

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. 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. MANSION HOUSE, Attention Hostlers always in attendance. J. KAVANAGH, Proprietor. MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barbers, &c. CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET. TORONTO, C. W. MORRISON, Agent. 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. JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier. GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon. YONGE STREET HOTEL, AURORA. J. N. REID, Physician & Surgeon. ROACH'S HOTEL, Corner of Front and George streets. ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker.

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. 11. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1858. Whole No. 63. DR. J. W. GRIFFITH, MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W. ESPLANADE HOTEL, BY G. TURNER. JAMES HALL, Always on hand a large assortment of Boots and Shoes. W. HODGE & Co. Wholesale and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers. EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker. JAMES JENKINS, Grocery & Provision Store. W. H. MYERS, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER. RICHMOND HILL HOTEL. STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning. W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY. T. MACRETH, JR., CARRIAGE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER. BLACK HORSE HOTEL. WARD & McCAUSLAND, PAINTERS, Graines, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers. THORNHILL. All kinds of Mixed Paints, Oils, Glass, and Putty. GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Melodeons &c. &c. Watch Clubs in Operation. Warranted Clocks from 20s upwards.

Selections. THE BONNET, KILT AND FEATHER. When 'Time was young, and Adam strung His leafy garb together, Then first were planned the outlines grand Of bonnet, kilt and feather! O dear to me as life can be The land where blooms the heather; And doubly dear the lads who wear The bonnet, kilt and feather! Your dandy wants his skin-tight pants, Just fit such things to either; But give to me, all flowing free, The bonnet, kilt and feather! For lordly hall or courtly ball, Where all that's grand foregoes bar, There's nothing seen to match the siren Of bonnet, kilt and feather. The gorgeousness of Solomon's dress Put Sheila's queen thro' other— A proof to me his Majesty's Dress'd in the kilt and feather! Let despoils all, both great and small, Who wish to save their leather; Beware how they come in the way Of bonnet, kilt and feather! Let Alma's height—'Bal'clava's fight— Suffice to show you whether There's aught to fear for freedom where Is seen the kilt and feather. At Inkerman the Russ came on Like fiends from regions nether, Yet there in blood victorious stood The bonnet, kilt and feather. 'If awe or fear came ever near The Corsican blood-brother, It was to scan in battle's van, The bonnet, kilt and feather. On Egypt's sands they taught his hands To raise the immortal banner; At Waterloo's immortal grove The bonnet, kilt and feather. Behold them now by Ganges' flow Still brighter laurels gather; All odds are braved, an empire sared So much for kilt and feather. O garb sublime for any clime! What mortal man would swifter To toast with me now, three times three, The bonnet, kilt and feather.—Scottish American. EVAN McCOLL.

SCENE FROM THE CRIMEA. THE CAVALRY CHARGE. (Continued from our last.) In the front rank rode Alfred Howard. He knew that men and horses were falling fast behind and around him; for, amid the roar of artillery and the rush of the iron shower, he heard the plunging, maddened horses roll headlong to the earth, and men, whose life-fountains had been opened, cursing and blaspheming in their torturing agony. Still he escaped, and he wondered why, for he was sure in the expectation of death. As each discharge reverberated among the hills, he watched for the stroke that would lay him low, and quench for ever his life and all its hopes, but minute after minute passed and he was still uninjured. On either flank his comrades in that fatal charge were going down in large numbers, laying their glory and their pride in the dust, but neither he nor his steed received a wound. Conscious as he was, however, of the desperate task that had been given them to do, and certain as immediate death appeared to his mind, he felt no fear, no fainting or trembling of the heart. He thought of all his friends—of Clara, Norman, Julia, and all the rest—the last keeping longest and most fondly in his thoughts; but as the storm grew fiercer, these thoughts of friends and kindred vanished, and a feeling of strange, even of wild excitement came over him. The cries of dying men inspired him with an intense desire for vengeance. He felt as if he could sweep down every foe that was before them—sageerly wished before he fell to avenge some of his slaughtered brethren. In that hour of compassion, love, mercy, were gone from his heart, and passion, fierce and vehement, as a furnace-heated sevenfold, reigned alone. He was not the only one who was thus possessed by a wild heroic frenzy; it was shared in by every rider in the now little band. They were yet a considerable distance from the guns, when their noble leader, seeing the awful slaughter, and his followers growing fewer every moment, and himself now giving up to the general mad excitement of the hour, dashed his spurs into his horse's side, and the squadron rushed on at a furious gallop. This was some relief to the bursting feelings of the men; it was somewhat in harmony with the rushing turbulence of their spirits, and was bringing them faster and sooner to their murderous goal.

And so Alfred felt it, as his horse's hoofs spurred up the green sward, and his form cleared the current of air which floated along the valley. They were close upon the battery now. The guns with their gunners became distinctly visible, the latter standing by ready to pour into them a final volley. At a very few yards they fired, and the balls flew into the charging company with annihilating power. But the moment of a partial vengeance had come. The shattered remnant of that noble band dashed in between the guns, and sabred the men where they stood, their gleaming swords striking down a foe at every stroke. Onward they flew with resistless impetuosity against the infantry that waited behind, and scattered them as the wind scatters the autumn leaves, till they almost pressed them into the black river which rolled its sluggish waters in the rear. But here the enormous masses of infantry formed deep, and it was madness to expect their exhausted steeds to break through that solid line.—Therefore, they wheeled about and prepared to return. But how to get back; that was a task, to all appearance, utterly hopeless. No sooner did they attempt it than an immense number of Russian Hussars were hurled upon their flank. Alfred saw the danger, and hastily collecting a few of the British dragoons, led them on against this fresh foe. They charged desperately upon them, mingled with them, and fought the fiercest hand to hand conflicts.—Oaths, shouts, and curses went with every blow, swords gleamed in all directions, and wild, greedy, eager faces drank the Russian blood. While yet they fought, friend and foe, inextricably blended together, some of the gunners who returned to the battery with a monstrous demonaical cruelty never before paralleled, poured a murderous volley into the midst of them, and this action, which stamps the Russian name with eternal infamy, was sealed by the blood of comrade and enemy which they involved in a common ruin. By this traitorous volley, Alfred's horse was shot, and fell. He extricated himself in a moment, and fought on foot. Lance and sabre blows were aimed at him from all points. They pierced his clothes his cap, and once he felt a prick in the side, but he was still able to fight. With almost incredible strength he swept down those who pressed upon him, and tried to make his way out from the melee. Blood, not his own, but that which he had shed, covered his face, and nearly blinded him; but dashing it away with his left hand, he sought a path of escape, though, horseless as he was, escape was hardly possible. In the swaying to and fro of battle, an opening was made; he dashed at it, and found himself outside the strife. He looked hastily round, a riderless horse galloped past, he seized the reins, vaulted in the saddle, and flew towards the miserable remnant of the Light Brigade that was trying to win a way back to the British lines. He joined their thinned ranks, and they began to retrace their steps along the valley. Once more the guns from the heights on either side opened their ruthless fire, and they pushed on as fast as their jaded horses could go. Again the batteries blazed, and the storm came. A horse immediately before Alfred fell, the next moment his own stumbled over it, and he flew from the saddle. He fell heavily to the ground but strove again to rise. His horse was rising likewise. He sprang forward to grasp the bridle, but he only touched it; the horse leaped forward, and galloped madly over the plain. He looked up and saw the cavalry already far away; then a dimness came over his eyes, a faintness seized his heart, and he fell back insensible. The Light Cavalry charge in the valley of Balaklava was a glorious blot on the British side of the history of the Crimean war. It originated in a mistake. The guns referred to in Lord Raglan's order were not the guns which the enemy had brought with them to the attack, but those which they had captured in the redoubts, and it was with the view to prevent them from carrying off these that the cavalry were requested to advance a little forward. The request was misunderstood, and in the view of consequences, Britain has to mourn the fatal mistake. If there was a blameful rashness in the matter, the penalty was soon exacted; for, the bearer of the order—that gallant officer who so vehemently and emphatically gave it its interpretation—was the first

In the first place, if the horse be a biter, muzzle him; then lift and bend his left fore leg, and slip a loop over it. The leg which is looped must be secured by applying the short strap, buckling it around the pastern joint and fore-arm; next put on the surcingle, and fasten the long strap around the right fore foot, and pass the end through a loop attached to the surcingle; after which fasten on a couple of thick leather kno-pads—these can be put on in the first place if convenient. The pads are necessary, as some horses in their struggles come violently on their knees, abrading them badly. Now take a cord hold of the long strap with your hand; stand on the left side of the horse, grasp the bit in your left hand; while in this position, back him gently about the stable until he becomes so exhausted as to exhibit a desire to lie down, which desire should be gratified with as little violence as possible; bear your weight firmly against the shoulder of the horse, and pull steadily on the strap with your right hand; this will force him to rise his foot, which should be immediately pulled from under him. This is the critical moment; cling to the horse, and after a few struggles he will lie down. In bearing against the animal do not desist from pulling and pushing until you have him on his side. Prevent him from attempting to rise by pulling his head toward his shoulder. As soon as he has done struggling, caress his face and neck; also, handle every part of his body, and render yourself as familiar as possible. After he has lain quietly for twenty minutes let him rise, and repeat the operation, removing the straps as soon as he is down; and if his head is pulled toward his shoulder it is impossible for him to get up. After throwing him for two to five times the animal will become as submissive and abject as a well-trained dog, and you need not be afraid to indulge in any liberties with him. A young horse is subdued much quicker than an old one, as his habits are not confirmed. An incorrigible horse should have two lessons a day; about the fourth lesson he will be permanently conquered. If the operation is repeated several times, he can be made to lie down by simply lifting up his foreleg and repeating the words, "Lie down, Sir," which he must be previously made familiar with. The following rules will serve as a guide to the amateur operator, and should be strictly observed:— First: The horse must not be forced down by violence, but must be tired out till he has a strong desire to lie down. Secondly: He must be kept quiet on the ground until the expression of the eye shows that he is tranquilized, which invariably takes place by patiently waiting and gently patting the horse.— Thirdly: Care must be taken not to throw the horse upon his neck when bent, as it may easily be broken. Fourthly: In backing him no violence must be used, or he may be forced on his haunches and his back broken. Fifthly: The halter and off-rein are held in the left hand, so as to keep the head away from the latter; while, if the horse attempts to plunge, the halter is drawn tight, when the off leg begins to rise, the animal is brought on his knees, and rendered powerless for offensive purposes. The operations of teaching a horse to follow a man, and also to cure him of kicking and balking, should be preceded by the throwing down process, and in bad cases by the choking operation, as the animal is thus rendered gentle, tractable, and sufficiently obedient to do whatever he can be taught to comprehend. This subsequent educational course is necessary in order to render the reformation permanent. HOW TO BREAK COLTS. The following instructions with relation to the management and breaking of colts, and the subsequent operations upon obdurate and ungovernable horses, were originally written and published by Mr. Rarey some three years ago, and are an important part of his system, although coming more particularly under the head of training rather than taming. If a colt is properly broken in his first encounter with man, the necessity for a method of taming, other than that used for wild horses, would never have been experienced, therefore these instructions are peculiarly valuable. MUST BE CONSTANTLY BORNE IN MIND THAT THE OPERATOR MUST NOT BE BOISTEROUS OR VIOLENT, AND THAT THE GREATEST POSSIBLE DEGREE OF KINDNESS IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL. When the horse is prostrate he should be soothed until his eyes show that he has become perfectly tranquil. ANOTHER METHOD. Buckle or draw a strap tight around the neck, lift a fore leg and fasten around it the opposite end of the strap, the shorter the better. It will be seen that in this plan the horse is made the instrument by which the punishment is inflicted. When he attempts to put his foot down his head goes with it and he thus chokes himself; care should be taken that he does not pitch on his head, and thus endanger his neck. TAMING A HORSE WITHOUT RESORT TO STRAPS. Secure the horse with a stout halter to the manger. If extremely unruly, muzzle him. Soothe him with the halter for a few minutes until he becomes somewhat pacified. Then seize him by the throat, close to the jaw-bone, with the right hand, and by the mane with the left. Now forcibly compress his windpipe until he becomes so exhausted that, by kicking him on the fore legs, he will lie down, after which he should be treated as previously described. This process requires courage in the operator, and also great muscular strength. ANOTHER METHOD OF TAMING A HORSE; ALSO TO TEACH HIM TO LIE DOWN. The horse to be operated upon should be led into a close stable. The operator should be previously provided with a stout leather halter; a looped strap to slip over the animal's knee; a strong surcingle, and a long and short strap—the first to fasten round the fore-foot which is at liberty, and the second to permanently secure the leg which is looped up.