

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill.

JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT.

JOSEPH KELLER, Bailiff Second and Third Division Court.

G. A. BARNARD, Importer of British and American Dry Goods.

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

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh Maker.

SMELSER & BOWMAN, Licensed Auctioneers.

JAMES McCLURE, 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, Sharon, Attentive Hostlers always in attendance.

MESSRS J. & W. BOYD, Barristers &c., No. 7, Wellington Buildings, King St., Toronto.

CLYDE HOTEL, King Street East, Toronto.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, Plumber 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.

AUCTIONEER, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, RICHMOND HILL.

J. N. REID, Physician & Surgeon.

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, MAY 21, 1858.

No. 50.

Selections.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY. I've sailed the sea, from east to west, From north to south, the wide world through.

The Englishman, the Englishman, The upright, downright Englishman;

He bears himself with heart of oak, His love is warm, his hate is strong.

Who's the purpose of his heart, He'll do it if his life allow.

Who'll do it if his life allow, Nor will he from his word depart.

Who finds him or draw back his vow? On all that's just he builds his trust.

On all that's just he builds his trust, And laud his heart's delight.

He loves you like an Englishman, The Englishman, the Englishman,

The upright, downright Englishman, In friendship dear, in love sincere,

In friendship dear, in love sincere, The ready, steady Englishman.

In work he labors with a will, In play is playful as a child.

And if the wild winds whistle chill, He bears himself undaunted.

On all the girls of mother earth, You find his mark, you trace his plan.

Though some may fear, and some reverse, Yet none despise the Englishman.

The Englishman, the Englishman, The upright, downright Englishman;

'Twas such as he who made us free, The ready, steady Englishman.

THE PERILS OF THE BORDER.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black-foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occurred in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females.

By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—Eugene

a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright, hazel eye—there was something which denoted one of superior mind; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group.

Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure.

The lady in question, was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every lineament, rarely fails to affect the beholder with something like a charm.

Her traveling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty feet, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and its waving ostrich plume, set gaily above her flowing curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough, unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their linsay bedgowns, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open fort behind them, "I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you, and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well, aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that something will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that, Blanche," returned the other, somewhat petulantly; "and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe this far, through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Scarcely a boat descends the Ohio, that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowl along either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale."

"But why repeat this to me, dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious air, "when you know it to be my destiny, either good or bad, to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home, and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"You never did know what it was to fear!" pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "No," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I believe!"

"Just like her father!" joined in the husband of the matron, the commander of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him."

By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—Eugene

Fairfax, the secretary of Blanche's father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprung quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him she addressed.

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for our boat to spring a-leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading posts on our route, this side of our destination,—the Falls of the Ohio."

"No, indeed!" rejoined her aunt, quickly; "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for news reached us only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, to my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman. There will, perhaps," he pursued, "be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or on any pretence whatsoever, suffer your selves to be decoyed to either shore!"

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully.

"I doubt it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most piteous tones, to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you know the pleaders to be of your own kin; for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not willfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded on by the savages, themselves concealed. Yes, such things have been known as one friend being thus used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you all from harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out, and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long and perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of

Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1665. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and contemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much, through British invasion; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, tendered him by Virginia which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have seen, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home.

This last commission had been so far executed at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

The day, which was an auspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely scene which surrounded her, she saw a seemingly flying body suddenly leave a limb of a gigantic tree, (whose mighty branches extended far over the river and near which the boat was then swayed) and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat, not more than eight feet from her. One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and to freeze the blood in her veins. The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The pan-

ther crouched for his deadly leap, but ere he sprang, the hunting knife of Eugene Fairfax (who, with the steersman, was the only person on deck besides Blanche), was buried to the hilt in his side, inflicting a severe but not fatal wound. The infuriated beast at once turned upon Eugene, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was a short one. The polished blade of the knife played back and forth like lightning flashes, and at every plunge it was buried to the hilt in the panther's body, who soon fell to the deck, dragging the dauntless Eugene with him. On seeing her protector fall, Blanche uttered another shriek and rushed to his aid; but assistance from stouter arms was at hand. The boatmen gathered round, and the savage monster was literally hacked in pieces with their knives and hatchets, and Eugene, covered with blood, was dragged from under his carcass. Supposing him to be dead or mortally wounded, Blanche threw her arms around his neck and gave way to a passionate burst of grief. But he was not dead—he was not even hurt, with the exception of a few slight scratches. The blood which he was covered with was the panther's, not his own.—But Blanche's embrace was his—a priceless treasure—an index of her heart's emotions and affections. It was to color his whole future life, as will be seen in the progress of our story.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and splash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current, on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene, the only one astride except the watch, was suddenly startled, by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman:

"I say, captain, here's trouble!" "What is it, Dick?" inquired Eugene, stating to his feet.

"Don't you see that's a heavy fog rising, that'll soon kiver us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good heaven! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. "It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublous, Cap'n, I'll allow," returned Dick; "but we're in for't, that's sartin, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best o' it."

"But what is to be done—what do you advise?" asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, ef you warn't so skeered about the young lady, and it warn't so dead agin the orders from head quarters, my plan would be a c'far and easy one—I'd just run over to the Kanawha shore, and tie up."

"No, no," said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick—that will never do! I would not think of such a thing for a moment! We must keep in the current by all means!"

"Ef you can," rejoined the boatman; "but 'hen it gits so dark as we can't tell one thing from t'other, it'll be powerful hard to do; and ef we don't run agin a bar or bank afore morning, in spite of the best o' us, it'll be the luckiest go that ever I had a hand in. See, cap'n—it's thickening up fast; we can't see either bank at all, nor the water nyther; the stars is gettin' dim, and it looks as if thar war a cloud all round us."

"I see! I see!" returned Eugene, excitedly. "Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost misgives me!—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of our boats have been captured by the savages."

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort, on his part, to wake them. At last, getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck, immediately.

"A fog, Cap'n?" exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me, without a word!"

He glided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatmen, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought, like their companion, that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kanawha shore; but frankly admitted that this could not now be done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

"Then make that possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!" rejoined Eugene, in a quick, excited tone.

"We'll do the best we can, Cap'n," was the response; "but no man can be sartin of the current of this here crooked stream in a foggy night."

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when, suddenly, our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb silently brush his face. He started, with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

"Quick, here boys! we're agin the shore, as sure as death!"

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

"Push off the bow!" cried one.

"Quick! altogether, now! over with her!" shouted another.

"The de'il's in it! she's running aground here on a muddy bottom!" almost yelled a third.

but not sufficient to fully comprehend its nature.

"Unfortunately, about two hours ago," replied Eugene, "we suddenly became involved in a dense fog; and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be against the Ohio shore—it may be against an island—it is so dark we can't tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche," he hurriedly added; "I trust we shall soon be afloat again; though in any event, the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity."

"I know little of Indians," returned Blanche; "but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their acuteness of hearing; and if such is the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near, to be made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we've been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement—"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, followed by a quick and heavy tramping across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

"We've run plumb into a red nigger's nest, Cap'n, and Tom Harris is already butchered and scalped!"

And even as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild, piercing, demoniacal yells, followed by a dead and ominous silence.

So far we have followed the lovely heroine and her friends in this adventure; but the foregoing is all that we can publish in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the 'Ledger,' dated May 22nd, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here. If there are no book-stores or news-offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail, if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address, Robert Bonner, Ledger Office, 44 Ann street, New York. This story is entitled, 'Perils of the Border,' and grows more and more interesting as it goes on.

THE CUNNING OF THE RAVEN.

In the narrative of the Arctic voyage of Captain McClure, of the British navy, is the following story of the two ravens which became domiciliated on board of the Investigator. The raven, it appears, is the only bird that willingly braves a Polar winter; and, in the depth of the season, he is seen to fit through the cold and sunless atmosphere like an evil spirit, his sullen croak alone breaking the silence of the deathlike scene. No one of the crew attempted to shoot the ravens, and they consequently became very bold, as will be seen by the following story: "Two ravens; now established themselves as friends of the family in Mercer Bay, living mainly by what little scraps the men might have thrown away after meal times. The ship's dog, however, looked upon these as his especial perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who nevertheless outwitted him in a way which amused every one. Observing that he appeared quite willing to make a mouthful of their own sable persons, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way, just as the mess-tins were being cleaned out on the dirt-heap outside the ship. The dog would immediately run at them, and they would just fly a few yards; the dog then made another run, and again they would appear to escape him but by an inch, and so on until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore, a considerable distance off. Then the ravens would make a direct flight for the ship, and had generally done good execution before the mortified-looking dog detected the imposition that had been practised upon him, and rushed back again."

A lady who made pretension to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices.

"How can you be so barbarous," said she, "as to put little innocent lambs to death?" "Why, madam," said the butcher, "you surely wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

"I have heard something, Eugene," she said "enough to know that we have met with an accident,

and I am sure that we have met with an accident,

and I am sure that we have met with an accident,

and I am sure that we have met with an accident,