

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill. JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT. JOSEPH KELLER, PALIFF Second and Third DIVISION Court.

G. A. BARNARD, IMPORTER of British and American Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Oils, Fats, &c.

P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Waggon & Sleigh MAKER.

JAMES McCLEURE, 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, THORNHILL.

A. GALLANOUGH, DEALER in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill, C. W.

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, TO ONTO. GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, FLAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker, OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge street, Richmond Hill.

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

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier, Yonge St., Richmond Hill.

GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon, Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.

HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon, and AUCTIONEER.

J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, Thornhill.

ROACH'S HOTEL, CORNER of Front and George Streets, one block east of the Market.

ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker, ADJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill.

British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



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

Vol. II. No. 7. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1858. Whole No. 59.

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH, MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W. June 2, 1858. 52-ly

ESPLANADE HOTEL, BY G. TURNER, PALACE ST. (OPPOSITE THE OLD GAS WORKS) TORONTO.

JAMES HALL, HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES.

W. HODGE & Co., WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Farming Implements.

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker, Next door to G. A. Barnard's, Richmond Hill.

JAMES JENKINS, Grocery & Provision Store, RICHMOND HILL.

W. H. MYERS, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER, TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning.

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY, 66, KING STREET, East, Toronto.

T. MICRETH, JR., CARRIAGE SIGN, and Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY KEPT BY W. ROYCE.) CORNER of Palace and George streets.

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES.

WARD & McCausland, PAINTERS, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS, GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Melodions to suit every taste.

Original Poetry, STANZA TO MISS BATHEA CLIMIE, BY M. E. DECKER.

How sweet are the links of affection that bind, Pure hearts in true friendship, when mind meets with mind.

When I first exchanged words of friendship with thee, For I found in the hidden depths of thy mind.

Then sweet were the hours and happy the days, When we breathed to each other our favorite lays.

When we parted, Bathea, and many years now Have elapsed since I gazed on thy broad, arching brow.

But not less beloved, though ever severed apart, For dear thou wert then, and yet dearer thou art.

As absence endears the more when we miss, The beloved in the circle of sweet social bliss.

And thusing on them by the moonlight alone, And thus though we've parted, though far I roam.

From thee, yet in dreams I will visit thy home, And will bear thy loved image in memory still.

By land and by sea, let me go where I will, For where will I meet with a girl like you?

Whose heart is so warm, so kind and so true; Or where's there another passioned soul?

Whose musing accordeth so well with my own, Richmond Hill, July 13, 1858.

Selections, THE NIGHT ATTACK, It was in the beginning of December, 184—, we were sitting down to dinner.

After a capital day's cock-shooting—besides myself there were Lord Clontarf, Col. Mohun, and Kate, my wife—when we were disturbed by a perfect hail of knocks at the hall door.

Old Dan Tucker, or the Spectre Horseman never clamored more loudly for admittance, Fritz, Mohun's old Austri servant, went down to see what was up, and, on opening the door, was instantly borne down by the tumultuous rush of Michael Kelly, gentleman, agent to half a dozen estates, and attorney at law.

In the two last capacities he had given, it seems, great umbrage to the neighboring peasantry, and they had caught him that night as he returned home, intending to put him to death with that ingenuity of torture, for which the fine warm-hearted fellows are justly celebrated.

Ralph smiled slightly as he bent his head in courteous acknowledgment of her interruption. 'Don't be indignant, Mrs. Carew. If you have a fancy for such excitement, I shall be happy to indulge you. It is settled, then. We back the attorney. Don't lie there, sir, looking so like a whipped hound. You hear? You are safe for the present.' He had hardly finished, when there came a rustling of feet outside, then hurried whispers, then a knock and a summons.

'We'd like to speak with the curial, ay ye please.' 'I am here; what do you want?' Mohun growled. 'We want the torney. We know that he's the widdin'.'

'Then I'm afraid you will be disappointed. It's not my fancy to give him up; I wouldn't turn out a badger to you, let alone a man.' You see that he took the high moral ground now.

'Then we'll have him out in spite of yez,' two or three voices cried out together. 'Try it! Ralph said 'Meantime I am going to dine; good night.' A voice that had not spoken yet was heard with a shrill, gibing accent, 'Ah! thin the best of appetites be ye yer, curial, and make haste over to yer dinner. It's Pierce Delaney that'll give ye yer supper.'

They then went off. 'The said Delaney is a huge quarryman,' Ralph observed. 'He represents the physical elements of terror hereabouts, as I believe I do the moral. We shall have warm work before morning. He don't like me. Fritz, send Connell up; he is below somewhere.'

The keeper came, looking very much surprised. He had been in the stables, and had only just heard of the disturbance. 'Get the rifles and guns ready, with bullets and buckshot,' his master said. 'We are to be attacked, it seems.'

Ralph had his pistols with him, and his cavalry sword, long and heavy, but admirably poised, lay within his reach. 'I have settled it,' he said. 'You and Connell are to take the guns. Smooth bores are quickest loaded, and will do for this short distance. Clontarf, who is not quite so sure with the trigger, is to have the post of honor, and guard the staircase with his sabre. Throw another bucket of water over it, Connell—is it thoroughly drenched! And draw the window up'—(these did not reach to within ten feet of the floor)—'we shall be stifled else. But there will be a thorough draft when the door is down, that's one comfort.—One word with you Carew.'

He drew me aside, and spoke at most in a whisper, while his face was very grave and stern. 'You will do me justice, whatever happens. Unless it had been forced upon me, I would not have risked a hair of your wife's head to save all the attorneys that are patronised by the father of lies. But mark me, if it comes to the worst, keep a bullet for her! Don't leave her to the mercy of those savage devils. I know them. She had better die ten times over than fall into their brutal hands. You must use your own discretion, though. I shall not be able to advise you, then. Not a man of them will be in this gallery till I am past praying for. Nevertheless, I hope and believe all will be right.—Don't trouble yourself to reload; Fritz will do that for you. I have given him orders. Aim very coolly, too; we must not waste a bullet.—You can choose your own sword; there are several behind you. Ah! I hear them coming up. Now men to your posts!'

There was a tramp of many feet, and the surging of a crowd about and against the hall door. Then a harsh, loud voice spoke: 'Ouet for all, will ye give him up, or shall we take him and serve the rest of yez as bad? Ye've got women there too!'

I will not add the rest of the threat, for very shame. I know it made me more wolfish than ever I thought it possible to feel, for I am a good natured man in the main. Mohun, who is not, bit his moustache furiously, and his voice shook a little as he answered.

'Do you ever say a prayer, Pierce Delaney? You need one now. If you live to see to-morrow's sunset, I wish my right hand may wither at the wrist.'

A shrill howl pealed out from the assailants, and then the stout oak door cracked and quivered under the strokes of a heavy battering ram.—In a few moments the hinges yielded and it came clattering in. Over it leaped three wild figures, bearing torches and pikes, but their chief, Delaney, was not one of them.

The left-hand man is yours, Carew, Connell, take the middle one, and the right-hand man is mine. I am not a man to be trifled with.

As he spoke, he dashed in upon them with lowered head and uplifted sword. I don't wonder that they recoiled; his whole face and form were fearfully transfigured; every hair in his bushy beard was bristling with rage, and the incarnate devil of murder was gleaming redly in his eyes.

Just then there was a wild cry from without, answered by a shriek from my wife, who had been quiet until now. At first I thought some fellows had scaled the windows; and while their shots fell harmlessly on the mattresses, every one of ours told—nothing makes a man shoot straight like being short of powder—but they came on again, each time with added ferocity.

I heard Mohun mutter more than once in a dissatisfied tone, 'Why does not that scoundrel show himself? I can't make out Delaney.' All at once I heard a stifled groan on my right, and to my horror I saw Clontarf dragged over the balustrade, in the grip of a giant, whom I at once guessed to be the man we had looked for so long. Under cover of the smoke he had swung himself up the balustrade of the staircase, and grasping the poor boy's collar as he looked out incautiously from his shelter, dropped back into the hall, carrying his victim with him.

With a roar of exultation the wild beasts closed round their prey. Before I had time to think what could be done, I heard, close to my ear, a blasphemy so awful that it made me start at that critical moment. It was Ralph's voice, but I hardly knew it—hoarse and guttural, and indistinct with passion. Without hesitating an instant, he swung himself over the balustrade, and lighted on his feet in the midst of the crowd. They were half drunk with whisky, and maddened by the smell of blood; but so great was the terror of Mohun's name, all recoiled when they saw him thus face to face, his sword bare and his eyes blazing. The momentary panic saved Clontarf. In a second Ralph had thrown him under the arch of a deep doorway, and placed himself between the senseless body and its assailants. Two or three shots were fired at him without effect; it was difficult to take aim in such a tossing chaos; then one man, Delaney, sprang out at him with clubbed musket.

'At last!' we heard Mohun say, laughing low and savagely in his beard as he stepped one pace forward to meet his enemy. A blow that looked as if it might have felled Behemoth was warder dexterously by the sabre, and, by a quick turn of the wrist, its edge laid the Rapparee's face open in a bright scarlet gash, extending from eyebrow to chin.

His comrades rushed over his body, furious, though somewhat disheartened at seeing their champion come to grief; but they had to deal with a blade that had kept half-a-dozen Hungarian swordsmen at bay, and, with point of edge, it met them every way, magically. They were drawing back, when Delaney, recovering from the first effects of his fearful wound, crawled forward, grasping out curses that floated on the torrent of his rushing blood, and tried to grasp Mohun by the knees and draw him down.

But! It was a sight to haunt one's dream. Ralph looked down on him, and laughed again; his sabre whirled round once, and cleared a wide circle; then trampling down the wounded man by main force, he drove the point through his heart, and pinned him to the floor. I tell you I heard, the steel plainly as it grated on the stone. There was an awful convulsion of all the limbs, and then the huge mass lay quite still.

Then came a lull for several moments. The Irish cowered back to the door like penned sheep. Their ammunition was exhausted, and none dared to cross the hideous barrier that now was between them and the terrible cuirassier.

All this took about half the time to act that it does to tell. I was hesitating whether to descend or stay where my duty called me—near my wife, Fritz knelt behind me, silent and motionless; he had got his orders to stay by me to the last; but the sturdy keeper rose to his feet.

'Fritz,' he said, 'I shall not peer-hand at the swoning, but I must help my master, anyhow! and he clamb over the breastwork. The colonel's pike broke through the musket-barrel, and the latter's imperious tone rang over the heads of the volunteers, and clear, that night, I don't stir Connell; stay where you are! I can't stir with these fellows! Mohun's sabre, however, was not so easily broken, and it was not until the middle of the night that the door was again opened.

As he spoke, he dashed in upon them with lowered head and uplifted sword. I don't wonder that they recoiled; his whole face and form were fearfully transfigured; every hair in his bushy beard was bristling with rage, and the incarnate devil of murder was gleaming redly in his eyes.

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Just then there was a wild cry from without, answered by a shriek from my wife, who had been quiet until now. At first I thought some fellows had scaled the windows; and while their shots fell harmlessly on the mattresses, every one of ours told—nothing makes a man shoot straight like being short of powder—but they came on again, each time with added ferocity.

I heard Mohun mutter more than once in a dissatisfied tone, 'Why does not that scoundrel show himself? I can't make out Delaney.' All at once I heard a stifled groan on my right, and to my horror I saw Clontarf dragged over the balustrade, in the grip of a giant, whom I at once guessed to be the man we had looked for so long. Under cover of the smoke he had swung himself up the balustrade of the staircase, and grasping the poor boy's collar as he looked out incautiously from his shelter, dropped back into the hall, carrying his victim with him.

With a roar of exultation the wild beasts closed round their prey. Before I had time to think what could be done, I heard, close to my ear, a blasphemy so awful that it made me start at that critical moment. It was Ralph's voice, but I hardly knew it—hoarse and guttural, and indistinct with passion. Without hesitating an instant, he swung himself over the balustrade, and lighted on his feet in the midst of the crowd. They were half drunk with whisky, and maddened by the smell of blood; but so great was the terror of Mohun's name, all recoiled when they saw him thus face to face, his sword bare and his eyes blazing. The momentary panic saved Clontarf. In a second Ralph had thrown him under the arch of a deep doorway, and placed himself between the senseless body and its assailants. Two or three shots were fired at him without effect; it was difficult to take aim in such a tossing chaos; then one man, Delaney, sprang out at him with clubbed musket.

'At last!' we heard Mohun say, laughing low and savagely in his beard as he stepped one pace forward to meet his enemy. A blow that looked as if it might have felled Behemoth was warder dexterously by the sabre, and, by a quick turn of the wrist, its edge laid the Rapparee's face open in a bright scarlet gash, extending from eyebrow to chin.

His comrades rushed over his body, furious, though somewhat disheartened at seeing their champion come to grief; but they had to deal with a blade that had kept half-a-dozen Hungarian swordsmen at bay, and, with point of edge, it met them every way, magically. They were drawing back, when Delaney, recovering from the first effects of his fearful wound, crawled forward, grasping out curses that floated on the torrent of his rushing blood, and tried to grasp Mohun by the knees and draw him down.

good for such work, Harding. There are several too bad hit to go far, and my hand-writing is pretty legible. The stout soldier to whom he spoke bent his head in assent, but with rather a queer expression on his honest face.

'Gad! he said 'you do your work cleanly, Mohun.' 'It is the best way, and the shortest in the end,' was the reply, and so the matter dropped. The dragoons left us before day-break; their protection was not needed; we were as safe as in the Tower of London. The next morning, while I was sleeping heavily, Ralph was in the saddle scouring the country, with what success the next Assizes can tell.

I go there again next winter for cock-shooting, but I don't much think Kate will accompany me.

"IF I WERE A MAN."

'Don't I wish that I were a man! Wouldn't I lost the be