

Cross in U. States for 1856

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill. JOHN GRIEVE, Office. JOSEPH KELLER, Office. G. A. BARNARD, Importer of British and American Dry Goods. CHARLES DURRANT, Importer of British and Foreign Dry Goods. P. CROSBY, Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c. JOHN McDONALD, Chemist and Druggist. THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh Maker. J. W. GIBSON, Boot and Shoe Maker. WARD & McCAUSLAND, Painters. WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker. JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier. JAMES NEWTON, Tanner and Currier. HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon. AUCTIONEER. RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. VICTORY HOTEL. THE WHITE SWAN. Thora Hill Hotel. J. W. MILLAR.

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, SEPTEMBER 18, 1857. No. 15.

J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Thornhill

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker. Thornhill

W. C. ADAMS, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY. 66, King Street, East, Toronto, C. W.

J. K. FALCONBIRDGE, Richmond Hill. Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c., &c.

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

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, BARRISTERS, &c., NO. 7, WELINGTON BUILDINGS, KING ST., TORONTO.

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

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.

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

JOHN MURPHY, House Decorator, Painter, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER &c., &c. No 49, King Street, 4 Doors West of Bay Street.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons, &c. Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Enamel Street, Toronto.—Over W. Griffith's Grocery Store.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, Importers and dealers in Italian and American Marble, also manufacturers of Monuments, Cenotaphs, Tomb and Grave Stones, Ornamental enclosures for grave plots, &c.

D. C. & W. YALE, Importers and dealers in Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Jewellery, Electro-Plate, Fancy Goods, &c., &c. No. 80, Yonge Street, Toronto.

J. B. DEEGIER, Agent, Richmond Hill. Toronto, July 18, 1857.



THE PRINTER.

From the Daily Constitutionalist. 'Tis stood there alone at the shadowy hour, By the swinging lamp dimly burning;

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone With the joy of festivity gleaming;

And hearts that were beating in sympathy then, Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down, And building bright hopes for the morrow,

That would bring to him fear and sorrow; Yet the printer was there in his shadowy room,

And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom! The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had bound

The ties that death only can sever; And dreaming, she started, yet woke with a smile,

For she thought they were parted forever! But the printer was ticking the types that would tell

On the morrow, the truth of that midnight spell. And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow,

And restless the pillow was pressing; For he felt through the mist of his shadowy dream

His loftiest hopes now possessing; Yet the printer worked on amid silence and gloom,

And dug for ambition his lowliest tomb. And slowly the workman went gathering up His budget of grief and of gladness,

A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low, For the happy a full cup of sadness;

Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear, And dark ones of terror to curdle with fear.

along the lines when the boy-Emperor of Austria rode through the ranks on the anniversary of the birth-day of Maria Theresa—a pageant that occurs but once in a hundred years; no matter where the tide of fortune takes me—and I have seen all lands and heard all tongues in my one hundred and fifty thousand miles of rambling—our country stands out in bold relief, the fairest land in Christendom.

Asia has heard of our prosperity—Africa reads our history—Europe opens wide her eyes—Russia is proud of our friendship—Austria respects us—France sees our giant growth—England trembles for her commerce—all the world wonders.

Our eagle stoops to no small flight—the king of birds, as our country is the king of nations. Stand back, old mother land—think of the cotton and the corn—look at our commerce—remember our history—and in these days of doubt and dread that hang over Europe and your Indian Empire, don't forget that America is your truest friend, where blood and kindred, laws and religion, bind us by an annual contract of one hundred million sterling to keep the peace.

Let our voice ring round the world—past Cape Clear, past the Banks of Newfoundland rolling on to our Atlantic border, till the trapper catches the sound on the Rocky Mountains and whirls it scornfully past Brigham Young and his nest of seepers, to the gem of the Pacific—California—and still onward on that broad ocean, where another golden land has caught the fire, and where 10,000 Americans in Australia commemorate that anniversary, the celebration of which I introduced there four years ago, and where they echo back the glorious words "Union!—Liberty!" (Applause.)

Again, on the American Navy being toasted at a public dinner given to the officers of the "Susquehanna" and "Niagara," on a recent occasion in Liverpool, when Lord Palmerston and our own Governor and Attorney General were present, the redoubtable Commodore Erastus Dupuy spoke as follows:—

"I guess there ain't much doubt in the minds of modern Philosophers as to our destiny. That destiny has been made manifest to ourselves, at least, ever since the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, which must eventually, at no distant day, in the inevitable evacuation of every shred of red cloth on that boundless Continent which we may now call ourn. Coming events cast their shadows before, as our own glorious Longfellow has it; and accordingly we have here to-night both the Governor and Attorney General of Canada, not, as was stupidly surmised, in the colony with Federal-Union or inter-Colonial railway plots in their heads, but closely watching and stemming public feeling in this country, in relation to the annexation of the hull British American Provinces to our glorious Union in return for the sympathetic and material aid which I am commissioned to tender her Majesty in reconquering revolted India, where the Paikhan of the 'Susquehanna' will soon be heard in all its terrors." (Applause.)

"I guess the Canadians are at last woke up—but it ain't any manner of use. The land is or shall be ourn, somehow—that's sartin. It was likely to be so offener than wunst already, when old Grannet England was in trouble. Whar on airth is the man who can say we lost a chance. There was the French war—the Canadian rebellion—the Russian war—and is it to be supposed that we ain't on the alert now, when India and China demand all the resources of the Old Gal. I say, Gal, guess you see your cuteness in negotiating for British Territory on our side of the pond just at this juncture. If you don't some one does (glancing a suspicious look at John A.); but the Canadians shall be found no where 'fore long, now I tell you. There be no manner of doubt you still trust to your wooden walls—but what are they? Did not the 'America' whip all your Yachts to eternal smash? Did not the Collins' line beat you in running under the water if not on it? Did not I myself scare Rear Admiral Fanshawe out of his hide in the Bay of Nicaragua? and do you not acknowledge our superiority in navigation, in so far as a knowledge of the bottom of the sea is concerned when you call the 'Niagara' and the 'Susquehanna' to your aid in laying the telegraph cables on the bossum of old ocean? You can't do the excess over us no longer, no how—you can

fix it—so cave in John. The eagle has fed on red Lion 'fore now, and as you are fond of precedents, how is this to your liking? In conclusion, gentlemen, allow me to ask who's afraid? For my part I'll be everlastingly excommunicated and generally clawed up by a reaping machine chawed up by a steam mill, and the place where I was raised blotted out of the map of the United States, if I be. So here's to old Zac Taylor, and may his indomitable spirit never want a chew or a jug of rye."

The gallant Commodore then sat down amidst universal cheering. A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

A little girl whom people may have seen selling violets around the New York Hotel, offered a bunch of violets the other day to a gentleman and lady who were staying at the establishment, as they were returning from a walk.

"I please buy my violets, Sir!" said the little one, holding up a purple bunch that still seemed to have the dew upon it. "Please buy my violets—only sixpence a bunch."

"No! go away, child," said the lady, rather harshly, "I don't want them."

"My dear," remarked the gentleman, mildly, "you have spoken rather harshly to the poor girl; see, her eyes are filled with tears."

The lady looked round. The little violet girl, whose eyes were as dark as the flowers she sold, was weeping silently. In an instant Mrs. Y.'s warm Southern nature gushed out, and turning back she clasped the poor child in her arms and endeavored to assuage her grief.

"How very, very like our poor Alfred the child is," said Mrs. Y., looking attentively in the face of the poor violet girl. Alfred was their only son who had come to New York some five or six years ago, where he had died of dissipation.

Mr. Y., attracted by his wife's exclamation, examined the little girl attentively.

"There is a strong likeness," he replied. They questioned her. She had little to tell. Her mother and father were both dead. What was her name? She was not certain, but her father's name was Y.—It was enough. The old gentleman and lady took the child between them, in a carriage, and straightway drove to the house of her grandmother, with whom she said she lived. There they discovered that their only son had absolutely been married some time before his death to a pretty sewing girl, who did not long survive him, and who died leaving behind her this one child. Mr. and Mrs. Y. were rich and childless. This little creature, ragged and uneducated, was more welcome to them than a fortune. She was instantly washed and dressed, and teachers had for her. Her fortune changed as the season changed. It had been Winter with her a long time, and now it was May.

IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE LETTER.—The following are illustrations of the strange perversions of sense resulting from the change or omission of a single letter: During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty seven of his men had been lost in a battle—battle. Some other paper informed the public not long ago, that a man in a brown surcoat was yesterday brought before the police court on a charge of having stolen a small ox—box—from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat—raft—says another paper, descending the river came in contact with a steamboat; and so serious was the injury to the boat, that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian General Backinoffkowsky was found dead with a long word—sword—in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter—slaughter. Again: A gentleman was brought up to answer the charge of having eaten—beaten—a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare. At the late Fourth of July dinner in the town of Charlestown, none of the poultry were eatable except the owls—tows.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER.—A London correspondent to the Philadelphia Inquirer, who attended "Epsom Races," gives a sketchy account of the persons and the sights he met there. He thus alludes to Lord Palmerston, the present English Premier. And who is that would-be young gentleman on horse-back, who came cantering by the Queen's carriage, and is now standing up in his stirrups, holding a pocket telescope, to his eye? He may be forty-five or say fifty—possibly sixty. He must be a person of much importance, for every one seems to know him. He will never see seventy three again!—What a deal of work an English Prime Minister has to do, besides dictating dispatches and answering opposition members questions in the House of Commons. The really aged Premier rose betimes this morning to be at Windsor Castle; left at half past twelve, to ride horseback to Ascot; leaves this at six; after being many hours in the saddle, makes a toilet, and meets Her Majesty and England's aristocracy at a banquet in St. George's Hall; finds his pillow and "tired nature's sweet restorer," at Cambridge House Piccadilly, when far into the "small hours" of another day. Could "young England" or young America do more? And again, perhaps at ten on Saturday opens a pyramid of letters on his breakfast table; at three, meets his colleagues in a Cabinet Council, at Downing street, for a long business conference. Afterwards (I quote from the Court organ) "entertains a distinguished circle at dinner, and a distinct party late in the evening," verifying what good Bishop Clark, of R. I., said once in St. Philip's Church, viz: "men of the last century walk about amongst us with more remains of animal and mental vigor than half the young men of the day can boast."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE ON THE FAIR SEX.

In "Harper" for August is an acknowledgment that "American gentlemen are generally ill-bred," and that our countryman is too often known abroad by his high pretensions and low breeding. "This is very candid and very true; but in the current (September) number he drops down on the ladies. He says that 'to be seen of men is the highest ambition of our beauties, and they take care to spread their plumage before every eye'—that 'our women, cunning as they may be in most arts, want the art of pleasing—that they not only have it not, but seem unwilling to acquire it'—that 'they never give a smile of acknowledgement, or utter a simple thank-you for favors in stages, omnibuses or steam-boats'—and he adds, 'If what Livy says of woman be true, that she is more amiable abroad than at home, we should fear that American husbands have not a very pleasant time of it at their own firesides.'"

But this is not all. He also says:— "This want of gracious acknowledgement of favors received in the ordinary intercourse of out-door life cannot be excused on the score of modest reserve; for where does woman carry a bolder air in public than with us? Where does she flaunt her charms so freely? Where does her eye look with a steadier gaze on man; where does her voice sound louder, and her laughing more sonorously? There is nothing in fact which our woman are so deficient as reserve. There is a publicity of bearing about them which reminds one more of the hotel than of home. You see that they are veterans in courage, however young in years, and can stand steadily the fire of a hundred eyes. Where a more timid bashfulness would not dare to show its face, they are as unmoved as bronze. If courage to face an enemy was all that was required, there would be no difficulty, we should think, in recruiting an army of bold-eyed Amazons among our beauties, ready to return look for look with the most formidable gallants that were ever marshalled for mischief."

And again:— "Whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt of the fact, that our female youth are more in the public eye, have a bolder face, a looser tongue, and a freer air, than used to be considered consistent with the character of young gentlemen."

Think, he says, of the consequences to female virtue of such freedom of will on the part of young girls with lovers.

We may state however, that the experience of the Old World is against its safety; and it is only in our own country where a girl is allowed to form intimacies with a score of ardent beaux who are not even speaking acquaintances with her parents."

LUCY'S LAMENT.—A young lady in Michigan whose lover had absconded, and left her forlorn, like poor Dido, thus gave vent to her sorrows: "He's gone across the sudzy sea; He's crost the lakey water! To see Jerushy Angeline, Ben Smithler's oldest daughter."

Miscellaneous Items.

Mr. Jacob Noble, edge tool manufacturer, St. Catherine's, has received a patent for a new revolving roller-box for railway cars, steamboats, &c.

The Quebec Colonist states that on the 27th ult., a young lady who was fishing in Lake Calvin, St. Augustine, L. C., caught a sun fish, in the belly of which was found a gold ring.

Another defalcation to the amount of \$70,000 has taken place in New York. The defaulter is the paying teller of the Mechanics' Banking Association, a Mr. A. Van Blaroon.

It is stated in the New York papers that some speculative individual named Schultz, has entered into contract to keep the Hudson River between New York and Albany, free of ice during the coming winter.

The Government, by proclamation in the Official Gazette, have offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the murderers of Alexander Sampson, on the line of the Ottawa and Opeongo road, on the 9th of August last.

COME BACK.—The Kingston Herald, says:—The sergeant of the guard that deserted some time ago, and the bandsman—have both returned, and given themselves up. We hope this will be an example to those foolish men of the Regiment who may be thinking of deserting their colors.

The Colonist of the 11th inst., says: "That yesterday morning there was a most remarkable increase in the population of this city:—Madame Schoenhafen, wife of Henry Schoenhafen, (Proprietor of Mack's Hotel, Nelson street), was safely delivered of three fine children—all boys! The mother and her little family are going on remarkably well."

Business in New York continues very dull, and an uneasy feeling prevails. Stocks are very low and two more failures are announced, Messrs. L. & V. Kirby, extensive jobbers, and Corlies & Haydock, auctioneers. The Banks however appear to be somewhat improving in their position, and some of them are discounting to the extent of their receipts.

A woman named Margaret Corne, the wife of a farmer in the township of Tecumseth, died suddenly on the 30th ult., from the effects of exposure to wet, and extreme labour in the harvest field, too soon after her confinement. An inquest was held on the body and a verdict returned—Died by the visitation of God. The husband, who also appears to have been a very hard working man, was blamed by the jury for allowing his wife to undertake field labour in her weak state of health.

In Boston, a few days ago, James Lambert completed his undertaking to walk 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. It is said that Lambert will receive about \$2000 as the result of this affair. His physician prescribes a thorough waking and exercise after every three hours' rest, and by a strict adherence to this treatment, it is hoped that Lambert may regain his former strength. Since he commenced walking he has lost fourteen pounds of flesh, and now weighs but one hundred and thirteen pounds.

Some fishermen on the coast of Argyleshire, Scotland, positively affirm that, on the 4th of June, when on their way to their fishing station, at Leadenhall, early in the morning, they distinctly saw a mermaid a few yards from them. They say, "It was in the shape of a woman, with full breast, dark complexion, comely face, and hair hanging in ringlets over the neck and shoulders. It was above the surface of the water to about the middle, gazing at us and shaking its head. The weather being fine, we had a full view of it, and that for two or three minutes."

IN A FIX.—It is the intention of the District Attorney to indict Mrs. Cunningham as "Mrs. Burdell," so that to escape the State Prison she will have to prove that she was never married to Dr. Burdell. It is also suggested that should Mrs. Cunningham, otherwise Burdell, fail to receive a verdict in her favor from the Surrogate, and thus be held not to be the widow of Dr. Burdell, she will have been guilty of a "wilful and corrupt perjury," and be clearly liable to indictment therefor. So any way, whatever may be the result, the unhappy and guilty woman seems to be completely hemmed in by the law.

When the result of the inquest in the case of Lieutenant Tryon was known, by which that officer was virtually acquitted, he was sent for by Sir William Eyre, who shook hands with him, expressing his satisfaction at his conduct. Public opinion in Montreal appears fully to justify Lieutenant Tryon's conduct in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. We understand that Lieut. Tryon, who is by no means well off in this world's goods, has made arrangements whereby the widowed mother of the late John Dempsey will receive an annuity from him, and he has declared his intention of increasing it as his fortunes better. This is a noble act, and we are certain will not go unwarded.—Colonist.