

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, Waggon & Sleigh Maker.

JAMES McCLURE, Licensed Auctioneer of the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe.

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., Two Miles North of Richmond Hill, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker, Thornhill.

A. GALLANOUGH, Dealer in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Choice brands of Tea, Sugars and Coffees.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, Near the Railroad Station, Aurora. Careful Hostlers always in attendance.

MANSION HOUSE, SHARON. Attention Hostlers always in attendance. J. KAVANAGH, Proprietor.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers, &c., No. 7, Wellington Buildings, King St., Toronto.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TO. GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers. JOHN HILLS, Proprietor.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W. M. MORRISON, Agent.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, Plumber and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Over W. Griffith's Grocery Store.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker, OPPOSITE A. LAWS'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, Let 26, 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, one block east of the Market, Toronto.

ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker, BOILING the Western Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill.

British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



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. 9.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1858.

Whole No. 61.

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.

JAMES HALL, HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices to meet the times.

W. HODGE & Co., WHOLESALE and Retail Carpet, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers.

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh O and Pickled Meats, Fowl, &c., always on hand.

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

JAMES JENKINS, Grocery & Provision Store, RICHMOND HILL. NO CREDIT GIVEN. Provisions taken in exchange.

W. H. MYERS, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER, TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE THIRDS OFFICE. ALL WORK WARRANTED.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7 a.m.

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY, 66, KING STREET, East, Toronto.

T. MACBETH, JR., CARRIAGE SIGN, Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. BOPPE.) CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto.

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, Richmond Hill.

WARD & McCausland, House, Sign and Ornamental PAINTERS, Graines, Gilders, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL.

G. O. MORPHY BROTHERS, FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Melodeons, Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.

Selections.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

[We find the following lines, which we have no doubt will amuse and interest our readers, in the Liverpool Advertiser, of the 3rd Inst. It is stated that they are addressed by W. P. Deane, a Lammington Shepherd, to the Hon. P. Vankoughnet and Robt. Cameron, of Montreal, a returned passenger per steamer North America, from Canada.]

I was well—and would be better, Like a fool I sold my gear, Took a passage o'er the water, Now six months since I came here, Mercy on us, sic a country!

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the one had eyes like fringed violets, a mouth that seemed ripened into redness by the kisses of angels, a forehead like the rounded petal of a lily, and set in its surrounding of nut-brown curls as in a halo; the other with eyes bewildering in their sloe-like blackness, lips crimson as the deepest hearts of tropical roses, and heavy braids of midnight hair, wound, like a coronet of jet, about a head, haughty enough for an Empress.

There could scarcely have been a greater difference between the two, and yet the young man's heart was sorely troubled to choose between them. Not that he could not tell which was dearest, for in the violet eyes of Georgia Ellwood seemed concentrated all the light his existence had ever known. But Julia Morton would bring him lands and gold, while Georgia alas! was poor. One could bind up her raven hair and wreath her snowy arms with jewels; the other wore only the adorning of gentleness and purity. One had a proud old father rich and influential, whose name would be a golden passport into the mysterious regions of fame and power his ambitious soul longed to enter; the other was an orphan girl, who would bring him no other dowry than the rich affections of her maiden heart.

That night on one of Julia Norton's white fingers sparkled a betrothal ring, and George Ellwood stooped to sleep with tears glittering on her brown lashes, sleeping dreamt of her faithless lover.

A few months after there was a brilliant wedding in church. The white brocade robe of the bride looked like stiff folds of frost-work, and the veil that floated downward from her quietly bent head was like a mist of snow. People said that Charlie Howard's fortune was made and those who hardly recognized his existence before, clasped his hand, and offered their congratulations to the rich son-in-law of rich Mr. Norton. But they knew not his heart was freezing to ice within his breast, or how bitterly he turned from their hollow professions of friendship and kindness, to dwell remorsefully on the haunting memory of a life whose happiness he had wrecked forever.

Years went by, the name of Charles Howard was known and honored throughout the length and breadth of his native land. Wealth and honor flowed almost without ceasing into his hands, and yet he was not happy. His youthful dream was realized, but it did not warm back into life the sweet hope he had cherished for its attainment. He had plucked the ripe fruits of a gratified ambition only to have them turn to ashes on his lips. He had bound his brows with laurels, but to feel the thorns budding upon his temples. His wife, leaning too late that her gold and not her love had won him hardened gradually into an icy, brilliant woman of the world. Children had been given him, but death had claimed them all in infancy, and in the prime of his manhood, he stood desolate hearted and alone, yearning to put by all the achievements of a successful life in exchange for the peace he had bartered so wantonly. There was no gentle home attractions for him; no tender wife's sympathies; no loving true-hearted woman at whose feet he could lay down his trophies and feel that her smile more than recompensed him for all.

Georgia Ellwood lived still in the little white, rose-covered cottage. She had never married, and yet she almost flamed her at times because she seemed to have suffered so little from her desertion. When they met which was but seldom, since their spheres were so widely separated, the glance of her untroubled blue eyes sought his unconsciously as though they had never been other than strangers to each other; her cheek never flushed or paled suddenly in his presence, and she came at last to think that his love had been greater than hers; by such superficial standards do men sometimes measure the hearts they have betrayed!

One night he was sitting alone in his library. His thoughts had been busy with the past day, the past that was irrevocably lost to him, and unwiltingly they turned again into the same familiar channel. Suddenly the startling cry of "Fire!" smote upon his ears, and urged by an instinctive feeling which he did not comprehend nor did not stop to question, he rushed out, and mixed himself with the crowd that was pouring past, and was borne along with it to the scene of the conflagration. Huge billows of purple smoke rolling up against the starry sky, the lurid glare of flames and the shouts of excited firemen, showed him the exact location of the catastrophe. O moment of horror and unutterable anguish! His heart leaped to his throat, and his pulses quickened under the spell of a terrible fear. It was the cot-

tage home of Georgia that was wrapped in flames.

"Are they all safe?" He heard a clear voice shout from among the crowd.

"All but one." "And that one?" The answer was a name, that proud man as he was, thrilled through every nerve of his being like an electric current.

"Where is she?" I will save her! And breaking through the crowd, he dashed into the cottage, leaving many behind him to wonder why the rich and aristocratic Mr. Charles Howard should be so strongly excited as to peril his life to save that of a poor old maid whom probably he had never seen or scarcely heard of.

In vain they called to him to come back—to leave the doomed girl to her fate and save himself. With swift feet he hurried through the hall, and bounded up the uncarpeted stairway. He heard the faint despairing moan of a voice that had once been to him the sweetest music under heaven, and springing forward through the blinding gusts of smoke, stood face to face with Georgia.

Her unbound hair floated wildly backward from her shoulders, her blue eyes were dilated with terror, and her slender hands crossed tightly on her bosom in the frenzied convulsion of an unspeaking despair. He opened his arms to her, and with a cry of joy she bounded towards him. But as a dazzling sheet of flame swept past and showed her who it was that stretched out his arms to make her a refuge, she checked herself, stepped firmly back into her place, and with a proud wave of her hand, motioned him away.

"Surely, this is no time to remember old wrongs, Georgia," he cried, impatiently. "Every moment of hesitation carries you into deeper peril. Come!" Again he opened his arms to her.

"No—not you—not you!" she answered, hoarsely. "It were better to scorch to ashes in these greedy flames, than to feel the touch of your arms about me. Years ago you trampled pitilessly my heart under your feet; I will not owe even my life to you now. It is useless to wait—go, while you can save yourself!"

How like a calm, immovable statue she stood there, with her mighty woman's pride conquering even the terrible fear of death; her swan-white neck arched haughtily, her quietly bent head erect, her clear eyes flashing with the light of a superb disdain; while over her round arms, crossed like slender shafts of ivory upon her bosom—over her pale, proud face and graceful figure, drifted like a baptism of crimson mist, the glow of the panting flames.

"Hear me! hear me, Georgia," faltered the proud man, pleadingly, as he shrunk before the unquenching firmness of her radiant eyes. "For my own safety I care not. If you will not let me save you, at least give me the sweet privilege of dying by your side. Here, with this certain death about us both, let me tell you how bitterly I have repented the wrong I did you. If my sufferings are any atonement, then have you been most gloriously avenged. My life, which the world has called a brilliant one, has been but a worthless mockery of success, because I had not your love to gladden it. I loved you, Georgia, with all the passionate strength of my young manhood, and here, with my premature old age upon me, in defiance of the false vows that have perjured my soul, and made my whole existence a lie, I tell you my heart worships your goodness and purity still; I love you a thousand times more intensely than ever before. See, Georgia, I kneel here before you, pleading for your forgiveness, as I never plead before, even to my God. For the sake of my suffering and yours, Georgia—in the face of the awful death that awaits us, tell me that you do not utterly hate and despise me!"

His passionate, imploring words were caught up fiercely in the hissing roar of the on-sweeping conflagration. The haughty look on Georgia's face softened into an expression of unutterable tenderness, and after a moment's doubtful pause, she sprang dizzily forward and knelt beside him. He felt the clinging of her soft, warm arms about his neck, her tears upon his cheek, the cool rippling of her curls against his scorched forehead.

"I forgive you, Charlie, as I hope myself to be forgiven! And surely I can be no harm to die, where I should have lived—in your arms!" he heard her murmur, in a voice broken into gasps by the choking billows of fire and smoke.

The blustering flames circled nearer and nearer around them.—There was no hope of escape then, even if they had declared it. There was a loud crash as of falling timber—a momentary hush, and then a mighty rush and roar as the fiery tempest broke out with renewed force, a horrid shout from the crowd below—they felt themselves falling, scorching, dying, in that close embrace, and then there was—chaos.

"How? what? where? What does this mean? Hair wet with dew—neck stiff—eyes full of tears—am I alive or dead?" And Charlie Howard rose up from his seat, by the open window, and looked about him with an air of bewildered amazement.

"Could it be that he had been dreaming? Surely, no lurid blaze hissed and crackled around him; only the purple wings of the June twilight brooded over his silent little room. No glare of bloody red flames dazzled his eyes; only the quiet, holy stars and the peaceful face of the serene moon looked in upon him. He was not old, or famous, or wretched; he had not taken an unloved wife to his bosom. He was young and hopeful, and better than all—free! He felt the bounding pulses of youth and hope in his veins, their buoyancy in his heart, their flush upon his cheek.—What to him had been the dark phases of an embittered life, was but the fleeting panorama of a troubled dream! What to him had seemed years of remorse and torture, had scarcely been as many moments! His life was yet before him to choose for good or for evil, but the battle between love and pride was ended. Infinitely less than nothing, in that moment of awakening, seemed the riches and honor which might not be shared with her whose love could alone make them worth the winning.—He shuddered as he thought of the precipice to which his selfish ambition had well nigh lured him, and thanked God, with a thrill of gratitude penetrating his inmost heart, for the hour of unrefreshing sleep that had shown him, even through the tangled prophecy of a dream, the true happiness from the false.

A few weeks later, there was a quiet wedding at the village church; but instead of sweeping folds of stiff brocade, the bride's dress was of fleecy muslin, and through the froth-like whiteness of the wedding-veil glinted, not Julia Norton's raven braids, but the nut-brown curls of Georgia Ellwood.

PROVERBS OF ANOTHER SOLOMON.

We find the following from the Western Methodist Protestant. It may be of service to some of our readers:

Down in Dayton, the United brethren are fortunate enough to have a brother for Book Agent by the name of Solomon, who can do good service with his pen in his way when the editor gets sick. But being a Solomon, he is inclined to give forth his sayings in the form of Proverbs.

Here is a specimen of the Proverbs of this latter Solomon, which we take from the last "Telescope." Should any of our readers find the case applicable, they can in the reading supply Western Methodist Protestant for "Telescope."

The proverbs of Solomon, the servant of the Church.

To give advice to our patrons, and instructions to our agents.

That the wise may hear, and avoid, having their names blotted out from the lists of our subscribers.

Time runneth swifter than water, and arrears accumulate faster than piety.

Take heed to thine accounts then, and examine thy standing in the "Telescope Office."

Then with a new light shine upon those who have paid in advance, who have taken heed unto their ways.

The Telescope in an enlarged form will visit all the faithful in their houses.

Hear then my friends, and receive my sayings, so shall the blessings unto thee be many.

Tobacco may seem good to the taste but barren is the mind that lacketh knowledge.

Wisdom shall he lack who neglecteth instruction and taketh not the Telescope.

He that takes it and payeth for it in advance, shall find great favor with the publishers.

It shall be as a glass to his eye, and bring distant objects to the window of his mind.

The office has builded her house, and set up her presses.

She hath procured her type, engaged her printers and furnished her material.

She hath appointed her ministers, agents, and called upon all to be vigilant. She saith unto them: "Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eye-lids.

"Until thou hast firmly resolved to continue to take the Telescope, and always to pay the price in advance."

Can a man take fire in his bosom and not be burned?

Or can one take a paper without paying, and not be indebted?

How long wilt thou owe, O sluggard? When wilt thou pay thy dues, O delinquent?

The delinquents shall be struck off from the books, and all those that pay not.

Why shall a good paper, not have twice ten thousand subscribers, or shed its light amongst twenty thousand families?

Be valiant ye strong ones, and gird on your armour ye feeble.

Go forth unto all, and entreat them to subscribe for the Telescope.

Send us on the names, to commence with the new volume.

If ye are diligent in this business; ye shall stand well in our esteem, and surely confer good unto men.

been, monsieur, I have but one regret."

"Ah! what is that?"—Monsieur, I shall live in zat house, but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I have find by vat you sal call to lease, zat you hav give me zat house, but for tree year, and I ver moech sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer if you wish—"

"Ah, monsieur, I sal be ver moech glad, if I can have zat house so long as I please—eh, monsieur."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, sir."

Tres bien, monsieur! I sal walk rite to your offices, and you sal give me vat you sal call ze lease for zat maison, jes so long as I sal want ze house. Eh, monsieur."

"Certainly, sir. You can stay there a lifetime, if you like."

"Ah! monsieur—I have ver moech thanks for zat accommodation."

The old leases were destroyed and a new one was delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "for each period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent thereof promptly, &c."

The next morning our crazy landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a "legal tender," for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:

"Monsieur, I have bin smoke—I have bin drowned—I have bin free to death, in ze house vat I have hire for ze period as I may desire. I have stay in ze dam house jes so long as I please, and ze beater of zat will give you ze key! Bon jour, monsieur."

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up "a bird in the hand for one in the bush."—Boston Times.

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