

The York Herald

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The York Herald, RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

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

TERMS \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1869.

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June 7, 1865. 1

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Business Directory.

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Office—In the Court House - TORONTO. August 1, 1865. 59

READ AND BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c., &c., 77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House) Toronto.

D. B. READ, G.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A. May 6, 1867. 40-1f

Literature.

THREE STORMY NIGHTS.

CHAPTER II. (Continued from our last.)

By and by Nolan came in. He saw me trying to put away the weapons.

'What is it, Miles?' 'Nothing.'

'No, no, there's more than that. What are ye after with those exterminators?'

'Cleaning them; that's all.'

'Cleaning them only. Well, they're not so foul but they'd carry a bullet twenty yards at the least.'

'What d'ye mean?'

'I felt getting angry.'

'There, gently, Miles. Sure it wasn't for nothing at all that a brother of mine 'ud take the fresh air for an hour at the bedroom window in an October storm.'

'You were awake, then?'

'Very odd if I wasn't; I only wish you'd been asleep.'

'I was thinking.'

'Tis no good thought you'll get like that, then, in the small hours of the morning. It won't do, Miles; you're upset about something. There, don't break out; I'm not Kavanagh. Look here, now—what is the matter?'

'Nothing, nothing. There, I'm not well exactly. Besides, I've had a word or two; but it's settled now—it's all right. Nolan, I'm not going to fight him. Now, don't speak to me, whatever you do; and don't let mother. Keep her away—say I'm ill—anything.'

'When my brother left me I threw myself on the bed, and lay tossing about for hours. I could hear the thunder as it echoed among the hills. It got dark. Then I began to think. I wondered what time it was—then it anything would prevent the clopment—ought I to—'

'Our old Dutch clock struck nine. Nolan came in to bed.'

'Have they gone?' said I, alluding to the old people.

'Yes. Mother didn't at all like your selectness.'

'I was up, looking out at the window.'

'This night 'il play the deuce with our lot, Miles; you've not done it yet. Are ye going to continue your atmospheric observations this night too?'

'I closed the sash with a bang.'

'Nolan, I'm going out.'

'You're what? Well, you may as well leave your clothes behind you, for, by the powers, they'll not keep a dry skin two minutes.'

'Buttoning my coat close around me and taking only a stout stick in my hand, I went out. It was a fearful night. The rain and hail beat in my face till I could scarcely breathe or see. The wind at times lifted me off my feet. As the lightning flashed, it lit up such a scene of waste as I never before witnessed. The stream had swollen to that extent that I could not distinguish the stone step-way across, and was nearly thrown down by the violence of the current while wading through it. The road was almost impassable, owing to the mud stirred up. Yet, spite of all these obstacles, I never for an instant thought of turning back, or doing anything but gratifying the desire that had seized me to see again Ellen and Kavanagh—for what purpose I never could divine.'

'I knew that the way they must take would lead them round by the sugar-loaf mountain, and towards that I made my way. To shorten the distance, I struck off over a hill by a path which, though never one of the pleasantest, was to-night horrible. When I reached the wretched hovel at its termination on the road, I was well nigh exhausted; my shoes were gone, my clothes torn, and I was bruised and bloody from the repeated falls I had had in my scramble. Pushing open the rickety door of the cabin, I entered.'

'The embers of a little peat fire, still emitted sufficient light to discover the inmates. An old crone, doubled up, with her head in her lap, and with long bony fingers clasping each other over her knees, seemed sleeping before the fire; a girl and two children were huddled together round the figure of an old man at one side of the hearth, where the ground appeared drier than the rest, for in the centre the

slush was deeper and blacker than that from which I had just escaped. Away in the farther corner lay, all unheeded, the body of a poor dead child. No one took notice of my entrance. My salutation—customary in our country—was unresponded to.

'For the love of heaven,' said I, 'give me a drain of whiskey, or a scrap of tobacco.'

The girl, red-haired, but with good features, only so worn, raised her head, gave me an unmeaning stare, and sank it again on the old man's knee.

'My good people, I'm perished.'

'And what are we? Och hone! that you should tell us!' muttered the old hag, without moving.

'Is there anything in the place at all?'

'Yourself there is, and it is the only thing—heaven knows—we don't want.'

'Hush, woman, said the old man, mildly.'

There was something far more touching in the very quietness of his misery than in the complaints of the wife. I felt humble, as I asked if a car had gone by that night.

'What car?' croaked the woman.

'There'll be no car nor horses out this night. Heaven help 'em, who is't you're wantin' then, sir?'

'Young Kavanagh.'

The woman raised her head, and turning, faced me. After eyeing me a minute steadfastly, she exclaimed, with a passionate energy I had supposed impossible in one so worn down—

'Kavanagh! Ye howling winds confound him! Ye lightning strike him down! May his life be storm, and his death violent!'

'Silence, wife, silence!'

'What for should she say that?'

'What for! Wher's the weed child that ye loved but stark dead afore ye? Are not we starving! Maybe will never see the sun again; and who's doing it then? Who turned us out of the little living, but him? Can I sit here and see you, and all the poor things die, and bless your murderer? Och! no, no, no! It'll be a strange day when'er either the young or old devil's sons do well! Friend or foe alike shall curse Kavanagh.'

She stooped and picked from the hearth a lump of fuel. She blew it till it blazed up, then raised it above her head. I hastened to the door, and passing out, endeavored by a slight prayer to avert the curse she was calling down upon all connected with Juan Kavanagh.

Across the bleak upland, over which my way now lay, the storm seemed to rage with greater fury. Faint and exhausted as I was, the shelter of the valley below almost tempted me to remain under its protection, and there wait the coming of the car; but though weak and weary, my desire was still as strong as ever to reach the spot I had chosen, and so I went on.

After another hour's hard toiling against the beating rain, I reached the desired place.

The rain had now ceased, and the moon was at times visible through the flying clouds. Looking down the road, I could see the covered car, drawn tandemly by two horses, the leader having Phil on its back, who was using his utmost endeavors to spur on the lagging brutes.

The sight of the car approaching acted with electrical force upon me. My philosophy went to the winds. Old feelings revived! They were there! My teeth chattered no longer with cold, but with hot excitement. I could hear my heart beating as I watched.

As they came opposite I sprang out from my gloomy hiding place, and, seizing the leader's head, brought it quickly to its knees.'

'Who's that?' roared Phil.

'Miles Doran! By heaven! I'll murder you!'

He struck me with his whip. It roused all my evil nature. Nothing to me now was life, death, or anything. With a well-directed blow I sent the rascal reeling to the ground, turned, and encountered Juan.

We spoke not a word; but, as it moved by the same spirit, we simultaneously grasped each other. We wrestled fiercely. His eyes glared like a tiger's; but I felt mad, and in lunatic strength forced him before me across the road. An instant, and I had thrown him

into the gloom below us; but just then, catching a glance of Ellen's face in the moonlight, full of un-speakable agony, I relaxed my hold. I fell! A sharp pricking in my breast—my brain swam. I felt Kavanagh thrust me over the precipice. A few dull, senseless thumps as I fell, a rushing noise in my ears, a listless sense of sleep, and—vacancy!

CHAPTER III.

The pestilence, following closely the devastating famine, had robbed of life thousands of my poor countrymen; while these calamities had enabled them to resist the more fatal attacks of the scourge.

Our farm, formerly able to support us well, served afterwards barely to produce us the absolute necessities of life.

I long felt the effects of that meeting with Kavanagh; not so much owing to the badness of the wound—though that was quite bad enough—as to the lowness and fever, aggravated by the fatigues and excitements of these two nights of my brother, Nolan, it appears, bearing mischief, had followed me when I left home on my mad errand, and arrived in time to preserve what little trace of life was left in me by the time I had reached the bottom of the hill.

An atom in the rain of '47 fell Kavanagh's uncle. The poor man died quiet broken-hearted. I don't think his failure hurt him so much as the behaviour of his idol, Juan, of whom he nor anyone else that we knew had heard.

The great affliction around me lulled the sense of my own misery; and by and bye I found it was possible for me to talk even calmly of Ellen and Juan. Old Caffey still treated me as a son, and I felt pleasure in being able to relieve his sadness, by going down on an evening and smoking a quiet pipe with him at the Shamrock.

It grieved me to see the rapid failing of my parents. Poor souls! they had so wished to die, as we say, comfortably! They were resigned—oh, yes!—they never murmured; but the tears that sprang to my father's eye, as it looked into the emptied pens, or ranged over the upturned fields, interpreted very plainly the unspoken grief in his heart.

Both mother and father died the year after the worst had passed and things began to mend. Nolan and I then worked year after year, dully enough. At last I found out that he was for marrying and being myself tired of the farm, we arranged to raise a sum of money by the sale of an off-lying bit of land, much coveted by a gentleman farmer, and that I should emigrate.

I had hardly seen my brother well married when old Caffey died. He had left me all he possessed. As I followed him to the grave, how old thoughts revived within me! While looking down into his grave, a change of feeling seemed to come over me, and I left the spot a happier man. I had plucked out the last remnant of my old love for Ellen, and with a heart almost whole, began as it were a new life.

Towards the end of autumn, I left Liverpool on board the C—, intending to try my fortune in New York.

As very heavy north-westerly gales were blowing, we steered round the coast of Ireland. My experience during the first two days, I suppose, is that of most persons who take their first sea voyage in a screw steamer. I was rolled almost inside out; and before long had cursed my temerity in venturing thus, and daring the elements. By the third day, however, all such feelings had vanished, and although a heavy sea was running, I felt to my great relief, quite at home.

We had passed Cape Clear, and, in spite of strong winds and heavy waves, were bowling along in fine style. It was getting on for ten o'clock, and I was, with the exception of the watch, alone upon the deck. The moon was up, and as I looked upon it, as occasionally it peered through the flying clouds, a chill passed over me, and unintentionally my thoughts wandered back along the path of years, and I saw the ominous, stormy moon, as it shone fitfully down into the valley that had nearly been my grave amongst the Wicklow mountains. I soon went below, and,

throwing myself on the cushions, tried to sleep away such unpleasant memories.

I was awoke out of a confused and unpleasant dream by a clap of thunder. I heard the hail as it beat upon the deck overhead, while the cabin was illumined every now and then by a brilliant flash of lightning. I hastened on deck, and thence contemplated the grandeur of the scene.

Our ship was hissing its way through mountains of white foam, with a power that seemed to command the obedience of even those stormy waves. The watch were straining their eyes in all directions, trying again to see a light that had been reported.

As we were shipping comparatively little water, I went forward, and throwing myself down on the fore-castle, watched the numberless eddies as they danced round the cutwater.

The carpenter had been doing some repairs close to where I lay, and by chance had left his adze under the rail. This I took in my hand, to chop off a splinter that annoyed me, as I leaned over the side of the vessel.

'Hard a starboard!' I heard the look out man shout. And the echo ran down the deck.

Starting to my feet, I saw with horror, a large ship bearing down upon us.

The steamer answered her helm well, and we might have passed with but a slight graze, when, lo! the ship ported. Our engines were then going at full speed, in order to get good steering way. In a moment a terrible shock threw me several yards backward.

I soon staggered to my feet. Orders were flying about. I could hear the loud voice of our captain clear, above the din and noise of breaking timbers, and the shrieks and groans of the affrighted passengers—

'Clear the wreck!'

The confusion was great, and no one responded to the command. We had struck the unlucky ship, and stove in her starboard bows—had started her foremast, but had become entangled in the rigging. As she rapidly filled, we were being drawn down by the head.

'Clear the wreck there,' shouted the captain.

I sprang forward, hatchet in hand, to part the vessels. I worked desperately, and had soon cleared the lower holdings; but the ship's mast, through broken, was still locked in the rigging of the steamer. To loose this I had to get on board the sinking ship.

I had severed the last stay, and the vessel was sinking under me. Springing to the bowsprit, I tried to regain the steamer. It was too late; already it was moving rapidly astern.

I then thought to jump at once into the water, and save myself by swimming; but before thought was action a shriek had rent the air, the waves rolled in over the ship, and she went down. As the water rushed over me, a woman, frantic with terror, seized my arm. We rolled together, and sank in the eddying turmoil which marked the track of the ill-fated ship.

In vain I tried to free myself from the fierce embrace of my wretched companion. I was held as in a vice. I struck madly; but to no purpose. We were rising again. I felt the wind blow upon my head once more; but she would not let go. I could not keep afloat. No; again we went down. I composed myself as well as I could, and tried to face death. Down, down—still down. It seemed ages since that last breath of air, had given me new life. We are rising—but—but I am dying. The woman seems to buoy me up. I strike desperately with my feet—dull heaviness in my ears gives place to a roaring, rushing sound—and I breathe again. I am still held—a flash of lightning reveals to me a pair of staring dead eyes—I make one last desperate effort, and am free—free, and alone in the storm.

I could see nothing of the steamer, although I thought I heard the noise of steam blowing off. As this soon ceased, I concluded that it had gone on its way. Then came over me that terrible feeling of desolation—a feeling of wretched loneliness—that made me wish the grasp of the poor woman had held me for a few more minutes,

and so rescued me from the terrors of what I felt must be a second death. Yet I swam on still, not being able to bring my mind to die. At length I became very much exhausted, and must soon have sunk, when, on the crest of a wave rolling towards me, I saw the mast I had severed from the ship. I reached it with but little difficulty, and, clambering upon the thicker end, gazed around me. The storm was rapidly falling; the white foam on the water, reflecting the hazy light that pierced through the thin clouds, gave a sufficient distinctness to everything to make me feel more miserable than the previous obscurity.

To be continued.

LEGISLATURE OF ONTARIO.

HURON AND ONTARIO SHIP CANAL.

DECEMBER 9, 1868.

Mr. GRAHAME (York) moved, seconded by Mr. LAUDER—"That the Clerk of this House be directed to lay on the table a list of the petitions presented to this House in favor of a grant of land in aid of the construction of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal, together with the aggregate number of names to each of such petitions." The hon. gentleman said:

In introducing this question in the shape I have to-day, I am to a certain extent placed at a disadvantage, and the expectation of the country and most of the members of this House, was that any action that would be taken would be founded on the right to claim a committee upon the petitions to this House on the subject. Such is not the case, however, for the reason that a committee of the House has come to a decision, and a wrong one it was in my opinion, but which was approved by the House, that no petition affecting money or revenue could be received. Now, sir, although this was carried, there was and is in this House strong dissatisfaction at the conclusion then arrived at, for there is no right which should be more carefully guarded than that of petition. It is the only way in which the people can give voice to their wants and it is absurd to say that the restriction applying to revenue &c., they have the right to petition as to other matters, as it is a well known fact that in a new country, such as ours, the great grievances to be redressed refer to matters of revenue and taxation. And, sir, it does seem to me extraordinary that the little technical point involved should only have been discovered this session, after the House last session passing a measure of a directly similar nature to several of those that have been rejected, the right even to have the petitions concerning them received. I allude to the McKenzie case, and if the principle is established that such cases cannot be acted upon by petition, it also should be thrown out. But sir, I think the petitions for this work are in quite a different category, as I contend it is not a matter affecting revenue which is asked for, but one affecting a source from which revenue may possibly be derived, and that is a very different thing. As well might it be said that no petition could be received by this House in any way referring to a wholesale grocer in this city because through him, as a business man, revenue is derived. (Here Mr. Graham referred to several acts of preceding Parliaments, showing clearly that it had always in contemplation by former Legislatures that a grant of wild lands should be given in aid of the scheme.) And, now, sir, as to the merits of this question. It is with a great deal of diffidence that I introduce the subject to the House, not only on account of its being one of such vast importance to the best interests of this country, but also because there are many members of the House much more competent than I am to do justice to the project. I suppose, sir, that the line of route is so well known that it will be unnecessary for me to say anything in that respect, and as to the practicability of the scheme I imagine there can be no manner of doubt entertained, after the expressed opinions of such eminent engineers as Messrs. Hawkshaw, and Rendell, of England, and of Messrs. Lytch, Tully and Sykes, of this country. Still there are one or two points which it might be well to allude to, as I do not think they are properly understood by some of the members of this House. One is the question of water supply from Lake Superior. Now, sir, take the surface of that lake to be 562 square miles, which I believe to be a correct computation, and you will find that one foot of water from the surface of that lake would produce 16,057,958,400 cubic feet of water, a quantity sufficient to perform the lockage on the canal for 11,150 ships of 800 tons per annum; and thus allowing three times the amount necessary on account of waste; I think that should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical of the sufficiency of water, and remember that does not take into consideration the constant supply coming into the lake from its natural water shed, nor the facility of increasing the surface of the lake at any moment by damming up its outlet, the Severn River. Again, sir, as there is great misconception as to the depth of the cutting, I would state the deepest point is 198 feet, and over an extent of some 7 miles there will be an average depth of about 80 feet. All that is required in fact towards the construction of the canal is the expenditure of a certain sum of money estimated at \$40,000,000. Sir, as you and this House are all aware, it is not proposed to lay any additional taxation on this country towards raising this sum, nor is it expected that capital to any extent will be invested in the scheme from this country. Although young and vigorous, we are too poor