

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK Third DIVISION COURT. Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

JOSEPH KELLER, Bailiff Second and Third DIVISION Court. Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

G. & B. BARNARD, Importers of British and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Oils, Paints, &c., &c. Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

CHARLES DURRANT, (Late M. Teffy) Importer of British and Foreign Dry Goods, Wine and Spirit Merchant &c., &c. Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c. Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

JOHN McDONALD, Chemist and Druggist, Importer of English Drugs, Soaps, Perfumes, Brushes, &c. No. 169, Yonge Street, (Opposite Shuter Street, near Green Bush Tavern, Toronto, June, 1857.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh MAKER, Opposite the White Swan Inn. Richmond Hill, June 10th, 1857.

J. W. GIBSON, Boot and Shoe Maker, Opposite J. K. Falconbridge's, YONGE STREET, RICHMOND HILL, June, 1857.

Wm. H. MYERS, SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER, One Door South of the Gazette Office. Richmond Hill, June 12th, 1857.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker, Next door to G. & B. Barnard's, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier, Yonge St., Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

JAMES NEWTON, Tanner and Currier, ELGIN MILLS, RICHMOND HILL. The Highest Price paid in Cash for Hides and Skins. June, 1857.

HENRY SANDERSON, VETERINARY SURGEON, AND AUCTIONEER, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, RICHMOND HILL, June, 1857.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, Opposite the Post Office, Yonge Street, An Omnibus leaves the above Hotel every Morning, (Sundays excepted), at 7 o'clock, for Toronto; returning the same evening. Horses and Buggies kept for hire.

RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

VICTORY HOTEL, And Masonic Hall, YONGE STREET EXTENSIVE Stabling, and obliging Hostlers always in attendance. Choice Wines and Liquors. Beer, Porter and various Summer Beverages. Regalia, Principe, Havana, Manila and other brands of Cigars and Cheroots. An Omnibus to and from Toronto, calls at this Hotel, daily.

ROBERT WISEMAN, Proprietor, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

THE WHITE SWAN, Inn, and Livery Stables, YONGE STREET HORSES and Buggies in readiness at the Shortest Notice.

JOSEPH GABY, Proprietor, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

Thorn Hill Hotel, GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR Travellers.

JOHN SHIELDS, Proprietor, Thorn Hill, June 9th, 1857.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor, June, 1857.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W. M. MORRISON, Agent. Toronto, June 12th, 1857.

J. W. MILLAR, Importer and Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Jewellery, Electro-Plate, Fancy Goods, &c., &c. No. 80, Yonge Street, Toronto, June, 1857.

York Ridings' Gazette, AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. 1. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1857. No. 7.

J. K. FALCONBRIDGE, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, RICHMOND HILL, June, 1857.

C. E. PERRY, Richmond Hill BAKERY, C. E. PERRY, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

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

Boarding and Day School FOR YOUNG LADIES, MRS. & THE MISSES CAMPBELL, (CONTINUE) to give Instructions in the usual branches of a solid and useful English Education. Also, French, Music, and Ornamental Needle Work. A Vacancy for One Boarder. Miss Bonnie Cottage, Richmond Hill, June, 1857.

IF YOU WANT CHEAP Dry Goods and Millinery, Go to R. Cathron's, 82, Yonge Street, Toronto, June 12, 1857.

W. C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY, 66, King Street, East, Toronto, C. W. Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth. Consultations Free, and all Work Warranted. Toronto, June, 1857.

JOHN MURPHY, House Decorator, Painter, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER &c., &c. No. 49, King Street, 4 Doors West of Bay Street. Dealer in Paper Hangings, Decorations, &c. Toronto, June 18th, 1857.

LAND FOR SALE. THE SUBSCRIBER offers For Sale the undervalued Valuable Property, being the East half of Lot No. 33, in the 6th Concession, Township of Wainacota, 10 acres cleared, with a good Living Stream. ALSO, Lot No. 12, 2nd Concession, containing 200 acres, Township of Adelaide, South of the Egre-mout Road. For further particulars, apply to the Proprietor, ROBT. MARSH, g.l.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Melodeons, Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight. Watch Clubs in Operation. Warranted Clocks from 20s. upwards. Toronto, June, 1857.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto,—Over W. Grindley's Grocery Store. Coats of Arms, and every description of Herald Painting, executed with despatch, and at reasonable charges. Toronto, 1857.

Select Poetry.

THE COURSE OF LIFE Oh! let the soul its slumber break, Arouse its senses and awake, To see how soon Life, with its glories glides away, And the stern footsteps of decay Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind, Blows by, and leaves us nought behind But grief at last; How still our present happiness Seems, to the wayward fancy less Than what is past.

And which we eye the rolling tide, Down which our flying minutes glide Away so fast; Let us the present hour employ And deem each future dream of joy Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind, No happier let us hope to find To-morrow than to-day. Our golden dreams of yore were bright, Like them the present shall delight— Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be, That into one engulfing sea, Are doomed to fall. The sea of death, whose waves roll on, O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne, And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide, Alike them humble riv'lets glide To that sad wave; Death levels poverty and pride, And rich and poor sleep side by side Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place, Life is the running of the race, And death the goal: There all our steps at last are brought, That path alone of all unsought, Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of death can blight, The cheeks pure glow of red and white Hath passed away: Youth smiled and all was heav'nly fair; Age came and laid his fingers there, And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked decay, The step that rose so light and gay, The hearts blithe tone? The strength is gone, the step is slow, And joy grows weariness and woe When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth Are all those glittering toys of earth That lure us here; Dreams of a sleep that death must break Alas! before it bids us wake, Ye disappear.

DOESTICKS ON A BENDER. I was never given to accepting the decision of others as gospel in any cases where it was possible for me to manufacture a home-made opinion of my own; and I did not greatly wonder at myself when I discovered that my emotions, when I first beheld that great aqueous bag of universal Yankeeedom, Niagara, were not of the stereotyped and generally-considered-to-be-necessary—sort. The letter which follows, and which is all the reminiscence of my visit extant, was published soon after, and extensively copied, and was, in fact, the first article which bore the name of Doesticks.

I have been to Niagara Falls—big rocks, water foam, Table Rock, Indian curiosities, squaws, mocassins, stuffed snakes, rapids, wolves, Clifton House, suspension bridge, place where the water runs swift, the ladies faint, scream, and get the paint washed off their faces; where the aristocratic Indian ladies sit on the dirt and make little bags; where all the inhabitants swindle strangers; where the cars go in a hurry, the waiters are impudent, and all the small boys swear.

When I came in sight of the suspension bridge, I was vividly impressed with the idea that it was "some" bridge; in fact, a considerable curiosity, and a "considerable" bridge. Took a glass of beer and walked up to the Falls; another glass of beer and walked under the Falls; wanted another glass of beer, but couldn't get it; walked away from the Falls, wet through, mad, triumphant, victorious; humbug! humbug! Sir, all humbug! except the dampness of everything, which is a moist certainty, and the cupidity of everybody, which is a diabolical, fact, and the Indians and niggers everywhere, which is a satanic truth.

Another glass of beer—'twas forthcoming—immediately—also another, all of which I drank. I then proceeded to drink a glass of beer; went over to the States, where I procured a glass of beer—went up stairs, for which I paid a sixpence; over to Goat Island, for which I disbursed twenty-five cents; hired a guide, to whom I paid half a dollar—sneezed, four times, at nine cents a sneeze—went up on the tower for a quarter of a dollar, and looked at the Falls—didn't feel sublime any; tried to, but couldn't; took some beer, and tried again, but failed—drank a glass of beer and began to feel better—thought the waters were sent for and were on a journey to the—; thought the place below was one sea of beer—was going to jump down and get some; guide held me; sent him over to the hotel to get a glass of beer, while I tried to write some poetry—result as follows:

Oh thou (spray in one eye) awful (small lobster in one shoe.) sublime (both feet wet) master piece of (what a lie,) the Almighty! terrible and majestic art thou in thy tremendous might—awful (orful) to behold, (cramp in my right shoulder,) gigantic huge and nice! Oh, thou that tumbledst down and rise h up again in misty majesty to heaven—thou glorious parent of a thousand rainbows—what a huge, grand, awful, terrible, tremendous, infinite, old swindling humbug you are; what are you doing there, you rapids, you—you know you've tumbled over there, and can't get up again to save your puny existence; you make a great fuss, don't you?

Man came back with the beer, drank it to the last drop, and wished there had been a gallon more—walked out on a rock to the edge of the fall, woman on the shore very much frightened—I told her not to get excited if I fell over, as I would step right up again—it would not be much of a fall anyhow—got a glass of beer of a man, another of a woman, and another of two small boys with a pail—fifteen minutes elapsed, when I purchased some more of an Indian woman, and imbibed it through a straw; it wasn't good—had to get a glass of beer to take the taste out of my mouth; legs began to tangle up, effects of the spray in my eyes, got hungry and wanted something to eat—went into an eating house, called for a plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his hand. I took it, hung up my beef and beans on a nail, eat my hat, paid the dollar a nigger, and sided out on the step-walk, bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on his tail, with a collar with a spot on the end—felt funny, sick—got some soda-water in a tin-cup, drank the cup and left the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket—very bad headache; rubbed it against the lamp-post and then stumped along; station-house came along and said if I did not go straight he'd take me to the watchman—tried to oblige the station-house, very—met a baby with an Irish woman and a wheel-barrow in it; couldn't get out of the way; she wouldn't walk on the sidewalk, but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her; consequence collision, awful, knocked out

the wheelbarrow's nose, broke the Irish woman to pieces, baby loose, court-house handy; took me to the constable; jury sat on me, and the jail said the magistrate must take me to the constable, objected; the dungeon put me into the darkest constable in the city; got out, and here I am, prepared to stick to my original opinion.

Niagara, non cat excelsus (ego fui) humbug est! indignus admirationi!

THE REV. EMANUEL GLEBE. The follow is an anecdote of an eccentric, though worthy and excellent divine (the Rev. Emanuel Glebe) and may afford some amusement to the lovers of eccentricity. Having, a few summers ago, determined to make a tour, he took leave of his flock, over whose souls his care was extended, with more than ordinary feelings of good-will; but, as he was what the world calls "a good liver," he extended his care likewise over that generous and inspiring beverage which promotes "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" in short, he possessed a cellar well stored with the true Falernian. This store must be allowed to have naturally demanded his attention before he left home, and its security in his absence was what every man of common care would have endeavored to promote as far as possible. With this intention, therefore the worthy Doctor rang his bell, and his faithful servant John immediately stood before him: then taking out of his purse a half Crown, he said, "Here John, take this; go to the Blacksmiths in the village, and buy with it three ten-penny nails immediately." John delighted with this errand immediately repairs to the habitation of this disciple of Vulcan, and paying him for the three nails, quietly profits by his master's ideas of the number of ten-penny nails to be had for two shillings and six pence by pocketing the difference, and then, crowding all sail appeared again in his Masters presence. "Very well John," says the Doctor, now bring me a candle and a hammer, and go with me into the wine cellar, to nail up the door. Picture to yourself now the worthy Doctor and John in the subterraneous vaults, consulting the safety of the choice spirits there immured. "Give me the candle, John, shut the door, and drive a nail in here at the top," John hammered. "Hit it hard, John, drive it up to the head." "I have Sir." "Now drive another in here above the lock, John." "Yes Sir." "Up to the head, John." "I will, Sir." "Now the third here, a little way from the bottom, John." "Yes, Sir." This being accomplished, both paused to view the work, when the Doctor exclaimed, with exultation. "Now, John I think we have done the business cleverly." "You don't think any body can manage to get in now John, do you?" John however, it seems, during the pause at the conclusion of driving the nails, had reflected that he was on the wrong side of the door to run away, and nailed himself and Master up in the cellar, along with the wine, in their anxiety to prevent others from getting in, he therefore, very laconically observed, in answer to this question. "No, Sir, I am afraid nobody can get in, but how are we to get out?" Conviction then first flashed upon the Doctor's mind, and being considerably annoyed at his situation, he replied with warmth, "You stupid fellow, John, why, why, why, did you not tell me at first, John; you great fool, John; shout, John. Oh dear we are fast! shout and raise the house, John; the servants must get assistance and break the door down." How the worthy Doctor and John were liberated from the cellar, we have never heard.

"CHASED BY A BULL." The editor of the Auburn American recently attended a trial of Mowers and Reapers, and while examining an orchard adjoining the meadow in which the exhibition took place, experienced a trial of quite another description. In fact he was chased by a bull. His description of the affair is too good to be lost:—

"That bull was one of them. He was monarch of all he could eat, chase or gore. Being deeply interested in the apple crop, we wandered out of the field in which the mowing was going on, into friend Shotwell's orchard. Fat and homesome blooded cows were lying about, chewing their cuds, and utterly indifferent as to what was going on. We wandered on from tree to tree, in the large orchard, and while critically examining some very fine looking fruit, was suddenly and rather unpleasantly startled from our train of thought by the bellowing of Mr. Taurus, whose majesty was reclining, and of whose august presence we were unaware. He elevated his tail, and made the earth fly with his "awful paws" and having thus manifested his hostility, and given tone color to his idea that we were an interloper, made a plunge towards us. A moment's view of our antagonist was just about enough. He had a tremendous front. His eyes flashed fire. He roared like a "Bull of Bashan." We did not at all fancy the style of his horns. They were straight as needles, and about as sharp. He exhibited an unmistakable desire to employ them upon us. Knowing that it was expected of us to report he test trial going on in another field, we remembered the prior and pressing interests of our friends, and set up a smart run. So did Mr. Bull! We scampered. He scampered. He "made better time" than we could "bottom out." He gained on us rapidly. We could almost feel his hot breath on our neck. It was neck or nothing. Rail fence twenty rods off! Bull within five rods! Tight race! No bets! Bull in high spirits! Gave up for "a goner!" No such thing! Friendly apple tree, with low branches! Clutched two of them and lifted our precious body into the tree! Taurus arrived just as we cleared the ground! Paved and roared horribly—Taurus did! We attempted to reason with him. No sort of use! He was obstinate and hard of heart. Evidently a great scamp. We eyed him. He eyed us. Good sight for both of us. Being in the newspaper line, we are in favor of the earliest publication of important news, but we confess that the Bull-let-in contemplated on this occasion, shocked our sense of propriety. And the fact that we were treed, illustrated our antipathy to practising the popular fact of "taking the bull by the horns." In this case it would assuredly have been "a horn too much."

Our enemy pawed around the tree, following the manner of "Boanerges, the Son of Thunder," glared at us, and finally walked off the distance of three trees. Thinking all was right we slid down heroically, and "put" for the crazy old rail fence. The distance from tree to bull, and from tree to fence, was just about an even thing. But our assiant saw the movement, and once again the chase was a hot one. But this time we distanced the "horned critter," and scaling the fence landed in a field of rye at about the same moment that our pursuer's horns struck the top rails of the fence, and sent them flying. Separated by the fence, we read the scoundrel a lecture that we hope he will remember to his last moments. We made all due allowance in his case for the excitement caused by the hub-bub of the mowing and reaping affair, but, nevertheless, concluded that he was a great scamp.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE. We have already alluded to the annual report of the registrar of the State of Massachusetts. One of the chapters is devoted to the subject of marriage, and it is full of curious details. During the last twelve years, the greatest number of marriages occurred in the month of November. The most popular months for marriage were November, October, May, January, September and April. According to preceding reports the most usual time for contracting a marriage has been between the ages of 20 and 25 for both sexes. The next greatest number of first marriages have occurred in the period of from 25 to 30 among males, and from 20 to 25 among females; and the third greatest number in the period between the ages of 20 and 25 among males, and including females under 20.

Among the males married for the first time, one under 30 was joined to a maiden over 55. Another maiden over 55 was married to a bachelor between 20 and 55 years of age. One female, also a maiden, and between 70 and 75 years of age, married a widower over 80. Five females and thirty seven males had arrived at more than 75 years of age before their last marriage; and two of the women were over 75 years of age.

During the year the youngest male who was married was a youth of 16 to a bride of 17. Seven grooms of the age of 17 years were united to brides severally, one of 14, 16, 17 and 19 each, and three of 21. The youngest was a girl of 13 years to a man of 21. One male of 16 years of age, seven of 17, fifty-three of 18, one hundred and forty-seven of 19, and ninety of 26 were married for the first time; and ten females of 14, forty-three of 15, and seventy-three of 16 were married also for the first time. Of the 12,326 marriages during the year, 9,640 were first marriages of both parties. The oldest couple were a widower of 82 to a maiden of 77, and the youngest couple was a youth of 17 and a bride of 14.

Marriage is according to the old adage, a lottery, but let us hope that in the aggregate the prizes are found to be far more numerous than the blanks. We can imagine nothing more unfortunate than an ill assorted marriage. There should as well be sympathy and harmony of feeling, as adaptation by age. The difference of a year or two on either sides is not important; but a great disparity in this respect is at once unreasonable and unnatural, and is rarely attended with happy results. In this country, the great error with many is marrying in haste. Thousands of lives have been made wretched by this terrible mistake. Another error that prevails among mothers as well daughters, consists in the belief that marriage is indispensable, and which thus induces wedded life, without regard to all the great essentials. A thousand times better for one of a confiding, susceptible and affectionate nature, to remain, in a state of single blessedness, than to become the slave of a tyrant, or the companion and victim of a profligate or drunkard.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A NEW PLAN TO EXTINGUISH FIRES.—A writer in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine suggests a new plan of extinguishing fires. It is simply saturating the water of the fire-engine with common salt and potash—both very cheap articles, and both acting together to impregnate the wood, so that the flame cannot spread any further—i. e. the muriatic acid flies off, and the soda remains as upon a glazed surface.—The suggestion of this idea even goes on to say that a fire, which is within reach, might be stopped without any engine, by discharging finely powdered clay, lime, or chalk, through a lance on the blaze.

Law Respecting Newspapers.

SUBSCRIBERS who do not give express Notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

If Subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible till they have settled their Bills, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.