

Business Directory.

Dr. James Langstaff, Richmond Hill.
John Grieve, Clerk Third Division Court.
Joseph Keller, Miller Second and Third Divisions.

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, Waggon & Sleigh Maker.

J. W. Gibson, Boot and Shoe Maker.

Ward & McCausland, House, Sign and Ornamental Painters.

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 and Richmond Hill Advertiser.

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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.

John Coulter, Tailor and Clothier.

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, &c.

Robert J. Griffith, Flag, Banner and Ornamental Painter.

Toronto City Marble Works, No. 138 Yonge Street, near Queen Street.

D. C. & W. Vale, Importers and Dealers in Italian and American Marble.

J. B. DeGier, Agent, Richmond Hill.

Select Poetry.



Avenge O Lord, Thy Slughtered Saints.

Ah, who shall comfort England for her daughters and her sons, Her gentle, her generous, her own heroic ones.

Poluted, tortured, murdered—infel-erable fate! To be the sport of demons in their lust and in their hate!

What word of consolation can be whispered to relieve Hearts that burn for vengeance, or the softer souls who grieve?

There is deep comfort; heed ye well, that those are Martyrs all; For God and for their country were they killed at Duty's call!

A Rachel's Holy innocent was every hewed-up child! And every outraged woman died a virgin undehild!

All glory to those Martyrs! the blessed children slain, The Holy women, soon released from all that shame and pain;

The brave good men, baptised by their own soldiers in their blood; Oh, glory to the Martyrs, for they are all with God!

And, England! now revenge their wrongs, by vengeance deep and dire; Cut out this canker with the sword, and burn it out with fire;

Destroy those traitor legions, hang every Parish-bound, And hunt them down to death in all the cities around.

On graves of gibbets set on high those Hamans of high-caste, And bind their teachurious Ball priests with fetters hard and fast—

Yet, even in thy lion-wrath, remember to reward The noble sepy few who stood our Abdiels of the guard!

But—Delhi!—Yes, terrific be its utter sack and route Our vengeance is indelible—when Delhi is wiped out, And only so; one stone upon another shall not stand;

For England swears to set her mark upon that traitor land! Her mark, the hand of justice, the Cross—the cross of flame

Where English woman perished in unutterable shame; Her mark, the Cross of Mercy too above those martyred good, A marble cross on that burnt spot where once proud Delhi stood!

Martin F. Tupper, Albury, Aug. 31, 1837.

CASTA DIVA. 'Heigh ho!' said Mr. Patton, 'what an unfortun thing it is to live alone!'

and he drew his easy chair close to the fire and ensconced himself therein, wrapping his tri-colored dressing robe about him. 'I wish I were married! I know a lady—boards in this same house, too—and I believe she'd have me if I were to ask her. I mean the pretty music teacher. She is young, delicate and amiable; only there seems to be something melancholy about her, as though she had known sorrow; besides, she is a widow. I like her tho' and I believe she likes me. I'll think this over. I have plenty of money, and nobody to spend it upon. Yes, I think I will ask pretty Madam Victor to marry me.'

Rap, tap, tap. 'Come in—who's there?' 'Please sir, it's your clean clothes.'

'Clean clothes! and pray, who are you, you little cherub, and where do you come from?'

'I am Lauretta, sir, and I live with Bridget, who washes your clothes, and she sent me with the basket, to night.'

'Yes I should think she had, you little duckling; and the basket is bigger than yourself. Come and sit down in this chair by the fire, and warm your toes—there now! I want to talk with you.—Are you Bridget's child?'

'Oh, no, sir! and a look of care passed over the little face.

'No, I thought not. Washerwomen's children don't have such an eye, nor such broad foreheads, nor such soft hair. Well, bidie, how came you with Bridget!—Have you no parents?'

'I don't know. I only dream I have. Bridget lets me stay with her because I can sing.'

'Sing! and what has that to do with it?'

'O, sir, I sing my songs in the great houses, and they give me sixpences, and I take them to Bridget.'

'Ah, you pay your board, then? Well, little Lauretta, will you sing for me now?'

'Yes, indeed,' and the little one stands up in the middle of the rug, and opening her rosebud mouth, she sings *Casta Diva*.

'Bless my stars, what a voice! I know something of music myself, at least enough to know that such a voice should be a fortune to the one who possesses it. Little one where did you learn that?'

'Nurse taught me.' 'Nurse! Who is Nurse?'

'Nurse is dead.' The dark eyes fill with tears, and the ruby lips are quivering.

Mr. Patton walks up and down the room. His curiosity is excited as well as his pity.

'Please sir, shall I have my basket? Bridget will scold if I stay so long.'

'No, little one, I will carry the basket; I am going home with you. It's up five flight of stairs, sir, and there is no light in the passage.'

'All the more reason I should go with you. Now I am ready. Come my little singer, you and I will be better acquainted before long. Don't fall down these stone steps, keep hold of my hand; here we are in Broadway. Now where do we turn? down Prince-street, hey, and now down Crosby. What! do you live in this alley! Oh, never fear, little *Casta Diva*, I shall tread safely enough, while this little hand leads me. Ugh! how many more flights are there!—only two! Well, well, I can climb them if you can. So is this the door?'

'Oh! and is it you, sir, that would be after coming to see a poor woman at this hour! Will you be seated, sir, said Bridget, wiping a wooden chair with her apron. 'Your shirts were not ironed to be suiting ye, may be?'

'Shirts all right, Bridget. I came to bring home your little girl, and to ask you something about her. She has been singing to me. Will you tell me where she came from?'

'Ye take a deal trouble, for a lone bit of a childer, indeed, sir; but her story is not so vora long. She lived with a furrin' woman in the room below, named Theresa. The woman said she was waiting maid in Lauretta's family, in Italy, somewhere, and while she was out with the child, then only two years old, for the sake of the air, there came a big row in the city, and the child's father was in the middle of it, and got kilt; and when she reached the house, all in a fright, shure it was all on fire, and the mother of it gone, and never was she able to find her at all. So she kept the child, and she heard tell how the streets here were paved with gold; and when she came and found nary gold, nor food, but for the working, she had to go to work as all we poor crathurs do; and she took in washing in the one room down stairs; but never a bit would she let

this child do for itself, but waited on it like a 'slave, and only taught it to sing as it's mother did before it, she said; and last year Theresa died. This poor little crathur took on so bad that I took her myself, only I'll be bringing her up differed intirely; I'll tache her to earn her bread at any rate; and so I sinds her out ivery day to sing to the great folks, and makes her help me to carry round the clothes; that is all, sir.'

'It was very good in you Bridget, to take the little orphan. You have saved her from a sad fate. You will be rewarded, you may depend.'

Bridget raised her eyebrows and dropped a courtesy, while little *Casta Diva*, as Mr. Patton then and ever since has called her, hid her face in the bed, and sobbed to hear her own story related.—The kind gentleman looked at her tenderly, and then continued:—

'I have a plan for this poor child, which will at once relieve you of your charge and repay you for your goodness of heart. Good night, little one, I'll come to-morrow. Dry your tears. I will yet make you happy. Here, Bridget is some money for you, and be sure you do not send her out to sing again. I have something better for her to do.'

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and her mouth opened wide, for she was all mystified and bewildered.

An hour later, and Mr. Patton is again seated in his easy chair before his bright coal fire, with his dressing gown once more folded around him. The only difference is that he smiles, instead of sighing as he did before.

'Ah yes,' he says, 'I see my way clear. I can now, without hesitation, call upon Madam Victor in her room, to interest her about my little *Casta Diva*. I will tell her the story, and engage her to cultivate the voice of my little protegee. I will see her to-morrow morning, and perhaps she will accompany me to Bridget's lodging. Not a very romantic walk to invite the lady of my heart to share, but then the circumstances are peculiar.'

'Now, I think of it, I must engage of my landlady the little bed-room next mine—I am determined to adopt that in the singing cherub for my own. I will change her name to *Casta Diva* Patton. It sounds musical, and she is music itself. If sweet Madam Victor only sees in her what I do, we shall be an amazing happy family.—I declare I feel like a husband and father already. I shall find enough to do with my money, after all.'

And so he goes to bed, and dreams of his future joys till he fairly laughs aloud in his sleep.

Now it is morning; and if you will put your head out of your door, you can see him going along the hall. He stops at No. 6—knocks gently; but the rich toned piano, touched by a thrilling hand, does not allow so love-like a tap to be heard.—This time he knocks louder the music stops, and the door is opened by a beautiful woman who smilingly invites him to enter. Well, I don't wonder he falls in love with her! They have closed the door. Let's you and I go peep in at the key-hole, and hear what they say. I'll never tell—will you? Hark! Well after all, I can't tell what they said now, because I promised I wouldn't; but Mr. Patton has staid in there a great while, and he didn't ask her to play once all the time.

Now the door opens again, and they come out together; he in his overcoat and hat, she in her cloak and velvet bonnet. He looks very much excited, and she looks very pale and trembles so she can scarcely speak. She takes his offered arm and goes down stairs and out the street door. I do believe they are going to Bridget's.

And so they were. Good Mr. Patton walks slowly with the sweet lady for she has every rea-

son to tremble; she believes she is Lauretta's mamma; for she has been telling her friend how her husband was killed in a mob one dreadful day, because he was a great politician, and when they burned his house they took her and threw her into prison, where she remained a whole year and only made her escape when, during the terrible troubles in Italy, the prison doors were unbarred to all.

She had sought frantically for her child but in vain; and believing that both Lauretta and the nurse were crushed in the same mob that killed her husband, she came to America to try to earn a livelihood among hospitable strangers by her musical education and uncommon voice.

Madame Victor believes that Lauretta is her child, because their two stories are so strangely alike. Five years have passed since she left Italy; but she knows her eyes will not deceive her. Her baby's features are indelibly engraved upon her heart.

They were about to enter the room when a little voice greets her ear, singing with wonderful power and expression an Italian melody which the lady herself used to sing in her own sunny land. She stops and grasps the arm of her friend.

'Oh, wait,' she whispers; 'let me try'; and with a great effort she continues and completes the unfinished strain in a voice that an angel's might not excel.

He opens the door. Lauretta stands in the centre of the room, alone, pale, and agitated; her great eyes dilated with emotion long repressed. Her mother's voice has reached a spot in her little heart which vibrates on her memory like a glimpse of heaven.

Madame Victor sinks upon a chair, and gazes long and earnestly upon the little motionless figure; then she stretches out her arms and whispers 'come here.'

Lauretta slowly advances, and when she was close to the beautiful lady, she nestles her head upon her bosom, and draws a long, deep sigh.

'Tell me your whole name, sweet one.'

'The lady presses the little form still closer. 'Darling, I am your mother.'

'I know it,' sighs the child. 'You know it, my angel!'

'Yes, I have seen you in my dreams and always called you mother, and when you sung just now it brought it all back again!'

Good Mr. Patton went to the window and wiped his eyes.

Once again we see him sitting in his easy chair, before the bright coal fire. By his side sits a beautiful lady; one hand lies in his, and the other is tenderly stroking his hair, but her eyes are resting upon a little fairy who sits at the piano silently dreaming over some of Handel's music which her 'papa' has brought home to her.

The lady is his wife. The fairy is his 'Casta Diva.'

AMERICAN OPINIONS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

'The Chicago Press, a paper edited by a gentleman well known in Canada, and who pays a good deal of attention to our politics thus writes about the Hudson's Bay Company:—'The keull of the Hudson Bay Company's sway has been founded, and the monopolists may as well make up their minds to yield with a grace what they will in any event be compelled before long to relinquish. Their dog in the manger policy has no doubt been profitable to themselves, but deeply injurious to the whole population under their control and the people of Canada. The investigation now in progress can have no other result than to give all the more valuable portion of their territories to Canada, and then our trade with the settlements along the frontier will stand upon the same footing with that which we enjoy on with Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. Under the Reciprocity Treaty our emmeralate course with Canada is now subject to but few restrictions, and before many years most of those which remain will in all probability be removed. Then the interests of all portions of the great Northwest will harmonize with the arrangements of nature and the developments of commerce and civilization.'

Miscellaneous Items.

It is estimated that the Indian war-munies will cost England twenty millions of pounds sterling.

Orders have been received at St. John, New Brunswick, for the departure of the 76th Regiment for India.

The Galt Reporter says that horse thieves are prowling about in that locality, and cautions the people to be on their guard.

Mr. Russell, the well known Times Crimean correspondent, will arrive in Canada, in about a month from the present time.

Sudden Death.—James Hogg, a carter in Jacques & Hay's, Toronto, while riding in his van, on the 17th inst., suddenly fell back and expired.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, has forwarded to the Lord Mayor of London, as president of the committee for the relief of the sufferers in India, the handsome donation of £100.

Flour Coming Down.—The Montreal Advertiser states that superfine flour for October delivery, was sold in Montreal on Wednesday, at \$5 per barrel, and No. 1 Chicago wheat at 5s 3d per bushel.

Coal in Canada.—Notwithstanding that Sir William Logan has asserted that no coal is to be found in Canada, it is announced that an article possessing all the qualities of coal has been discovered in large quantities about Quebec. It is termed Black Shale.

Masonic.—At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of England, Lord Panmure, presiding in the absence of the Grand Master, Lord Zetland, gave notice that at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Master would move that £1,000 be given from the funds of the Grand Lodge for the benefit of masons in India, sufferers by the mutiny.

The Kingston Whig, speaking of the Penitentiary, says:—'In Dr. Dil's cell were recently found, a cord of rope, a long file, a club and two iron bars! He is in the Black Hole, of course, is to be fogged too! Had proper precautions been taken, these things could never have been gathered together—a work of time.'

Sad Affliction.—Thos. Ballow of Watertown, as we learn from the Journal, lost in the space of eighteen days, five bright, stout and healthy children by scarlet fever.

Aug. 15, Bridget, aged 5 years and 11 months; Aug. 21, Alice, aged 18 years and 3 months; Aug. 25, Jane, aged 16 years and 5 months; Sept. 2, Joseph, aged 12 years and 11 months; Sept. 3, Thomas, aged 14 years and 7 months.

The Woodstock Sentinel of the 19th says, that Messrs. H. DeBlaquiere and A. A. Farmer were arraigned last week before three Justices of the Peace of Woodstock, on a charge of misdemeanor, in appropriating the monies loaned for the construction of the W. & L. E. Railway. The evidence taken before the Assembly's Committee last session is sufficient to prove the charge, and an example should be made of the culprits. Let us have justice!

Value of Highland Property.—The Duke of Portland has just purchased the beautiful and romantic estate of Langwell, in Caithnessshire at the price of £90,000. His Grace purposes making it a summer retreat, and converting part of the 40,000 acres, to which it extends into a deer forest. The fisheries and shootings, which at present yield £750 a year, are of the best description, and the property therefore is particularly desirable, in a sporting point of view. As showing the value of an attractive Highland estate, it may be stated that the price amounts to about 30 years' purchase of the gross rental.

Death of an Eminent Physician.—Dr. Marshall Hall, F. R. S., the well-known English Physician, died at Brighton, on the 11th August. The deceased was one of the most eminent members of the medical profession in England, and was widely known as a lecturer and author. Dr. Hall, by his numerous experiments, threw much light upon the physiology of the nervous system. During his lifetime, Dr. Hall wrote many works, among the latest may be named, 'The Cronian Lectures,' delivered at the Royal College of Physicians in 1850, 1851 and 1852, on the Spinal System, and 'Physiology in the Clinical Ward and the Sick Room, for the Medical Student.'

The Brantford Expositor speaking of the preparations for the Provincial fair in that town, says:—'Temporary structures are being erected at almost every vacant corner, with a view to the accommodation of visitors, and private house-keepers are generally making liberal arrangements for the extension of their hospitality on the coming emergency. Boarding houses, saloons, and public inns are being extended and enlarged; and their proprietors are making every exertion, and straining every nerve to proportion their accommodations, to the demands of the occasion. The amount of temporary, but comfortable stabling, fitted up through the town, together with the "feed" provided, is astonishingly great.'