

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1863.

Whole No. 213.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL

RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor. A LARGE HALL is connected with this Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts, Meetings, &c.

White Hart Inn,

RICHMOND HILL. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c.

YONGE STREET HOTEL,

AURORA. A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.

CLYDE HOTEL,

RICHMOND HILL. JOHN MILLS, Proprietor. Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

James Massey,

(Late of the King's Head, London, Eng.) No. 26 West Market Place, TORONTO. Every accommodation for Farmers and others attending Market. Good Stabling.

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutsches Casibus. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c.

THE WELL-KNOWN

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, Formerly kept by William Holph, Cor. of Palace & George Sts [EAST OF THE MARKET] TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,

Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers always in attendance. Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-14

JOS. GREGOR'S

Fountain Restaurant! 63 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO Lunch every day from 11 till 2

NEWBICGING HOUSE,

A FEW Claret, Port, &c. No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.

YORK MILLS HOTEL,

YONGE STREET. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, and having fitted it up in the most stylish and comfortable manner, he is enabled to give every comfort and attention at this first class house.

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE. GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR. A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other improvements have, at great expense, been made so as to make this House the largest and best in the West. Travellers at this House find every convenience both for themselves and horses.

Maple Hotel!

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

George Wilson,

(LATE FROM ENGLAND) Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL. GOOD Accommodations and every attention shown to Travellers. Good Yards for Dressing and Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. 172-71

Poetry.

KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.

Though our way is dark and dreary, And we toil from day to day, While the heart is sad and weary, At our home there shines a ray. Kindly words and smiling faces, Gentle voices as of yore, Loving kisses and embraces, Ever wait us at the door.

Literature.

ABIJAH BEANPOLE:

THE STOREKEEPER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SIMMONS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SIMMONS."

(From Godey's Magazine.)

(Continued from our last.)

'What's the matter?' says Mister Jones. 'Did you see her?' says I.

'See who?' 'In that window—that—that being?' 'I saw a very pretty young lady,' says he, 'and the best of it is, I know her.'

'Do you?' I cried, catchin' hold of his hand and wringin' it till he might about holler; 'I'd give pretty much all I'm worth to be introduced to her.'

'Oh, that's a different matter, Mr. Beanpole; I don't know her myself very well, and I wouldn't presume to introduce strangers.—When her father was a dentist down our street he used to fix my teeth for me; but since he's gone into the wholesale gold leaf and plate, etc., business, and moved on to the Avenue, I haven't kept up the acquaintance very strict. However, she hasn't quite cut her old friends; I've a card in my pocket this moment inviting me to a regular crush there next Tuesday evening.'

'It would be the makin' of me to go, to go to a real Fifth Avenue party, and see how they do things up there,' said I, despondingly.

'A linn' all the rest of your life! I shouldn't wonder if you've a nack of telling big stories,' laughed Mister Jones, pushin' me along, for folks was beginning to stare at us.

'What do you mean?' said I.

'Nuthin',' said he.

'I'm gld of it,' said I.

'I'll tell you what I'll do, Beanpole,' he began, after we'd passed on a little ways; 'I'd really like to gratify your curiosity if it lay in my power to do so. I'll call on the lady this evening, tell her all about you—that you are the tallest Beanpole in your vicinity, good family, the real linnas, you know, and all that; perhaps she'll give me permission to bring you along to the party.'

'You'll lay me under an obligation as big as a load of hay,' replied I, so eager, that he laughed again, and said he shouldn't care to do that, as I might be smothered by the size and weight of my gratitude.

So we went up on the street, lookin' at the long rows of brown-stone buildings, where the people that get rich quick in New York city begin their experience in high life. Jones told me the names and former business of a good many of 'em; but I was so taken up with the thought of the beautiful being I had seen, and wondering if I should actually get an invitation to her party, that I hadn't eyes or ears that amounted to much. We continued on till we came to a beautiful green hill, with flowers all around it, and over the sides, and shut up by a ston wall. I knew Nature never manufactured that hill, as her doin's are commonly of the irregular kind, and this was squared off like a floor. I stopped to look at it, when Mister Jones told me it wasn't a hill, it was a big tub full of

water. After a while I found out he meant it was the Croton Reservoir. I wanted to go up and take a peek inside, but they don't allow visitors on Sunday. All to once he asked me if I'd been to Central Park; I hadn't been, and I wanted to go; so he said we was so far up town, and had just about time to make the trip 'fore dark, he'd go along; so we stuck down a street till we come to a car, which was just as jammed as the people could stand without being squeezed to death. I thought of my best suit, and was dreadful uneasy about my hat; but, as Jones said, 'I must see the most wonderful and magnificent combination of Nature and Art on this continent,' I mustn't mind my hat. When we got there he asked me if I'd have a carriage. 'What'll the shot be?' I inquired.

'A dollar for the rounds.'

'Whew!' said I, 'that's rather steep just for a little ride. I don't mind walking, if you don't. I need exercise.'

'Wall,' said he, 'I think we took some exercise going from Bloeker to Croton Reservoir.—Jump in, Mr. Beanpole; seem' I've took you out, I'll do the polite.'

We got into a real handsome carriage, with two horses, and a driver stuck up in a high seat, and started around the Park. I felt as proud as a hen with her first chickens, to be riding 'round in that style with my new suit on, and an easy, nice chap like Mister Jones for company. It was an epigram in my life. But as to your great Park they talk so much about, I was disappointed.—We shouldn't think no great puns, that it out around Beanville.—We've got lots bigger trees, and more of 'em, and a mill pond that beats their lake all holier; and as for their Hamburg swans, I didn't see as they looked much different from Beanville geese.

'If that was a little later in the season things would look better—the grass isn't fairly up yet,' said Mister Jones.

I told him I could see plenty of grass to home, it wouldn't be any treat to me; and he said 'I presumed not; but something down-right green was a great treat to city folks, whether it was grass, pease, or—'

'Beans,' I put in, 'or Beanpoles, which is connected with 'em. Just so, sir.'

There was one thing about the Park I admired, which was the bridges; every place where there was the least excuse, if it wasn't any more than a holler spot, they had in this they had to flat out in places; I saw several small ones designed for foot passengers, made out of rough saplings and sticks with the bark on—real cheap affairs like that hum-made concern over the brook out our own farm. 'I think them bridges decidedly cheap; we've got as good to home,' said I.

'Wall, yes, they are rather rustic,' says he, 'but they'd look for variety.'

'Butter get white, and then they'll do for my wedding too.'

'Now, how about your handkerchiefs? Let's tend to that, Beanpole.' I pulled it out of my coat-tail behind, and I showed it to him; I thought for a short time that he was going to faint. But he didn't. After he came to a little he said: 'Leave your handkerchief to home, my friend. I'll lend you a handkerchief.' He went into his own room, and brought me a linen lawn thing about as large as a lady's. Then he began to sniff, and ask me what smelt so confounded strong. I told him I didn't smell nothing bad; I'd been eating winter-green essence to sweeten my breath.

We got in a 'bus, and rode most to the place, then we got out and walked to the house. My heart beat sort of unstidly when I saw the women getting out of their carriages, and such fine gentlemen helping 'em out, and so much gaslight; but as I've said, I'm not naturally backwards, so I picked up all my courage, and got my pleasantest smile on my face; while Jones was ringing the bell. The door swung open as soon as he touched the bell-knob, and a very good looking gentleman, all dressed up, with white gloves on, stood there bowing. I s'posed of course 'twas the head of the family, so I shook him by the hand very friendly, thinking 'twas curious he should be embarrassed instead of me. 'First door to the left, up stairs,' was all he said, and we passed along up to a dressing-room,

where a hull lot of fellers were admiring themselves in the glasses, putting on their gloves, teaching up their whiskers, etc.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FIRST NEGRO SLAVES IN AMERICA.

The first negro slaves were imported into Virginia in 1619, and in 1690 there were about 2,000 negro slaves in the colony. The first slave ship fitted out in the English colonies sailed from Boston in 1748. The French introduced slaves into their island of St. Christopher, and afterwards into Martinique and Guadeloupe, and thence into their American colonies. The Dutch also joined in a trade which, by every enlightened nation, is now deemed contraband. The importation of slaves into the United States was interdicted by law in 1808. In 1774 the Legislature of Rhode Island interdicted the importation of slaves into that colony; and the next year, a while still a British colony, passed a law of Emancipation by declaring the children of all slave mothers to be born free. Massachusetts abolished slavery by the Bill of Rights in 1780. Connecticut, in 1784, put a stop to the introduction of negroes and declared all born after the 1st of March of that year free at the age of twenty-six. Pennsylvania prohibited the introduction of slaves in 1780, and declared free all children of slave mothers born after the passing of the law. Virginia prohibited the importation of slaves in 1778, Maryland in 1783.—Slavery was abolished in New Hampshire in 1793, and in New Jersey in 1825. The American States which in the last century abolished slavery, permitted the free coloured population to enjoy every right consistent with their condition as a class, and allowed bond and free to remain during their natural lives in the colony or state where they lived. The Northern States did, no doubt, prosecute the slave trade at an early period with that energy which they threw into all their other enterprises; but in fairness to them it must be admitted that some of them every early set a good example to the other states by the abolition of slavery within their own borders.

RELIEF FROM INTELLECTUAL LABOR.

In an article on acoustics and other laborious literary trifles, a foreign reviewer commences thus philosophically:—'Tired out with the search after ideas, with the uncertainty and incompleteness of all human science, weary of great speculations that end in doubt, unrewarded efforts of misinterpreted opinions, of wisdom that brings no heart's ease, and knowledge that only enlarges the self-cognizance of pain; the intellectual men of all ages have, in that mood of playfulness which sometimes partakes of the sadness of disappointment, no less than the brightness of fancy, employed their leisure moments in the composition of laborious trifles, such as mock the fruits of their graver studies with something of a fairy quaintness. Hence the flood of anagrams, acrostics, pyramids, alliterative verses, shaped verses, echo verses, macaronies, horts rimes, etc., poured forth over the broad lands of literature, not by mere flippant idlers, or dull men mistaking themselves for wits, but often by authors of real scholarship and ability.'

WHO MURDER THE INNOCENT?

Mr. Siaslavay, who writes for the Ocean Magazine, says the teachers murder them.

Mrs. Prim, who picks the mote out of other people's eyes, says the same.

Mr. Tradewell, who comes home at night with the headache, and does not like to be troubled with the children's lessons, reiterates the same charge.

And all lazy boys and girls offer themselves as the living witness that they expect to die of hard study.

We protest.

Who send their children to bed with stomachs overloaded with indigestible food?

Not the teacher.

Who allows Susan Jane to go out in wet weather with her clothes and pastboard soles? Not the teacher.

Who allows the little child, in cold weather, to be with its lower extremities half bare or but thinly clad, because it is fashionable? Not the teacher.

Who allows John and Mary before they have reached their teens, to go to the 'ball' and dance until the cock crows? Not the teacher.

Who compels the children, several in number perhaps, to sleep in a little close, unventilated bedroom? Not the teacher.

Who builds the school-house 'tight as a drum,' without possibility of ventilation? Not the teacher.

Who frets and scolds, if 'my child' does not get along as fast as some other child does? Not the teacher.

Who inquires, not how thoroughly 'my child' progresses, but how fast? Not the teacher.

Danderearism.—The truest and rarest example of real Danderearism is furnished by an anecdote which Edinburgh at one time knew well—when an eminent man who, however absurd, was not an idiot, being obliged to visit a dentist, replied to the operator who asked leave to put his finger into the patient's mouth—'No, you'll bite me!' This confusion is perfect Danderearism.—Scotsman.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN NATURE.

Niwevah was 11 miles long, 8 wide and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.—Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 100 high, with 100 brazen gates.—The temple of Diana at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 451 feet, and 653 feet on the sides; the base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 108. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates.—Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and Nero carried from it 200 statues. The wall of Rome were 12 miles round.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is but carving: Give no more to every guest Than he's able to digest. Give him always of the prime, Carve to all but just enough. Let them neither starve nor stuff; And, that you may have your due, Let some neighbour carve for you.

'Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?'—'I guess knot.'

The congregation of the Greek Church, London Wall, have contributed the magnificent sum of \$21,801 for Transshire, after an appeal by the Rev. J. Madhus. The total Mission House subscription up to the 25th Nov., amounted to \$2186 2/3.

Lord Radstock mentioned at a meeting held in London last week that seventy of the little slave-lads had contributed £7 for the distress fund, and that one had given £5, or 1s. in the pound, on the capital which he had saved. The statement was received with loud cheers.