life, Domonic, you must get married.'

'I have already thought of it, sir,' said Domonic; 'a wife would be a great source of comfort and economy—it would save the expense of a dame de comptoir.'

'True,' said the Baron, 'you have need of aid and counsel—you shall have them. Be ready at eight o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will pay a visit together.'

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the Baron. Domonic was ready, and accompanied Monsieur Razelet in a hackney coach to that quarter of decayed wealth—the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stopped at the door of a house of mean appearance, and having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found two ladies, who received them with marked attention.

'Madame Dupre,' said the Baron to one of them, with an appearance of friendly familiarity 'this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken and in whose welfare I hope to interest you.' Domonic continued turning towards the coffee-house keeper, this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me many important services. She has promised to extend her favors to you, and will permit you to visit her at intervals.'

While Monsieur Razelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupre, whose name was Rose, and who, without being exactly beautiful, possessed all the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Domonic attentively, and he in return bestowed upon her a large share of his attention. The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties, for Domonic was well formed and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart.

But the meanness of the apartment, and simple and inexpensive dresses of the ladies, somewhat disappointed Domonic. He was anxious at the earliest possible moment to return to the Baron's loan, and indeed thought, from a hint the Baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce to him a lady of property, with some sum towards the liquidation of his debt. But observing such obvious signs of want of wealth in the Dupres, he came to the conclusion that the Baron was now desirous of marrying him to a girl who had been well up in the profession in return for the favors which he had just bestowed. This thought occasioned Domonic great uneasiness; but whatever the appearances might be, the conclusion was a wrong one.

The next day, as the interview had been satisfactory between the young couple, the Baron announced to Domonic his plans in full. He stated the nature of the obligations Dupre and his wife, as the family were left in adverse circumstances, to retain the obligation without assuming their discharge; and this, he thought, he could best do by effecting a marriage between Domonic and the daughter of his friend.

Domonic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady appeared truly amiable and desirable as a partner through life; and before a week had elapsed Domonic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was duly accepted by the protégé of the man who always ate stale bread.'

The marriage was soon after solemnized, and the same day, after his customary breakfast, the Baron beckoned to Domonic to approach.

'You have done well,' said he; 'you have married without interested motives, a woman desirous and capable of rendering you happy. I hold you I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me; it is the dowry of Rose. And here, continued he, tearing the two hundred thousand franc bill in pieces, 'I destroy the acknowledgment you gave for the money. Enjoy it, and be happy.'

Domonic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the Baron's feet, but he was already out of the door.

'Two or three such reparations,' he muttered to himself, as he walked swiftly away, 'and I shall be content and absolved; and these are what my relations can prodigal dilapidations of my fortune.'

May all those who wallow in ill-gained wealth render the same atonement to society as Baron Razelet; and may they be as happy in the selection of their objects.

Domonic verified the prediction of the Baron, and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment in the Palais Royal, and having brought it to its state of perfection, sold the property for five hundred thousand francs. He is now a retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honore, and a member of chambers of Deputies, distinguished chiefly for the simple purity of his character. Neither he nor Rose have ever forgotten or hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to the man who always ate stale bread.'

There is nothing worth having that is not difficult; my life, and I suppose the life of every man who has worked with hand or head, has been one long onerous with difficulties and none of its would be the unweary it we had allowed difficult it to conquer us.—Sir E. B. Lyell.