

Attempt at suicide - Boston month  
Kleinberg

Literature.

THE AMERICAN AUTUMN.

BY FANNY KIMBLE.

Thou comest not in sober guise,  
In mellow cloak of sunset clad—  
Thine are no melancholy skies,  
Nor hueless flowers pale and sad;  
But like an emperor triumphing,  
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,  
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,  
And glowing purple canopies.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID

(Continued.)

A BULLET FROM BEHIND.  
Hickman was seen holding up a brownish-coloured mass, of conical form, somewhat resembling a large pine-apple. It was a cone of the brown-pine—easily recognisable by its size and shape.  
"Now, fellar!" shouted he, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all around the glade, "jest gather a wheen o' these hyar tree-eggs an' break 'em open. Ye'll find kernels inside 'o 'em, that ain't bad chawin'. They ain't equal to hog and hominy; but we hain't got hog an' hominy; an' these hyar'll serve in a pinch, I reckon. Ef ye'll only roil among the rubble aroun' ye, ye'll scare up a wheen. Just try it."  
The suggestion was quickly adopted. Less or more, every one was enabled to obtain a supply.  
The cones were quickly cut open, and the nuts greedily devoured. Their quality gave universal satisfaction. There was some joking over this dry breakfast; and the more reckless of the party laughed while they ate, as though had been a nutting frolic. But the laughter was short-lived—our situation was too serious to admit of much levity.  
It was an interval while the firing of the enemy had slackened, almost ceased; and we had ample time to consider the perils of our position.  
We were encompassed on every side—shut up as if in a fortress, but not half so secure. Our only stockade was the circle of standing trees, and we had no blockhouse to retire to in the event of being wounded. Each man was sentry, with a tour of guard-duty that must be continual!  
Our situation was perilous in the extreme. There was no prospect of escape. Our horses had all galloped off. One only remained lying dead by the side of the pond. He had been killed by a bullet, but it came not from the enemy. Hickman had fired the shot. I saw him and wondered at the time what could be his object. The hunter had his reasons; but it was only afterwards I learned them.  
"We could hold our ground against five times our number—almost any odds—but how about food."  
"Thirst we did not fear. At night, we would have relief. Under the cover of night, we could approach the pond."  
"We had no apprehension about the want of water; but how were we to obtain food? The cones we had gathered had proved but a bite; there were no more within reach; we must yield to hunger, to famine."  
"We conversed with one another freely, as if face to face. We canvassed our prospects. They were gloomy enough.  
"Only one plan offered a plausible chance of escape; and that was to hold our position until nightfall, make a sally in the darkness, and fight our way through the lines of our foes. It would be running the gamut; a few of us would certainly fall—perhaps many, but some would escape. To stay where we were, was to submit ourselves to certain sacrifice.  
"Rather than patiently abide such a fate, we resolved, while yet strong, to risk all chances, and cut our way through the midst of the besiegers. Darkness would favor the attempt, and anxiously we awaited to going down of the sun.  
"If we thought the time long, it was not from want of occupation.  
"During the day, the Indians at intervals renewed their attack; and notwithstanding all our vigilance, we had another man killed, and several wounded,

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In these skirmishes, the savages showed a determination to get nearer our line, by making their advances from tree to tree. We perfectly understood their object. It was not that they had any design of closing with us. They were now more numerous than at the beginning of the fight. Another band had arrived upon the ground; we had heard the shout of welcome that hailed their coming.  
But even with this accession of strength, they did not design to come to the encounter of short weapons. Their purpose in advancing was different, and we understood it. They had perceived that by getting close to our convex line, they would be near enough to fire upon those on the opposite side of the glade, who, of course, would be exposed to their aim.  
To prevent this, therefore, now became our chief object and anxiety, and it was necessary to redouble our vigilance. We did so, regarding with scrutinizing glances the trunks behind which we knew the savages were skulking, and eyeing them as keenly as the ferret-hunter watches the burrows of the warren.  
They had but slight success in their endeavors to advance. It cost them several of their boldest men; for the moment they essayed to rush forward, the cracks of three or four rifles were certain to be heard; and almost as certain was one of them to deliver its messenger of death.  
The Indians soon became tired of attempting this dangerous manoeuvre; and, as evening approached, appeared to give up their design, and content themselves by holding us in siege.  
We were glad when the sun set, and the twilight came on. It would soon pass, and we should be able to reach the water. The men were maddened with thirst; for they had been suffering from it throughout the whole day.  
During the daylight, many would have gone to the water, had they not been restrained by the precepts of the more prudent, and perhaps more effectually by an incident, of which they had all been spectators. One more reckless than the rest had risked the attempt. He had succeeded in reaching the pond, drank to his satisfaction, and was hastening back to his post, when a shot from the savages stretched him dead upon the sward. He was the man last killed, and his lifeless body now lay in the open ground, before the eyes of his comrades. It proved a warning to all; for, despite the torture from thirst, no one cared to repeat the rash experiment.  
At length the welcome darkness descended—only a glimmer of gray light lingered in the leaden sky. Men in twos and threes were now seen approaching the pond. Like spectres they moved, silently gliding over the open ground, but in stooping attitudes, and heads bent eagerly forward in the direction of the water. We did not all go at once—though all were alike eager to quench their thirst—but the admittances of the old hunter had their effect; and the more continent resolved to endure their pangs a little longer, and wait till the others should get back to their posts.  
It was prudent we so acted; for at this crisis, the Indians—no doubt suspecting what was going forward—renewed their firing with fresh energy. Whole volleys were discharged inward, and without aim—the darkness must have hindered an aim—but for all that, the bullets buzzed past our ears like hornets upon their flight.  
There was a cry raised that the Indians were closing upon us; and those who had gone to the water rushed rapidly back—some even without staying to taste the much desired water.  
During all this time I had remained behind my tree. My black follower had also stuck to his post like a faithful sentinel, as he was. We talked of relieving one another by turns, and Jake insisted that I should "drink first."—I had partially consented to this arrangement, when the fire of the enemy suddenly reopened.  
Like others, we were apprehensive that the savages were about to advance, and well knew the necessity of keeping them back.—We agreed to keep our ground for a little longer.  
I had "one eye round the trunk of the tree," with my rifle raised to the level. I was watching for a flash from the gun of some

antagonist, to guide me in my aim; when, all on a sudden, I felt my arm jerked upward, and my rifle shaken out of my grasp.  
There was no mystery about it. A bullet had passed through my arm, piercing the muscles that upheld it. I had shown too much of my shoulder, and was wounded—nothing more.  
My first thought was to look to my wound; I felt it distinctly enough, and this enabled me to discover the pace, I saw that the ball had passed through the upper part of my right arm, just below the shoulder; and in its further progress had creased the breast of my uniform coat, where its trace was visible in the torn cloth.  
There was still light sufficient to enable me to make these observations; and furthermore, that a thick stream of blood was gushing from the wound.  
I commenced unbuttoning my coat, the better to get at it.—The blood was already by my side, staining his shirt into ribbons.  
All at once, I heard him utter an exclamation of surprise, followed by the words;  
"Gorraighty! Massr George, dat shot co-ome from behind!"  
"From behind?" I shouted, echoing his words, and once more looking to the wound. Some suspicion of this had already been in my thoughts; I fancied that I had felt the shot from behind.  
It had been no fancy. On a more minute examination of the wound, and the torn traces upon the breast of my coat, the direction of the bullet was plainly perceived. Undoubtedly, it had struck me from behind.  
"Good God, Jake," I exclaimed, "at is so; the Indians have advanced to the other side of the glade—we are lost!"  
Under this belief, we both faced towards the opening; when at the moment, as if to contrain us, another bullet whistled past our ears, and struck with a heavy roar effectually by an incident, of which they had all been spectators. One more reckless than the rest had risked the attempt. He had succeeded in reaching the pond, drank to his satisfaction, and was hastening back to his post, when a shot from the savages stretched him dead upon the sward. He was the man last killed, and his lifeless body now lay in the open ground, before the eyes of his comrades. It proved a warning to all; for, despite the torture from thirst, no one cared to repeat the rash experiment.  
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longer endurable; already it stifled our breathing.  
Destruction stared us in the face, and men shouted in despair; but the roar of the burning pines drowned their voices, and one could not even hear his comrade who was nearest. But their looks told their thoughts, for before the smoke fell, the glade was lit up with intense brilliancy, and we could see one another with unnatural distinctness. In the faces of all appeared the anxiety of awe.  
Not long continued I to share it; too much blood had escaped from my neglected wound. I tried to make into the open ground—as I saw others doing—but before I had advanced two steps from the tree, my limbs tottered beneath me, and I fell fainting to the earth.  
A JURY AMID THE FIRE.  
I had a last thought as I fell; it was, that my life had reached its termination—that in a few seconds my body would be embraced by the flames, and I should horribly perish.  
The thought drew from me a feeble scream; and with that scream my senses forsook me.—I was as senseless as if dead—indeed, so far as sensibility went, I was dead—and had the flames at that moment swept over me, I should not have felt them. In all probability, I might have been burnt to a cinder without enduring further pain.  
During the interval of my unconsciousness, I had neither dream nor apparition. By this, I know that my soul must have forsaken its earthly tenement. It may have been hovering above or around, but it was no longer within me. It had separated from my senses, they were all dead.  
Dead, but capable of being restored to life; and, happily, a restorative was at hand, with one to administer it.  
When consciousness returned, the first perception I had was that I was up to my neck in water. I was in the pond, and in a recumbent position—my limbs and body under the water, with only my head above the surface, resting against the bank. A man was kneeling over me, himself half immersed.—My returning senses soon enabled me to tell who it was—the faithful black. He had my pulse in his hand, and was gazing into my features with silent earnestness.  
As my open eyes replied to his gaze, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and the words: "Golly, Massr George! you lib. Thank be to Gorrarighty, you lib. Keep up ya heart, young massr; yous a gwine to git ober it!"  
"I hope so, Jake," was my reply in a weak voice; but feeble though it was, it roused the faithful fellow into a transport of delight, and he continued to utter his cheering ejaculations.  
I was able to raise my head and look around. It was a dreary spectacle that on all sides greeted my eyes, and there was plenty of light wherewith to view it.  
The forest was still on fire, burning with a continued roar, as of thunder, or a mighty wind, varied with hissing noises and a loud crackling that resembled the platoon-firing of musketry. One might have fancied it the fusillade of the Indians, but that was impossible. They must long since have retreated before the spreading circle of that all-consuming conflagration.  
There was less flame than when I had last looked upon it; and less smoke in the atmosphere.—The dry foliage had been suddenly reduced to a cinder, and the twigsy fragments had fallen to the earth, where they lay in a dense bed of glowing embers.  
Out of his rose the tall trunks, half stripped of their branches, and all on fire. The crisp scaling bark had caught freely, and the resinous sap-wood was readily yielding to the flames. Many trees had burnt far inward, and looked like huge columns of iron heated to redness. The spectacle presented an aspect of the infernal.  
The sense of feeling, too might have suggested fancies of the infernal world. The heat was intense; the atmosphere quivered with the drifting caloric. The hair had crisped upon my head; my skin had the feel of blistering, and the air I inhaled resembled

steam from the scape-pipe of an engine.  
Instinctively, I looked for my comrades. A group of a dozen or more were upon the open ground near the edge of the pond, but these were not all. There should have been nearer fifty. Where were the others? Had they perished in the flames? Where were they?  
Mechanically, I put the question to Jake.  
"Thar, massr," he replied, pointing downward. "Tha' be all safe yet—ebbery one ob um, I believe."  
I looked across the surface of the pond: three dozen roundish objects met my glance; they were the heads of my companions.  
Like my own, their bodies were submerged, most of them to the very neck. They had thus placed themselves to shun the smoke, as well as the broiling heat.  
But the others—they on the bank—why had they not also availed themselves of this cunning precaution? Why were they still standing exposed to the fierce heat, and amid the drifting clouds of smoke?  
The latter had grown thin and gauze-like. The forms of the men were seen distinctly through it, magnified as in a mist. Like giants, they were striding over the ground, and the guns in their hands appeared of colossal proportions.  
Their gestures were abrupt, and their whole bearing shewed they were in a state of half-frenzied excitement. It was natural enough, amid the circumstances that surrounded them. I saw they were the principal men of our party. I saw Hickman and Weatherford among them, both gesticulating freely. No doubt they were debating how we should act.  
This was the conjecture I derived from my first glance; but a further survey of the group convinced me I was in error.  
It was no deliberation about our future plans. In the lull, between the volleys of the crackling pines, I could hear their voices.—They were those of men engaged in deadly dispute—especially the voices of Hickman and Weatherford, that reached the ear in conclamation, both speaking in a tone that betokened some desperate feeling of indignation.  
(To be continued.)

cranes and her steward, Elizabeth led the poor girl through the secret passage to the cottage, and after murdering her, bathed in her blood. Not satisfied with the first essay, at different intervals, by the aid of these accomplices, and the secret passage, no less than three hundred maidens were sacrificed on the altar of vanity and superstition.  
Several years had been occupied in this pitiless slaughter, and no suspicion of the truth was excited, though the greatest amazement pervaded the country at the disappearance of so many persons. At last, however, Elizabeth called into play against her two passions even stronger than vanity and cunning. Love and revenge became interested in the discovery of the mystery. Among the victims of Csejta was a beautiful virgin who was beloved by and betrothed to a young man of the neighborhood. In despair at the loss of his mistress, he followed her traces with such perseverance that, a spite of the hitherto successful contrivance of the murderers, he penetrated the bloody secrets of the castle, and burning for revenge, flew to Presburg, boldly accused Elizabeth Bahort of murder, before the palatine in open court, and demanded judgment against her. So grave an accusation brought against a person of such high rank, demanded the most serious attention, and the palatine undertook to investigate the affair in person. Proceeding immediately to Csejta, before the murderer or her accomplices had any idea of the accusation, he discovered the still warm body of a young girl, whom they had been destroying as the palatine approached, and had not time to dispose of before he apprehended them. The rank of Elizabeth mitigated her punishment to imprisonment for life, but her assistants were burnt at the stake.  
Legal documents still exist to attest the truth of this circumstance. Paget, a distinguished traveller, who visited Csejta about twenty years ago, says: "With this tale fresh in our minds, we ascended the long hill gained the castle, and wandered over its deserted ruins. The shades of evening were just spreading over the valley, the bare, grey walls stood up against the red sky, the solemn stillness of evening reigned over the scene; and as two ravens, which had made their nests on the castle's highest towers, came towards it, winging their heavy flight, and wheeling once round, each cawing a hoarse welcome to the other, alighted on their favorite turret, I could have fancied them the spirits of the two crones, condemned to haunt the scene of their former crimes, while their infernal mistress was cursed by some more wretched doom."

### THE BATH OF BLOOD.

About the year 1610, Elizabeth Bathori, sister to the King of Poland and wife of a rich and powerful Hungarian magnate, was the principal actor in the most singular and horrible tragedy mentioned in history. She occupied the castle of Csejta, in Transylvania. Like most other ladies of that period, she was surrounded by a troop of young girls generally the daughters of poor but noble parents, who lived in honorable servitude; in return for which their education was cared for, and their dowry secured. Elizabeth was of a severe and cruel disposition, and her hand-maidens led no joyous life. Slight faults are said to have been punished by most merciless tortures.  
One day, as the lady of Csejta was admiring at the mirror those charms which that faithful monitor told her were fast waning, she gave way to her ungovernable temper, excited, perhaps, by the mirror's unwelcome hint, and struck her unoffending maid with such force as to draw blood. As she washed from her hands the stain, she fancied the part which the blood had touched grew whiter, softer, and, as it were, younger. Imbued with the credulity of the age, she believed she had discovered what so many philosophers had wasted years in seeking for. She supposed that in a virgin's blood she had found the *elixir vite*, the fountain of never-fading youth and beauty. Remorseless by nature, and now urged on by irrepensible vanity, she thought no sooner flashed across her brain than her resolution was taken: the life of her luckless hand-maiden was not to be compared with the precious boon her death promised to secure. Elizabeth, however, was wary as well as cruel. At the foot of the rock on which Csejta stood was a small cottage, inhabited by two old women; and between the cellar of this cottage and the castle was a subterranean passage, known only to one or two persons, and never used but in times of danger. With the aid of these old

### THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN—BROSE AND BUTTER.

The licentiousness and thoughtlessness of King Charles II. have become proverbial, and his good nature, which qualified these, but ill atones for his ingratitude to those who suffered for it, and perseverance in his cause. When he remained in Scotland, suffering the rebuke and censure of austere Presbyterianism, before the battle of Worcester [1651], his chief confidant and associate was the Laird of Cockpen, called by the nicknaming manners of those times "Blythe Cockpen." Cockpen followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scottish tunes and his sagacity and wit much delighted his merry monarch. Charles's favorite tune was "Brose and Butter." It was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened by it. At the Restoration [1660], however, Blythe Cockpen was forgotten, and he wandered upon the lands which he once owned in Scotland, poor and unfriended. Cockpen wrote to the Court, but his letters were never presented, or were not regarded.—Wearied and incensed, he travelled to London, and placed himself in all public places, thinking the eye of his Majesty might reach him. But he was never noticed, and his mean garb did not suit the rich and embroidered doublets of court; so he was insulted and pushed away from approaching the King's presence. Cockpen then attempted by cunning what he could not accomplish by plain dealing. He ingratiated himself with the King's organist who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and power of music,

that he requested him to play on the organ before the King at Dinner service. Cockpen played with exquisite skill, yet never attracted his Majesty's eye. But at the close of the service, instead of playing the common tune used, he played up "Brose and Butter," with all its energy and characteristic merriment. The organist in a moment was ordered into the presence of Charles. "My liege, it was not me, it was not me!" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. "You!" cried his Majesty, in a delirium of rapture, "you could never play it in your life. Where's the man? Let me see him." Cockpen presented himself on his knees.—"Ah! Cockpen, is that you?—L—man, I was like to dance coming out of the church?" "I once danced too," said Cockpen; "but that was when I had laid of my own to dance on." "Come with me," said the King, taking him by the hand, "you shall dance to 'Brose and Butter' on your own hands again to the nineteenth generation," and he was as good as his promise.—Notes and Queries.

### THE CURATE WHO MENDED CLOCKS.

A curate in the south of France was accused before his bishop of degrading his sacred function by mending clocks for hire. "Does he neglect his official duties?" said the bishop. "No," replied those who had brought the impeachment; "he is a good preacher and a good man, kind to the poor attentive in administering to the afflicted." But it seems scandalous to us that the holy office should be desecrated by mechanical labors and sordid gains. "Summon him before me," said the bishop. The curate obeyed the summons, and stood before the bishop.  
"Monsieur le Cure," said the bishop, "I have received a grave charge against you. It is said that you degrade the priestly function by mechanical and mercenary labors." "It is not to be denied, my lord," replied the curate, "that I have performed such labors. My salary was so small as scarcely to suffice to keep soul and body together, and left nothing for hospitality and charity. Having a mechanical turn, I have attempted, as far as I could do so without infringing on my ministerial duties, to piece out my scanty income by mending clocks, for which I did not disdain to receive a compensation."  
"Your own confession," replied the bishop, "renders further process unnecessary. I cannot permit the holy office to be associated with a trade. The care of souls demands all our time and thoughts. It becomes my duty to administer to you an effectual admonition to devote yourself in future wholly to your ministry. You will find your sentence in this paper."  
So saying, he handed to him a paper which he had the meanwhile been writing. The poor curate took the fulmination of episcopal wrath and withdrew. When he opened it, he found it a presentation to a handsome living.  
Some American congregations would do well to act on the principle which prompted the bishop to this just and wholesome act of severity.  
The best way to prevent the desecration of the sacred office by incompatible pursuits is to make it unnecessary.

### A PLEASANT ITEM FOR LOVERS OF CHAMPAGNE.

An American traveller in the streets of Paris, seeing the words, "Wine baths given here," exclaimed:  
"Well! these French are a luxurious people." Then, with true Yankee curiosity, and the feeling that he could afford whatever any one else did, walked in and demanded a wine bath.  
"Feeling wonderfully refreshed after it, and having to pay but five francs, he asked in some astonishment, how a wine bath could be afforded so cheaply. His able attendant who had been a slave in Virginia, and enjoyed a sly bit of humor, replied: "O, mass, we jest pass it along into another room, where we gib baths at four francs."  
"Then you throw it away, I suppose?"  
"No, mass; den we send it lower down, and charge three francs a bath. Dar's plenty of people who ain't so berry particular, who will bathe in it after this, at two francs a head." "Den, mass, we let the common people hab it at a franc apiece."  
"Then of course you throw it away," exclaimed the traveler, who thought that was going beyond even Yankee profit.  
"No, indeed, mass, was the indignant reply, accompanied by a profound bow; no, indeed, mass, we are not so stragant as dat comes to; we bottle it up, den, and send it to 'Merica for champagne."  
Years are the sum of hours, Vain is it at wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."  
Tears are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigor. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.