

East York Convention - "How delegates are chosen"

Literature.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

"Beloved and most beautiful! I gaze upon thy face— Upon thy slender form, replete With every winning grace; And oh! I tremble when I think How dear to me thou art; Wert thou to die, how desolate Would be my vacant heart!

"I pass each evening in my walk The little churchyard lone, And I see the moonlight shining On one white gleaming stone; The lilies growing round that grave Look fair in the moon's ray— But she who sleeps beneath that stone Was fairer far than they.

"She was a lovely, gentle girl, With eyes of Heaven's own blue, And cheeks whose soft tint put to shame The earliest rosebud's hue. I loved her, wooed her; but she was A treasure lent—not given; And ere we wed, her gentle soul Fleo to its native Heaven!

"And sometimes in the lonely hours, When far away thou art, I look into that sepulchre Of buried joy—my heart; And memory brings back the face Of her, my seraph bride— And that sad morning in the spring, That May morn, when she died!

"But oh! I loved her not as I Love thee, beloved one! She was my life's sweet morning star— Thou art its glorious sun! Though long I wept when she fled back To her fair home on high, Wert thou to perish so, beloved, I would not weep—but die.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

QUICK EXECUTIONERS.

At this moment, the smoke drifting aside, discovered a group still further from the edge of the pond. There were six men in this group, standing in threes; and I perceived that the middle man of each three was tightly grasped by the others. Two of them, then, were prisoners!

Were they Indians? two of our enemies who, amid the confusion of the fire, had stayed into the glade, and been captured!

It was my first thought; but at that instant a jet of flame, shooting upward among the tree-tops, filled the glade with a flood of brilliant light. The group thus illumined, could be seen as distinctly as by the light of day. I was no longer in doubt about the captives; their faces were before me—white and ghastly, as if with fear. Even the red light failed to tinge them with its colour; but, as they were, I had no difficulty in recognising them. They were Spence and Williams.

I turned to the black for an explanation, but before he could make reply to my interrogatory, I more than half comprehended the situation.

My own plight admonished me. I remembered my wound; I remembered that I had received it from behind. I remembered that the bullet that struck the tree came from the same quarter. I thought we had been indebted to the savages for the shots; but, no; worse savages—Spence and Williams—were the men who had fired them!

The reflection was awful; the motive, mysterious. And now returned to my thoughts the occurrences of the preceding night: the conduct of these two fellows in the forest; the suspicious hints thrown out by old Hickman and his comrade; and far beyond the preceding night, other circumstances—still well marked upon my memory—rose freshly before me.

Here again was the hand of Arens Ringgold. O God! to think that this arch-monster— "Dar only a tryin' them two damn raskell," said Jake, in reply to the interrogatory I had put; "dat's what they am 'bout, Masser George—dat's all."

"Who? I asked mechanically, for I already knew who were meant by the 'two damn raskell.' "Lor, Masser George, doant you see um ober yonder? Golly! thar as white as peeled punkins— Spence an' Williams. It war them that shot you, an' no Ind-ians arter all. I know'd dat from the fust, an' I tol' Mass Hickman de same; but Mass Hickman 'clare he see um for hisself, an' so too Mass Weatherford. Boaf seed um fire thar two shots— Thar a tryin' on 'em for thar lives— dat's what thar am adoin'!"

With strange interest I once more turned my eyes outward, and gazed, first at one group, then at the other. The fire was now making less noise, the sap-wood having nearly burnt out; and the detonations, caused by the escaping of the pent air from its cellular cavities, had grown less frequent. Voices could be heard over the glade, and at those

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of the improvised jury I listened attentively. I perceived that a dispute was going on. The jurors were not agreed upon their verdict: some advocating the immediate death of the prisoners; while others, averse to such prompt punishment, were for keeping them until further inquiry should be made into their conduct.

There were some who could not credit their guilt; the deed was too monstrous and improbable; under what motive could they have committed it? at such a time, too, with their own lives in direct jeopardy?

"N'er a bit o' jeppurdy," exclaimed Hickman, in reply to the interrogatory—"n'er a bit o' jeppurdy. Thar hain't been a shot fired at eyther on 'em tis hul day. I'll tell ye, fellers, thar's a unnerstannin' aroun' 'em an' the ludy-ens. Thar no better'n spies, an' thar last night's work proves it.— 'Twar all bamfoozle about thar gittin' lost; 'em fellers git lost aded! Both on 'em knows these hyar wuds as well as the animals that lives in 'em. Thuv both been hyar many's the time, an' a when too often, I reck'n. Lost! Waght did yez iver heer o' a 'coon gittin' lost?"

Some one made reply. I did not hear what was said, but the voice of the hunter again sounded distinct and clear.

"Ye palaver about thar motive. I s'pose you mean thar reasons for sich a bloody business? Them, I acknowledge, ain't clear, but I hev my suspesions too. I ain't a gwino to say who or what, Thar's some things as mout be, an' thar's some as moutn't; but I've seed queer doin's in these last five years; an' I've heern o' others, an' if what I've heern bes true—what I've seed I know to be—then I tell ye, fellers, thar's a bigger than eyther o' thesen at the bottom o' the hul bizness—that's what thar be."

"But do you really say you saw them fire in that direction? Are you sure of that?" This inquiry was put by a tall man, who stood in the midst of the disputing party—a man of advanced age, and of somewhat severe, though venerable aspect. I knew him as one of our neighbours in the settlement—an extensive planter—who had some intercourse with my uncle, and out of friendship for our family, had joined the pursuit.

"Sure!" echoed the old hunter, with emphasis, and not without some show of indignation. "Didn't me an' Jim Weatherford see 'em wi' our own two eyes! an' thar good enough, I reckon, to watch sich varmints as 'em. We'd been a watchin' 'em all day, for we know'd thar war somethin' ugly afoot. We seed 'em both fire across the gleed, an' sight plumb-centre at young Randolph. Beside, the black himself sez that the two shots comed that away. What more proof kin you want?"

At this moment, I heard a voice by my side. It was that of Jake calling out to the crowd. "Mass Hickman," cried he, "if dey want more proof, I b'lieve dis nigga can gib it. One ob de bullets miss young masser, an' stuck in thar tree. Yonner's thar berry tree itself we wa behind; it ain't burnt yet; it ain't been afire. Maybe, gen'l'm'n, you mout find thar bullet thar still; you tell whose gun he 'longs to?"

The suggestion was instantly adopted. Several men ran towards the tree behind which Jake and I had held post, and which, with a few others near it, for some reason or other, had escaped the flames, and still stood with trunks black and unscathed, in front of the conflagration. Jake went with the rest, and pointed out the spot.

The bark was scrutinised, the shot-hole found, and the leaden witness carefully picked out. It was still in its globe shape, slightly torn by the grooves of the barrel.—It was a rifle-bullet, and one of the very largest size. It was known that Spence carried a piece of large calibre. The guns of all the party were brought forward, and their measure taken. The bullet would enter the barrel of no other rifle save that of Spence.

Their guilt was evident; the verdict was no longer delayed. It was unanimous that the prisoner should die. "An, let 'em die like dogs, as they are," cried Hickman, indignantly raising his voice, and at the

same time bringing his piece to the level. "Now, Jim Weatherford, look to yer sights! Let 'em go thar, fellows, and take yerselves out o' the way. Well gie 'em a chance for thar cussed lives. They may take to yonner trees if they like, an' git 'customed to it, for they'll be in a hotter place than that afore long. Let 'em go—let 'em go, I say; or, by the tarnal, I'll fire into the middle o' ye!"

The men who had hold of the prisoners perceiving the threatening attitude of the hunter, and fearing that he might make good his words, suddenly dropped their charge, and ran back towards the group of jurors.

The two wretches appeared bewildered. Terror seemed to hold them speechless and fast, as if bound to the spot. Neither made an effort to leave the ground. Perhaps the complete impossibility of such a thing was apparent to them, and prostrated all power to make the attempt. They could not have escaped from the glade. Their talking to the trees was only a mockery of the indignant hunter; in ten seconds they would have been roasted among the blazing branches.

It was a moment of breathless suspense. Only one voice was heard—that of Hickman.

"Now, Jim, you Spence; leave tother to me."

This was said in a hurried undertone; and the words were scarce uttered as the two rifles cracked simultaneously. The smoke drifting aside, disclosed the deadly effect of the shot. The execution was over. The worthless renegades had ceased to live.

AN ENEMY UNLOOKED FOR.

As upon the stage of a theatre, the farce follows the grand melodrama, this tragic scene was succeeded by an incident supremely ludicrous. It elicited rars of laughter from the men, that, under the circumstances, sounded like the laughter of madmen. Maniacs, indeed, might these men have been deemed, thus giving way to mirth with a prospect before them so grim and gloomy—the prospect of almost certain death, either at the hands of our savage assailants, or from starvation.

Of the Indians, we had no present fear. The flames that had driven us out of the timber, had equally forced them from their position, and we knew they were now far from us. They could not be near. The burnt branches had fallen from the pines, and the foliage was entirely consumed, so that the eye was enabled to penetrate the forest to a great distance. On every side we commanded a vista of at least a thousand yards, through the intervals between the red glowing trunks; and beyond this we could hear by the 'swish' of the flames, and the continual crackling of the boughs, that fresh trees were being embraced within the circle of conflagration, still extending its circumference outward.

The sounds grew fainter apace, until they bore a close resemblance to the mutterings of distant thunder. We might have fancied that the fire was dying out; but the luminous ring around the horizon proved that the flames were still ascending. It was only because the sounds came from a greater distance, that we heard them less distinctly. Our human foes must have been still further away. They must have retired before the widening rim of the conflagration. Of course they had calculated upon doing so, before applying the torch. In all likelihood, they had retreated to the savanna to await the result.

Their object in firing the forest was not so easily understood.—Perhaps they expected that the vast volume of flame would close over and consume us; or, more likely, that we should be smothered under the dense clouds of smoke.—This in reality might have been our fate, but for the proximity of the pond. My companions told me that their sufferings from the smoke had been dreadful in the extreme—that they should have been stifled by it, had they not thrown themselves into the pond, and kept their faces close to the surface of the water, which of itself was several feet below the level of the ground.

It had been to me an hour of unconsciousness. My faithful black

had carried me—lifeless as he supposed—to the water, and placed me in a recumbent position among the reeds.

It was afterwards—when the smoke had partially cleared away that the spies were put upon their trial. Hickman and Weatherford, deeply indignant at the conduct of these wretches, would not hear of delay, but insisted upon immediate punishment; so the wretches were seized upon, and dragged out of the pond, to undergo the formality of an examination. It was at this crisis that my senses returned to me.

As soon as the dread sentence had been carried into execution, the *ex-dévant* jurors came rushing back into the pond, and plunged their bodies under the water. The heat was still intense and painful to be endured.

There were two only who appeared to disregard it, and who sneered their disregard by remaining upon the bank; these were the two hunters.

Knives in hand, I saw them stooping over a dark object that lay near. It was the horse that Hickman had shot in the morning. I now understood the old hunter's motives, which had hitherto mystified me. It was an act of that cunning foresight that characterised the man—apparently instinctive.

They proceeded to skin the horse; and in a few seconds, had peeled off a portion of the hide—sufficient for their purpose. They then cut out several large pieces of the flesh, and laid them aside.—This done, Weatherford stepped off to the edge of the burning timber, and presently returned with an armful of half-consumed fagots.—These were erected into a fire near the edge of the pond; and the two men squatting down by its side, commenced broiling the pieces of horseflesh upon sapling spits, and conversing as coolly and cheerily as if seated in the chimney-corner of their own cabins.

There were others as hungry as they, who, taking the hint, proceeded to imitate their example. The pangs of hunger overcame the dread of the hot atmosphere; and in a few minutes' time, a dozen men might have been observed grouped like vultures around the dead horse, hacking and hewing at the carcass.

At this crisis occurred the incident which I have characterised as ludicrous. With the exception of the few engaged in their coarse cuisine, the rest of us had remained in the water. We were lying round the circular rim of the basin, our bodies parallel to one another, and our heads upon the bank. We were not dreaming of being disturbed by an intruder of any kind—at least for a time. We were no longer in dread of the fire and our savage foemen were far off.

All at once, however, an enemy was discovered in an unexpected quarter—right in the midst of us. Just in the centre of the pond, where the water was deepest, a monstrous form rose suddenly to the surface—at the same time our ears were greeted with a loud bellowing, as if half a score of bulls had been set loose into the glade. In an instant the water was agitated—lashed into foam—while the spray was scattered in showers around our heads.

Weird-like and sudden as was the apparition, there was nothing mysterious about it. The hideous form, and deep bovine tone, were well known to all. It was simply an alligator.

But for its enormous size, the presence of the creature would scarcely have been regarded; but it was one of the largest of its kind—its body in length almost equalling the diameter of the pond, with huge gaunt jaws that seemed capable of swallowing one of us at a single gulp. Its roar, too, was enough to inspire even the boldest with terror.

It produced this effect; and the wild frightened looks of those in the water—their confused plunging and plashing, as they scrambled to their feet, and hastened to get out of it—their simultaneous rushing over the open ground—all contributed to form a spectacle ludicrous as exciting.

In less than ten seconds' time, the great saurian had the pond to himself, where he continued to bellow, and brandish his tail as if triumphant at our retreat.

He was not permitted to exult long in his triumph. The hunters, with several others, seized their rifles, and ran forward to the edge of the pond, when a volley from a dozen guns terminated the monster's existence.

Those who had been 'ashore' were already convulsed with laughter at the scared fugitives; but the latter, having recovered from their momentary affright, now joined in the laugh till the woods rang with a chorus of wild cachinations. Could the Indians have heard us at that moment, they must have fancied us mad—or more likely dead, and that our voices were those of their own friends, headed by Wykome himself, rejoicing over the infernal holocaust.

The forest continued to burn throughout the night, the following day, and the night after. Even on the second day, most of the trees were still on fire. They no longer blazed, for the air was perfectly still, and there was no wind to fan the fire into flame.—It was seen in red patches upon the trunks, smouldering and gradually becoming less, as its strength spontaneously died out. From many of the trees the fire had disappeared altogether, and these no longer bore any resemblance to trees, but looked like huge, sharp-pointed stakes, charred, and black, as though profusely coated with coal-tar.

Though there were portions of the forest that might have been traversed, there were other places where the fire still burned—enough to oppose our progress. We were still besieged by the igneous element—as completely confined within the circumscribed boundaries of the glade, as if encompassed by a hostile army of twenty times our number. No rescue could possibly reach us. Even our enemies, so far as our safety was concerned, could not have 'raised the siege.'

The old hunter's providence had stood us in good stead. But for the horse, some of us must have succumbed to hunger; or, at all events, suffered to an extreme degree. We had now been four days without food, except what the handful of pine-cones and the horseflesh afforded; and still the fiery forest hemmed us in. There was no alternative but to stay where we were, until, as Hickman phrased it, 'the woods shed git cool.'

We were cheered with the hope that another day would effect this end, and we might travel with safety amid the calcined trunks, and over the black smouldering ashes.

(To be continued.)

THE SILENT CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

A triumph in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, for all the eulogistic and aggrandizing agencies whose united tribute constitutes Fame; but there are victories won by men over themselves, more truly honorable to the conquerors than any that can be achieved in war. Of these silent successes we never hear. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude and without help, save from above. The conflict is sometimes waged in the still watches of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honor to every conqueror in such a warfare! Honor to the man or woman who fights temptation, hatred, revenge, envy, selfishness back to its last covert in the heart, and thence expels it for ever. Although no outward show of honor accrues to the victors in these good fights, they have their reward—a higher one than Fame can bestow. They come out of the combat self-enobled. Even the conquest of a bad or ungentlemanly habit exalts the man who has subdued it, in his own esteem. He feels from that moment a sense of self-reliance—that he can depend upon himself; and he who can rely upon himself, as a moral agent, is more than a match for the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Women have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are by far the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

CITY SYMPATHIES.

The hard selfishness of large cities has long since grown into a proverb. It is difficult to conceive of a more disheartening fate than to be left in one of these tumultuous arenas without resources, and without a friend. The gladiators of the great Battle of Interests—the eager-eyed, strong-minded wrestlers for gain—pay as little regard to the silent non-combatants, who stand looking with wistful eyes at the melee, as if they did not bear the stamp of common humanity, and were not of one brother-hood with themselves. Ah! it is a terrible thing for a man to feel himself more alone in the presence of tens of thousands of his fellow men, than if he were in an uninhabited wilderness. Yet so it is with the poor stranger who passes through the crowded city knowing no one, unknown to all. Even when the feeling of isolation is not embittered by poverty, it is hard to bear.

And yet, although this feeling is real and natural in the stranger, no rational cause for it exists. The human hearts that beat in cities—even the hearts that flutter with hope and collapse with fear as "the market" rises and falls—are not petrified. Their sympathies may be dulled, but they are not dead. If a man is run over, or falls from a housetop, these callous hearts are softened in a moment. You shall see a tear glimmering under the heavy brow of the calculating merchant and the hand of the speculator, that has been all day clutching at gold, bathing with womanly tenderness the bleeding brow.

And when the great fight of the day is done, when the deposits are all made, the ledgers closed, the counting-houses locked, the faces of the business world turned homeward, do all these busy, hard-browed men think only of the day's gains and the morrow's promise of more? Not so. Charity and mercy, loving-kindness and philanthropy, are not always choked down by that strong desire for wealth which, it must be confessed, forms an integral part of the business character. Faces conspicuous on "change" by day, might be found at night, perchance, bending over the couches of the sick and destitute. They have been so found. "What," says the reader, "can Mammon play the Good Samaritan?" Perhaps not, but men may toil for riches with almost superhuman energy, without being vowed to Mammon. Look at the charities of some of our millionaires. Are they not as loyal as their fortunes? Wealthy Skinflints we have among us it is true—plenty of them; but they do not form the majority of our men of substance. To return to our stranger, whom we left a paragraph or two back, standing disheartened and forlorn amid the commercial multitudes. A word in his ear. There is one sympathy alive and active in every heart that beats in that bustling throng. It is sympathy with effort. Fortune, in cities, is the child of Energy. Stranger, those men *love* their way to success, and were they struck down to-morrow, would arise and integrate their way to it again. Integrity and Exertion are the Jack-the-giant-killers of the world of action, and none of its ogres, not even Panic himself, can withstand them. One word in the diffident stranger's ear and we have done. *Push!*

REWARDS OF FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend when enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. Those who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city the other day, was asked by a lady, who had filled his basket, if his parents were living? "Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you've enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady.

"Oh, no, I haven't neither," said the lad, "for dad and me keeps five boarders; he does the house-work, and I does the market'n."

The New York Tribune in its report of the N. Y. State Fair, held at Albany, on the 7th October last, thus speaks of Messrs. Patterson & Brother's Stump Puller:—"its use and efficiency is apparent, and its simplicity commends it at once to attention."

"The very best of all machines we ever saw for Stump or Stone lifting."

People often say of a man that he is a cunning fellow. This can never be true, for if he were, nobody could find it out.

A NEW STUMP PULLER.

From the Globe.

The improvements that have been made during the last few years in farm machinery are really wonderful in witnessing the operation of the reaper, the mowing-machine and horse-rake, and now the stump-puller, or more correctly, the stump-lifter, we are constrained to ask, how has it happened that the farmer has delved and plodded for so many thousand years with little or no aid from mechanical science?

According to Mr. Pusey, a high English authority, machinery has within a few years cheapened the cost of production one-half. This statement was made in 1851, before the reaper and mower had been much used in England. The improvements since made will, no doubt, justify a still more favorable estimate as to the benefits of machinery. In England labor is cheap; in this country it is, as compared with the price of farm products, dear. The advantage of machinery, therefore, which dispenses with manual labor, is even greater here than in England. A committee of the New York State Agricultural Society estimated that the saving in the cost of cutting and curing the hay crop of the United States in 1857, effected by the mowing machine alone, was no less than \$10,378,000. In the State of New York it was estimated at \$2,796,000. In Canada, the surface is more favourable to the operations of machinery than in the State of New York, and but for one obstruction—stumps and roots—would soon exhibit a larger saving than that State. Why have these unsightly objects, these injurious impediments to clean and profitable cultivation, been allowed to encumber so many fields year after year? The dearth of labour has, no doubt, been the principal cause; but the time has at length arrived when on that very account no farmer can afford standing room for dead stumps. He must "clear the track" for machinery, or he will soon be found in the money market instead of the grain market.

We have lately seen a small machine, made by Patterson & Brother, Richmond Hill, and costing only about \$60, which, with three or four men, will upset any reasonable stump in five minutes. Here, then, is the aid which the farmer needs—machinery is at hand to prepare the way for machinery. There is no longer any excuse for permitting stumps to "cumber the ground," after their roots are dead.

This machine, in our judgment, is a great improvement on all previous stump-pullers. 1st. It is cheaper. 2nd. It does not require ox or horse-power. 3d. It is more portable, being easily carried from stump to stump. 4th. It lifts the stump perpendicularly, pulling up, instead of breaking off tap-roots. 5th. The earth adhering to the roots may be easily knocked off before the stump is removed. 6th. It may be used for lifting rocks and large stones. 7th. With the aid of a strong lever, its power may be better applied in some cases, and enormously increased. The principle is that of the windlass, or capstan, placed horizontally. Two upright posts, about eight feet long, are braced together at the top, and armed with feet at the bottom to prevent them sinking into the soil. About five feet from the ground, a strong iron axle, two feet or thereabouts in length, rests upon each of the posts. To each end is attached a strong ratchet-wheel, 8 inches in diameter. Two iron lever sockets are also attached to the axle, with hooks to play on the teeth of the ratchet wheels, and palls to prevent them running back. A piece of inch cable, and two long levers fitted to the sockets, completes the apparatus. It operates as follows:—A large root or prong is prepared for the chain by digging away the earth. The machine is placed over this, one foot on either side. The chain is hooked on a pin at one end of the axle, passed under the root, brought up and hooked on a similar pin at the other end. The levers are raised as high as the men can reach and brought to the ground, turning the axle and winding up the chain. This process continues till the stump is lifted from its bed. If a large one, it is blocked up, and the machine taken to the opposite side, attached to a root, and operated in a similar manner. A little preparatory digging and cutting is necessary in the case of large pine stumps standing in a clay soil. But this labour is not lost, being required in any case to prepare the stump for burning.