

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, INNKEEPER, Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., TWO Miles North of Richmond Hill, 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, AURORA. J. KAVANAGH, Proprietor.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers &c., NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING ST., TORONTO. CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TO. CANTO.

Bottled Ale Depot, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W. M. MORRISON, Agent. ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, LAG, Banner and Ornamental Painter.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker. CHAS. POLLOCK, SOLE 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, HORSE & FARRIER, INN.

YONGE STREET HOTEL, AGRORA. 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, Toronto. JOHN ROACH, Proprietor.

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

WARD & McCAUSLAND, PAINTERS, Graines, Gilders, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons & Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY KEPT BY W. ROBEY.) CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto.

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British and York Ridings' Gazette.



AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

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

Vol. II. No. 14.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1858.

Whole No. 66.

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. Meals 20 cents each, and good accommodation for Farmers and others. Toronto, June 11, 1858. 53-ly

JAMES HALL, HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices that will defy competition. Richmond Hill, June 17, 1858. 54-ly

W. HODGE & Co. WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers. Parties giving this house a call will find their orders punctually attended to, and the lowest prices charged. Richmond Hill June 17, 1858. 54-ly

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Fowl, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice. Thornhill, April 19, 1858. 41.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker, Next door to G. A. Barnard's, Richmond Hill, June 1857. g-1-wy.

JAMES JENKINS, Grocery & Provision Store RICHMOND HILL. NO CREDIT GIVEN. Prices taken in exchange. This is the oldest established Grocery and Provision Store on the Hill. July 2, 1858. 55-ly

W. H. MYERS, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER, TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE TRINITY OFFICE. ALL WORK WARRANTED. Richmond Hill, June 1858. 55-ly

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL, A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from the Hill at 7. a.m. and returning at 7. p.m. Fare 26. 6d. each way. GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS. RICHARD NICHOLS, Proprietor. Richmond Hill, July 2, 1858. 55-ly

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY, 66, KING STREET, East, Toronto. Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth. Consultations Free, and all Work Warranted. Toronto, June, 1857. 1-wy.

T. MICEPTH, JR., CARRIAGE SIGN, AND Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. 57-ly

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY KEPT BY W. ROBEY.) CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. Board 50 per day. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. An omnibus to and from the Railroad Station. THOMAS PALMER, Proprietor. Toronto, Feb. 26, 1858. 58-ly

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, Richmond Hill. June, 1857. g-1-wy.

WARD & McCAUSLAND, PAINTERS, Graines, Gilders, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL. All kinds of Mixed Paints Oils, Glass, and Putty. GOOD WORKMEN SENT TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY. July 23, 1857. 7-g-ly.

GO TO MORPHY BROTHERS FOR GOOD Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Melodeons & Electro Ware, Silver Spoons, and Spectacles to suit every sight.

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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

EDWARD CROWN, HAS always on hand a large and well assorted stock of DRESSING GLOVES, CLOTHS, BOOTS and SHOES, &c. &c. which will be sold at prices that will defy competition. Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 60-ly

F. W. HOLLISS, MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a well assorted stock of CLOTHS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c. &c. Garments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted. Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 60-ly

J. HACKETT, M.D. Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada. RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER, KINGSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL. RESIDENCE, MAPLE VILLAGE. July 23, 1858. 59-6m

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE, MARKHAM VILLAGE. GOOD Accommodations, Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands. R. MARR, Proprietor. Markham, July 1858. 57-ly

NEW STORE, Richmond Hill. CORNER of Wight & Yonge streets. Cheap Groceries and Provisions, Crockery and Glassware cheap for Cash. No Credit. D. HOPKINS. Jan. 7, 1858. 431

LUKES' HOTEL, HOLLAND LANDING. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Inhabitants of the above-named Village and surrounding Country, and the Public generally, that he has leased the above Hotel, formerly kept by THOMAS MAY, which he has fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of his Customers, and has done so by constant attention to their wishes to secure a liberal patronage. Liquors of the best brands at the Bar, and every attention paid to Guests. THOS. LUKES, Proprietor. Holland Landing, Sept. 10, 1857. g14-3m

THORNHILL HOTEL, THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises, and fitted them up in a neat and comfortable style. Boarders and transient visitors will find the accommodations in every respect agreeable. The best of Liquors and Cigars carefully selected. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. HENRY LEMON, Proprietor. Thornhill, Jan. 29, 1858. 53

TORONTO CITY MARBLE WORKS, 715 YONGE STREET. MONUMENTS, TOMB-TABLES, TOMB-STONES, &c. Twenty Per Cent Cheaper THAN ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT. THE Undersigned Assignees of the estate of D. C. & W. YALE, will continue the business under the superintendence of our duly authorized agents, AVERY, JAMES and D. CARLOS YALE, whose receipt will be duly acknowledged. P.S. All notes and accounts remaining unpaid to our late principals, AVERY, JAMES and D. CARLOS YALE, will be put into Court for collection. C. YALE, G. CUMMER. Toronto, 29, April 1858 48-4f

DARLING & AITCHISON'S, FIRST PREMIUM CANADIAN MOWERS AND REAPERS. WE would call the attention of farmers to our Combined REAPER, and MOWERS which we are manufacturing for the coming harvest. We now offer in use: it is substantially built of wrought iron, without weight on the horses necks, and entirely free from side draught; cuts with equal ease in Grass, Wheat, Oats and Barley, and ploughs and can be raised to any convenient height, by a screw in front, without any change of knife or gearing. We were awarded the first Prize and also a Diploma at the trial of Machines, held at Bradford, at the Provincial Exhibition. We would solicit Farmers to call and examine our Combined Machines, as it may be seen with safety, that they have two perfect Machines in one. GEO. DARLING, ROBERT AITCHISON. Thornhill, June 15, 1858. 55 8

SWAN HOTEL, THORNHILL. THE Subscriber in tendering his thanks for past favors, would beg to call Public attention to his NEW Swan Hotel, which he has lately entered into in consequence of the accommodations in his old establishment being entirely too limited for the comfort of his numerous guests. The Swan Hotel in a few days will be completely renovated, and respectable visitors may rely on having their calls immediately attended to. He has also very extensive accommodations for Horses and Carriages. His Bar will always be found well stored with the choicest Liquors; while the subscriber himself intends to devote his time to the comfort of all those who may honour him with a call. JOHN SHIELDS, Proprietor. Thornhill, January 20, 1858. 53

Selections.

YOU HAVE HEARD. "You have heard," said a youth to his sweet-heart who stood. While he sat on a corn sheaf, at daylight's decline. "You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood— I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me!" she said. "While an arch smile played over her beautiful face: "I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid Would fly to my side, and would here take her place!"

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be. Without any magic," the fair maiden cried: "A favor so slight one's good nature secures!" And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm Would work so, that not even modesty's cheek Would be able to keep from my neck your fine hair!" She smiled, and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss— You saw I lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine, And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss!"

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee:—"What a lot of yourself with the whistle you'd make!" For only consider how silly 'twould be To sit there and whistle for—what you might take!"

—ROMAN STORY, the Northumberland Post.

SCENES FROM THE CRIMEA.

BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA. THE TWO-GUN BATTERY. On a cold, chill November night—or rather morning, for it was an hour or two past midnight—a file of company of soldiers, forming one of the out-lying pickets of the Second Division, lay upon the steep slopes of Inkerman. All was dark, dreary, and uncomfortable, for a thick mist or drizzly rain filled the air, making it come cold and wet into the faces of the watchers, and deposit on their garments a coating of dripping dampness, which caused them to shiver and creep close to the bushes for shelter.

It was densely dark, for no stars shone through the heavy water-laden atmosphere, and, owing to the rain, no fire could be kindled on the ground to light up with kindly, cheering rays the faces of the men, so that they could look into each other's eyes and feel the social influence. Every one felt the position to be a miserable one, and one, too, that admitted not of being improved. They were on the exposed side of the hill, and though the slope was covered with bushes, these were too low to afford anything like shelter. And the drizzle had saturated them on all sides, so that any one who tried to creep beneath was received with a plentiful shower of rain-drops, which added considerably to the wetness of the already wet garments.

Nor could bodily exercise be indulged in as an alleviation of the misery, for the bushes grew on all sides of the declivity; and it was too dark for any walker to avoid them, the chances being, that the first few steps would issue in a tumble into their midst, which would only increase the discomfort.

There was nothing for it, then, but patient endurance, and the soldiers, wrapping their greatcoats closely around their benumbed frames, lay in silence upon the ground, listening to the fitful gusts of the night-wind beating against the brushwood, and moaning in its way along the dreary valley.

We may safely conclude that the cogitations of the various watchers were far from being pleasant, since the circumstances were so unpropitious and disheartening. It is few indeed whose philosophy is proof against the untoward influence of such a position. With the cold, damp ground for a bed, wet garments for a covering, a gloomy November midnight sky for a canopy, and a floating atmosphere thick with fog for breathing purposes, it is surely up-hill work to maintain cheerful spirits and enjoy soothing meditations. Envious thoughts are very apt to come up at such a time, and discontented recollections of past comforts—of warm beds and bright firesides, of home security and undisturbed repose, and these reminiscences of the past, serve but to make the unpleasantness of the present more unendurable.

We may not dive into the bosoms of every member of the picket, to guess at or describe their particular feelings; but there are two of them, with whom we are already acquainted, and their private thoughts we can have no delicacy in intruding upon. One of them is Philip Stanley. We still call him Stanley, because it was arranged at his own particular request that he should not take the name of Harding so long as he remained a common soldier, and this he determined should be till the close of the war.

Philip lay with his cloak drawn as well round him as he could gather it, along the left side of a bush, and ruminated. We have just said that pleasant thoughts were not easily come at in such circumstances. Nevertheless, those of the young soldier were not by any means sordid or sad. He had many bright and joyful experiences to reflect upon. The dark shadow of loneliness, friendliness, and isolation had passed suddenly from his life, and he was now surrounded by much, almost everything, that was gladdening. He had no longer to bear the thought that he was an outcast—sprung from a wandering, lawless race, obscure and uncared for; but suddenly this disturbing vision had vanished, and he had been introduced to a circle of kind friends and loving relations—a father noble and brave, a sister gentle and beautiful, the betrothed of that generous youth whose kindness had made him the instrument by which the happy discoverer had been made. The chill night-wind and dripping November mist could not prevent these thoughts from cheering him, and he, of all the company, was perhaps the most contented and undisturbed.

By his side, however, lay one who bent down of feeling had reached Philip's outposts. This was Peter Sparrow. Poor unfortunate Peter! Nothing earthly had he to console him in the midst of the miseries of the night. With not a spark of military ardour to get up a heat round his heart to keep the cold out, and help to sustain the dispiriting influence, he lay prostrate on the ground, a perfect martyr, without a particle of the martyr's spirit. Never did mortal yearn more intensely for anything than did he for the comforts and the safety of Somerton Hall, or even for his sea encircled berth in the *Ally*. His misery uttered in a pretty thick groan, and this he disposed around it in the best way which his nervous despondency could devise; but all he could do could not prevent the drizzle from beating into his face, or the tall wet grass from flapping his cheeks; and then it was so utterly dark and dismal. Everywhere around there was the blackness of darkness, and therefore a strong probability of danger. How did he know, or how could he be assured, that a prowling Russian was not within bayonet length of him, with whose instrument his body might at any moment make a most unpleasant acquaintance? To be sure, he was not lying at the outside of the circle. He had taken good care to place one or two between himself and the unpopulated hill side: still he had the uncomfortable idea that his body, being larger than that of any of the others, would yield a little to the light of the coming day. Objects near at hand could be faintly seen—that is, they showed themselves as dark spots in the universal haze. The bushes immediately surrounding the picket began to be discernible, and the slope itself extended on either hand like a great black cloud. But the mist was thick as ever, and the small drizzling rain drops came as thickly against the face.

In front yawned the valley through which winded the dark waters of the Tehermaya, and beyond the river rose the rocky heights of Inkerman, twelve or fifteen hundred feet in height. But these objects were as yet wrapt in obscurity. The morning dawn, retarded by the dense mist and rainy clouds, had not yet redeemed them from the oblivion of night, and the watchers on the slope seemed fronted by a misty immensity, cheerless and disagreeable in its mysterious dimness.

Philip and Peter gazed steadfastly down the face of the ridge. Suddenly they heard a rustle, and saw a movement as if the bushes beneath were stirred to and fro by a smart breeze. But as no breeze was blowing sufficiently strong to cause such motion, they watched with breathless eagerness.

Steadfastly, but steadfastly, the dark objects approached till they emerged out of the gray mist, and showed themselves to be living men.

"The enemy are upon us!" shouted Philip, firing his musket as he spoke.

Before another of the picket could follow his example a sharp volley of musketry rolled up the slope, and the Russians came upon them in dense masses. The little company crowded together and gallantly returned the fire, all but Peter Sparrow.

who fired with frantic wildness into the air, and was too much terrified to reload.

All the pickets on the slope were now alarmed, and the Russians, finding that they were discovered, rushed up at full speed.

They were met by a brave resistance, and had the defenders been more numerous, would have been repulsed; but the Russians crowded forward in dense columns, so that it was impossible to stand against them.

The pickets were forced to retire slowly up the hill, and this they were doing in good order when a mounted officer rode along the slope, shouting to them to rally in the two-gun battery.

He gave the order and dashed on to the next picket amid a shower of bullets, while the various companies gradually retreated up the slope towards the point indicated, returning with fatal effect the force fire with which the Russians were assailing them.

The two-gun battery just mentioned was situated some distance up the slope, a little from the summit of the ridge, and though it had been erected for some time, it had not been mounted, as it was the opinion of the General of the Second Division that two guns in such a position, with no works to support them, would be more disadvantageous than otherwise.

It was composed of sand-bags, gabions, and fascines, but was unfortunately without a banquette to stand upon, and defenders could only fire upon an enemy from the embrasures.

Into this place the pickets rushed, closely and hotly followed by the Russians. The men were loading as they leapt over the embankment, and fired the moment they entered, but before they could load again the enemy were upon them.

Furious the Russians leapt upon the thick walls, but only to be hurled off by the bayonets of the British, who thrust them back upon their companions wounded unto death. Hot and terrible did the battle rage round this little battery, and heroically did its few defenders fight against the fearful odds which came against them. Pressed on all sides by overwhelming numbers, they stood at bay and kept the enemy off at every point, though each moment was making their number less. Already were the dead and dying lying thickly within the earthworks, and were being trampled down by friend and foe as they struggled fiercely together in the *melee*, while oaths and curses flew as fast as blows from the lips of the combatants.

(To be continued.)

A MEAN MILLIONAIRE.

S. Girard began his remarkable trading career with one object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, with the small profits of the retail trader, willing to labor in any capacity to make those profits secure. He practiced the most rigid personal economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he expected the last farthing that was due to him; and he paid the last farthing he owed. He took every advantage which the law allowed him in restricting claims; he used men just so far as they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a faithful cashier died he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provision for his family, and uttering no sentiment of regret for his loss. He would hizzle for a penny with a huckster in the street; he would deny the watchman at his bank the customary Christmas present of a grey coat.—To add to his singular and deficient character he was deaf in one ear, could only speak broken English, never conversed upon anything but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in French style, for five years together. An old rickety chair, remarkable for its age, and marked with the initials "S. G." drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no sense of hospitality; no friend to share his house or his table. He was deferential in appearance, to rank and family. Violent and passionate; faithful to one man—an old and faithful clerk named Rotbergot. His theological opinions were heretodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau. He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted city and country; he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labor was the daily worship of his life.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

and dreamed, observed a second. "Now upon my soul," gentlemen. I was quite awake, and heard it first in the bush, and afterwards it put its cold face into mine.

"Oh! nothing but the wet grass waved by the wind." Ugh! what a black dreary night. Don't you wish we were back to quarters, comrades?"

"That we do, and no mistake, chorused all."

"Silence," said the officer; "not a word must be spoken."

The men drew their greatcoats once more around them, and laid themselves down upon the ground.

In a little while the bells of Sebastopol began to ring, and continued to peal forth merry sounds for nearly an hour, finally stirring the echoes along the crags of Inkerman, and floating up indistinctly as if muffled through the heavy fog. The watchers, who heard the ringing, concluded that one of the festivals of the Greek Church had come round, and was about to be celebrated in the town.

Between four and five o'clock, Philip Stanley thought he heard the sound of carriage wheels in the valley. He listened intently till he was certain his suspicion was correct.

"Hark!" he whispered to the officer who commanded the picket, "I hear sounds like the motion of gun carriages."

The officer came to Philip's side, bent down and listened.

"Ah! I think I do hear a sound," he rejoined, after a few moments' silence. "It must be some ammunition carts or arabs going into Sebastopol by the Inkerman road."

"I rather think it's gun-carriages, and that they are in motion towards our position," persisted Philip.

"That at least is impossible," returned the officer. "The enemy would never be mad enough to come up this slope with guns."

"They may be getting them into position on the heights facing us, on the opposite side of the river," remarked Philip.

"That is a more likely idea; but you will see that my supposition is the correct one," said the officer, turning carelessly away.

"Bless me, what are you listening so closely for, Mr. Stanley?" asked Peter in a whisper, as Philip continued to bend forward over the bushes.

"Because I suspect the enemy mean to take us by surprise," answered the other. "They know well enough that this is the weakest point of our position, and they could hardly find a morning better suited to their purpose."

"You don't think they will come up here?" said Peter, sitting up in great alarm.

"This is the very point where they will attack," was the most unwelcome reply. "Better get up and watch with me."

Instantly Mr. Sparrow had shaken himself clear of his greatcoat, and was peering with eyes of terror down the slope.

The intense darkness had now yielded a little to the light of the coming day. Objects near at hand could be faintly seen—that is, they showed themselves as dark spots in the universal haze. The bushes immediately surrounding the picket began to be discernible, and the slope itself extended on either hand like a great black cloud. But the mist was thick as ever, and the small drizzling rain drops came as thickly against the face.

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