

Literature.

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BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

In Green Caledonia there ne'er was two lovers, So enraptured and happy in each others arms, As Burns, the sweet bard, and his dear Highland Mary, So fondly and sweetly heaving of her charms, And long will his sang, soo enchanting and lovely, Be heard wi' delight on his dear native plains; And long will the name of his dear Highland Mary Be sacred to live in his heart-melting strain.

Oh, it was one day when the flowers of the summer, Were blooming in mildness all over the plain, There two lovers met in a grove of green bushes, That grew on the banks of the clear winding Ayr.

And oh to them both 'twas a meeting so tender, For it was the last for a while they could have; And love's purest raptures, they tasted together, Till the red setting sun showed the close of the day.

Oh Mary, dear Mary, exclaim'd the fond lover, 'Ye'll carry my heart to the Highlands wi' thee; Every bank, every brae, every grove and green bowser, May talk of the love of my Mary and me.

My lips, sweetest creature, my ain charming Mary, To thee I'll be ever devoted and true; And the heart that is beating so fast in my bosom, Is a heart that can never love any but you.

He kissed her red lips, they were sweeter than roses, And strained her lily white breast to his heart; And the tears fell like dew-drops that e'en on his bosom, As she said my fond lover alas! we must part.

Oh donna bide lang in the Highlands, dear Mary, Oh donna bide lang in the Highlands frae me, For I love thee sincerely, I love thee too dearly, I canna be happy my Mary frae thee,

I wina bide lang in the Highlands, said Mary, I canna bide long for you wina be there; Although I have friends I like well in the Highlands, The one I love best is on the banks of the Ayr.

Then farewell said Burns, and he flew frae his Mary, Oh farewell said she, and they could say no fair; But little did they ken that they parted forever, That night when they parted on the banks of the Ayr.

The green summer saw but a few sunny mornings, Till she, in the bloom of her beauty and pride, Was laid in her grave like a bonny young flower, In Greenocho yard, on the banks of the Clyde.

Now Burns, the sweet bard in his ain Caledonia, Laments for his Mary in many a wild strain; Sorely did he weep for his dear Highland Mary, But ne'er did his heart love so deeply again.

Oh bring me the roses, and bring me the lilies; And bring me the daisies that grows on the lea, I'll pour them all down on thy grave, Highland Mary, For the sake of thy Burns that so dearly loved thee.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

PROVOKING A DUEL.

'Bad luck to me!' said he, in Irish accent: 'it's the queerest case that ever came across your humble friend's experience. Mother of Moses! the fellow must be the devil incarnate. Geordie, my boy, have ye looked under his tustip?'

Despite the name and 'brogue,' Charley was not a Hibernian—only the son of one. He was a New-Yorker by birth, and could speak good English when he pleased; but from some freak of eccentricity or affection, he had taken to the brogue, and used it habitually, when among friends, with all the rich garniture of a true Milesian fresh from the 'sod.'

He was altogether an odd fellow, but with a soul of honour, and a heart true as steel. He was no dunce either, and the man above all others upon whose coat-tail it would not have been safe to 'trid.' He was already notorious for having been engaged in two or three 'affairs,' in which he had played both principal and second, and had earned the bellicose appellation of 'Fighting Gallagher.' I knew what his advice would be before asking it—'Call the scoundrel out by all means.'

I stated the difficulty as to my reasons for challenging Ringgold. 'Thru, ma bohill! You're right there; but there need be no trouble about the matter.'

'How?'

'Make the spalpeen challenge you. That's better—besides, it gives you the choice of weapons.'

'In what way can I do this?'

'Och! my innocent gossoon!—Shure that's as easy as tumbin'

from a haycock. Call him a liar; an' if that's not sufficiently disagreeable, twake his nose, or squirt your tobacco in his ugly countenance. That'll fetch him out, I'll be bail for ye.'

'Come along, my boy!' continued my ready counsellor, moving towards the door. 'Where is this Mister Ringgold to be searched for? Find me the gint, and I'll shew you how to scratch his buttons. Come along wid ye!'

Not much liking the plan of procedure, but without the moral strength to resist, I followed this impetuous son of a Celt through the doorway.

We were scarcely outside before we saw him for whom we were searching. He was standing at a short distance from the porch, conversing with a group of officers, among whom was the dandy already alluded to, and who passed under the appropriate appellation of 'Beau Scott.' The latter was aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, of whom he was also a relative.

I pointed Ringgold out to my companion.

'He in the civilian dress,' I said. 'Oh! man, ye needn't be so particular in your identification; that spartut-look spakes for itself. Be my soul! it's an unwholesome look altogether. That fellow needn't fear wather—the say'll never drown him. Now, look here, Geordie, boy,' continued Gallagher, facing towards me, and speaking in a more earnest tone: 'Follow my advice to the letter! First trid upon his toes, an' see how he takes it. The fellow's got corns; don't ye see he wares a tight boot? Give him a good scrouge; make him sing out. O' course, he'll ask you to apologise—he must—you won't. Shurely that'll do the bizness without further ceremony? If it don't, then, by Jabus! hit him a kick in the latter end.'

'No, Gallagher,' said I, disliking the programme. 'It will never do. 'Bad luck to it, an' why not?—You're not goin' to back out, are ye? Think man! a villain who would murder you! an' maybe will some day, if you let him escape.'

'True—but—' 'Bah! no huts. Move up, an' let's see what they're talking about, anyhow. I'll find ye a chance, or my nam's not Gallagher.'

Undetermined how to act, I walked after my companion, and joined the group of officers.

Of course, I had no thought of following Gallagher's advice. I was in hopes that some turn in the conversation might give me the opportunity I desired, without proceeding to such rude extremes.

My hopes did not deceive me. Arens Ringgold seemed to tempt his fate, for I had scarcely entered among the crowd, before I found cause sufficient for my purpose.

'Talking of Indian beauties,' said he, 'no one has been so successful among them as Scott here.—He has been playing Don Giovanni ever since he came to the fort.'

'Oh,' exclaimed one of the newly arrived officers, 'that does not surprise us. He has been a lady-killer ever since I knew him. The man who is irresistible among the belles of Saratoga, will surely find little difficulty in carrying the heart of an Indian maiden.'

'Don't be so confident about that, Captain Roberts. Sometimes these forest damsels are very shy of our pale-faced lovers. Lieutenant Scott's present sweetheart cost him a long siege before he could conquer her. Is it not so, lieutenant?'

'Nonsense,' replied the dandy with a conceited smirk.

'But she yielded at last?' said Roberts, turning interrogatively towards Scott.

The dandy made no reply, but his smirking smile was evidently intended to be taken in the affirmative.

'O yes,' rejoined Ringgold, 'she yielded at last; and is now the 'favourite,' it is said.'

'Her name—her name?'

'Powell—Miss Powell.'

rested? 'True,' answered Ringgold; 'it is the fellow's name. I had forgotten to say she is his sister.'

'What! the sister of Oceola?'

'Neither more nor less—half-blood like him too. Among the whites, they are known by the name of Powell, since that was the cognomen of the worthy old gentleman who begot them. Oceola, which signifies 'the Rising Sun,' is the name by which he is known among the Seminoles; and her native appellation—ah, that is a very pretty name indeed.'

'What is it? Let us hear it; let us judge for ourselves.'

'Maumee.'

'Very pretty indeed?'

'Beautiful! If the damsel be only as sweet as her name, then Scott is a fortunate fellow.'

'Oh, she is a very wonder of beauty; eyes liquid and full of fiery love—long lashes; lips luscious as honeycombs; figure tall; bust full and firm; limbs like those of the Cyprian goddess; feet like Cinderella's—in short, perfection.'

'Wonderful. Why, Scott, you are the luckiest mortal alive.—But, say, Ringgold! are you speaking in seriousness? Has he really conquered this Indian divinity? Honour bright—has he succeeded?—You understand what I mean?'

'Most certainly,' was the prompt reply.

Up to this moment I had not interfered. The first words of the conversation had bound me like a spell, and I stood as if glued to the ground. My brain was giddy, and my heart felt as if the blood passing through it was molten lead. The bold enunciations had so staggered me, that it was some time before I could draw my breath; and more than one of the bystanders noticed the effect which the dialogue was producing upon me.

After a little, I grew calmer, or rather more resolute. The very despair that had passed into my bosom had the effect of steeling my nerves; and just as Ringgold uttered the flippant affirmative, I was ready for him.

'Liar!' I exclaimed; and before the red could mount into his cheek, I gave it a slap with the back of my hand, that no doubt helped to heighten the colour.

'Nately done!' cried Gallagher; 'there can be no mistake about the manner of that.'

Nor was there. My antagonist accepted the act for what it was meant—a deadly insult. In such company, he could not do otherwise; and, muttering some indistinct threats, he walked away from the ground, attended by his especial friend, the lady-killer, and two or three others.

The incident, instead of gathering a crowd, had the contrary effect: it scattered the little group who had witnessed it; the officers retiring indoors to discuss the motives, and speculate as to when and where the affair would come off.'

Gallagher and I also left the ground; and, closeted in my quarters, commenced preparing for the event.

THE CHALLENGE. At the time of which I write, duelling was not uncommon in the United States army. In wartime it is not uncommon yet, as I can testify from late experience. It is contrary to the regulations of the American service—as I believe it is of every other in the civilised world. Notwithstanding an infringement of the code militaire in this regard is usually looked upon with leniency—more often 'winked at' than punished. This much I can affirm—that any officer in the American army who has received the 'le direct,' will find more honor in the breach of this military rule than in its observance.

After all that has been said and written about duelling, the outcry against it is a sad sham, at least in the United States of America—nothing less than a piece of superb hypocrisy. Universal as has been this condemnation, I should not like to take shelter under it. I well know it would not protect me from being called by that ugly appellation, 'colt-roon.' I have noticed over and over again, that the newspapers loudest in their declamations against duelling, are the first to fling 'coward' in the teeth of him who refuses to fight.

It is even so. In America, moral courage, though much praised, does not find ready cred-

ence. A refusal to meet the man who may challenge you is not thus explained. It is called 'backing out,' shewing the white feather; and he who does this, need look no more upon his lady-love; she would 'dog him with her garters.'

More than once have I heard this threat, spoken by pretty lips, and in the centre of a brilliant circle. His moral courage must be great who would provoke such chastisement.

With such a sentiment over the land, then, I had nailed Arens Ringgold for a meeting; and I joyed to think I had done so without compromising my secret.

But ah! it was a painful provocation he had given me; and if he had been the greatest coward in the world, he could not have been more wretched than I, as I returned to my quarters.

My jovial companion could no longer cheer me, though it was not fear for the coming fight that clouded my spirits. Far from it—far otherwise. I scarcely thought of that. My thoughts were of Maumee—of what I had just heard. She was false—false—betraying, herself betrayed—lost—lost for ever!

In truth was I wretched. One thing alone could have rendered me more so—an obstacle to the anticipated meeting—anything to hinder my revenge. On the duel now rested my hopes. It might enable me to disembarass my heart of the hot blood that was burning it.—Not all—unless he too stood before me—he the seducer, who had made this misery. Would I could find pretext for challenging him. I should do so yet. Why had I not? Why did I not strike him for that smile? I could have fought them both at the same time, one after the other.

Thus I raved, with Gallagher by my side. My friend knew not all my secret. He asked what I had got against the aid-de-camp.

'Say the word, Geordie, boy, an' we'll make a four-handed game of it. Be Saint Patrick! I'd like mightily to take the shine out of that party paycock!'

'No, Gallagher, no. It is not your affair; you could not give me satisfaction for that. Let us wait till we know more. I cannot believe it—I cannot believe it.'

'Believe what?'

'Not now, my friend. When it is over, I shall explain.'

'All right, my boy! Charley Gallagher's not the man to disturb your saycrets. Now, let's look to the bull-dogs, an' make shure they're in barking condition. I hope the scamps won't blab at headquarters, an' disappoint us after all.'

It was my only fear. I knew that arrest was possible—probable—certain, if my adversary wished it. Arrest would put an end to the affair; and I should be left in a worse position than ever. Ringgold's father was gone—I had ascertained this favourable circumstance; but no matter. The commander-in-chief was the friend of the family—a word in his ear would be sufficient. I feared that the aid-de-camp Scott, instructed by Arens, might whisper that word.

'After all, he daren't,' said Gallagher; 'you driv the nail home, an' clenched it. He daren't do the dirty thing—not a bit of it: it might get wind, an' this he'd have the kettle to his tail; besides, ma bohill, he wants to kill you anyhow; so he ought to be glad of the fine handy chance you've given him.—He's not a bad shot, they say.—Never fear, Geordie, boy! he won't back out this time: he must fight—he will fight. Ha! I too you so. Sec, yonder comes Apollo Belvidere! Holy Moses! hold Phœbus shimes!'

A knock—'Come in'—the door was opened, and the aid-de-camp appeared in full uniform.

'To arrest me,' thought I, and my heart fell.

But no; the freshly written note spoke a different purpose, and I was relieved. It was the challenge.

'Lieutenant Randolph, I believe?'

I pointed to Gallagher, but made no reply.

I am to understand that Captain Gallagher is your friend? I nodded assent.

From observation, I hazard this remark—that the politeness exhibited between the seconds in a duel cannot be surpassed by that of the most accomplished courtiers in the world.

The time occupied in the business was brief. Gallagher well knew the routine, and I saw that the other was not unacquainted with it. In five minutes, everything was arranged—time, place, weapons, and distance.

I nodded; Gallagher made a sweeping salaam; the aid-de-camp bowed stilly and withdrew.

I shall not trouble you with my reflections previous to the duel, nor yet with many details of the affair itself. Accounts of these deadly encounters are common enough in books, and their sameness will serve as my excuse for not describing one.

Ours differed only from the ordinary kind in the weapon used.—We fought with rifles, instead of swords or pistols. It was my choice—as the challenged party, I had the right—but it was equally agreeable to my adversary, who was as well skilled in the use of the rifle as I. I chose this weapon because it was the deadliest.

The time arranged was an hour before sunset. I had urged this early meeting in fear of interruption; the place, a spot of level ground near the edge of the little pond where I had met Haj-Ewa; the distance, ten paces.

We met—took our places, back to back—waited for the ominous signal, 'One, two, three'—received it—faced rapidly round—and fired at each other.

I heard the 'hist' of the leaden pellet as it passed my ear, but felt no stroke.

The smoke puffed upward. I saw my antagonist upon the ground; he was not dead: he was writhing and groaning.

The seconds, and several spectators who were present, ran up to him, but I kept my ground.

'Well, Gallagher? I asked as my friend came back to me.

'Winged, by japers! You've spoilt the use of his dexter arm—bone broke above the elbow-joint.'

'That all?'

(To be continued.)

LIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

To whom to credit the following we know not. It seems a person had quit the business of engineering locomotives. Upon making bold to ask him his reasons, he gave us the following story, and since we have found it to be strictly true:

'Five years since I was running upon the N.Y.C.R.R. My run was from B—to R.—It was the Lightning Express train, and it was what its name denotes, for it was fast—a very fast runner, and if I do say it, the old Tornado could go. I have seen her throw her six foot drivers so as to be almost invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad engineers are a hard-hearted set of men; their lives are hard 'tis true, but I do claim to have as fine a feeling, and a heart that can sympathize with the unfortunate, as any man that breathes. But to my story.'

About half a mile from the village of B— there is a nice little cottage but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy, about four years old, a bright, black-eyed, curly headed little chap as you ever saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow and had thrown crudy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast, nor did we stop at B—, and I was making up one hour before reaching R—.

We came up at a tremendous speed, and when sweeping round a curve, my eye followed the track; not over two hundred feet ahead sat the little fellow playing with a kitten which he held in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the affrighted kitten as it ran from the track. Quicker than lightning that blasts the tall pines from the mountain top, I whistled

BRIEF HINTS FOR THE GARDEN.

Frequent stirring of the soil, about all growing crops, in the absence of rain, admits of the atmosphere, and they enjoy the benefit of the dews, both most salutary in their effects.

Wood ashes, liberally sown under large trees, where the grass has disappeared, will speedily produce white clover and other grasses.

Until out of danger sprinkle the cucumber, squash and melon plants twice a week with wood ashes, early in the morning when the dew is on, to protect them against insect depredations.

Carefully tie up the rose, and other flowering plants and shrubs, requiring it. In another place wire supporters are recommended.

In re-planting corn which has failed, let it soak for three or four hours in rich manure water, and then roll in a plaster. It will sprout in nearly half the time of other seed, not steeped properly, and give strong plants.

Currants, gooseberries, blackberries, and raspberries, should be mulched with leaves or light manure, regularly twice a year. It will not only keep down the weeds—the great enemy of these fruits—but it will create a fine, rich loam and afford abundant crops.

For garden walks there is no material in our judgment, to compare with coal ashes. If the walks or alleys are dug out six inches, and filled up with these ashes, and rolled, it will act not only as a drain to the alley, but to the adjoining beds, in the wettest weather, and in all seasons, these walks are in good condition. If but twenty or thirty yards a year are made in this way, in a few years the whole garden will have these admirable paths; and after that, they can be top-dressed every spring with the accumulated ashes during the winter, and again rolled.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Erysipelas, a disease often coming without premonition, and ending fatally in three or four days, is sometimes promptly cured by applying a poultice of raw cranberries, pounded and placed on the part over night.

Insect bites, and even those of a rattlesnake, have past harmless by stirring enough of common salt in the yolk of a good egg to make it sufficiently thick for a plaster, to be kept on the bitten parts.

Costive bowels have an agreeable remedy in the free use of tomatoes at meals—their seed acting in the way of seeds of white mustard or figs, by stimulating the coats of the bowels over which they pass in their whole state, to increased action. A remedy of equal efficiency in the same direction, is cracked wheat—that is, common white wheat grains, broken in two or three pieces, and then boiled until it is as soft as rice, and eaten mainly at two meals of the day, with butter and molasses.

Common sweet cider, boiled down to one half makes a most excellent syrup for coughs and colds for children—is pleasant to the taste, and will keep throughout the year in a cold cellar.

In recovering from an illness, the system has a craving for some pleasant acid drink. This is found in cider which is placed on the fire as soon as made, and allowed to come to a boil, then cooled, put in casks and kept in a cool cellar. Treated thus, it remains for many months as good as the day it was made.

We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep from which there was no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.—Hall's Journal of Health.

WINTERING BEES.—An experiment in wintering bees, somewhat new, probably, was tried last winter, in December last we took two swarms and buried them (in the hives), two feet under ground, leaving no air holes. To one of the swarms he allowed honey sufficient for their nourishment, and to the other swarm none. On taking the hives up he found both swarms alive, and also found the honey unmolested. Both swarms are now at work, apparently in a good condition, and as active as the bees wintered in the usual way.

If a thick rope be extended among the branches of a fruit tree in blossom, the end of which is directed downwards so as to terminate in a pail of water, should a slight frost take place during the night it will not in the slightest degree affect the tree, while the surface of the water in the pail which receives the rope will be covered with a cake of ice of more or less thickness. Though water placed in another pail by the side of it, at the same time, by way of experiment, may not, from the slightness of the frost, have any ice at all on it.