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British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



Vol. II. No. 10. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1858. Whole No. 62. WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH, MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W. ESPLANADE HOTEL, BY G. TURNER. JAMES HALL, Boots and Shoes. W. HODGE & Co., Wholesale and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron. EDWARD CROWN, Assorted Stock of Drapery. F. W. HOLLISS, Merchant Tailor. J. HACKETT, M.D., Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada. ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE, MARKHAM VILLAGE. NEW STORE, Richmond Hill. LUKES' HOTEL, Holland Landing. THORNHILL HOTEL. W.C. ADAMS, Doctor of Dental Surgery. T. MICETH, Jr., Ornamental Painter. DAVID ATKINSON, Agent for Darling & Aitchison's Mowing and Reaping Machines. WARD & McCausland, Painters, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers. THORNHILL. SWAN HOTEL. MORPHY BROTHERS, Watch, Clock, Jewellery, Melodious Clocks.

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T. J. WHEELER, WATCH & CLOCK MAKER, JEWELLER, &c. BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Richmond Hill and vicinity, that he has commenced Business in the above place, and solicits their patronage. All kinds of Watches and Clocks cleaned and repaired in the best manner; also all kinds of Jewellery neatly repaired. Richmond Hill, June 11, 1858. 53-3m

Selections. A WOMAN'S QUESTION. Before I trust my Fate to thee, Or place my hand in thine, Before I let the Future give Color and form to mine, Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to night for me. I break all slighter bonds, nor feel A shadow of regret; Is there one link within the Past That holds thy spirit yet? Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which can pledge to thee? Does there within thy dimmest dreams A possible future shine, Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe, Untouched, unshar'd by mine? If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost. Look deeper still, if thou canst feel, Within thy inmost soul, That thou hast kept a portion back, While I have staked the whole: Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so. Is there within thy heart a need That mine cannot fulfill? One chord that any other hand Could better wake or still? Speak now—lost at some future day my whole life wither and decay. Lies there within thy nature hid The demon-spirit change, Shedding a passing glory still? On all things new and strange? It may be thy fault, alone—but shield my heart against thy own. Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day And answer to my claim, That Fate, and that to-day mistake, Not thou—had been to blame; Some soothe thy conscience thus: but thou O, surely, thou wilt warn me now. Nay, answer not—I dare not hear. The words would cause me sore; Yet I would spare thee all remorse, So, comfort thee, my Fate: Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all.

He but glanced at Mr. Russell, for the wide spectacle now presented in the valley claimed all his attention. The Turks were at the moment flying over the earthworks of Redoubt No. 3, and as they fled with screams of terror, the flying Cossacks were sabring them and trampling them down without mercy. He looked at the disposition of the British forces. To the left, just at the entrance to Balaklava, the Highlanders were drawn up—a long straight red line, firm as a rock, and equally motionless. To the right, and immediately below, was the Cavalry, concealed from the Russians by a slight wave in the plain, the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance, and the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier General Scarlett, in reserve. Towards the gorge and the redoubt hills were the Russians in great numbers and well equipped—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with batteries and skirmishers. Scarcely had he time to take in the position and appearance of the combatants when a general groan of disgust burst from the onlookers around him. The Turks had quit the last redoubt, and were running pell-mell and in confusion towards the Highlanders and Balaklava, with all the Russian cavalry in pursuit. 'The miserable cowards,' muttered Russell with vehement indignation, as he jotted down a few words in his note-book. Alfred dismounted and approached the correspondent. 'How do you do, Mr. Russell?' he said. 'Glad to meet you again.' 'Ah! Captain Howard,' returned the other, holding out one hand. 'There will soon be hot work going down below.' 'What is the position of affairs?' 'Bad enough, so far. Those scoundrel Turks have deserted the redoubts, and the Russians have not only got possession of them, but have turned their guns on the Highlanders, who have been obliged to retire a little.' 'Have they suffered any loss?' asked Alfred anxiously, for in a moment his thoughts reverted to Norman. 'Oh, no; no casualties have occurred, so far as I could see; but they were well within range, and Sir Colin has judiciously removed them from unnecessary exposure. How excessively provoking to be thus placed at serious disadvantage by a number of miserable pitloons.' 'It is extraordinary, is it not?' returned Alfred. 'The Turks were quite famed for their fighting in Asia.' 'Ah, but,' rejoined Mr. Russell, 'Turks behind stone walls on the Danube are apparently very different beings from Turks in redoubts in the Crimea, and it appears that the Russians of Sebastopol are not at all like the Russians of Siliustria.' Every one was now waiting with breathless impatience to behold the course of events. The horsemen all dismounted and sat down in silence on the hillside, realising at the moment how very different it was from sitting in the boxes at Astley's to witness a mimic representation of a battle. They saw the flying Turks make an attempt to form on the flank of the 93rd, and the Russians pause when they came in sight of the Highlanders. Then their ranks closed, and down they rushed like a whirlwind. The Turks fled. The Highlanders fired a fruitless volley on the advancing horsemen. A few minutes pause. To those far-off spectators the cavalry seemed almost at arm's length, and those brave sons of Scotland within the sweep of their sabres. 'Good God! they have not formed into a square,' cried Russell in a tone of apprehension. 'They can't stand in line before that fierce shock—they will be annihilated.' 'Never fear,' exclaimed Alfred, greatly excited. Another volley rang out from the valley, and both the 93rd and the Russian cavalry were enveloped in smoke, but out of the smoke and towards the north-east burst the horsemen riding away in wild confusion. 'Bravo, Highlanders! Well done,' shouted the spectators on the hills, and cheers, loud and prolonged, echoed over the heights. But the scene grew every moment

more exciting. The right division of the Russian cavalry was flying up the ridge which separated them from the cavalry of the British.—They gained the top, and found themselves face to face with the Heavy Brigade—a force not nearly half equal to their own. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of the British cavalry rang out a shrill blast, and the brigade rapidly formed into two divisions. So did the Russians. Forming into two masses on the brow of the hill—each portion sufficient in numbers to envelope their opponents—they advanced. Away shot the Greys and Eniskillens to meet them, the intervening distance being scarcely sufficient to enable the horses to gather way. So much greater in length was the foremost Russian line that they brought forward their wings to surround the small handful, and annihilate them as they passed. But to avoid this danger the British diverged a little so as to meet the Russian right, and dashed on with a cheer and a shout to an encounter for which they had long and impatiently panted. They met. The shock was terrific, but momentary—a shivering concussion, a few sabre flashes, and the Greys and Eniskillens are dashing on to the confused mass of Russian horsemen flying in all directions. 'This second line was coming up at full speed to retrieve the fortunes of the charge, and towards it the victorious troopers were advancing with unabated ardour. 'God help them; they are lost!' exclaimed one or two of the spectators, who, from their commanding position, could see every movement for no smoke obscures a cavalry fight. 'These fearful trembling words alone broke the silence, for the suspense was too great for further utterance. The brave heroes at length met the second line. Again was the shock tremendous, and the British horsemen struggled desperately through. They succeeded, but were in a fearful position. The first line, shattered though it was at first, and thrown into complete disorder, had re-formed, and was coming up upon them; they had no time or room to form themselves, and could therefore make little further resistance. But valour and triumph were at hand. At this critical moment the Royals and Dragon Guards dashed with headlong eagerness at the remnants of the first line, went through it as an Equestrian does through a papered hoop, and smashed it thoroughly, then came with the same impetuosity against the second line, who were still disordered by the charge of the Greys and Eniskillens. The whole Russian cavalry were routed, and fled back towards the infantry, while the triumphant Heavy Brigade returned with joy and pride to their position. It was a brilliant dashing deed. In five minutes the British cavalry had dispersed like chaff before the wind a Russian force nearly three times its strength. The silence on the heights was broken now—broken by enthusiastic cheers and shouts, and the clapping of hands, and groans, and cries of 'Well done.' Never did acted drama bring down the house with such an immense emphasis. By this time, strong forces came pouring in from the camp. The First and Fourth Divisions came in, the former taking up ground to the extreme right facing the redoubts, and the latter occupying the centre. A body of French cavalry also entered the plain amid loud cheers, and took up ground on the left. The Russians occupied a position at the opposite side of the valley.—They kept three of the redoubts which they had taken in the morning, but the great means of their strength was collected at the head of the valley, with a strong line of artillery and cavalry in front, and a number of guns on the heights behind them. After the brilliant achievements of the Heavy Brigade, a general mutual congratulation took place among the spectators on the heights, for every eye felt proud and overjoyed at the dashing triumph. Lord Raglan himself was chatting to those around him with great animation. He noticed Alfred standing at a little distance off, and beckoned him to come towards him—a signal which the young man at once obeyed. 'Ha! my boy, what think you of that?' he exclaimed gaily. 'Surely you'll not depreciate the service again after seeing that splendid achievement. 'I don't see how that should alter my views of the service,' replied Alfred smiling. 'Don't you admit that it was superb?' asked his lordship. 'I do. It was the bravest and most

gallant thing I ever saw or could have imagined. But what, then, is the characteristics of the service are the same as ever.' 'It cannot be so personally degrading as you represent when it turns out such heroes.' 'Then it is the service which makes them brave?' said Alfred in an enquiring tone. 'At least draws out the brave qualities that are in them,' said the Commander. 'It trains them in habits of order, obedience, and self-command.' 'But not on the highest principles,' answered Alfred fearlessly. 'All is done under a pressure of penalty, and not out of a high regard for right and free manly independence. The military profession, I grant, matures physical courage; but there is nobler bravery than that still, and which has been nurtured and manifested as conspicuously by civilians as by soldiers. Soldiers may rise to it, may have risen to it, in many notable instances, but they only do so when they rose above the trammels of the service, and reached a region beyond the influence of the Horse Guards.' 'Alfred, you are incorrigible,' said his lordship good humouredly. 'Just then a young Hussar officer rode briskly up the hill with despatches. As he came upon the tableland his horse stumbled, and being off his guard at the moment, the rider toppled off, and fell upon a piece of rock, bruising one leg and dislocating his right wrist. 'Those standing by rushed forward to his help, and he was raised from the ground; but the fall had stunned him, and his injuries made him quite helpless. 'A reply, your lordship,' he said, in as firm a voice as he could command, drawing a paper from his bosom with his left hand, and handing it to the Commander. 'Lord Raglan opened it and read. 'But you cannot take back the answer,' said the General, looking down upon him very kindly. 'Oh, yes, your lordship,' returned the officer. 'I am not at all hurt.' 'Nonsense. You must remain here, and I will find a messenger to go to Lord Cardigan.' 'But, your lordship, I cannot be absent to-day; we are before the enemy, and I must be there.' 'Not if you are unable to go, as you assuredly are, owing to that fall. It is a bad chance, but must now be borne.' Alfred stepped forward, and eagerly volunteered to go in his stead.—The officer looked up at him. 'Will you be satisfied with this substitute?' asked the General. 'If I am to remain, I could not desire a better,' he replied with a sigh. 'Then, take his accoutrements,' said his lordship to Alfred as he turned away to write the reply to Cardigan's despatch. It consisted only of a few words, and was therefore soon ready. No sooner, however, than Alfred, who was mounted on the Hussar's horse, and ready to start, when the General returned. He took the paper, bowed, turned the horse's head, and rode briskly down the hill. Out into the plain he went, passing to the left of the Heavy Brigade, and riding forward to where the Earl of Cardigan with his light cavalry was stationed. He delivered the paper to the General, acquainted him with the accident which had befallen the young officer, and was immediately put into his place in the regiment. Alfred felt his soul stirred with strong martial feelings as he sat surrounded by hundreds of warriors in brightly caparisoned steeds, which, in their neighing impatience, reminded him of the Bible description of the war-horse. 'He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. 'The glory of his nostrils is terrible; He swalloweth the ground with fierceness of rage.' 'There they stood, proudly bearing their riders, their heads erect, and their eyes glancing like live coals, while snoring showers of water foam flew at intervals from their nostrils. As the horsemen sat waiting in their saddles, Alfred had an opportunity of scanning the scene. In the rear were the heights, stretching from Balaklava to Inkermann, their southern slopes being covered with spectators, who had come crowding all the day from the camp to witness the battle. Conspicuous among the knolls was that occupied by Lord Raglan and his staff, who could be detected in the distance by their white feathers in their cocked hats. Farther south could be seen the eastern side of the cliffs of Balaklava crowded with sailors from the har-

bour, and the mariners who had charge of the batteries which were there, but which were too far distant from the scene of conflict to be of much service that day. Far in the rear, at the base of the heights, and for the most part concealed by dips in the ground, were the infantry—the First and Fourth Divisions, while at a little distance to the right was the Heavy Brigade, commanded by Lord Lucan. Such was the scene on the British side of the field, and Alfred now turned to the front towards the enemy. Before them stretched a narrow plain one and a-half miles in length, which terminated in a gorge leading to the northern and eastern hills. Across this gorge, and filling up the end of the valley, were the Russians, drawn up in a position of impregnable strength. In front was a battery of twenty-six guns, flanked by an enormous cavalry force, a hill behind them were several battalions of infantry drawn up in deep lines. In the back-ground, on the heights, other heavy guns were posted, commanding the plain nearly in all its length. On either side of the valley were heights, on which the Russians also had guns, those to the south being the pieces which they had captured from the Turks in the early part of the day. A pause seemed to have taken place in the day's terrible proceedings, for the cavalry stood motionless for more than an hour. But this was but a lull before the most awful tempest that ever broke on sea or shore. About two o'clock a solitary horseman was seen spurring down from the heights, on which Lord Raglan had taken up his place, and catering over the plain. He came straight towards the Heavy Brigade, and riding up to Lord Lucan, made a communication to the General. The latter seemed to be startled, and to hesitate—the horseman lifted his right arm impatiently, and pointed towards the gorge and the Russian position. The noble commander turned his head in the same direction, and seemed to scan it dubiously—then the horseman with an orderly came galloping across to the Light Brigade, and delivered to Lord Cardigan an order to charge the enemy and take the guns. 'What guns?' asked the Earl in astonishment. 'The guns yonder,' replied the horseman impetuously, who was Captain Nolan. 'Are you quite sure that is the import of the order?' inquired the Earl with grave seriousness. 'Quite sure,' replied the other. 'I received it myself from Lord Raglan.' 'In that case I have nothing for it but to obey,' said the gallant Commander, though Alfred could discern a hopeless expression gather slowly over his countenance. 'I go as a volunteer,' exclaimed Nolan taking up a position in front. 'The command was given to charge—the noble Earl himself taking the lead. Every one saw the desperate nature of the enterprise, but, with the steadiness of British soldiers, no one hesitated or remonstrated. 'Good Heaven!' thought Alfred to himself, 'this is either a mistake or an act of sheer madness. If we ride down to these guns, we go to certain death, and for no purpose.' A way they went—calmly, gently, unmoved—out into the plain.—They trotted slowly at first, and looked as if they were on parade. Presently they came within range of the guns from the side attacks, and, after a few moments of apparently astonished hesitation, the Russians opened fire on them. Among the first discharge was a shell, which exploded in front and struck Captain Nolan in the breast. Uttering a loud cry, the young impetuous officer quitted the bridle-rein, and his horse, wheeling round, carried him back dead to the British lines. From this moment the fire became hotter and hotter, waxing fierce beyond all parallel as they went nearer to the guns—the object of the desperate charge. It came upon them from three directions—the right, left, and front—and men and horses were shot down at every step. Bullets innumerable whizzed through their ranks, and heavy balls, reaching them while in the full force of their career, cut oblique lanes in their orderly formation. It was a horrible storm, for which there was no shelter—a veritable death-march through that long open valley. With a foe on either side who knew no mercy, and against whom they were defenceless, they pushed on their terrible way, becoming fearfully fewer at every step, and every moment placing themselves in a more hopeless position. With savage ferocity the gunners on the heights followed with their pieces the course of the devoted horsemen, and hurled their iron missiles again and again against them. Yet onward they went, quailing not, flinching not. The object of the fiery ride was the guns, and steadily they kept their horses' heads towards them. They were British cavalry, and their eyes were turned back. There were only two things they could contemplate—death or victory—and one or other every man among them was resolved on. They felt in full force the cruel hopelessness of their position—felt it from the very first; it flashed on their consciousness in an instant when the order was given, and every moment was making it more vivid. Still the idea of disobedience never crossed the soldier's brain. Heroically, undauntedly they passed on, leaving a bloody trail behind them along the valley, and many's ad and lying upon it, to designate it for ever more 'the valley of the shadow of death.' (To be concluded in our next.)