

The York Herald

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RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1867.

Whole No. 476

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Literature

Bullet Marks.

A WIMBLEDON STORY.

Concluded from our last.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and singularly flattened, and blunted at the point—it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald's pouch.

About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor, and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in the saddle.

I then ran to the telegraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the headquarters in Calcutta, to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night watch would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1

Examine the books and see the date on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 40th Dragoons; find the same parcel, and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random; take out bullets and remove plugs; and send No. 1 in base of cup bullets.

The answer came back that he understood, and would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half the answer came back:—

All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right.

I then sent message No. 2:—

Examine what cartridges bear the No. 2 with a dot on the left, and report to whom issued, and when—report quickly—a man's life depends on speed.

Again I waited another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half past two, at four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came.

We have ten men at work, breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found.

At last it came:—

One barrel No. 2 in store; the rest of the same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers for value as old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago.

I had learnt all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I never had parted, in my pouch. I shall never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in three sides of a square; in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off their jackets and lash their wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with a paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them; as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks towards the triangles, holding something in her hand. I dashed on and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farther's arm as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

Ston, colonel for the love of God! I cried, with my hand still grasping the farther's arm; I have evidence to prove the man not guilty.

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with a dot. I assured him on my honor as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 bullet could by any chance get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division.

I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget

the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sentence on Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at attention, many of them with their tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard postponed, they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

Three cheers for Gentleman Jack and his wife! Again! again, boys!

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old gray-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that out-beamed Bedlam.

As for me I was like a man in a dream; I felt a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, Sound the assembly.

What a change! In less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

Major Jackson, reform your column, and break off the men, said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister.

But what did your sister do there? Well she had promised Gerald that she should not suffer the disgrace of the lash; and had, during the hour I thought she was footing with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor, recognizing his own blue bottle struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it on to the ground, besides disabling her from getting her own share.

And how did the affair end? Was the general of the division satisfied? I don't think he would have been with that evidence alone, and so we went about to hunt for more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search, under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

We went there, Meggie insisted on joining us. All the officers of duty went, and about half the men.

Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and from that point we started crossing and recrossing till there could not have been anything as large as a half crown that could be hidden.

Meggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Meggie exclaimed. What a horrible smell comes from that corpse.

Don't smell anything, Meg. You've lived here so long, that you've no sense of smell left. Of course, as Meggie was with us, Blinks was there too. Blinks advanced to the corpse—paused—and rasped underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

There's something in there, Willie. Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the denials guided by the frantic bark of Blinks, and after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungle grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered; the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some natives the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and after an hour's labor, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet, the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing machine.

Great was the rejoicing that

night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burnt, the band came and serenaded Meggie. The whole of the officers, including the old Colonel, came as to a levee; but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?

At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked him did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2 had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings, and considerably flattened. Now, there was nothing in the flesh and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing.

I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round, from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found either of the man or the gun.

We made the most careful search; presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

What's the cause of these marks? said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said that he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life, than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

What's the cause? It's been used as a hammer for something, a nail in a shoe.

Nail-heads are square. True for you—these are round. Do you think a ramrod would make these marks?

It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it. So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the copse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall.

He threw it, and marking the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of flesh and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside which the ants had perfectly cleaned out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun that he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge cases, another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, whoever he was, had taken the captain's gun, and putting in two charges of powder, rammed rammed down the too bullet with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod; and the loud report that all the witnesses spoke to was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found out the intended murderer to have been one of the eyes, or grooms' of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge.

Of course there was a new trial ordered; and as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

Did he leave the regiment? Not a bit—why should he? The men worshipped him, and the officer who was wounded was inviolated, and he and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment in Calcutta, some six months afterwards, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Ashton, adding, If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier, there will not be a better in her Majesty's service.

And your sister Margaret? Oh, I've just sent a little case, lined with velvet, and something inside engraved William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle.

Now, lads there's the out lights, so we'll turn in quietly, and make Meggie's eyes at every shot to-morrow.

West York Election.

THE NOMINATIONS.

Pursuant to proclamation, the electors of the West Riding of York assembled at Mr. Eagle's magnificent public Hall, Weston, yesterday, Friday the 23rd instant, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the House of Commons and Local Legislature. There was a large gathering of the electors present. Precisely at one o'clock, the Returning Officer, T. H. Ball, Esq., commenced the proceedings of the day, by reading the Royal Writs and commissions. He stated that the movers and seconders of candidates would be allowed five minutes each to speak, and the candidates should have thirty minutes; the proposers and seconders then made their appearance on the balcony of the Hall, to address the electors, who stood out upon the road; during the whole proceedings the electors conducted themselves in a most orderly manner, and acted like men who were intent upon the performance of an important duty. The nominations for the House of Commons were three, viz:—

The Hon. W. P. Howland, C.B., was proposed by W. A. Baldwin, Esq., and seconded by J. P. Rupert, Esq., of Vaughan.

Mr. Seymour Hubertus was proposed by Mr. John McKinnon, and seconded by Mr. Stewart Blain, of Vaughan.

Mr. David Blain, was proposed by Mr. Levi Snider, of Burwick, and seconded by Mr. Stewart Blain.

A poll was demanded, in accordance with the statute, and the nominations for the Local Legislature took place in the following order:—

Dr. Bull, proposed by Mr. William Walls, and seconded by Mr. David Jeffrey.

Wm. Tyrrell, Esq., proposed by Wm. James, Esq., and seconded by Thomas Mulholland, Esq.

Thomas Graham, Esq., proposed by Mr. James Duncan, and seconded by W. A. Baldwin, Esq.

Mr. Thomas Hodgins, an ambitious young lawyer, from Toronto, was also proposed, for the simple purpose of affording him an opportunity to try his hand at political oratory—after making an attempt to be eloquent, he stated that he retired from the contest!

After the nominations had been gone through, and a poll demanded—the electors were admitted to the Hall, which is a commodious and tastefully arranged structure, reflecting much credit upon Mr. Eagle's idea of public convenience. The Hon. W. P. Howland, by right of seniority, was the first to address the electors; he spoke well, and with good taste appealed to the electors in a manner that excited unanimous applause.

Messrs. Hubertus and Blain severally addressed the electors amidst frequent and loud interruptions, from all parts of the Hall; it was evident they were unfavorably looked upon, and not wanted in West York.

Dr. Bull made a speech, setting forth his claims upon the strength of being the nominee of the Reform delegates, but made no impression upon the audience; he was followed by Mr. Tyrrell, in a manly and telling speech, which carried the great bulk of his hearers with him. Mr. Tyrrell then, in presence of Dr. Bull, repeated his assertion that the Hon. W. P. Howland had told him (Tyrrell) that Dr. Bull had promised to support Mr. Howland, and that the Dr. had also promised to support the Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald's administration.

Mr. Tyrrell called upon the Hon. Mr. Howland to say whether he had not so informed him. Dr. Bull here endeavored to raise a quibble, by saying that Mr. Tyrrell had asserted, at former meetings, that Dr. Bull had promised to support Mr. Howland through thick and thin! The audience waited, in profound silence, to hear Mr. Howland settle the question of veracity, between Mr. Tyrrell and Dr. Bull, and when he rose every breath was hushed to catch his words. Mr. Howland then stated that Dr. Bull assured him that he (the Dr.) would not oppose him, and that he would do what he could to prevent any opposition being brought out against him (Mr. H.) and that Dr. Bull had also given the Hon. J. S. Macdonald to understand that he would not oppose his administration! This settled the question, as between Mr. Tyrrell and Dr. Bull, and excited great applause in favor of Mr. Tyrrell, whose veracity Dr. Bull had so frequently, but vainly, tried to impeach. From this, until the close of the proceedings, Dr. Bull's star declined, and at the termination, there was not one in the crowded hall who would propose a cheer for Dr. Bull, although there were three hearty cheers given for Mr. Howland, Mr. Tyrrell, and Mr. Graham; it was a cooler for Dr. Bull, and we heard several persons re-

mark that it was likely that he would retire from the contest before the polls would be opened.

There is no doubt but Dr. Bull is the weakest of the three candidates; he has no strength in his own Township, except among a few friends on Yonge street,—on the contrary, Mr. Tyrrell is strong in the Township of York, and particularly so in his own neighborhood, in and about Weston. This is a fair index by which to judge of his strength; and being a public man of great experience, and having rendered important services to the County of York, we feel confident he is the only man of the three who is calculated to be of real use to this constituency as such an important juncture of our affairs. Mr. Graham's past course, during the past two years he has served in the County Council, is not such as to meet with the approval of men who have to work hard for their money, and find it recklessly voted away in large salaries. As for Dr. Bull he has never had experience as a public man; and, judging by the result of the proceedings at Weston, yesterday, the day appears to be distant when he will try the experiment at the expense of the independent electors of West York.

The York Roads.

Electors of West York read the following facts, and make your choice at the polls.

For the past fifteen years Mr. Tyrrell has been a member of the County Council, and has rendered many valuable services during that period; his best energies have been devoted to protecting the interest of the ratepayers, and so managing the affairs of the County as to lighten the burthen of taxation, and enable the hard-working and industrious farmers and mechanics—as well as all ratepayers generally—to enjoy the fruits of their honest labour. He has consulted their interests by advocating the

Separation of the County from the City of Toronto, for Judicial Purposes,

Thereby saving farmers from the loss of time sustained by attending the Courts in Toronto, as jurors for the trial of matters which should be tried before citizens of Toronto. It was by

Mr. Tyrrell's casting vote that the County Council decided to secure the

YORK ROADS to the County, as can be seen by a reference to page 175 of the minutes of 1864—see "special meeting" on the 2nd Nov. of that year. It was moved and seconded that the By-law authorising the appointment of an arbitrator in the matter of the York Roads "be not read a third time to-morrow, but that it be read a third time on the fourth Tuesday in January next, when the members of this council will have an opportunity of consulting the ratepayers of these United Counties, at the coming Municipal Elections, on the propriety of purchasing the York Roads.

YEAS—16. NAYS—16. The numbers being equal, the Warden (Wm. Tyrrell, Esq.) voted with the yeas.

On the question for the third reading this day—

YEAS—16. NAYS—16. The numbers being equal, the Warden voted yeas—carried. The By-law was then read the third time and passed.

What has been the result of that well judged vote of Mr. Tyrrell, and how are the farmers and rate-payers affected by it? Let the official Report of the County Auditors answer:—

"AUDITORS' REPORT OF THE YORK ROADS ACCOUNTS FOR 10 MONTHS ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1866.

"To the Warden and Council of the County of York:

"GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned Auditors, respectfully report that we have carefully examined the Receipts and Disbursements of the York Roads' Account for the ten months ending 31st December, 1866, as submitted by the County Treasurer, and find them correct and satisfactory, showing a balance on hand of \$1,076 45c. after meeting the ordinary expenses and interest, and also retiring Debentures to the amount of \$16,500 (part of original purchase) acting upon the suggestion in the Auditors' Report of last year, we notice with satisfaction that the Treasurer, during the last six months, has kept the accounts of the different Roads separate and distinct. By continuing this system, future Auditors will be able to render an Abstract Statement of Receipts and Disbursements of the several Roads in a clear and distinct manner.

We have also examined the system adopted by the Superintendent of the Roads, in the keeping of his books and method of general superintendence, and have pleasure in expressing our approval and satisfaction thereof.