

Poetry.

RIPE APPLES AND RIPE HEARTS.

On the trees in yonder orchard, Peeping out amid the leaves, Hang a wealth of ruddy apples, Golden as the harvest sheaves; Hanging like a vivid picture In the framework nature weaves. They are round, and full and glossy, With their cheeks of crimson gold; They are juicy ripe and mellow, Half their sweetness is not told, Where we rove of golden apples, In the Bible days of old. They have hung since their first frowning, Buffeted the wind and rain, Shivered in the chilly weather Till the sunlight came again. They have borne the heat of summer, Seen its brightness wax and wane. They are waiting to be garnered, Growing riper every day; When the frost of autumn cometh, One by one they'll drop away, And new trees shall sprout and flourish From the place of their decay. How our hearts are like these apples, Growing larger every hour, And thro' life's hot restless summer, Gaining knowledge, truth and power, If we keep them in the sunlight, As we would a treasured flower. Buffeting the chilling tempests, Met at every turn of life, Braving countless cares and trials, With which every day is rife— Growing riper, sweeter, rarer, Growing better in the strife. Showing forth new beauties daily, Till the chilly autumn time, Cometh with its frosty fingers, And its sad and mournful chime— Touching chords upon our life-string That with God and Heaven rhyme. When the frost of age is gathering, One by one we'll fall away; And our ripe hearts shall fall with us To our lowly house of clay; But a purer form shall spring up From the place of their decay.

Literature.

A TALE OF CANADA.

In the year 17—, and during your grandfather's life-time, 'Pierre,' a brig bound from a port in Scotland to Quebec was wrecked on the dangerous and inhospitable coast of the island of Anticosti, situated nearly at the mouth of our river. It was late in the season, and the privations and hardships endured by the survivors of the calamity were dreadful. Of the survivors there were but four, and of these two subsequently died of exhaustion and suffering, at the farm-house of my father, at St. Nicholas. The hapless crew of this ill-fated vessel were seventeen in number originally, but had perished one by one, by cold, hunger, and the attacks of bears and wolves, leaving but four to tell the disastrous tale. A boat belonging to Gaspé, returning from the bay of Fundy, fortunately for those dying men, happened to be driven by stress of weather to the very spot where the brig had been wrecked. The little craft, from drawing less water, was enabled to anchor so near the shore as to be sheltered from the effects of the storm; and the crew, witnessing the pitiable condition of the unfortunate sufferers on the beach, rescued and carried them safely to Gaspé. The strangers were hospitably received, and when they were sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey to Quebec, they were furnished with clothes and money on their departure. They travelled but slowly—sometimes on foot, and occasionally being offered seats in a chaire (a kind of timber wagon,) from one village to another. They were nearly a fortnight before they reached St. Nicholas, where they arrived in a most miserable plight— weakened by their previous sufferings, their strength prostrated, and worn out by fatigue. The heart-rending tale excited the compassion of the inhabitants, and as my father was ever foremost in acts of charity, he offered the men asylum beneath his roof. Two of these wretched beings were common sea-faring men and they both died; one of the remaining pair had been the mate of the vessel, but the other was a young man of a decidedly superior stamp, in person, in manners, appearance, dress, and speech. He was superlatively handsome, and his deportment was that of a highly born gentleman, who had mixed in good society. The mate of the brig, when questioned as to the rank and calling of his companion in misfortune, could afford no information on the subject; he said that various conjectures had been hazarded as to the station in life of his captain's passenger, that no clue had been given as to his whereabouts in the mother country, and that no one knew anything as to his former mode of life or pursuits; he had been shipped at Greenock under the name of Jackson, but that every one on board was under the impression that it was an assumed one; and this was all the information that could be obtained. On my first introduction to this

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mysterious individual, I became fascinated by his polished and easy manner, although there was an evident hesitation and restraint when questioned as to his motive for visiting Canada. He admitted that he was not the bearer of any letters of introduction to the families of either province, but his motive for undertaking so long a voyage arose from a desire to gratify his curiosity. With this somewhat vague and unsatisfactory explanation our family were fain compelled to be satisfied. The mate and our other uncommunicative guest left us in a few days for Quebec, where the former soon obtained employment on board a homeward bound ship; the latter was to all appearances idle, and a wanderer, without any ostensible occupation, and without acquaintances. On one or two occasions I met the young man on the banks of the river Charles, and in some meadows under Beauport, where, like myself, he had come in quest of snipes. Our greeting was always friendly, and I might say cordial, for I liked him in spite of his caution and reserve. The last time I ever saw him in the neighborhood of Quebec was in the spring of the year following his arrival amongst us. We met in some stubble and fallow-fields behind the village of Beauport, where a very tolerable sprinkling of snipe is sure to be found as the floods drive the birds from the marshes. Jackson, or the handsome 'Jack Tar,' as he was nick-named, gave me to understand that he had taken up his quarters at Indian Lorette, a village romantically situated about six or seven miles from Quebec—that he liked the country, and should make friends with some Indians living in the village, in the hope of accompanying them on their hunting expeditions on their return from Lower Canada. We shot together during the afternoon, and after an exchange of drams we parted, and as it proved, for the last time.

My father's dealings with the merchants for timber, staves, and shingles, led me frequently into the city of Quebec, and taking some interest in the welfare of the young man, I made inquiries as to his haunts and habits of every person likely to afford me any information. All I could learn was that he occasionally walked with his gun on his shoulder from Indian Lorette to the lower town, and had been heard to make inquiries at the ship-broker's, if any captains of trading vessels lately arrived from Europe had asked for a gentleman named Edwin Jackson, or if any packages had been received so directed. Conjectures were as rife as ever as to whom this Mr. Edwin Jackson was, when the towns, both upper and lower, of Quebec, were in a state of commotion, and all the antiquated virgins in a state of horror and alarm, on learning that this mysterious stranger had eloped with the young and beautiful daughter of one of the Indian chiefs inhabiting the village of Lorette. The girl had been one of the principal attractions of this pretty village. Every traveller and visitor on arriving at Quebec was taken to see the handsome Indian maid—in short, she was the show of the place. The father of this interesting girl was a man of colossal stature, and of a stern forbidding aspect, but dignified in his deportment, and rarely conversing with his wife and child. His features were regular and finely formed and the expression of the countenance when relaxed towards a smile was decidedly handsome. The mother was a passive, inoffensive animal, like the generality of the wives of Indian chiefs; she had the remains of beauty certainly, but her face was void of expression, and she seemed but the creature of her husband's will. The stern and proud father, however, doted on his child—she was his idol; and this circumstance alone, to say nothing of the chief's well-known character, and an Indian's disposition, should have operated as a check to the young man, ere he robbed the parents of one so dear to them. It would seem that Jackson, by reason of his fondness for field sports, had found favor in the eyes of the chief. They shot and fished together and they would frequently absent themselves for a week at a time, in quest of four-footed game. Little did the unsuspecting father imagine that he was fostering a serpent in his bosom, and nursing the despoiler of his child. Little dreaming of the misery about to be inflicted on him

by his 'pale face' guest, the handsome 'Jack Tar,' was a welcome visitor beneath the roof of the Indian's humble dwelling. The fair and confiding girl was not proof against the wiles of her wary seducer, he won her virgin heart, and she idolized the handsome stranger. In an evil hour he conquered, and she was a degraded being. Dreading the consequences of a discovery of their indiscretion, the guilty pair fled from the village—but whither? No one knew for weeks and months. Had the flight taken place in the wilds of the unfrequented forest, their track would have been discovered by the unerring instinct of the keen-sighted Indian, but in a populous district, and the immediate neighborhood of a great city, how could the fugitives be traced? It was subsequently ascertained that Jackson and the abducted Indian maiden concealed themselves in an obscure dwelling in the suburbs of Quebec for a few weeks; and it appeared that they found their way, with the utmost caution, to Montreal, and from thence to Chambly and St. Johns, where they contrived, and with the desired success, to conceal themselves on the borders of Lake Champlain for a short time longer. Unhindered by the success which had so far attended their plans they decided on proceeding to the upper province; and crossing the St. Lawrence once more, they directed their steps to La Chine, from whence they stole up the banks of the Ottawa, and eventually reached Kingston, in the neighborhood of which town they concealed themselves for some time longer. Some information which the fugitives obtained induced them to cross Lake Ontario; and having reached York (now called Toronto,) where they halted again for some days, not deeming themselves safe from the pursuit of an infuriated father, they sought a more sequestered spot, and finally established themselves in a rudely constructed hut, within a short distance of the Niagara river, on the British side, and about two miles above the celebrated Falls.

Was the injured father inactive during this long interval? The question is best answered by putting another—Was a North American Indian ever known to permit an injury to remain unrevenged? For days and nights had the broken-hearted father pursued the author of the grievous wrong inflicted on him—the despoiler of his domestic comfort, his darling child. With the stealth and caution which mark the Indian character, the chief sought his intended victim; and though often baffled in the attempt by the obstacles thrown in his way, such as large towns, and populous villages, and frequent paths and highways, he toiled diligently, though for a long time fruitlessly, with a patience and perseverance that none but a denizen of the wild can understand or accomplish. The day of retribution did come, however, and chance so willed it that I should witness the closing scene of this appalling history. I had been sent by my father beyond the Niagara frontier, in company with two American timber dealers, to open a negotiation for a 'clearance,' of which they were the proprietors, and to make a bargain also for bark and ratt timber to be sent to Kingston. Having concluded and brought to a satisfactory termination the object of my mission, I was returning homeward, and as if the finger of Providence had directed my steps thither, or irresistible impulse led me towards the stupendous cataract, justly termed one of the wonders of this vast continent. I had, according to custom, been amusing myself with my gun as I pursued my way by the dark flowing water, and had killed several snipe and wild fowl, when my attention was arrested by a long, ringing, discordant yell, resembling the description I had heard of death-war-whoop as given by the Indian warriors in battle. On turning to the spot from whence this unusual sound proceeded, I could distinguish the forms of two men, the one on the ground as if relaxing his hold after a death struggle, and the other a tall athletic Indian bending over a prostrate form the hair of the head remaining firmly held in the hand. I approached cautiously, and fortunately unobserved, for had my presence been discovered, my doom would have been sealed. I cannot now distinguish from behind a tree where I had concealed myself a female form in the act of supplicating the conqueror in the recent struggle—the appeal was vain, for the fragile form was dragged towards the hut, where I could but faintly distinguish what was passing. Presently the tall and muscular Indian rushed from the wigwam, making the woods resound with his infernal yells, while he brandished a tomahawk in his right hand, and held in his left a human scalp, which he savagely gloated on with the eyes and smile of a maniac. The chief was too much occupied with his barbarous achievement to notice me, although in his cooler moments my presence could not have escaped detection. He passed within a few yards of the spot where I stood, bounding like a deer. He was evidently making for the river—I followed him, but cautiously, as may well be imagined, as I was desirous to ascertain the meaning of the scene to which I had been an involuntary eye-witness. He reached the bank about half a mile below the spot where his late exploit had been performed, and from amongst some sedges he dragged forth a canoe, into which he jumped. He then deliberately sat down, lighted his pipe, and from the bottom of his frail bark he dragged forth a bottle; he appeared to drink freely of its contents, and having so done, he pulled forth a blanket, and wrapped himself in it, he shoved the canoe from the bank, and paddled into the centre of the rapid current. This to me was for the moment inexplicable, as he was rushing to inevitable destruction. I need scarcely tell you, Pierre, continued Francis, that the Niagara, ere it reached the Falls, flows over an inclined plane some two or three miles above it, and that once within the influence of the impetuous current, no human power can arrest the progress of any substance drawn within its irresistible power. But the self-immolator was as unconcerned as if he were going to a marriage feast instead of destruction. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, to see the termination of this horrowing scene. The Indian was immovable, save when he applied the bottle to his mouth—presently the buoyant little bark with its living freight was whirled round with frightful rapidity while urged forward on its frightful course; again was it drawn by a hidden agency within the vortex of the turbid stream, and whirled round ere it was carried to the dark sheet of water immediately above the cataract. Breathless, and all but stupified by what was passing before my bewildered sight, I can just remember seeing the Indian and his canoe borne with the fleetness of the wind to the edge of the precipice, and suddenly disappear. The suicide met the death he courted with social indifference, draining his bottle [which contained rum] while rushing into the presence of his Maker. As a matter of course, he was carried into the foaming abyss below, and hidden beneath the boiling water. The body was found some three weeks afterwards, cast upon the pebbly shore below the unfathomable pool at the bottom of this stupendous fall; the corpse was much mutilated, but a human scalp was found firmly fastened in the girdle of the Indian's belt. This, I need not tell you, was the scalp of Jackson, the seducer of his child. As soon as I recovered my self-possession, I retraced my steps towards the hut where the first act of this horrid tragedy had been performed. On arriving within a few yards of the rude dwelling, I found the body of my European acquaintance Jackson, frightfully mutilated and minus his scalp; at the door, and against a post, a sickening sight was before me—that of a young and beautiful female strangled against a post; a cord with a noose had been thrown over her head, and three turns of the pole from her father's hand had too surely done the deed. The long-wished-for hour had arrived when a deeply rooted and long cherished craving for revenge could be satiated. I had to travel many miles ere I could procure assistance; the bodies were removed to the nearest township, and laid in one grave; and thus I draw the curtain over my promised tale, which I seldom repeat, and never without shuddering.

WINE MAKING—CURRENT WINE.—To make current wine of first quality, and that which will not sour, it is essential that the cuttings should be picked in a clear, dry day, and when fully ripe, but not over ripe. If over ripe they are usually shrivelled a little, and are then unfit for first quality wine. The juice should be pressed from them as soon as possible after gathering, and before fermentation commences, which may occur in one or two days after they have been picked, in warm weather. In a small way they may be crushed with the hands, or bruised in a tub and the juice extracted in a coarse cloth by squeezing with the hands. On a larger scale they may be crushed in a small portable cider mill, and the juice extracted in a press. To every gallon of juice add two gallons of clear soft water, and to every gallon of this mixture add four pounds of coffee crushed sugar. Put this mixture, after the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, into a clean keg or cask, according to the quantity you have, and fill up so the liquid comes up even with the top of the bung-hole; this is to allow the scum and impurities thrown to the surface during the process of fermentation to escape. You must manage to have left over a little of the mixture, perhaps a quart will answer for the purpose of filling up the vessel three or four times a day, as it gradually loses in quantity by the process of injection at the bung-hole, and evaporation. Let the fermentation continue about the period before named, then close up the cask before the fermentation has entirely ceased, but after the most violent stages of it have passed by. This can be ascertained by placing the ear to the bung-hole, and listening to the singing of the effervescence and noting its gradually diminishing action and force. On closing, drive in the bung tight, and let it remain at rest until the February or March following, when, if it is perfectly fine and transparent, it may be drawn off and bottled. If it is not fine, it may be made so by adding to every gallon of the liquor one-quarter ounce of sulphate of lime. Draw a quart or so of the liquor and dissolve the sulphate, and return the same to the cask, and mix thoroughly by stirring and shaking. In the course of one or two months it will become perfectly fine and bright. When, however, everything works favorably no fining is required. After the foregoing recipe, we have succeeded in producing a wine much approved and admired by all who have partaken of it; the only objection made was in being a little too sweet, but this will, in a measure, wear off by age.—Country Gentleman.

IMMATURE FRUIT.—Apples that fall prematurely from the trees, and all other kinds of fruit at this season, should be carefully removed from the ground and destroyed. They contain the ova or eggs of insects, and will thus prove detrimental to the farmer by the destruction which they indirectly bring upon a future crop of the subsequent year. Hogs if permitted to run in orchards from the first of June till the apple crop is harvested, will effectually obviate the necessity of care on the part of the farmer or his family so far as the destruction of immature fruit is involved. These animals are very fond of green fruit, and will daily devour large quantities of it without injury to their health. Of course, with the fruit they devour also the ova or eggs which the fruit contain.

CURE FOR BURNS.—The Gazette Medicale, France, says, that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been fully demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple and certainly deserves a trial. Willing to Emigrate.—"Ma" said a young lady to her mother, the other day, "what is emigrating?" "Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia." "What is colonizing ma?" "Colonizing, dear, is marrying there, and having a family." "Ma, I should like to go to Australia."

STRANDING OF S. S. 'NORWEGIAN' ON THE ISLAND OF ANTICOSTI.

To the Editor of the York Herald. Sir,—The following extract from a diary kept during the passage in the above vessel, may prove sufficiently interesting to warrant their insertion in an early number of your widely circulated and influential journal: THURSDAY, July 18th.—Embarked at 1 p.m. on board the mail steamer Norwegian, bound from Liverpool to Quebec. An entirely new vessel of 2000 tons register, about to make her first trip; weighed anchor at 4 p.m., and on FRIDAY, July 19th.—Stopped at Moville, near Londonderry, to take on board the mails, and Irish passengers. Continued our route at 4:30 p.m. at an average rate of 10-11 knots, until SUNDAY July 21, when a piston rod of one engine broke, and caused a few hours delay, by stopping the machinery and necessitating us to go on under canvas. SUNDAY 25th.—The engines again out of repair, and frequent halts on account of fog and icebergs. MONDAY 29th.—At 4 a.m. the vessel stood still, and the screws refused to work. Various efforts made to propel her onwards, but she moved only a few paces, and at 10 a.m. grounded heavily on the rocks. Boats were instantly lowered, and sent out in all directions, sounding; but discovered only 2-4 fathoms water. A heavy mist prevailing, the captain was quite in ignorance of the locality, and fired distress signals, which were only replied to by the distant echo. The atmosphere became somewhat clearer, and revealed land about a mile distant from the ship. Boat despatched to survey, and after two hours absence reported that the island had no trace of inhabitants or cultivation, and was approachable within half a mile from the shore. Coals and pig iron cast overboard, and every conceivable effort made to lighten her. Prayers held in the cabin at 9 p.m., and the passengers retired in a state of great alarm. TUESDAY 30th.—Clear morning; crew and passengers engaged in lightening the ship; and at 5 p.m., with the high tide, an attempt was made to get her off. She stirred a few yards sideward, and became more firmly than ever imbedded in another rock, and lurched so heavily on one side, that it was difficult to keep one's balance. A storm threatening, some of the passengers were very frightened. The captain proposed to send them ashore, and at 10 p.m. about 150 were sent off to the island, with provisions and canvas. The men waded part of the way in knee deep water. The women and children were carried ashore by the crew. WEDNESDAY 31.—Slight mist followed by passing showers; still throwing coals overboard. A small schooner in sight. Fired a gun, and brought her to lay to.—Captain McMaster went off in a boat to meet her, and chartered her to take off 33 passengers, mails, and £40,000 specie. The remaining passengers were sent ashore. Took a stroll down the beach, and found it strewn to the distance of about 8 miles with boxes and bales washed ashore with the tide. Costly velvets, rich silks, merinos and stuff dresses, stationery, fancy wares, and merchandize of every description, and of great value was thrown about in all directions—a prize to every passer-by, or the incoming tide.—Some of the steerage passengers who landed last night, had burst open the cases with hatchets, and such of the contents as they could not hide or carry away were thrown on the beach or in the bushes, giving the place quite the appearance of a deserted fair. Among the passengers were a few nautical men who had passed in the vicinity of the island before, and they reported that it was infested with wolves, bears, and foxes; but the only enemy we had to encounter was the mosquitoes, whose bite was very venomous, and whose number something formidable. They entirely prevented our making excursions into the interior. Accompanied by a fellow traveller, I struck into the woods, but we were actually driven back by the persecution of this insect. We then took to a stream, of which there were many—containing beautifully clear cold water—but we could not wade more than half a mile up its course, the current was so strong, and our old foe so numerous and troublesome. The soil was apparently rich; numerous edible weeds, moss, and a kind of wild pea, with wild gooseberries, and currants grew plentifully, and in great luxuriance along the beach; and a great variety of wild flowers along the banks of the streams.—Fir and pine trees grew abundantly up the hill sides; but the vegetation in the forest was rank and unvaried. Wild bees, dragon and butterflies, and a few ground beetles