

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill.

JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK Third Division Court.

JOSEPH KELLER, Bailiff Second and Third Division Court.

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, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters.

THORNHILL, All kinds of Mixed Paints, Oils, Glass, and Putty.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker.

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier.

JAMES NEWTON, Tanner and Currier.

HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon.

AUCTIONEER, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, Richmond Hill.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, Opposite the Post Office, Yonge Street.

VICTORY HOTEL, And Masonic Hall, Yonge Street.

THE WHITE SWAN, Inn and Livery Stables, Yonge Street.

Thorn Hill Hotel, Good Accommodation for Travellers.

J. W. MILLAR, Importer and Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches.

Toronto 'Ridings' Gazette, AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

Vol. 1. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1857. No. 16.

J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker.

W. C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY.

J. K. FALCONBRIDGE, Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods.

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

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers, &c.

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

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO.

JOHN MURPHY, House Decorator, Painter, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER &c., &c.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR Good Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, Importer and Dealer in Italian and American Marble.

TORONTO "CITY" MARBLE WORKS, NO 138 YONGE STREET, NEAR QUEEN STREET.

D. C. & W. YALE, Importers and dealers in Italian and American Marble.

Select Poetry. THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Some are serving—some are commanding; Some are sitting—some are standing; Some are rejoicing—some are grieving; Some are entreating—some are relieving; Some are weeping—some are laughing; Some are thirsting—some are quaffing; Some are accepting—some are refusing; Some are a thrifty—some are abusing; Some, compelling—some, persuading; Some are flattery—some are degrading; Some are patient—some are fuming; Some are modest—some are presuming; Some are leasing—some are farming; Some are helping—some are harming; Some are running—some are riding; Some, departing—some are abiding; Some are sending—some are bringing; Some are crying—some are singing; Some are hearing—some are preaching; Some are learning—some are teaching; Some, disdaining—some, electing; Some, assiduous—some, neglecting; Some are feasting—some are fasting; Some are saving—some are wasting; Some are losing—some are winning; Some, repenting—some are sinning; Some, professing—some adorning; Some are silent—some are roaring; Some are restive—some are willing; Some, preserving—some are killing; Some are bounteous—some are grudging; Some are seeking—some are finding; Some are giving—some are receiving; Some, commending—some are blaming; Some, dismembering—some, new training; Some are quiet—some, disputing; Some, confuted and confuting; Some are marching—some retiring; Some are resting—some aspiring; Some, enduring—some, deriding; Some are falling—some are rising. These are sufficient to recite. Since all men's deeds are infinite; Some end their parts when some begin; Some go out—and some come in.

AUTUMN. Oh! I do love the Autumn, For thoughts that thou dost bring; I love thy plaintive melodies— I love thee more than spring. Thy sunlight has a richer gleam, A calmer brighter glow Upon the dying things of earth, Like transient smiles of woe. I love the deep, the wailing sound Of wind, of wood, and rill, For memories of the past they bring, And all my bosom fill. I love to see the falling leaf— I read there many a line Of what has been, of what will come To me in future time. I love to see our own sweet birds, With more than human care, Against a cold, a wintry doom, Thus early to prepare. And then to see the ripened fruits, In clusters on the tree, Types of a good a well-spent life, Ripe for eternity. The harvest hour is almost past, Yielding its bounteous store; I love to think 'twill come—'twill last Till "Time shall be no more;" That though on earth is written change, Still there are certain laws As fix'd within their destined range And changeless as their Cause. And I love thy kind admonitions— I need them all, I own, To teach me life is passing, That earth is not my home; And all thy changing varying hues, Thy deep, rich, brilliant dyes, Betoken there are brighter scenes For us beyond the skies.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE. We presume our Illinois readers will readily expand the town of C— mentioned in the following sketch into Carlyle. About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practicing law in Illinois in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C—, by a pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me that her husband had been arrested for horse stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse thieves and counterfeiters, whose headquarters were on Moore's prairie. I asked her to tell me the truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band. 'Ah, sir,' said she, 'a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drunk. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him.'

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men who had more heart than brain; who, if they could notathom the depths of argument, or follow the labyrinthine mazes of the law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, a weeping pretty wife nearly broken-hearted, and entirely distracted. Knowing the use of effect, I told her to dress in deep mourning, and bring her cherub of a boy, only three years old, into court, and sit as near her husband as the officers would let her. I tried that game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence, and the judge's charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman. The prosecution opened very bitterly; inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travellers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would. The time came to me to rise for the defence. Witnesses I had none. But I determined to make an effort, and hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation to mercy, and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man entered into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, and possessing every gentle and noble attribute.— Temptation was before and all round him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were well dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with liquor, they urged upon him, and he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol reigned in his brain, and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace, and the shadow of a felon father, should cross the path of that sweet child. O, how earnestly did I plead for them! The woman wept; the husband did the

same; the judge fidgetted and rubbed his eyes, the jury looked melting. If I could have had the closing speech, he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But he did not quite put it out. The judge charged on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the governor for an unconditional pardon, which was soon granted, but not before the following incident occurred.— Some three months after this, I received an account for collection on a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke under attachment. Finding I was a neck ahead, and bound to win, they 'caved in' and 'forked over' three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night. I had gone along ten or twelve miles when I noticed a splendid double team of horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strung order. They swept past me, as if to show, how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up with them and hailing me, asked me to 'wet,' or in other words, to diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had on board; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern 10 or 12 miles ahead as a nice place to stop, and then drove a-head. I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go a-head. I had a brace of revolvers, and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise, or my sully, but in a belt round my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw the tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stood beside the door. I would have passed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me. She did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger to her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client. When I entered the party recognized me, and hauled me as an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully, but firmly declined to do so. 'By—, you shall drink or fight!' said the noisiest of the party. 'Just as you please; drink I shall not,' said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt, which kicks six times in a rapid succession. The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written but a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were: 'Beware, they are members of the gang.—They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them.'

I didn't feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so. 'Have you any room to put up my horse?' I asked turning to the woman. 'What! are you not going on to-night,' asked one of the men; 'we are.' 'No,' said I; 'I shall stay here to-night.' 'We'll all stay then, I guess, and make a night of it,' said another of the cut-throats. 'You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern,' said the woman. 'I am used to that,' I said. 'Gentleman, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in.' 'Good on your head! More whiskey, old gal,' shouted they. I went out glanced at their wagon; it was old-fashioned, and 'linch pins' secured the wheels. To take out my

knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat. I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept along, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I 'rid' it! It was a little after midnight when I got to Mount Vernon. The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money, and I didn't travel that road again.

ECCENTRIC COURTSHIP. A late eminent divine, who is as well known as he is universally respected, many years since was led to the conclusion that 'it was not well for man to be alone.' After considerable pondering, he resolved to offer in marriage to a certain fair member of his flock. No sooner was the resolution formed than it was put in practice, and getting out his cane, he speedily reached the dwelling of his mistress. It chanced to be Monday morning, a day which my New England readers need not be told is better known in the household as washing-day. Unconscious of the honor which was intended her, the lady was standing behind a tub in the back kitchen, with her arms immersed in the suds, busily engaged in an occupation, which, to say the least, is much more useful than romantic. There was a loud knock heard. 'Jane, go to the door, and if it is anybody to see me tell them that I am engaged, and cannot see them.'

The message was faithfully rehearsed. 'Tell your mistress,' said Parson B. 'that it is very important that I should see her.' 'Tell him to call in the afternoon,' returned the lady, when this answer was returned, 'and I will see him.' 'But it was unavailing. 'I must see her now,' said the Minister; 'tell me where she is.' So saying he followed the servant into the kitchen, to the great surprise of her mistress. 'Miss—, I have come to the conclusion to marry. Will you have me?' was the minister's opening speech. 'Have you?' replied the astonished lady. 'This is a singular time to offer yourself.—Such an important step should be a matter of prayer and deliberation.'

'Let us pray!' was Mr. B.'s only response, and he knelt down beside the tub, and prayed that a union might be formed which would embrace the happiness of both parties. His prayer was answered, and from this union thus singularly formed, has sprung a family remarkable for talent, some of whom made a mark which will not speedily be effaced. The reader will credit my assertion when I state that one of this family has written a book which is universally conceded to be the most remarkable one of the age—I mean Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Yankee Blade.

LOOKING GUILTY.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that looking guilty proves guilty. An honest man, charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal brings the blood to an innocent man's cheek in nine cases out of ten. The most guilty looking person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse which proved to be his own property.—Boston Post.

A pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror to shave by. 'Yes,' replied a bachelor, on reading the above, 'many a man has been shaved by them.'

Miscellaneous Items.

We, Leader, understand that Sir Edmund Head's return need not now be expected till November or December.

Madeline Smith is gone to reside in the South of England. The Dunbar Herald says she received ten offers of marriage since her acquittal. Oh!!!

We, London Prototype, understand on reliable authority, that the Great Western Railroad Company are about to declare a dividend of six per cent for the year.

Leather is now becoming so dear and scarce in the United States, that it is evident some other material must be more largely used for making boots and shoes.

The Brantford hotel keepers have agreed to charge \$2 per day, during the Exhibition, or 50 cents for a single meal or bed. The Kerby House will charge \$3.

Over 1000 acres of land have been planted with the Chinese sugar plant, in the United States this year. It is but three years since it was first introduced into this country.

It is a curious fact that Girard College turned out, last year, more lads to follow the printing business than any other. Nineteen pupils have taken to the types, and twelve have prepared themselves to become farmers.

TELEGRAPH IN BRAZIL.—A proposition has been made to the Brazilian Government for the construction of a submarine telegraph from Pernambuco to San Pedro de Sul, communicating with various intermediate ports along the coast.

An indecent newspaper, published in New York, has been seized by the police, and the parties concerned in its publication arrested. The subscription list, containing about 3,000 names, was also seized, and is to be published in full.

There is now exhibiting at the corner of Notre Dame and McGill streets, Montreal, an enormous pig, from the farm-yard of Mr. Allard, of Mascouche. It weighs 1,385 lbs., and is so gross that it can hardly walk on its legs.

The Chatham Planet says that a Mr. Dealty in that place has an immense pig, two years old, the dimensions of which are: from tail to snout, 10 feet; around the girth, 7 feet 1 inch. Age two years and eleven months. Weight 1200 lbs.

South of Springfield, Illinois, on the railroad, some of the farmers are offering their corn at 15 cents per bushel in the field; others at \$5 per acre. The indications are, unless the frosts sets in early, that the corn crop will be enormously large.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—As early as 1726 an Englishman named Wood, discovered that the electric fluid could be conducted long distances on wires, but it was in 1774 that the principle was first applied by M. Lesage of Elndra to the transmission of intelligence.

The "pepper dodge" is the latest refinement of street robbery in New York. A fellow meets you and throws Cayenne pepper in your eyes; his confederate comes up, inquires the cause of your agony, assists you all in his power, picks your pockets, throws in a fresh handful of pepper, and leaves.

The Franklin Democrat says that Widow Burns, who was recently tried in that county, for selling liquor, made some pertinent remarks to the justice, at the conclusion of which she fervently prayed that "his honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to well run to support the children."

COSTLY TABLES.—Among the beautiful and elaborate mosaics at Florence, Italy, is a centre-table, which is said to have employed twenty-five artists twenty-two years, and is valued at \$90,000. Another, composed of the choicest materials, inlaid on a ground of lapis-lazuli, is worth the enormous sum of \$300,000.

Letters from Syria report the total destruction in the Desert of a caravan. The latter consisting of 500 persons and 1000 camels, laden with merchandise, started from Damascus on the 20th June, and by some mismanagement lost its way. The entire caravan perished, with the exception of some 20 persons.

Three young men, named Halo, Hyde and Davis, who recently came to this country from England, and who were working in the village of Caledonia, robbed their employer of all they could lay their hands on, and then attempted to take to the highway to commit further depredations; but they were speedily arrested and lodged in jail.

Sheet iron railroad cars are now in use on the Baltimore Railroad. It is said that they are one-third lighter than an ordinary frame car, and can be made to weigh less than seven tons. The cost of construction is represented to be nearly the same as other cars. The inside of the cars is lined with cushions, for the protection of passengers in case of accident.