

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill, g.1-wy.

JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT, Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

JOSEPH KELLER, BAILIFF Second and Third Division Court, Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

G. A. BARNARD, Importer of British and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liqueurs, Oils, Paints, &c., &c., Richmond Hill, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c., Wines, Liqueurs, Hardware, &c., Richmond Hill, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh MAKER, Opposite the White Swan Inn, Richmond Hill, June 10, 1857, g.1-wy.

JAMES McCLURE, TINKERER, Licensed Auctioneer in the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe, Corner of Yonge and Bradford streets, Holland Landing, November, 23, 1857, g.2-f

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., 2100 Miles North of Richmond Hill, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liqueurs, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c. Also, Licensed Auctioneer, September, 23, 1857, g.16-ly

CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker, THORNHILL, Thornhill, Nov. 16, 1857, g.24-f

A. GALLANOUGH, DEALER in Groceries, Wines and Liqueurs, Thornhill, C.W. Choice brands of Teas, Sugars and Coffees on hand, genuine as imported. An assortment of Biscuits and Cakes, constantly on hand. The Subscriber has also opened a Grocery and Provision Store on RICHMOND HILL, which will be conducted by Mr. C. S. PROUD, from the firm of the late Thorne & Parsons, Thornhill, Sept. 25, 1857, g.17-ly

WELLINGTON HOTEL, NEAR the Railroad Station, Aurora, Careful Hosts always in attendance. C. CASE, Proprietor, January 14, 1858, g.32

MANSION HOUSE, SHARON, Attentive Hosts always in attendance. J. KAVANAGH, Proprietor, January 14, 1858, g.32

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers, &c., NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING ST., TORONTO, June 20, 1857, g.3-wy.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hosts, JOHN MILLS, Proprietor, June 1857, g.1-wy.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W. MORRISON, Agent, Toronto, June 12th, 1857, g.1-wy.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, LAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto, -Over W. Griffith's Grocery Store, Coats of Arms, and every description of Herald Painting, executed with despatch, and at reasonable charges, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker, OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, made after the latest styles, August 6, 1857, g.9-6m.

SOL CIHAS, POLLOCK, SO, 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, g.22-1

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier, Yonge St., Richmond Hill, g.1-wy.

GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon, Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan, HORSE & FARRIER INX, g.15

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA, D. McLEOD, Proprietor, Aurora, July 6, 1858, g.5-6m

J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, Thornhill, August 14, 1857, g.10-f

ROACH'S HOTEL, CORNER of Front and George streets, one block east of the Market, Toronto. JOHN ROACH, Proprietor, March 5, 1858, g.13

ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker, DOING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill, Choice selection of Gentlemen's, Ladies' children's Boots and Shoes constantly on hand, and made to order on the Shortest Notice. All kinds Shoemakers Findings for sale, Richmond Hill, June 12th, 1857, g.1-wy.

British and York Ridings' Gazette.



Tribune.

AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES,

I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. II. No. 13.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1858.

Whole No. 65.

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. 53-1y

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. Parties giving this house a call will find their orders punctually attended to, and the lowest prices charged. Richmond Hill June 17, 1858. 54-ly

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice. Thornhill, March 19, 1858. 54-1y

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. Produce taken in exchange. This is the oldest established Grocery and Provision Store on the Hill. July 2, 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, A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7 a.m. and returning at 7 p.m. Fare 25 Cts. each way. GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS. RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor, Richmond Hill, July 2, 1858. 55-1y

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR or 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, 1867. 1-wy.

T. MICHETH, JR., CARRIAGE SIGN, AND Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 137-ly

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. ROBEY.) CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. Board \$1 per day. Good Stabling and attentive Hosts always in attendance. An omnibus to and from the Railroad Station. THOMAS PALMER, Proprietor, Toronto, Feb. 26, 1858. 138-1y

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

WARD & McCausland, House, Sign and Ornamental 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. 7g-ly.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodions &c. Electric Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every taste. Watch Clubs in Operation, Warranted Clocks from 20s upwards. Toronto, June, 1857, g.1-wy.

T. J. WHEELER, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELL, &c. DEGS to inform the inhabitants of Rich- mond Hill and vicinity, that he has commenced Business in the above place, and solicits their patronage. Richmond Hill, June 11, 1858. 53-3m

EDWARD CROWN, HAS always on hand a large and well assorted stock of DRAPERY, GRO- CIERIES, HATS and SHOES, &c. Gar- ments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted. Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 69-1y

F. W. HOLLISS, MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a very superior stock of CLOTHES, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c. Gar- ments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted. Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 69-1y

J. HACKETT, M.D. Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada LATE RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER, KINGSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL. RESIDENCE, MAPLE VILLAGE, July 23, 1858. 59-6m

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE! MARKHAM VILLAGE. GOOD Accommodations, Wines, Liqueurs and Cigars of the choicest brands. R. MARR, Proprietor, Markham, July 1858. 57-1y

NEW STORE, Richmond Hill. CORNER of Wright & Yonge streets. Cheap Groceries and Provisions, Groceries and Glassware cheap for Cash. No Credit. Jan. 7, 1858. 61

LUKES' HOTEL, HOLLAND LANDING. THE Subscriber begs to inform the In- habitants of the above-named Village and surrounding Country, and the Public generally, that he has leased the above Hotel formerly kept by THOMAS MAX, which he has fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of his Customers, and he trusts by constant attention to their wants to secure a liberal patronage. Liqueurs of the best brands at the Bar, and every attention paid to Guests. THOS. LUKES, Proprietor, Holland Landing, Sept. 10, 1857. g.1-3m

THORNHILL HOTEL. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises, and fitted them up in a neat and comfortable style. Boarders and transient visitors will find the accommodations in every way agreeable. The best of Liquors and Cigars carefully selected. Good stabling and attentive waiters Children's Teeth. HENRY LEMON, Proprietor, Thornhill, Jan. 20, 1858. g.3

TORONTO CITY MARBLE WORKS, 185 YONGE STREET. MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c. Twenty Per Cent Cheaper THAN ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT. THE Undersigned Assignees of the estate of D. C. & W. YALE, will continue the business under the superintendence of our duly authorized agents, AUSTIN ABBEY and D. CARLOS YALE, whose receipt will be duly acknowledged. F.S. All notes and accounts remaining un- paid on the 1st day of June, 1858, will be put into Court for collection. C. YALE, G. CUMMER, Toronto, 29, April 1858 45-f

DARLING & AITCHISON'S CANADIAN MOWERS AND REAPERS. WE would call the attention of farmers to our Combined REAPERS, and MOWERS which we are manufacturing for the coming harvest. We now offer it as one of the most perfect Machines now in use; it is substantially built of wrought iron, without weight on the horse necks, and entirely free from side draught; cuts with equal ease in Grass, Wheat, Oats and Hay, and without clogging and can be raised to any convenient height, by a screw in front, without any change of knife or gearing. We were awarded the first Prize and also a Diploma at the trial of Machines, held at Brantford, at the Provincial Exhibition. We would solicit Farmers to call and examine our Combined Machines, as they may be said with safety, that they have two perfect Machines in one. GEO. DARLING, ROBERT AITCHISON Thornhill, June 15, 1858. 55-8

SWAN HOTEL, THORNHILL. The Subscriber in tendering his thanks for past favors, would beg to call Public attention to his NEW Establishment, Thornhill, and known as the SWAN HOTEL, which he has lately entered into in consequence of the accommodation in his old establishment being entirely too limited for the comfort of his numerous guests. The SWAN HOTEL in a few days will be completely renovated, and respectable visitors may rely on having their calls immediately attended to. He has also very extensive accommodation for Horses and Carriages. His Bar will always be found well stored with the choicest Liqueurs; while the subscriber himself intends to devote his time to the comfort of all those who may honour him with a call. JOH SHIELDS, Proprietor, Thornhill, January 20, 1858. g.3

Selections. REMEMBRANCE. How sweet it is to call to mind, The happy scenes of former days! How sad and sorrowful to find, That time for pleasure ne'er delays.

How changed has all around become Since we were free, glad-hearted boys! The thought of thee now in the tomb, Spreads gloom o'er all our present joys.

How oft and gladly did we roam O'er bank and mead—through wood and glen! How often did we think on home, And every little change since then!

It makes tears start into our eyes, To think but on such things as these; Makes sorrow in our hearts to rise, And takes from rest all bliss and ease.

And yet there is a secret bliss In my remembrance, and in my past; It may the wildest passion calm, And thrill delight through every breast.

Alas! it needs no varnish'd tale To say that friends—'em dead—we love; We stretch our hands to those who rest, To everlasting lands above.

There's something halloes all our gloom, The heart, the soul, the tongue employs; It spreads a halo round the tomb, And adds a charm to all our joys.

And what is't help to hold us up, 'Neath every load—through every blast? The better for the bitter cup— The bright'ning future for the past.

MUSTANG TRAINING; OR A LESSON NOT TAUGHT BY PROF RAREY. A SKETCH OF PRAIRIE LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST. BY COL. GEO. W. CROCKETT.

We were in the Camanche country. By me I mean Ben McCullough, Jim Russell, Bill Henderson, and myself—four fellows, about as full of fun and the devil as any other quartette of musicians, whose instruments consisted of rifles, Colt's revolvers, and bowie-knives.

They had been marauding, and had reduced their number almost nine-tenths in the chase, and also reduced our horses so much, that we could hardly spur them out of a walk. This was not very agreeable, seeing that we were so far into the enemy's country, and that a few of the fugitives had escaped, who might rally a fresh band of their tribe to attack us, and claim our scalps, as well as those which we had taken.

We had camped on what we supposed to be a branch of the Oimaron river, in a little skirt of timber, where we could make a good defence if attacked; for a Ranger, with timber for cover, is good for a dozen red skins any time, if he had the "tools" along. We took a scanty bite from our saddle-bags, and tethered the horses out to feed and rest, and then setting the watch, the rest of us dropped down to sleep, without any fire, for we couldn't be too careful just then and there.

As we kept for two hours' watch a-piece, my turn for guard didn't come until nearly day-light. I hadn't been on guard more than ten minutes, before I heard the neighing and whinnying of horses, which our own answered, and then I heard the tramp of hundreds of them on the prairie.

"Wake up, boys," I whispered to our fellows, as I turned one after the other over, and roused them. "Wake up, the whole bloody tribe must be by the nose by this time!"

Ben McCullough was on his feet first, rifle in hand, but the others were not ten seconds behind him. We listened intently for a few minutes, when Ben said, "Trees, boys! trees boys! It's a drove of wild horses coming to water—there's no Indians there!"

In less than time it takes to tell it, we had mounted into the cotton-woods and water-oaks, taking our arms and ammunition up with us, and I also carried up my lasso, for I meant to get a fresh horse if I could, though I didn't tell the boys of my intention. We got into our roosting places just in time, for we had hardly got settled when the whole caballada burst and tore through the strip of woods, snorting and neighing, kicking and playing, and trampling down the under-brush, like as if it was grass.

By this time day had dawned, and we had a fair view of our equine visitors. There could not be less than a thousand of them—probably twice that number—of all colors, sorts, and sizes, black, milk-white, sorrel, mottled, &c., &c., not one which had ever bowed to the will of man—fiery, tameless steeds, which seemed to spurn the earth on which they trod. The sight would have driven a Tartar raving mad, and make an Arab curse the Prophet. There they were, some cropping

the rank grass on the river-side, some rolling in the water; others, the monarchs of the gang, standing aloof like sentinels, and watching for the approach of danger.

One of these, a large stallion, as black as night, and a perfect picture of power and symmetry, with an eye that glared like a tiger's, took a position directly under the tree which I had ascended. I determined to capture him. My lasso was strong, very strong, and I had no fear but that it would hold him, if I once got it over his neck. I had taken it from a Camanche chief, who fell off his horse, owing to a sudden weakness produced by an over-dose of Col. Colt's pills.

Securing one end of the lasso to the tree, I carefully slipped out on an overhanging limb and dropped the noose over the wild stallion's head! Gee—Whitaker! how he jumped when it touched him! But it was no use—the cord tightened, and the next instant he was stretched at his length on the ground, giving a cry of terror that almost seemed human.

That started the rest, and in less than a minute, they had left the timber, and were running in circles out on the prairie, trying to see what the row was. Fearing that my noble brute would be choiced to death by the noose, I slipped down from the tree and approached him. The next thing I knew I was laying on my back, about twenty feet from him, with the boys throwing water in my face to bring me too. He had planted his heels against my breast, and "lifted" me out of his way.

But I'm stronger chested than an ox, and he didn't stave in any of my breast-works, and I got up in a few minutes, tolerably mad, and determined to break him in or die, or else kill him.

I got the boys to help me, and we went at the devil. With the aid of their lassos, I soon got him so that he couldn't kick, and then I went to work to get my saddle and bridle to no him, for they were real Mexican make, and I knew that with them I'd secured, and myself on him, he'd have to "cave" for I acknowledge no superior in riding, red, white, or black—on mule, mustang, or jack-ass!

After a severe struggle of more than an hour, we got everything fast and then tightening my spur straps, and taking up a hole or two in my belt, I mounted him as he lay on the ground, and told them to cast loose the lassos from his neck and legs. They did it, and he began to stretch his legs, as he felt them loosened.

The he turned his head around and looked at me, and if the devil didn't speak through those glaring eyes of his, then call me a liar. The next thing he did was to spring to his feet and give a shake which I thought would disjunct every bone in my body. But I was not to be shaken off. Again he turned his head and looked at me with that same devil-like look. It kind of riled me to be looked at in that way, so I reminded him by giving him a prod with my big spurs. He didn't grunt, he gave a wild snort, then crouched with his belly almost to the ground, and then—I he didn't jump every inch of forty feet, I may vary a toothless old maid!

He didn't stop jumping neither, but went like a streak of greased lightning, minding no more for my weight, than the Red River in a fine fresh, would for a bundle of shavings.

The next thing I knew he was out on the prairie, among his companions. Three minutes more, and he was ahead of all of them shooting across the prairie like a winged devil. I had nothing to do but sit still and hold on—he didn't mind the bridle a particle, nor did he seem to tire, though he went faster than anything I had ever seen on four legs before then. On, on, for miles and miles he ran—I had long lost sight of the timber, and began to wish I hadn't taken that ride. Suddenly we came on a Camanche Camp in a hollow, in the prairie, and raised the devil there. They must have taken me for a devil, for I out-yelled taken me for a devil, for I over everything, and in a moment they were out of sight.

On, madly on, while the hot sun rose in the sky. On amid dust and sweat and foam it seemed as if that infernal horse would never give out. I began to tire and grow faint, my brain reeled and I felt as if I could not long keep my seat.

It was full noon and I knew that I had passed over at least fifty miles of ground. I would have dropped from the saddle, but I knew that if I did, I would inevitably be trampled to death by the drove behind and I clung desperately to my seat. At last, as we approached a range of timber which betokened the vicinity of water, my steed began to flag a little. Again I tried the bridle

and found to my joy that I could check and guide him. But now I determined that he should know that I was his master, and I drove my spurs deep into his reeking flanks and urged him forward. He reeled and trembled when we reached the timber, and could scarcely stand when we got to the water. I let him take but a little and then turned him back to the timber. Yelling, and firing my pistols I scattered the rest of the gang from around me, and then I slowly paced him to and fro until I was sure that he was under entire control. Then I dismounted and let him rest. I rubbed his sweated limbs with soft prairie grass, led him to the water again, led him out on to the prairie, patted him on the neck, and talked to him until the devilry of his nature seemed really to relax under the influence of humanity, and he seemed to like me. After he had rested for an hour or two, I mounted him again, and he went off as gently as if he had been trained for years. I rode a little way and shot a yearling buffalo and took some of the meat and then went back to the timber and camped for the night, for I thought I had ridden far enough for one day, and I thought the boys would either wait for me or else follow my trail.

The next morning after I had walked my horse about and fed him on some of the choice blue grass by the water-side, I took a bite of buffalo meat myself, and then took my back trail to see if I couldn't find the boys. My mustang, whom I christened Lightning, went off at a sweeping gallop, as kind as any saddle horse that I ever straddled.

I had got some twenty miles or so, when I saw dust and smoke ahead, and directly I heard rifle shots and yells, and all at once it came to my mind that the boys had happened to come on the Camanche camp, which I'd scattered through the day before.

So I in spurs and let Lightning go! Sure enough when I got near enough to see, there were the boys hard at it, with rather too much of a good thing, for the Indians had fresh horses, and were spunky. But when I drove in, yelling on their rear, with a Colt in each hand, and Lightning pitching and snorting, they seemed to think the devil had them sure! They scattered in every direction, and were a whipped community in less than no time.

We got about forty fresh horses, a lot of scalps and other peltries, and went back to our border homes very well contented, with more scalps and less scars than any other party had shown for years, considering our numbers.

But my greatest pride was Lightning—He was the best horse I ever rode, and is yet. No leg but mine has ever crossed his back or ever will with either his consent or mine. One of Colonel Bent's niggers tried to ride him once unbeknown to me. The consequence was the nigger fell off before he was fairly on, and broke his neck, and the Colonel was twelve hundred dollars out.

If professor Rarey, of whom we read so much lately, who is teaching the snobs of Europe how to tame tame horses, will take a prairie trip with me this fall, I'll show you something worth taming. I extend the same invitation to your readers, ladies included, if they can ride and hunt. You know my address, and also that I am not joking.

THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE. Thirty years ago, an old house was standing in Cologne, which sloped to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born. A. D. 1857—Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in—I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the

respect with which the old man treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

"Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man, who had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bid them a short "Good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said, "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horseshoe of two ladies who were passing through—they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is a fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavour to leave the house for a moment or two, as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

"Parbleu!" said he, "why that is Mascali, what are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunder-bolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your adventures from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched catiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power," said the duke, "your fortunes, and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the Queen of the mightiest nation in the universe, and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered with a gently commanding tone: "Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written: "To hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune, one hundred I send for your use."

"Guise!"

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th of February, 1642. A low sound of

morning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word escaped his lips as he tumbled up the falling staircase. "Nothing!"

"Nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive motion, and letting it suddenly fall, he cried "Dead, dead, of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold and misery; and yet Louis XIII., cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called the "the Just."

A TRADE FORTUNE. If parents would consider the welfare and happiness of their children, they would choose the virtuous mechanic, farmer, or honest trader, as companions and helpmates, instead of the rich, who, aside from their income have no means of subsistence.

How often does this question arise, and from religious parents, too, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters: "Is he rich?" if the daughter answers, "Yes he is rich, he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent solicited her from her father in marriage. And was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?"

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