

Business Directory.

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, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Oils, Paints, &c.

P. CROSBY, Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh Maker.

SMELSER & BOWMAN, Licensed Auctioneers.

MARKHAM & WHITCHEUR, Auctioneers.

JAMES MCCLURE, Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe.

JOHN HARRINGTON, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c.

CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker.

A. GALLANOUGH, Dealer in Groceries, Wines and Liquors.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, Near the Railroad Station, Aurora.

MANSION HOUSE, Attention Hostlers always in attendance.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers & Co., No. 7, Wellington Buildings.

CLYDE HOTEL, King Street East, Toronto.

BOTTLED ALE DEPOT, 63, YORK STREET, TORONTO.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, Plasterer and Ornamental Painter.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker.

CHAS. POLLOCK, Importer of British, French German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker.

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier.

GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon.

HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon.

ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George Streets.

J. N. REID, Physician & Surgeon.

ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George Streets.

ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George Streets.

ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George Streets.

ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George Streets.

British



Tribune,

AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

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

Vol. 1. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1858. No. 47.

Select Poetry.

THE TEARS OF ENGLAND

BY GOODWIN BARNBY.

England weeps! she weeps with grief: Tear-drops stain her cheek's bright hue; Faded in her rose's leaf— Dimmed her eyes of Saxon blue.

England weeps! and tear-drops fall On her shoulder tressed fair, Darkening to a shadowy pall, Her bright shades of Saxon hair.

England weeps! and dreads her wail Full fits in sobs of woe; Windsor's towers and Avon's Vale, Hear them, as they come and go.

Through the towns she takes her way, Signing to the good and wise, Showing where the foul courts lay, Tear stained cheeks and swollen eyes.

Through the country lanes she goes, Where the peasants strive and fret, Weeping forth her bosom's throes, With red eyes and lashes wet.

In the gilded mansions high, Scolding tears of pride she weeps; In the dark low hovels nigh, Sorrow's shower her bosom steeps.

One tear fell on pauper's hair, While she sobbed a mournful moan, Staring up that churchyard drear, But the chill damp turned to stone.

One tear fell where zonates meet, England's woes and wrongs to list— Fell it at the speaker's feet, Then that tear dissolved in mist.

One tear fell on trader's board, In the mart of fashion's whirl— And the trader thanked the Lord— And then said 'tis a pea!

O a tear on the poet's brow! Also fell—a glorious curse! Grieved he much, but did his best, Whed he thymed it in a verse.

Other tears fell fast and long, Like full showers of Heaven's rain, Sweet in sorrow, as sad song— When the hard dies in a strain.

One tear fell where gallows stood, And that tear dark with woe; One tear was a drop of blood, And it fell at Peter's foot.

Fell those tears as from the sky, Falls the fast-falling shower, Ere the thunder-boom on high, And the lightning gleams in power.

And as birds fly to and fro, While as yet the tempest sleeps, By signs taught of coming woe— Mark the sign when England weeps!

Deepest sorrow comes from ill, Restriction follows years, And the times their signs fulfil— England's woes and England's tear, —Tait's Magazine.

ADVENTURE WITH A MANIAC.

Peter Winter was one of the early settlers of Arkansas—a bold, hardy man—made of just such stuff as is necessary to the conquering and subduing of a new and wild country.

His cabin was close by the White River, and ere many years he had a broad piece of land smiling under the influence of successful cultivation.

His time was about equally divided between the field and the forest, though he had more liking for the latter than the former, the rifle being a more agreeable companion than the plough.

His family consisted of his wife and two children. Susan Winter was not yet 35, and though living in the wild wood, yet she was fair and modest, and possessed a fund of sound sense that would have done credit to better education.

Andrew, a bright, apt boy, was six years of age, while little Lucy, the laughing, romping girl, was only four.

One evening Peter and his family were at supper, the door opened, and a large powerfully-built man entered.

'Ah, John—is this you?' said Peter, as he recognized his visitor.

'Yes,' answered the new-comer, in thick tones, at the same time receding towards the fire-place.

'What!—drunk again, John?' resumed the hunter, in a reproachful tone.

'Been drunk a fortnight, Pete,' grumbled the man, looking up with a vacant leer, evidently unable to see distinctly.—'Give us a bed, old fellow.'

'Certainly you shall have a bed, John. But won't you have something to eat first?' said Susan.

'Eh—Suke Winter! I will eat.' He sat up to the table, but his appe-

tite proved treacherous, and he moved back again without tasting food. As he gained the chimney corner he drew a bottle from his pocket, but it was empty.

'Drank the last drop just afore I came in,' he said, his utterance becoming more thick. 'Give us a tip of your own bottle, Pete.'

'Havn't got a drop for you, John.'

'Not a drop of whiskey?'

'Not a drop.'

'Singe a painter, old boy? What are ye comin' to?'

Peter made some careless reply, and then urged the poor fellow to go and lie down.—He saw that he was growing more stupid every moment, and that he would soon fall from his chair. After a while the man consented to go, and his host led him to a place in one corner, where a buffalo skin was hung up for a screen, and behind which was a bed of bear skins. John was soon asleep, and Peter returned and finished his supper.

John Armstrong was a good hunter; a firm friend; ready to help in the time of need; and "death on Injuns." He lived no where in particular, but found a home anywhere. A week or two would be spent in hunting—then he would carry his skins to the nearest settlement and purchase rum—and then come a spree which lasted while he could get fuel for the fatal flame.

When Peter got ready to go to bed, he went in and looked at his goose, whom he found just as he had left him.

'It's too bad!' he said as he came out. 'What a noble fellow he is when he's himself. How a man can do so is more than I can understand.'

'Poor John,' murmured Susan. Armstrong had ever been a warm friend to herself and husband, and had, on two occasions, saved them from the Indian tomahawk and scalping knife. So they loved him even now.

The hunter arose with the first dawn of day, and ere he dressed himself he went to see how his guest fared. John was still sleeping soundly, though the scattered skins told that he had been very uneasy during the night.

'I must go out and look at my traps,' said Peter, after he had dressed, 'and if John wakes up before I get back, you'd better fix him up some warm drink, and get him to eat if he can.' If he wants whisky tell him he must wait until I come. I shall not be gone more than an hour; so you may have breakfast ready by then.'

The husband took his rifle and went out, and shortly afterwards the wife called up her two children and dressed them, and then proceeded to build her fire. After this she cut some steak from a quarter of venison, which hung near the door, and then began to think what she should fix up for her unfortunate guest. After the expiration of about half an hour John Armstrong got up and came out. Susan was on the point of speaking to him, but when she looked at his face she started back in affright. She had never before seen a face so pale and deathly—she had never seen eyes glare and sparkle so, nor look so wild and panther like—she had never heard a man's teeth grind and grate as his then.

'John!' she finally uttered, 'what is the matter?'

He glared at her, and then at the children, but spoke not a word.

'Don't you want something to eat, John?'

He glared again from her to the two little ones, and then turned to the door and went out.

'Don't be afraid, Andy,' the mother said, as the children clung to her dress.—'John is a good man—he won't hurt you. He's only sick now.'

'But he looked at me so, mamma. Oh, how sick he must be.'

Before Susan could make any reply to her boy the door opened, and Armstrong re-entered the cabin. He had a long hunting knife in his right hand, while in his left he carried a piece of rope, or halter cord. He stopped near the threshold and glared around the room—there was but one room in the place. His eyes were wild and burning, his lips bloodless and compressed, and his hair standing up like quills over his huge head.

'Ye're afraid o' me, eh?' he whispered, in a shuddering, shivering tone, at the same time throwing the cord upon the floor, and grasping his knife more firmly.

'No, no, John,' uttered Susan, as plainly as she could speak, with her heart thumping and leaping as though it would burst its bonds. 'I'm not afraid, for I know you would not harm me. You love me too well for that, don't you, good John?'

'Love ye!' he echoed, with a sharp, grating hiss. 'If I loved ye less I might let ye stay in this cussid world. But I'm a goin' to send you out of it, Susan Winter—you and your children! I've got to do it! Ye must die!—die!—die!'

There was specks of white froth upon the madman's bloodless lips, and his whole face had assumed a look perfectly Satanic. Susan Winter had been at first almost powerless but when she first realized that her little ones were in danger her mother's love begot a fortitude. The terrible truth burst upon her that Armstrong was labouring under a fit of 'mania a potu.' She had heard of such a thing, and she knew how dangerous it was. She knew that the rum maniac would turn his direst hate upon those whom he loved best when sober. She clasped her children to her side, and shrunk away into the extreme corner of the room.

'Ye must die!' growled the madman.—'I've been commanded to kill ye!'

'No, no, John. O, you would not kill us.'

'Not kill ye! Why, what a shame to see sich cussid varmint as yourn a livin'! You'd kill me quick enough, wildcat! Don't I know how you've plotted agin me! Don't I know how you've held a knife at my throat for years? Git out, you sich devil! Give me the whelps! I'll take their heads off first, and then off comes yourn!'

As Armstrong ceased speaking he advanced towards the frightened group. Susan cast her eyes about her but there was no way of escape. There was but one door, and though the maniac had left that open, yet he was between them and it. The windows, three in number, were small, and set high from the floor and were guarded by cross-bars at that, to keep wild animals out. Nor was there any weapon at hand with which to defend herself. But of defence she could not think, for John Armstrong was one of the most powerful men in the country.

'Devil,' he hissed from between his tightly-set teeth. As he spoke he aimed a blow at her breast with his left hand, but though she dodged, and received the blow upon her shoulder, yet it sent her reeling to the floor.

But the brave woman thought not of pain then. The cries of her children, sounding shrill and loud, mingled with the curses of the madman, aroused every spark of courage a mother can feel. She looked upon the scene before her, and while a stifled cry of more than mortal anguish burst from her lips, she staggered a few steps forward, and there stopped.

The maniac was by the open door where he first stood, with little Lucy crushed between his huge knees, while the boy was held by the long tangled curls of his head.

The little fellow in his struggles had raised his hands, and Armstrong

had them both firmly clutched with the hair. When the mother first looked, the boy's head was bent back—the white throat upturned—and the gleaming knife raised for the fatal stroke! In a few moments more the woman would be childless.

'John!' she cried, in a tone of such exquisite agony that even the madman stayed his hand and looked up.

The mother knew that the respite could be but for a few short seconds. Great drops of that thick foam were gathered upon the madman's lips, and his eyes burned more fiercely than before. If she moved towards him, the blow would surely fall; and if she did nothing, it must fall. A gleam of hope shot through her soul. With a mighty effort—an effort such as men sometimes make to seem calm in the face of death—she assumed a pleasant look, and smiled upon the murder-minded man.

'John,' she spoke, as calmly and honestly as though she were calling him from peaceful quiet, 'you cannot do it so. Let me hold the boy, and then you cut his head off! Wouldn't that be the better way?'

'Egad, it would,' the man returned with great satisfaction.

'Oh! don't kill me, mamma!' the poor boy shrieked. The girl was so crushed that she could not speak.

'You must die, Andrew!' the mother returned with a cold look, but with a pang at the heart that gave her pain for months.

'Now hold him tight!' the man said, passing the two little purple hands out for Susan to take.

'Never fear,' she replied. She said no more. Armstrong stood with his back to the open door, and as he released his hold upon the boy's hands she gathered all her reserved strength for the effort, and leaped against him like a bounding panther. With her bowed head and with her clenched hands she struck him full in the pit of the stomach, and he fell backward upon the broad stepping-stone like a gnarled log. In an instant Susan shut the door, and in another instant she had shoved the stout oaken bar into its place.

The mother gathered her children to her bosom and bore them to her bed. The boy was almost senseless from fright, while the girl was totally overcome by cruel pressure she had been subjected to.—But ere Susan could bestow further care upon them the madman had revived, and commenced to kick at the door. He cursed and swore, and kicked with all his might, but the stout bar withstood all his efforts. The trembling woman dared not speak—she could not. At length Armstrong gave up the effort and went away. Susan ran to one of the windows and saw him go into the shed. When he came out he had an axe in his hand.

And now the maniac swore that every head should be split open if the door was not unbarred. Susan Winter spoke not—she only prayed to God that her husband might come. Soon the blows of the sharp axe began to fall quick and hard upon the door.—The mother shrank away to the side of her children and listened. At length large splinters fell upon the floor of the cabin—another blow—another—and another—and the bar was cut in twain. As the door flew open the frantic woman uttered one wild, piercing shriek, and sank upon the bed, gathering her children beneath her bosom.

But hark! What sound is that! The heavy tread of the maniac—then another tread, light and bounding—then a dull sound, as of a heavy blow—and then a quaking of the cabin as a ponderous body fell to the floor.

'Susan! Wife.'

She started up and saw her husband. She put forth her arms, and

pale and cold, without power, without life, and sank upon his bosom. He laid her gently upon the bed, and then, with the cord which was still upon the floor, he securely bound the arms and ankles of the inanimate maniac.

When little Andrew could speak, he told his father all he could remember; but ere long Susan revived sufficiently to relate all that had transpired. At first Peter Winter determined to ride Armstrong off to gaol; but upon second thought he concluded to watch by him till he had recovered. And he did so. On the third day the poor inebriate was sober, and able to walk, and having told him all he had done, Peter opened his door and let him pass out. John spoke not a word, but with his head bowed, and his hands clasped upon his brow, he walked away.

Just one year from that time, as Peter Winter and his family sat at supper, the cabin door was pushed open, and a hunter entered. The children cried in terror, the boy clinging to his father, while the girl sought the protection of her mother.

'John Armstrong,' uttered Peter, gazing up into a bold, frank, manly face.

'Yes, Peter,' the new-comer returned, while a convulsive shudder shook his heavy frame. 'It is old John; but if you can ever love me again, tell your children not to fear me. Tell 'em John Armstrong hasn't put liquor to his lips since the day they saw him last. And tell 'em, too, that he never will again, while he has life and sense. Tell 'em that, Peter—tell 'em that.'

On the next night John Armstrong sat by the blazing fire, and the children were upon his knees. Their mother had told them how 'uncle John' had twice saved her own and their father's lives, and they forgot the terrible hour of his madness in gratitude for his former goodness, and in the confidence which his present manhood inspired.

"POSTPONING" A GOOSE.

BY A PASSENGER.

Having business at Mobile, some time since, and being in no particular hurry to transact it, I determined to take passage in one of the packet ships that run between that city and New York. She was called the Rover, and was commanded by a sharp little fellow, a part owner, and who was therefore interested in making the trips as profitable as possible. The passengers were not long in making this discovery, for, as a general thing, a meamer table was never provided in the meanest of third-class hotels, or even in a cheap New York boarding house.

It happened that during the passage we were becalmed one day upon a part of the coast which was known to be excellent fishing ground, and the captain, with a view, of course, of saving a dollar or two, ordered the men to bring out their fishing-tackle and try their luck. This was soon done; and sure enough, a large quantity of the funny tribe were soon transferred from their aqueous abode to the deck of the ship, to the infinite satisfaction of the little skipper, and the no small delight of the passengers, who anticipated, for that day at least, a pleasant change of diet.

In the course of the morning the captain took occasion to enlarge upon the delicacy of the fish caught in that locality, and closed by asking:

'What say you to a fish dinner to-day, ladies and gentlemen?'

Everybody said, 'O, by all means!' and so it was arranged that the bill of fare that day was to comprise fish only.

Now, attached to the ship was a negro cook, a sleek, oily, and rather good-looking negro, who was called Centaur—a name which he obtained in consequence of a curious fancy he had of sitting astride of the bowsprit whenever it blew hard, and fearlessly retaining his position, no matter

how madly the vessel pitched and tossed amidst the turbulent waves. As this somewhat approximated to a daring act of horsemanship, the name of Centaur was considered to be a very appropriate one, and with which the negro was by no means displeased. After the passengers had agreed to the fish dinner, I chanced to be on the fore-castle, not far from the galley, when the captain came forward, and looking in, said:

'Centaur!'

'Aye, aye, sa!' replied that personage.

'Cook a large mess of fish to-day for the cabin passengers' dinner; and, d'ye hear, postpone that goose.'

Such were the captain's directions to which the cook replied:

'All right, sa!'

After the captain's departure, poor Centaur seemed to be greatly troubled, and searched his wool in the most vigorous and determined manner. I overheard him asking himself:

'What de dence he mean by cooking de fish and postponin' de goose? I ben on sebbal voyages, if not more—I ben in big hotels and little hotels, man in' boy, for ever so long, if not longer den dat, and by golly dis de first time I eber heard ob postponin' a goose. Dere's pickin' a goose, I know, and drawin' a goose, and stuffing a goose, and roasin' a goose, an' bakin' a goose—yes, and boiling a goose, too; but postponin' a goose—don't belebe dat eben Mrs. Glass, de great cook dey talk about, eber heard ob. It must be done, dough, or dis child 'll git some kicks, sure. Wonder if Jimmy Ducks eber heard ob it! He knows most eberyting.'

Jimmy Ducks was one of the crew—a real buckney, and, like every one born within the sound of Bow Bells, considered himself to be a sort of walking encyclopaedia. If he didn't know, he at least pretended to do so—and too often, I am sorry to say, pretence is permitted to pass current.

Just as Centaur concluded his ruminations, Jimmy and one or two others of the crew passed the galley door, and the bewildered cook rushed out and anxiously inquired of the oracle if he knew how to postpone a goose?

Now Jimmy was somewhat sensitive, and probably thought for the moment that the term goose might apply to himself, and that there was a covert joke in the remark, for he was evidently taken aback, and his face began to flush. Centaur, however, explained:

'De case is dis, you see. Cap'n says to me jis now, says he, 'Cook a large mess ob fish for de cabin passengers' dinner to-day, an' postponin' de goose.' Now, dat is jis what this nigger can't git through his wool, no how, what postponin' a goose is!'

'O! said Jimmy, seeing through the affair, and winking at his companions, 'that is easy enough. I thought every fool knew that.'

'I t'ought so, too,' said Centaur, innocently; 'an' so I says to myself, Jimmy Ducks 'll know.'

'Well, you see,' said Jimmy looking very serious, 'it isn't a common or a very usual way of 'cooking your goose,' but when it is served up after fish, and nothing to follow, at the nobility's dinners, or at the Lord Mayor's banquets, then they "postpone" it. Now, this is the mode of doing it:—First pick the goose as clean as possible; then, with a piece of lighted paper, burn the stumps of the feathers. After drawing the bird, you will stuff it with a mixture composed of hard-boiled eggs, chopped very fine; onions ditto; apples ditto; biscuit pounded into small bits, and portions of a fish previously browned on the fire. You will then put the goose into a pot, and boil it for half an hour; then put it on your spit, roast it until done, and you will serve it with prepared gravy.'

Centaur listened with profound attention, and, noting carefully upon the tablet of his brain Jimmy's directions, started from the galley, highly elated.

The affair was, of course, kept a profound secret, and I would not have spoiled the expected joke for the world.

Dinner time arrived, and Centaur certainly won honors for himself by the style in which he served the fish, both boiled and fried. Dish after dish had disappeared, and when every one supposed the meal to be concluded, another dish was placed before the captain, who, on removing the cover, to his great surprise and indignation, discovered the goose! His wrath was not to be suppressed, even in the presence of the passengers, and, in a towering passion, he shouted:

'Send that confounded cook aft directly!'

Poor Centaur entered the cabin, very greasy and good-humored, having no suspicion of anything wrong, and was considerably startled by the question:

'What do you mean, you scoundrel, by this disobedience of orders?'

'Beyed orders, sa; done jis what you said, sa,' he stammered out.

'Obeyed orders, you rascal!' said the captain, greatly astounded; 'didn't I tell you to postpone the goose?'

Centaur looked perfectly amazed.

'Course you did, sa; an' I did it.'

'Did what?' shouted the captain.

'Postponed de goose, sa, 'cordin' to directions.'

The passengers here began to scent the joke, and burst into a loud laugh. Even the little captain was somewhat mollified, and requested Centaur to explain himself.

'Well, sa,' said he, 'you ordered me to cook de fish an' postpone de goose. Now I neber postpone one in all my life, an' ob course didn't know nothin' 'bout it, but Jimmy Ducks lighted me on de subject, an' I foller 'zactly his 'scription. By ginger, I had trouble enough; don't want to postpone anoder, nohow.'

Everybody laughed heartily at Centaur's explanation, and even the captain could not help smiling.

'Be off, you black blockhead!' he said, 'and send Jimmy Ducks here.'

The darkey was off in a twinkling, and being some curiosity as to this new style of cooking, we tried the goose; but for the life of us we could not tell whether we were eating fish, flesh or fowl.—Jimmy soon afterwards appeared, and was compelled to repeat the directions he had given to the cook, forgiveness being extended to him only on condition that he should eat the whole of the goose; and I was appointed a committee of one to see the sentence daily carried out. The punishment, however, did not seem to be very severe, for in fifteen minutes nothing but a skeleton remained of that much-abused goose.

'My heyes!' was his exclamation, when he had completed the task, 'if that's a postponed goose, I wish the captain 'ud have one postponed every week. The dressin', however, might be varied, so as to be a little more palatable.'

GIVE HIM A TRADE.—If education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfeeling resouce through life, give your son, equally with a good education, a respectable trade. Better any trade than none, though there is a field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man; but an honest handicraft trade, seldom or never—if its possessor choose to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labor crafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades—the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be spared; they are above all others, in whatever light they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, and must work at the car of human progress, or all is lost. But few brown-handed tradeworkers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they possess. Give your son a trade, no matter what fortunes he may seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want—always be independent.

sin brought sorrow into the world; it was this that made the world a vale of tears, brought showers of trouble upon our heads, and opened springs of sorrow in our hearts, and so deluged the world.