

Business Directory.

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THORNTON HOTEL, THREE HILLS NORTH OF TORONTO, ON YONGE ST.

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. 18

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1858.

Whole No. 73.

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH, MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W.

ESPLANADE HOTEL, BY G. TURNER.

JAMES HALL, HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES.

W. HODGE & Co., WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers.

EDMUND GRANGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats.

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W. H. MYERS, SADDLE and HARNESS MAKER, TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE THREE OFFICE.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning.

W.C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 66, King Street, East, Toronto.

T. MITCHELL, JR., Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY kept by Wm. BOLGER.)

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Atchison's COMBINED

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, RICHMOND HILL.

WARD & McCLAUSLAND, Painters, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers.

THORNTON HOTEL, THREE HILLS NORTH OF TORONTO, ON YONGE ST.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS, 100, Water Street, Toronto.

F. W. HOLLISS, MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a very superior stock of CLOTHS.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE! MARKHAM VILLAGE. GOOD Accommodations.

NEW STORE, RICHMOND HILL, CORNER of Wright & Yonge Streets.

LUKES' HOTEL, HOLLAND LANDING. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Inhabitants of the above-named Village.

THORNHILL HOTEL, THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises.

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CHRISTIAN WURSTER, SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER, WILLOW and surrounding country.

WILLIAM U. SKENE, MILLWRIGHT, ALTONA.

SWAN HOTEL, THORNHILL. The Subscriber is tendering his thanks for past favors.

WARD & McCLAUSLAND, Painters, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers.

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.

Selections.

ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

BY THE REV. J. H. WYBLES.

The summer day is o'er, and gently fall

The shades of evening down. The mountain's brow

Grows darker still. Deep silence reigns o'er all

In earth or air, infusing calmness now

Within my restless heart. With tranquil flow

My thoughts roll on, and seek communion sweet

With Nature's influence; while, bending low

In deep, sincere devotion, as 'tis meet,

My spirit worships here before its Maker's feet.

Strive now, my soul, to soar in realms of thought,

Seen only in the spirit's calm repose.

This hour befits such purpose—there is ought

To interrupt—the scene above is bright

With living glory—while bright forms of thought

Once loved float round, alluring thee to fly

Now vanishes the Past with all its woes.

And the bright dawn of future bliss seems nigh.

As, with a daring wing, I mount into the sky.

O night! thou hast a strong and sweet control

O'er human hearts; and gently, silently,

Dost elevate and purify the soul.

Our minds assert their native dignity,

Spurning their chains, while we ascend with thee

Thy stony doom, where myriad worlds of light

Intensely burst, revealing empire.

Of which they are but scintillations bright—

The measure of Creative Power is Infinite.

Spirit of night! I love thy sacred power

And thrilling power, which make me seem to be

A being of a higher sphere than this.

Of to thy solitudes there come to me

Commune ye angels, whispering tenderly

Of bliss and joy among those worlds above.

Where every earth we shall endue, and

And my rapt soul, while endless ecstasies

Move, Shall sing the praise of God in sweetest strains of love.

A NIGHT IN THE GLASGOW POLICE OFFICE.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Why I got locked up one evening in the Glasgow Police Office is neither sufficiently interesting, nor of necessary importance to necessitate prolix explanation.

Indeed, very few of the interesting inmates of that venerable and venerated establishment would find it a very easy matter to answer the philosophic query, "Why are you here?"

Some, like modern philosophers, who arrive at a very sublime and extraordinary conclusions, in a state of intense mystification as to how they are raved at them, the occupants of the Police Office find themselves in a state of antithesis to Paul in the third heavens; and how, why, and often when, they got there they know not, and are only enlightened by the thrilling narrative of No. 365, before "his Worship," in the morning. Upon one point they speedily obtain full assurance, viz., that there they are; and the idea gradually dawns over their minds, like sunshine on a misty morning, that they are exceedingly likely to remain there until they get out.

These are the two grand points; and any little epical matters of how! why, and wherefore, are of infinitely less vital importance.

Suffice it to say, that one evening I found myself marching along a corridor in the unenviable company of a gentleman "dressed in a little authority," which might be brief, or not, as the nature of the case might prove. Most ominous, however, was the malicious rattle of the bunch of great keys which he playfully dangled in his hand; and I never was more forcibly impressed with the power of music upon the mind, and of keys upon locks, than at that melodious moment. Like Whittington interpreting the music of the Bow Bells, I imagined a voice in the rattle of those great keys crying out—

"Jingle! jingle! through and through! 'Tis all UP WITH YOU!"

Arriving at a great double door, he opened it with one of the monstrous keys, and, giving me a shove as I naturally shrunk back from the threshold, bang went the door behind me, rattle went the keys along the passage, and was left in "durnce vile."

I found myself in a dusky apartment, lighted from a very exalted window, which was barred with iron, and boarded on the exterior to prevent the curious gaze of the outward world from intruding upon our seclusion. Beneath the window was a seat, under which was a shelf supporting a tin jug full of water, and another very interesting utensil. The only other furnishing of the room was a wooden raising on the floor, after the principle of the inclined plane, which I was given to understand was a bed, although "tired Nature's sweet restorer"

would have spurned the insinuation. There was, moreover, a fireplace with a grate before it, to which was chained the poker.

I encountered a select company—select in the choicest acception of the term. The first person on whom my eyes rested was a farm servant of most innocent aspect, dressed in a sleeved waistcoat, moleskin trousers, and with a broad bonnet on his head. He opened his mouth and eyes very widely on seeing me, and said, "Eh! keeps, but there's a kind o' fowk come here ony way! What will they mak o' the like o' him, na?"

"This was addressed to an individual who was standing at the other end of the room.

"Sweep the streets!" said he. "If he were a tradesman now—a shoemaker, for instance—they might make something of him; but he only use you can make of a gentleman is to sweep the streets. The scavenger's broom is the only thing for the aristocrat, and the day is not distant when they will all come to it. D—! all gentlemen, say I, and he strode up and down the room 'the pride of the world is the honest tradesman.'"

"Eh, keeps!" broke in the farm servant "to hear him speak o' the honest tradesman, and na a shoemaker here for stealing leather, ony way!"

"Well, Simon!" cried a shrill voice, "there ain't naught like leather; that ere's my opinion in a wery few words."

My attention was turned to this speaker, who apparently was enjoying indolent good nature, and a siesta, on the inclined plane before mentioned. He was a little, misanthropic, and pined with age, and in answer to my civil "What are you?" he smartly replied, that he was a "peripatetic knife-grinder and perpetual prig"—to which the farm-servant added, that he was an "awful man ony way!" He was very far from covering his nakedness with the shreds of what had once been a fashionable suit, and of underclothing of any description he showed no vestige. On his feet were two old boots, respecting which he remarked, that every time he walked he did more than Napoleon the Great; for with one foot he trod upon a battered Wellington, and with the other upon a burst Blucher. But the wretch was none a loose man; for, undoubtedly the former animal predominated about him. Of such a mass of vermin I had never dreamed.

"Yes!" said he, raising himself on one elbow, and addressing us in general, "I'm a peripatetic knife-grinder, and perpetual prig, or as I says to my courtivants, Gemen! I see a commercial traveller. If you want to ax my name, I may say it's Legion, for 'e is many; but people generally call me Tom, Dick, or Harry, just as it shoots 'em; and when I see in want of a name, on such occasions as the present, I cognominate myself John Smith, which ain't na name at all, and a wery convenient name on that account; that ere's my opinion of John Smith in a wery few words. I am English by birth, though my mother was an Irishman, a wery remote descendant, I understand, of the celebrated Brian Boru; but I'm dloved if I knows who was my father; it warnd no business o' mine, and that's as much as any sensible hinfant, 'ad like to say on the subject. Now, Gemen! I am five-and-twenty yet, so I darsay you will be surprisid when I inform you that I have travelled over all the known world, Asia, Africa, and America, and the greater part of Europe excepted. I have followed every known species of business or profession, one after another, much in the same manner as your little boy turns them on his fingers—gentleman, farmer, bot-boy, politician, thief. I have served her most Gracious Majesty by sea and by land, and her most Gracious Majesty has often served me in turn, sometimes with a suit of clothes, and sometimes with a sumous at her own suit; and between ourselves and the varmin, I have served myself occasionally to many nice little tit-bits in the course of my peripatetications. Gemen! I have appeared on the platform as a convert from Popery, and on the stage as Jeremy Diddier. I have trafficked in heavy, think, from three per cent. consols to three per cent. stay-laces. I have written all sorts of valuable works, from professional Waddy Mecums to Childes Own Book of Poetry. I have paid a fee to learn St. Wetus' Dance, borrowed a wooden leg and pruned to appear as a shipwrecked mariner, and hired a wife and family wherewith to appeal at the street corners to the generous sympathies of a Christian public. Gemen! I've been a philanthropist, for I've offered through the papers, for the patty remittance of thirteen uncut

postage stamps, to teach any one a simple way of making a speedy fortune, or how to gain the certain affection of any young lady, rich or poor, in the known world. I have also, for the special benefit of the young and rising generation, sold a solve, warranted to raise within a given time a beautiful and luxuriant whisker, or moustache, on any part of the known body; and remembering the sick and afflicted, I have compounded a universal pill, attested by many authentic dockments, to have cured all diseases incident to 'umany. Gemen! keep your seats. I'm but a man, and I haven't been appreciated. I shall sink into the grave poor, and unregretted by those whom I have benefited; and, like all other great men, I shall be honored only after my death. 'Case I see certain sure of being treated to a burial at the public expense. But all this I followed after all these professions, I can't say I ever came up to any of them, and I didn't find my proper level till I took to knife-grinding; 'case, d'ye see, it's a wery aristocratic occupation, and one sees a deal of the world, and meets with many interesting incidents of adventure—'case, d'ye see, it's a wery fine trade in a wery few words. But to come to the scratch, as they say,' and he gave himself a general clanking: "I'll tell you how I got here. You see, folks generally extends their business as they gains a connection, and so it was with me; for to the scissors and knife-grinding I added a few other arts of the craft, and among other conveniences I had a nice little drawer in my machine for accommodating any little articles which the servants who brought me the knives might wish to dispose of. Well, I see going my rounds this morning, when a friend of mine haild me and brings me two or three knives. 'Sam,' says he, 'you can sharpen them there for us, and I'll come for them in a few minutes. Jim!—and I say, Bob, couldn't you have your little drawer convenient when I come?' 'All square,' says I, 'Well, I goes to work and puts a hedge on the knives, and when he comes for 'em I has my drawer open to receive hanythink without observation, so he plops a parcel into it. Well, as he knowed where to find me to square accounts, I sneaks off and fences the swag, which was silver spoons; but we had been watched all along, and just as I see coming from the fence I gets nabbed as neat as fourpence ha'penny; and fonce, friend, and I are still in different proportions of this wery establishment, at this present moment, and it we doesn't get converted we're at least sure of being convicted—and that ere's my opinion of the case in a wery few words."

So saying, he rolled himself over on his back, and began to whistle the melody of "Home! sweet home!" with a great number of grace notes and variations.

"Man! but ye're an uncdo body!" said the farm-servant, as the knife-grinder finished his recital, and he wery carry your misfortunes lightly. But ye hae little to dre, ye'll get over 'a' wery wery."

"Get over it!" said the shoemaker, "a man will get over anythink but the gallows, that he can't get over."

"None he can't," said the knife-grinder, "case it's too high for a man, and he can't keep his footing"—that ere's my opinion of the gallows in a wery few words."

"Dinna mention the name o't, man!" said the farm servant dolefully, "dinna—mention—the name o't—ony way!"

Truly, thought I, this is some notable malfactor; so, joining him in his walk up and down the room, accosted him with, "What have you done?"

"Kilt a man!" replied he, stopping suddenly and looking solemnly in my face, as if to see the effect of his awful announcement. And I did involuntarily step back a pace or two when he impudently seized me by the arm, and nervously added, "At least, he's no a together kilt, but he was all his work three days, ony way."

I learned that he had come to Glasgow to visit some friends, and that, when sitting in a tap-room with his companion, he had slightly wounded one of them in the arm with a knife, which he had lifted in a drunken quarrel. The man had made a great outcry on seeing the blood, and the police had been called in, and carried my simple friend to prison.

He finished his story by saying that, no doubt, I was a scholar, and that, consequently, my opinion was as good as another's, and "did I think he would be hangd for't?"

I told him that I really did not think he would, upon which he seemed wonderfully comforted, telling

me that 'it wasna sae meikle on his account, but for the sake o' his friends, that were a respectable woorl-to-doe, that he would like to see a natural death, ony way.

(Eventually he was imprisoned for six months.)

At this juncture the turkey opened the door, for the purpose of throwing a 'scone,' at each of us out of a basket on his arm, and our tin dish having been refilled with water, we sat down to supper. I was told that two of these 'scones' per diem was the police ration.

People are not generally talkative after a meal, unless when it is succeeded by a punchbowl, so in my comrades did not seem inclined for much conversation, and all but myself settled themselves in various picturesque recumbent attitudes on the inclined plane. In the middle of the night, however, we were roused by an approaching scuffle, and a noise of voices accompanied by the rattle of the great keys, and in a few seconds the door opened to admit a stubborn little old man, rather the worse of drink, who was forced along by the collar, vehemently protesting against the liberty which was being taken with him.

"Hoot toot! hand awa'!" he vociferated, "be consistent, man, wi' your profession, and dinna put the robber in jail instead o' the robber! Did ever mortal flesh see the like o' that? said he, as the lock turned on its wards, and the keys and their master rattled off. "Dinna speak to me! be continued, addressing us; 'I'm nae o' ye! I'm an honest man and a haberdasher, and I live in the Bell o' the Brae! Keep among your own kind; the deil clave the kye o' the ill-favored scoundrel that put me among ye. Ay! a bonnie laddy indeed d' he stamped about fuming and fetting for a short time, and then halted very—scanning me from top to toe.

"Ye're a bonnie like subject to be in a sic place! Who may you be when ye'er at home, na?"

I gave the best account of myself I could, and by and bye managed to mollify the old gentleman so much, that he sat down with me on the inclined plane, and I at length ventured with much modesty to inquire what unhappy circumstances could have brought him to his present position, he condescended to inform me as follows:

"Weel man! he began 'I'll just tell you the story frae the outset, and it will ay kill five minutes o' our wery time. Ye see, I went out the night as far as the Gushet House, to look after a man that was awing me a bit sua' account—a seven-and-twenty-and-a-halper matter, and that was outstandin' since the New Year, and I got the siller frae the body, when I was but haudlin' expecta' it; for though he's an honest creature himsel', he's got a ne'er-do-well gelp o' a wife, that keeps him aye as bare as the birks at Yule. Laddie! I kin e'er ye he sense, and gang to look for a wife, gang waurily—gang waurily; for a man's weelclaid attentions depends on his wife than on himself. There's my Mirren, for example—but that's gang all the thread o' my story. Weel! ye ken, I was owre well pleased at getting my babbees, no to gie her a taste at setlin', the man that he had been awd nebor cronies, when he was better to day; so we had ae gill and anither, and fell on the crack about auld times, and auld freens, and ae thing and a thing, till we baith got uncdo happy, and didna part till it was weel on to ten o'clock, when I set off on a gie round pace for home, as I kent Mirren would be lookin' for me—{for her father, that's in his grave, had once been an elder, though he was deposed for a fatherless bairn, on which account Mirren has a great insistin' upon elders hours). Weel! ye see, I'm steppin' alang, as I said, and I'm cromin' a bit worse o'—

"Our gudeman cam' home at e'en, and hoo cam' he?"

"Ye ken the sang, I dour say; and I'm just about opposite the Tontine, when along comes a bit bonnie, rosy, self-cheekit quean, uncdo weel put on, wi' a bit neat bonnet and shawl, and her hair slakit down over her brows—a bit sūd lassieck was she; and I was just thinkin' sue to myself, and oomparin' her to what my Mirren used to be (ye should hae seen my Mirren—pure red and white), when she turns the tail o' her o'e to me, in passing, and, quo' she,

"Heh! but ye'er uncdo prood the night, quo' she, 'goun bye in that gaet, and no speerin' as uncle as Hoo's your health?"

"Odd pity me I think I—Dinna ken the lassie to my knowledge; sue man be a customer o' mine it's like, and has seen me about the shop, sae quo' she."

"I beg your pardon, mem' quo' I; I didna just recognize ye at first. Hoo's a' w' ye the night?"

"Oo, brawleys! quo' she, 'and thank ye for speerin'; will ye come and tak' your share o' a dram!"

"Hoot! quo' I, 'I canna allow a braw lass like you to treat me; but ye'll come up to Drou's and I'll gie a gill o' the best in the house, and that'll no be bad."

"Na! quo' she; 'come your wa's hame wi' me, and we'll hae our glass by oor ain fireside."

"Saying sae, she took a grasp o' my arm, and we gie in through a cloos therabouts, and up—Goudkens hoo many stairs. Ye see, I've a wee touch o' the rheumatis in my left theegh, and I was sair trussed at the speelin' o' thae awfu' stairs, but, at lang and last, we cam' to the tap, and the lassie lifted the sneek, and in we walkit into the kitchen—and an orra like kitchen it was—wi' a man sitting at the tae side o' the fire wanting the nose, and a woman at the tither side wi' a blue e'e. Odd! thinks I, gin that ye your father and mother, lassie, ye come o' a grewsome kindred; sae I wasna ill-pleasid when she lichtit a canule and waggit me ben the hoosie into anither room; and I sat me down by the side o' the bed, for I was out o' breath wi' mounth thae sorrowfu' stairs, and speert the lassie if she could get us haff a mutchkin, which she shortly brought ben a ginger beer bottle. Weel! I takes a taste o' the speerits and she takes a taste; when, whup! sir, what wad ye hae put donn she sits on my knee, and puts her arm round my neck, as if she had been my auld dochter or Mirren hersel'. Odd! lassie, thinks I, it's weel for you that ye're in my pouch when I gie her the shilling for the whisky."

"Hoot! be at peace! quo' she, 'Peace! quo' I—na! na! lassie! though ye live aboot the Olive Branch, I'll be at nae peace till I get my siller!—and w' that, I got to my feet and she began to rage, and swear, and make sic a rumpus, that ben cam' the man wantin' the nose."

"I'll no stay another minute in the house wi' the auld villain! quo' the innkeeper—and awa' she gaed in a braw hurry, and me after her, but the man wantin' the nose wadna let me out, and an uncdo fecht we had aboot it, in the course of which I threatened to break his snout, which was incontinent and over precipitate on my part, seeing he had nae snout to break. However, in the middle o' the wairle my shoother went through the window, and up comes a policeman, wha, instead o' listening to my story, and gaun after the slut that was off wi' my siller, fa's a shakin' o' me back and forat, like an auld wife, shakin' out the grounds o' the meak pole. Odd! there was a bit steeve stick, that I had w' me, lying over a chair, sae I gruppit haud o't, and gie the bodie a crack on the croon, when he fell a whistling at a wimperful rate, till up cam' ither twa o' the fraternity, and they've gat me here among them. I dinna ken what may be said about this. They say it takes an auld earl to wat his name weel, but I'll kick up a bonnie balladilloo in the mornin'. Put me in the office! I'll get the best o' them shake in their coats for't!"

I was tired of the old man and his story before he finished, partly because I was scarcely in a humor to be amused, and partly because I saw that the others were displeasid at our disturbing their night's rest; so, squatting myself in a sitting posture near the fire, I buried my face in my hands, and fell into a broken slumber, interrupted occasionally by the visit of the night-watch to mend the fire, or the caterwaul of the drunken street girls, as they were locked up for the night.—Glasgow Herald.

HE HAD HIM THERE.—The following squib was perpetrated in a school "down east." It is too good to be lost:

It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of treachery in the upper stories of some of the young deas, and they took and scared the balastrades from top to bottom with mud, and when the master came in he verry naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of the mishap, but said nothing about it till the scholars had been called in and taken their seats, when he acquainted them with the fact, and said he would give any one five dollars to tell who had a hand in it.

"You jumped a little red-headed uretin who said,

"'Thir, you thieth you'll give any one five dollars who'll tell who had a hand in it?"

"'Yes,"

"'Now, thir you'll not whip me, will you thir?"

"'No,"

"'Well, thir,—now you won't whip me thir?"

"'You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell peery soon!"

"'Thir, you—oh, thir, I don't like to."

"'Go on or I'll skin you alive in it, shop, sae quo' she."

"'Well, thir, you had a hand in it, you did thir!"

The master gave in, and locked over the five dollars.