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, NOVEMBER 27, 1857. **No. 35.**

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF,
Richmond Hill
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

JOHN GRIEVE,
CLERK Third DIVISION COURT. Office, Richmond Hill,
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

JOSEPH KELLER,
BAILIFF Second and Third DIVISION Court. Office, Richmond Hill.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

G. A. BARNARD,
IMPORTER of British and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Oils, Paints, &c., &c.
Richmond Hill, June. 18 7. g 1-wy.

CHARLES DURRANT,
(Late M. Terry.)
IMPORTER of British and Foreign Dry Goods, Wine and Spirit Merchant, &c., &c.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

P. CROSBY,
DRY GOODS, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.
Richmond Hill, June, 1857. g.1-wy.

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, 18.7. g.1-dm.

THOMAS SEDMAN,
Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh
MAKER,
Opposite the White Swan Inn.
Richmond Hill, June 10th, 1857. g.1-wy.

J. W. GIBSON,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Opposite J. K. Falconbridge's,
YONGE STREET, RICHMOND HILL.
June, 1857. g.1wy.

WARD & McCAUSLAND,
House, Sign and Ornamental
PAINTERS
Grainers, Gilders, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers.
THORNHILL.
All kinds of Mixed Paints, Oils, Glass, and Putty.
GOOD WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY.
July 23, 1857. 7g-1y.

WILLIAM HARRISON,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Next door to G. & B. Barnard's,
Richmond Hill.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

JOHN COULTER,
Tailor and Clothier,
Yonge St., Richmond Hill,
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

GEORGE DODD,
Veterinary Surgeon.
Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.
"HORSE & FARRIER" INN.
g15

HENRY SANDERSON,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
RICHMOND HILL,
June, 1857. g 1.wy.

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, 1 57. g.1.wy.

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, Manilla 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. g.1-wy.

A. GALLANOUGH,
DEALER in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill, C. W.
Choice brands of Teas, Sugars and Coffees on hand, genuine as imported.
An assortment of Bread, Biscuit and Cakes, constantly on hand.
Thornhill, Sept. 25, 1857. g17-1v

Thorn Hill Hotel,
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR Travellers.
JOHN SHIELS,
Proprietor.
Thorn Hill, June 9th, 1857. g.1-wy.

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. g1-6m

CALEB LUDFORD,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
THORNHILL.
Thornhill, Nov. 16, 1857. g24-tf

80] CHAS. POLLOCK, [80
IMPORTER of British, French German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, No. 80, City Buildings, King Street East, opposite St James' Cathedral, Toronto, C. W.
Nov. 5, 1857. g22-tf

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR.,
TWO Miles North of Richmond Hill, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c. Also, Licensed Auctioneer.
September, 23, 1857. g15-1y

J. N. REID,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets.
Thornhill
August 14 1857. g10-tf

J. VERNEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge street, Richmond Hill.
Ladies' and Gentlemens' Boots and Shoes, made after the latest styles.
August 6, 1857. g9-6m.

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. 1-wy.

J. K. FALCONBIRDGE,
Richmond Hill,
IMPORTER and Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c., &c., &c.
June, 1857. g.3-wy.

DAVID ATKINSON,
AGENT FOR
Darling & Aitchison's
COMBINED
MOWING AND REAPING
MACHINES,
RICHMOND HILL.
June, 1857. g.1wy.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD,
Barristers, &c.,
NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS,
KING ST., TORONTO,
June 20, 1857. g.3-wy.

CLYDE HOTEL,
KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers
JOHN MILLS,
Proprietor.
June, 1857. g.1-wy.

Bottled Ale Depot,
65, YORK STREET,
TORONTO, C. W.
M. MORRISON, Agent.
Toronto, June 12th, 1857. g1-wy.

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. g.2-wy.

GO TO
MORPHY BROTHERS
FOR
GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons, Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.
☞ Watch Clubs in Operation. Warranted Clocks from 20s. upwards.
Toronto, June, 1857. 1-3.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH,
SIGN, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto.—Over W. Griffith's Grocery Store.
☞ Coats of Arms, and every description of Heraldic Painting, executed with despatch, and at reasonable charges.
June, 1857. g.1wy.

Select Poetry.

TO MY POCKET-BOOK.

BY J. CLEMENT.

My guid auld frien', my Pocket-Book,
I' time o' need, "by hook and crook,"
Thou'st pointed to some cozie nook
Frae Trouble's glower,
Nor ance, till now, has me forsook,
Or missed the score.

When I was but a ram-scam chiel,
An' constant trod on pleasure's heel,
The verdent braes o' youth to speel,
Thy help was near,
An' put my senses i' a creel
Wi' shining gear.

Through mony a season thou hast been
In bitterest hours my sweetest friend,
An' aft dispelled frae life's deep glen,
The gathering gloom,
Making the flowers o' joy again
Mair gaily bloom.

When weary wi' a load o' care,
Or when misfortune pressed me sore,
An' Poverty began to stare
Wi' eldritch look,
Then i' my hand thy siller fair
Was freely shook.

Ilk turn o' Fortune's whizzing wheel
Has brought me round sic glorious weal!
Long hast thou been her favorite chiel,
Plump, sleek and braw;
But, wae's me! Luck kicks up her heel,
An' rin's awa'!

Now thou art thin as onyx sprite,
That gallops on the back o' night;
Thy ghastly form my ecen dith tight
Thou art sae lean:
Thou lookest like a starving wight
Wha has nae 'frien'.

Suspension, cruel as the rack'
Has set his greedy, thievish pack,
Without remorse upo' thy back,
Nor gien thee rest.
Till thou art robb'p of ilka pluck
By thee possess'd.

Sull I'se na let my tentless Music
Wi' canna-jing'le harsh abuse ye;
Tho' ablins I nae mair may use ye,
Yet, for the past,
Some shelter I frae harm will choose ye,
While life shall last.

An' gud auld Time continue "hard,"
An' press yet mair the hapless Bard,
Waesucks! his fate maun be ill-starr'd;
Starvation's pet,
He soon within the auld kirkyard
A hame will get.

The following is decidedly not so bad:—

A gentleman conversing with a lady friend, a short time since, claimed that he could parodize on the hoop question any verse that she might choose to repeat. She accordingly rehearsed the following verse from the "Old Sexton":—

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade,
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate;
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his looks were as white as the foamy sea—
And these words came from his lips so thin,
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

Whereupon the graceless fellow took his pencil and thus wrote on a scrap of paper lying by:—

Nigh to a church that was newly made,
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said—
Too bad, too bad—I here must wait
While they measure the breadth of this open gate;
Ah! 'tis only NINE by six I see!
Too narrow too narrow, alas! for me;
And she sighed from her quivering lips so thin—
"I cannot get in! I cannot get in!"

TWO WAYS TO SAVE MONEY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following sketch of real life so plainly exhibits a lesson which might be profitably followed by many of our people, that we give it to the reader simply as it occurred, only concealing the real names of the parties concerned. And as the story bears its own moral, we will not tire you with any "reflections."

John Poland and Anson Lyman bought farms adjoining each other. The land had formerly been owned by one man who had carried on the whole, employing a heavy force in the work. When the two friends bought the land it was as equally divided as possible; and after the line of separation had been run, those who had worked much on the the land declared that they would not give the "toss of a copper" for a choice between the two farms. The old buildings were useless, so new ones were erected, and at the same time both men commenced farming in earnest.

They were poor, having paid their last pennies for the farms, and being obliged to run some in debt to get stock and tools.

In all respects the two men commenced evenly. They were both married, and while Poland had one son and two daughters, Lyman had one daughter and two sons.

"Look ye," said Lyman, as the two sat together after their farming operations were commenced, "I have set my mark to aim at. I'm determined if I have my health, to lay up a thousand dollars, clear of everything, in five years."

"That is rather a short time for such a purpose," returned Poland.

"Not a bit," cried the other enthusiastically. "I'm not going to wear my back-bone away for nothing. *I'm going to lay up money.*"

"So I hope to do," said Poland, "but money isn't the first consideration."

"What's the reason it isn't," asked Lyman. "If you have money you can have everything. Money is the key that unlocks all doors—the card that admits you to all places. O! give me a thousand dollars, and I'll be content."

"So I must have a thousand dollars," remarked Poland; and then the conversation took another turn.

One day a man came along who had some splendid young cattle. They were of a pure English breed, or rather a cross between two of the best breeds ever imported, and came very high. Poland saw him passing and hailed him. Our friend was anxious to grow a fine stock, and he knew that he must commence in the right way.

The owner of the stock said he was willing to sell, but he must have his price. He had a fine young pair, male and female, two years old, which he would sell for two hundred dollars. Poland offered his note on six months, together with a bill of sale of the cattle as security. The owner was satisfied, and the bargain was made. The animals were brought home, and Poland was not disappointed in his purchase.

"*Phew*," broke from Lyman's lips, as he heard the price which his neighbor had paid for the new stock. "Two hundred dollars for a two-year old bull and heifer! Why, what on earth have you been thinking of, Poland. Why, I wouldn't have given seventy five dollars for 'em no how. My cows will give as much butter and cheese. I tell you plainly you'll never see that thousand dollars if you launch out in that way."

"But, my dear sir, I am determined to have the best stock I can get,' returned Poland, earnestly; "for those farmers who have made the most money have made it from stock. I assure you it is one of the greatest failings our farmers have that they are content with small, poor cattle, when, by a little trouble and expense, they could have better."

"My stock answers my purpose, at any rate," resumed Lyman. "I can't afford to pay two hundred dollars for a pair of two-year-olds, and one of them a heifer at that, when for fifty dollars I can buy one of the best cows in the country."

"You have a right to your own opinions."

"Aye—and I'll have my thousand dollars too," laughed Lyman, as he turned away.

It was only a week after this that the canvasser for an agricultural newspaper stopped at Lyman's house; but the host couldn't afford to take it.

"Hadn't you better?" ventured his wife.

"No. We take the *Village Pickings*, published right in our own town, and that's enough. You know what I told you Dolly—I must have that *thousand dollars!*"

"Then you won't take it?" said the agent.

"No, sir. Can't afford it. But there's *my neighbor Poland*—he'll take anything that anybody offers him."

"I've called on him, sir, and he told me I'd better stop here. He said you were taking no agricultural paper."

"And did he subscribe?"

"Yes—and paid me the money."

"I tell ye, Dolly, Poland's thousand dollars 'll come out minus—now you mark my words."

Dolly Lyman said nothing, for she was troubled at that moment by the thought that her husband was exercising a spirit of penuriousness which looked mean; but she did not say so.

"Hallo! what ye doing?" cried Lyman, as he saw Poland commencing to run a fence across his field.

"I'm going to throw out just half of this field into pasturing," returned Poland.

"What!" exclaimed Lyman, hardly able to believe what he had heard. "Throw off half of your field! Why—that won't leave you with more than twenty acres to till."

"I know it that's all I want. I am determined not to waste my time and energies in swinging a scythe over forty acres of land after five-and-twenty tons of hay when I can get forty tons from twenty acres."

"Crazy as a march hare!" muttered Lyman, as he turned away.

Ere long Lyman was met by another surprise. He was at the hotel in the village, one day, and there learned that his neighbor Poland had engaged all their manure for four years; and that he was to pay for it in wood, and butter, and cheese, and such other articles of produce as might be wanted.

"Dolly, what *do* you suppose Poland has been and done now?"

"I don't know," I'm sure, returned the wife, looking up.

"Well, I'll tell you. He's been and engaged all the manure made at the tavern stables for the next four years, and he's got to haul wood, and let his butter and cheese go to pay for it."

On the same day he saw Poland and asked him what he meant. "I mean to bring my farm up," returned the latter.

"But I get manure enough for two acres of corn every year, and that's enough," said Lyman.

"For you it may be, but I wish to mature more. Our land was well run out when we took it, and in order to get it up to its fullest capacity we must be prodigal of rich dressing."

"Well, said Lyman, with a sort of pitying expression—"go ahead; but if you ever see your money, let me know"

"I'll give you a good account, never fear," replied Poland, laughing. "I must feed my land if I would have it feed me. We have not got land here like those rich alluvial bottoms in the West. My land needs nursing now."

But Anson Lyman couldn't see the use of wasting money in that way. He thought the man who would first cut his tillage land down one-half, and then go off and buy such a quantity of manure, must be little better than foolish. *He* wasn't such a fool, at all events.

During the following winter, while Lyman was cutting and hauling wood to the village for two dollars and a half per cord, "*poor*" Poland was hauling his to the tavern to pay for manure which he had not got yet!

It was on the first day of April that Poland came to see his neighbor. He wanted to borrow one hundred dollars for six months or for a year if he could.

"What ye going to do with it?" asked Lyman.

"I want to make some improvements in my barn and cellar, and also enlarge the building by putting on a tie-up, thus throwing the cattle out of my main barn."

"I declare, Poland, it's too bad,' said Lyman, pityingly. "Here I've laid up over two hundred dollars clear cash, and you are worse off than nothing—in debt. By the jingo, John I don't want to see you fooling away money so. Your barn is large enough—as large as mine is with double your land to empty into it. If I lend you a hundred dollars what assurance have I that I shall ever see it? I'd rather let it go where I know it is safe. I shouldn't want to sue you, and I might not get it without. Your farm is as good as mine, and you have no more need to be borrowing than I have—or, you shouldn't have."

John Poland didn't say anything about the two animals he had bought a year and a half before, and the calf they had yielded him, for which he had been offered within the week four hundred dollars. He owned that amount of stock over and above the stock owned by Lyman. He turned the subject of conversation as quickly as possible, for he wanted to hear no more reasons from his friend for not lending him the money.

That afternoon he went over to see the man of whom he had bought this new stock, who lent him the money he needed readily.

"What a fool!" said Lyman, as he saw the carpenters at work tearing away one whole side of his neighbor's barn, preparatory to adding an apartment capable of accommodating forty-five head of cattle. However, Poland worked on, and tried in vain to get his neighbor to listen to some of his advice.

"Don't talk to me,' cried Lyman, at the end of the second year. "I've got four hundred dollars at interest. How much have you got?"

'A thousand or so,' returned the other.

'Eh! What do you mean?'

'Why, all the money I have laid out on this place is on interest.'

'Oho—ah, ah, ha, ha,—and now how much interest have you realized?

'So far I've let it run at compound interest—put the interest right in with the principle, and there it lies.'

'Yes and there it will lie. I don't believe you can raise fifty dollars now in cash.

'You are right, Lyman—I could not raise it without selling something which I do not wish at present to part with.'

'I thought so. But take your own way.'

Ere long Anson Lyman was astonished to find that his neighbor had subscribed for a third paper besides paying a lot of books for his children.

'What's the use? he said, as he sat in his neighbor's front room, and saw a large pile of books on the shelf. 'I want my children to learn to work—not to be spending their time over books. They get schooling enough when our school is open.'

"So I mean that my children shall learn to work,' returned Poland; "but that shall not prevent them becoming well educated. I would rather leave them with good health, good characters, and well educated, than with thousands of dollars cash, minus the education.

'Oho! That's the way you meant to lay up a thousand dollars; to have it in books, and papers, and new tie-ups, and such like.'

'You shall see when the time is up.'

'We shall,' returned Lyman, as he turned towards home.

Mr. Lyman had not fully realized how much corn Poland had received from the land he had manured so heavily and so carefully; and on the second year he only noticed that his neighbor had 'extraordinary *good luck*' with his wheat, getting about ninety bushels from three acres. But he had occasion to open his eyes on the third year.

One evening just at sundown, he went over into Poland's field, where the men were just finishing raking up the three acre piece where the grain had been the year before—the first piece the present owner had ploughed up and dressed.

'Been poling some hay on here,' said Lyman, as he saw the huge bunches of hay nearly as thick as they could stand.

'No—this was all cut from these three acres,' returned Poland.

Lyman counted the bundles, and then estimated their average weight, and upon reckoning up he found that the land had yielded not far from *four tons to the acre!* He had just got in the *two acres* which he had first dressed upon the new farm, and he had obtained short of two tons per acre! He knew that Poland had got ten bushels more of wheat per acre than he had done, and also more corn. He began to think; but yet he would not let his money go for any such "*experiments*" upon his place.

The five years came around, and Anson Lyman went on that day and sold fourteen bushels of corn, in order to get fourteen dollars to put with nine hundred and eighty-six dollars which he had at home.

'Well, Poland, I've got the prize!' said Lyman, entering the former barn in the afternoon. It was early Spring, just five years ago from the day on which they bought.

'I've got the thousand dollars; now what have you got!

'Well—I have not far from four hundred dollars in money.'

Aha—I thought so!'

'But, Anson Lyman,' said Poland, almost sternly, 'are your eyes not opened yet?'

'Opened! What d've mean?'

"Well, I mean that my farm, today, will sell for one thousand dollars more than your's will. Look at my hay-mow. There are nearly twenty tons of hay; you have not ten. And, mind you, I have five head of cattle more than you have. Next season I shall cut more hay from twelve acres, which I have now regenerated, than you will cut upon your whole forty acres; and you know my hay is worth far more a pound than your hay is. I told you I had five more head of cattle than you had. For these five creatures I can, within six hours, take seven hundred dollars cash; but no such money can purchase them of me. Ah, Lyman, you have been saving money, but you have taken it from your farm without returning anything for it."

'Never mind—I've got my thousand dollars, and I've got my farm, as good as it was the day I bought it.'

"Not quite, Lyman."

"How so?"

"You've taken off two hundred cords of good wood."

"Well—so you took off some."

"Aye—but what I took from my wood lot I put it back upon my field. I did not take it from the farm."

Mr. Lyman went away with new thoughts.

Time passed on, and at the end of another five years the eyes of Anson Lyman were wholly opened. Poland had now raised quite a stock of noble cattle from his first purchase, and commenced to sell to the beef market. Two hundred dollars was the least any one of them brought when fatted; and one bullock, four years old, brought him three hundred and ten dollars. His twenty-more field was like a garden, yielding, such as was mowed, an average of three tons to the acre. In short, his whole farm was under the best training and improvement, and now yielded him back a heavy interest upon all that he had expended. During one fall he took over a thousand dollars for stock and produce; and he was offered five thousand dollars for his place, while Lyman could not have found a purchaser at fifteen hundred!

"Dolly," said Anson Lyman, sinking into a chair," I've been a fool! I say."

"Why—Anson—what do you mean?"

"Mean? Look at Poland's farm."

"I have looked at it from the first, Anson."

"You have? And what have you seen?"

"Why, I saw that John Poland was making a comfortable home for himself and family, and increasing the value of his farm tenfold."

"And why didn't you tell me so?"

"I did tell you so, husband, and you said I was a fool."

"I remember. Well, never mind. Tis'nt too late now."

On the next morning Mr. Lyman went over to his neighbour's, and frankly said:

"Poland, you must help me. I want to learn to be a farmer."

"I will help you with pleasure, Anson; and you can begin far more easily than I did, for you have money."

And Lyman commenced. The thousand dollars was nearly all expended in the world, but his dollars came back to him with interest twice-fold. He had learned a lesson which many might follow with profit.

Miscellaneous Items.

A Captain Van Veht agent for the U. S. Government at Palmetto, Kansas, reports that the Mormons refused to allow the troops to enter Salt Lake City, and that Brigham Young declares he will burn the prairies and his own city before he will submit. The forts along the line are reported to be in bad repair.

A French journal says: "We can guarantee the following news:—It is positive that the King of Delhi, Nouradja Shah, has proposed terms to the British military authorities through his subordinate agents. The circumstance proves that he is placed in a hopeless position, and that he considers that the revolutionary party offers him no future."

A horrible murder was committed in the parlour of the St. Lawrence Hotel, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst. Richard Carter, President of the Anthracite Bank of Tamaqua, was killed by Thos. Washington Smith, of Maryland. Carter had accused Smith of the seduction of a ward of his, and Smith, on the other hand, alleges that he married the girl, and that he subsequently ascertained that she had been Carter's mistress.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A writer in the *Baltimore Sun* who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy. "Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it." It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

It is said that the cause of the Empress of Russia's sudden resolution to appear at Stuttgardt, after it being understood by the French court that her Majesty's ill health precluded such visit, orginated in nothing less than jealousy. It appears, say the gossips, that the Czar paid extraordinary attentions to a Princess Dolgoroki, a lady of great beauty, and this coming to the Czarina's ears, she determined to make her appearance and not to lose sight of her husband until they returned to St. Petersburg.

A New York journal compares the publisher of a newspaper to a farmer who should sell his wheat on credit, and no more than a single bushel to any person; the payment of a year's subscription is of the same importance to a publisher as the payment of a bushel of wheat would be to the farmer. The harder the times, the more entire is our dependence on the payment of these small yearly subscriptions.