

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,
 Fruits, &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.

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

SMELSER & BOWMAN,
 Licensed Auctioneers!
 FOR THE TOWNSHIPS OF
Markham & Whitechurch.
 RESIDENCES—Henry Smelser, Lasky,
 King; Thos. Bowman, Almina, Markham,
 October 15, 1857. g.19-1

JAMES McCLURE,
 INNKEEPER. Licensed Auctioneer
 for the Counties of York, Ontario and
 Simcoe. Corner of Yonge and Bradford
 streets, Holland Landing.
 November, 26, 1857. g.25-1

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. g.16-1

CALEB LUDFORD,
 Saddle and Harness Maker,
 THORNHILL.
 Thornhill, Nov. 16, 1857. g.24-1

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. g.17-1

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
 NEAR the Railroad Station, Aurora.
 Careful Hostlers always in attendance.
 G. CASE,
 Proprietor.
 January 14, 1858. 132

MANSION HOUSE,
 SHARON. Attentive Hostlers always in
 attendance.
 J. KAVANAGH,
 Proprietor.
 January 14, 1858. 132

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. g.1-wy.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH,
 FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter,
 Elizabeth Street, Toronto—Over W. Grif-
 fith's Grocery Store.
 If Coats of Arms, and every description of
 Heraldic Painting, executed with dispatch, and at
 reasonable charges.
 June, 1857. g.1-wy.

J. VERNEY,
 Boot and Shoe Maker.
 OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge street, Rich-
 mond Hill.
 Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes,
 made after the latest styles.
 August 6, 1857. g.9-6m.

CHAS. POLLOCK, (88)
 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. g.22-1

WILLIAM HARRISON,
 Saddle and Harness Maker,
 Next door to G. A. 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'S INN.
 August 14, 1857. g.10-1

HENRY SANDERSON,
 Veterinary Surgeon,
 470
 AUCTIONEER.
 Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
 RICHMOND HILL.
 June, 1857. g.1-wy.

J. N. REID,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
 Thornhill.
 August 14, 1857. g.10-1

ROACH'S HOTEL,
 CORNER of Front and George's streets,
 one block east of the Market,
 Toronto.
 JOHN ROACH,
 Proprietor.
 March 5, 1858. g.13-1

British Tribune,

AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



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

Vol. 1. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1858. No. 41.

Select Poetry.



THE MOTHER'S TREASURE.

Goodman, it seems a gracious sigh
 Of love to thee and me,
 That our auld lassie kythes so fine,
 And thrives so bonny.

And what makes that young comely face
 Appear so sweet and fair?—
 The Spirit's light—the heavenly grace
 That glows like sunshine there.

For us and ours she lives, and cares
 But little for herself,
 The love to us that lassie bears,
 Is mair than tongue can tell.

If work, and thrift, and saving wit,
 Make poor folk braw and bien,
 Nae lass ken I that's half sae fit
 To guide a house as Jean.

She gids herself for work, syne through
 She goes, with heart and head,
 So trig and cleverly, that few
 Can match her mettle speed.

Right lovingly, right cheerily,
 She bears her mother's part;
 The comfort of my life is she,
 The jewel of my heart.

A heart has she to brave—a back
 To bear the ills of life,
 If buckled weel, I trow she'll make
 A jewel of a wife.

And what are we that love should give
 A living gift so rare?
 Heaven bless her—may our lassie be
 Thine own peculiar care!

Judge Lynch Outdone.

Some years ago, Judge Lynch claimed a broad jurisdiction, in and about the vicinity of T—, Florida. He took cognizance of all matters, and punished all offences, which were not otherwise provided for by law. No informality, or lack of proof positive, screened the culprit from the infliction of his summary mode of punishment. If an individual, by any indiscretion or impropriety of conduct, rendered himself obnoxious, Judge Lynch was sure to apply the corrective. The public constituted the judges and grand jury, and just so sure as an individual excited the public voice against him, just so sure he was compelled to undergo the sentence of the judge, without the benefit of clergy.

I forget who was the first rail-rod man in Florida, but I well recollect that not a few passengers were conveyed out of the corporate limits of T—, on a single rail, that being the punishment in ordinary cases. But I have not forgot the first time that the judge's sentence could not be executed, and when his executive officers met with a resistance which they could not overcome.

John Rodgers was given to drink, and when under the influence of the brain-stealer, was, in his own estimation, the most unfortunate man living. Naturally a quiet, well-disposed fellow; when intoxicated he became noisy, quarrelsome, and disagreeable. On that day, he had indulged to excess, and had got into numerous quarrels, in one of which he fired a horse-pistol on a small boy, who returned the compliment by peppering him with a full charge of shot, from a fowling piece. The distance between the parties, however, prevented any serious damage being done, and but for the great disproportion in the size and age of the antagonists, the duel between John Rodgers and the race-riding, would have passed off without notice. It soon became a town-talk, however, and as John went staggering through the streets, swearing vengeance, and exhibiting his right arm and hand having received several of the shot—his conduct tended much to increase the excitement against him. Judge Lynch was not slow to make a decision in the case, and before dark it was currently given out that John Rodgers was to be ridden upon a rail that night.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "sittin' on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleepin' berry sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a whining tone of voice:

"Ride me on a rail!—Why I'll be shot, if I'd be rid on a rail, for five thousand dollars."

"Well you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pic" into the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now I'm not a gwain to be served no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be hanged."

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, "I'll blow 'em all to—, if they come a projectin' about this child."

He then stepped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief. As it grew towards dark, John, with his handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars; lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter curses against "The whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you come tryin' that are, and you'll get waked up worse than ever you was afore—blast nation seize your piccers. You jest fool with this child—that's all—and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't."

The crowd, which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

"Jest you tetch me, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin', if this here powder's good for anythin'. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store, than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what do you shall say?—blow off de roof from my house!"

"Lay hold of him," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentences in person; "lay hold of him, fellows!"

"Stand off! Stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held up the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder? Jest you lay your hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now, dad burn me."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out of my house, sair—begone with your powder and your cigar—what be dible?—will you blow all up my property?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up and myself, oo, before I'll be rid on a rail!"

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the doors, and a confusion of voices crying out, "Stop! stop!"—"Don't don't!"—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman crying out, "Murdare! murdare!"

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as lieve be killed, as rid on a rail."

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your powder magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sare?"

But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door. He then left the house, much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail!"

"You try it," said John, "and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close round him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks, preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, "Non comatable in statu combustus!" abandoned the attempt—the rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a sober man, and from that time forth, he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch, of T—, Florida.

The Slavery and Expense of Bad Habits.
 BY DR. ALCOTT.

The cars stopped at L— to receive the usual compliment of passengers from that village to Boston. Among them was a tall young man of fine appearance for the most part, but somewhat delicate, not to say sickly. He passed almost immediately into the second-class car, lighted his cigar and began to smoke. Here, said I to myself, is an opportunity, perhaps, to do some good to a person to whom great good needs to be done.

So, approaching him in a respectful manner, I said:

"Believe, sir, we are strangers to each other, and as this interview may be our only one, will you allow me, as a medical man, to give you a word of advice?"

Looking at me with a little apparent surprise, he said, "Certainly I will."

"And will you take no offence, I said, 'at my plainness and frankness?"

"Not in the least," he added; now quite recovered from his surprise, and beginning to regard me as a friend and not a mere meddler.

"Well, then, my dear sir, let me say that I discover in your countenance, and indeed in your whole appearance, that, young as you are your constitution is already beginning to suffer from some bad influence. It may be the use of tobacco; or it may be something else. Pray what is your employment?"

"I am a painter, sir; but that has not hurt me. It is tobacco that hurt me. I am killing myself with tobacco, and I know it."

"How long have you smoked tobacco?"

"I have never smoked at all, very much; but I have chewed the article ever since I was sixteen years old."

"And how old are you now, sir?"

"Thirty-three."

"Then, sir, young as you are, you have chewed this weed about seven-

ty years, as many as that."

"Have you ever been sick during that time?"

"Never with a fever; but I have had a great deal of ill-health of one kind or another."

"It is well you have escaped severe disease; for had a fever attacked you, or anything requiring medical attention, you would probably have been a much greater sufferer on account of the use of the tobacco; for this is the general law. Not only will the disease be more dangerous at the beginning, but it will be more difficult to manage."

On a little inquiry, I found he was suffering from a degree of dyspepsia. His liver, most evidently, had been for a long time past somewhat affected, as well as the whole alimentary canal. I found him not only a willing patient but a needy one. Hence I continued the conversation.

"How much tobacco do you chew in a year?"

"I use a pound of the best paper tobacco a week."

"Fifty-two pounds a year, then?"

"Yes, quite as much as that."

"Then you expend twenty-six dollars a year for tobacco, and have done so for seventeen years. Do I understand you correctly?"

"Certainly you do."

"This quite a heavy tax on your purse?"

"I know it; I know it. I would give five hundred dollars, any minute to be freed from this abominable habit."

"Why then do you not leave it off?"

"I cannot do it. I have tried a great many times."

"You look as though you had force of character enough to be able to keep a good resolution."

"I cannot do it. I must die a most miserable slave."

"You ought to last fifty years. You must certainly have inherited a good constitution."

"One of the very best."

"Are you willing to twiddle away, and perish at fifty, when you might well live on to eighty or ninety?"

The cars stopped. I had just time to obtain from the young man a promise that he would make one more effort to reform. We then parted, perhaps forever. I had little hope that he would keep his resolution. Men have done such things at fifty, sixty, and even seventy years of age; but they are rare instances.

You will have seen, reader, that I did not place the pecuniary loss which this young man sustains as the highest in point of importance; and yet it is worth considering. Twenty-six dollars a year for seventeen years at an annual interest, would amount, I believe, to seven hundred and twenty-seven dollars and thirty-seven cents! Should the young man live on—breathe rather—to fifty years of age, at the same annual expenditure, the aggregate loss would be from two thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars! This would be quite a snug little property for a laboring man to possess. In most country places it would purchase a farm and agricultural implements, which, in proper hands would well sustain a family.

So much for the slavery—the worst form of slavery except fashion—and the expense of a bad habit!

Treachery.

"How did you learn all this?" asked one person of another, who had been detailing a long history of a third individual's imperfections.

"Oh! you know we two are intimate friends. She tells me all her affairs, and asks me to advise her on all occasions. It wouldn't do to let her know what I've told you. You, of course, understand this; but you seemed to have such an exalted opinion of her, that I thought it would be only fair to let you know that she's no nearer perfection than you and I are."

ted mortgages from \$900,000 to \$5,400,000 recorded, within three weeks, in favor of a school of bankers around Wall Street; and, no doubt, for the benefit of creditors "far away." Bankers and auctioneers connected with this trade are doing as prosperous a business as Key West wreckers—and the salvage will be greater than the assets which the hurricane has left.

A Yorkshire Sermon.

The following is the skeleton of an unedited sermon, by the late John Hartley, of Brighouse, Yorkshire, England. It will be seen that the most of the phrases are purely Yorkshire.

Here is the text:

And he dreamed and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.—Genesis xxviii. 12.

1st.—Wee'll describe its length.

2d.—Its strength.

3d.—Its breadth.

4th.—T' way to get to it.

1.—Its length. It reacht between 'even and heath'. Top on't alluded to't Godhead's lotom on't manhood of Jesus Christ Angols ascenden and descenden, showed their redness to go't herrens' o'luv. The Lord stood above it; and it wer their long afor Jacob aver saw it; and their ash an iver will be. Ye nah a ladder's made to go up t' hill, that ladder seem'd to hopen a communication between 'even and heath.

2.—Wee'll describe its strength. Its strong enuff to bear t' weight o' the world, the'd go up. The devils tried to pool it daan, and his emissaries, Voltaire, and the other effeydils, but I tell ye they near cut stit it yit.

3.—Its breadth. Its broad enuff fur us all to go up together, ther's na cashun to push one another e goin up; sum mak it sa narrow with election at noubt tothery cau goa up. Winchester mad it sa broad at devils war to goa up at all.

4.—T' way to it. 1st. We mun enquire. 2d. We mun beg in reight fair at the bottom. 3d. We mun goa up a step hivvry day. au we munnt cum daan at next. 4th. We munnt cum daan to fetch a young Womun up; these many a one dus so, an then she'll nauther goa up herson, nor shen'im. 5th. We munnt want to hug t' world up, its too hevvy, we cannot hug it. 6th. We munnt pick at wun another as we goa up. 7th. We mun stick fast, or else we shall be blown off wun t' winds of temptation. 8th. We munnt keep our en fixed up t' hill, we munnt luke abaat us. 9th. We munnt mind we dunnot fall asleep o' top on't, if we doo wee'll tumml off, and brek over leg, we munnt git it set, an staart reight fair at t' bottom agen. Sum'll tumml off at t' middle an sum at top hommist; sum's bin aupn abaat for years an never gitten into t' reight way. Sum'll nauther goa up thesen nor let others. Sum parents want to pool their children daan, and some children want to pool their parents daan.

There are several millions of dollars lying in Savings Banks, in other Banks, and in Trust Companies of the United States for which no owner can be found, having lain so long and been so often advertised that a strong presumption arises against any call being ever made for them. Meantime their interest goes on accumulating, and institutions having them in charge are profited, at least indirectly, by the control of so large an amount of funds, since not only is money itself power, but even its custody.

STEAM IN CHURCH MUSIC.—A writer in the *Religious Telescope* approves the recent introduction of steam in "propelling" church organs, because "steam never winks at some one across the room just before the piece is started; never titters and laughs at each turn of the music; never blushes and sticks up its fan before its face, nor hangs its head; never whispers during the sermon; never turns over the leaves of the note-book to find the tunes during prayer, nor gazes over the congregation to see, who is kneeling; never writes notes and passes them while the minister is preaching." For those reasons, say the writer, "if our singing is to be done by proxy, let us employ steam."

Men are atheistical because they are first vicious, and question the truth of Christianity, because they hate the practice of it.