

Reformers in Vaughan  
Meeting in Southwell  
W. P. Howland

FARMING OPERATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

From the American Agriculturist.

November is the finishing month of the season. Indeed very little farm work, save digging and storing the late turnips, should be left until now, in some localities a portion of the corn is still unhusked, and the grain is not all threshed. Both of these need early attention, and then having put all the tools away, so that no unlooked for snow shall bury one here and another there, and having repaired the buildings against the biting winds and frost, the farmer may rest quietly even if the sheet comes driving against the window at night. He is prepared for winter.

Buildings, including those for man and beast, should be put in complete winter order. This is one of the best months for outside painting of buildings and fences. Cattle are now almost solely dependent upon man for their food at the North; let it be given them with regularity, just sufficient for their wants, but none to waste. A good hay or straw cutter should be in every barn, and if capable of cutting corn stalks, so much the better. For twenty or thirty cattle and pigs, a steam apparatus will pay. Complete fattening the beaves as early as possible, before half the food is exhausted in keeping them warm. Give all animals a good bedding of some sort, both to promote and increase the manure heap.

Cellars—Keep ventilated as late in the season as can be done with safety. See that the water drain is perfect. Towards the close of the month, make everything secure against frost.

Cisterns and Wells for house and barn may well be built, if not already provided.

Corn—If any is standing, cut it up. Finish husking as soon possible, before cold weather and winter rains set in. Save the fodder with care, and put away the husked corn where it will dry thoroughly. Seed should have been saved last month. If omitted, select it at once.

Drainage is always in season, when the ground is not frozen or wet, until all swales, swamps or low grounds are made the most productive portions of the farm.

Fruit—The late apples and pears must now be taken into the cellar, as a cold snap might freeze them.

Grain—Thrash the remaining as fast as practicable, and save all the straw to feed or bed with through the winter; it will be needed this year. Cut straw, moistened and mixed with Indian meal, forms excellent feed for cattle and horses. See that the best grain is kept for seed.

Hogs—As with beaves complete their fattening early. This will be the killing month in many parts of the country; let the animals be fat when slaughtered.

Horses and Mules—Feed with cut hay and straw, adding a little meal or carrots. Have them well shod as icy weather approaches. Provide blankets and use them. Give a good bedding at night. If standing on a plank floor, cover with several inches of muck, spent tan or saw dust both to absorb the moisture and make a soft standing place. Ventilate well, using plaster to take up the strong smelling ammonia.

Permanent improvements may now be made to good advantage, while waiting the approach of Winter. A few rocks need sinking or blasting; stumps may be removed; stones may be picked up and laid into permanent fences, hedges cleared up, etc. These labors can profitably use up all the spare time.

Plow clayey lands just before the Winter sets in. Insects will be turned up to frost, and the freezing and thawing of the tops and sides of the tops and sides of the furrows will pulverize the soil.

Poultry—Provide them with warm quarters for Winter. A barn or other cellar where they can have gravel to scratch in, is desirable, allowing them access to the sun. Give them animal food, refuse meat, with boiled potatoes and raw cabbage. Keep roosts clean.

Pumpkins feed out freely to fattening animals and milch cows. Put some of the rest in a dry place, and beyond the reach of frost, for Winter keeping.

Sheep will find some green food in the pastures, but will soon need a foddering at night, in colder localities. Let them begin Winter in good flesh.

Winter Grain—Permit none of it to be eaten off at this season. The late growth is needed to protect the roots. See that no water stands, or can stand on the fields.

Wood for fuel, especially "down stuff," may be collected and piled this month much better than after a covering of snow. Pile it conveniently to load upon a sled, or cart it home upon wheels while the travelling is good.

In the ordinary farm garden there is something yet to do, while the market gardener will find plenty of work, in finishing the labors of the present season and preparing for the next.

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## Literature.

### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY C. W. HOLMES.  
Her hands are cold; her face is white;  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light;  
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.  
But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
A slender cross of wood alone;  
Shall say that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And grey old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows around  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.  
When e'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
And ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.  
For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of spring  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.  
When turning round their dial track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little crockets, glad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.  
At last the rosettes of the trees  
Shall flud the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—  
So may the soul that warmed it rise!  
If any horn of kindler blood,  
Should ask: What maiden lies below?  
Say only this: A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom on the snow  
Lies with red where the violets blow.

### OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

But the prospect before us was even as gloomy as that around us. While our dread of the fire declined, that of our human foes increased in an inverse proportion. We had but little hope of getting off without an encounter. They could traverse the woods as soon as we, and were certain to be on the look-out. With them the account was still to be settled—the gauntlet yet to be run. But we had grown fiercer and more fearless. The greatest coward of our party had become brave, and no one voted either for skulking or hanging back. Stand or fall, we had resolved upon keeping together, and cutting our way through the hostile lines, or dying in the attempt. It was but the old programme, with a slight change in the *mise en scene*. We waited only for another night to carry the plan into execution. The woods would scarcely be as 'cool' as we might have desired, but hunger was again hurrying us. The horse—a again one—had disappeared. Fifty starved stomachs are hard to satisfy. The bones lay around, clean picked—those that contained marrow, broken into fragments, and emptied of their contents. Even the hideous saurian was a skeleton! A more disgusting spectacle was presented by the bodies of the two criminals. The heat had swollen them to enormous proportions, and decomposition had already commenced. The air was loaded with that horrid effluvia peculiar to the dead body of a human being. Our comrades who fell in the fight had been interred; and there had been some talk of performing the like office for the others. No one objected, but none volunteered to take the trouble. In such cases, men are overpowered by an extreme apathy; and this was chiefly the reason why the bodies of the two spies were left uninterred. With eyes bent anxiously towards the west, we awaited the going down of the sun. So long as his bright orb was above the horizon, we could only guess at the condition of the forest that was still burning, and point out the direction we should take. The fire itself would guide us to slumming it. Twilight found us on the tip-toe of expectation, and not without hope. There was but little noise among the scathed pines; the smoke appeared slighter than we had yet observed it. All believed that the fires were nearly out, and that the time had arrived when we could pass through them. An unexpected circumstance put this point beyond conjecture. While we stood waiting, the rain began to fall—at first, in big solitary drops; but in a few minutes it came pouring down as if all heaven's fountains had been opened together. We hailed the phenomenon with joy; it appeared an omen in our favour. The men could hardly be restrained from setting forth at

once; but the more cautious counselled the rest to patience, and we stood awaiting the deeper darkness. The rain continued to pour, its clouds hastening the night. As it darkened, scarcely a spark appeared among the trees. 'It is dark enough,' urged the impatient. The others assented; and all started forth into the black bosom of the ruined forest. We moved silently along, each tightly grasping his gun, and holding it ready for use. Mine was carried in one hand—the other rested in a sling. In this plight I was not alone; half-a-dozen of my comrades had been also 'winged'; and together we kept in the rear. The better men marched in front, Hickman and Weatherford acting as guides. The rain beat down upon us—there was no longer a foliage to intercept it. As we walked under the burnt branches, the black char was driven against our faces, and as quickly washed off again. Most of the men were bareheaded; their caps were over the locks of their guns to keep them dry; some sheltered their priming with the skirts of their coats. In this manner we had advanced nearly half a mile—we knew not in what direction; no guide could have found a path through such a forest. We only endeavored to keep straight on, with the view of getting beyond our enemies. So long unmoistened, we had begun to hope. Alas, it was a momentary gleam! we were underrating the craft of our red foe.

They had been watching us all the time—had dogged our steps, and, at some distance off, were marching on both sides of us in two parallel lines. While dreaming of safety, we were actually in their midst.

The flashes of a hundred guns through the misty rain—the whistling of as many bullets—was the first intimation we had of their proximity. Several fell under the volley—some returned the fire—a few thought only of flight. Uttering their shrill cries, the savages closed in upon us; in the darkness, they appeared to outnumber the trees.

Save the occasional report of a pistol, no other shots were heard or fired—no one thought of reloading. The foe was upon us before there was time to draw a ramrod. The knife and hatchet were to be the arbiters of the fight.

The struggle was sanguinary as it was short; many of our brave fellows met their death, but each killed his foe—some two or three—before falling. We were soon vanquished. How could it be otherwise? The enemy was five to one. They were fresh and strong—we weak with hunger—almost emaciated—many of us wounded: how could it be otherwise?

I saw but little of the conflict—perhaps no one saw more; it was a struggle amidst obscurity—darkness almost opaque. With only one hand—and that the left—I was quite helpless. I fired my rifle at random, and had contrived to draw a pistol; but the blow of a tomahawk hindered me from using it, at the same time striking me senseless to the earth.

I was only stunned; and when my senses returned to me, I perceived that the conflict was over. Dark as it was, I could see a number of black objects lying near me upon the ground; they were the bodies of the slain. Some were my late comrades—others their foes—in many instances locked in each other's embrace. Red Indians were stooping over, as if separating them. On the former they were executing their hideous rite of vengeance—they were scalping them.

A group was nearer—the individuals who composed it were standing erect. One in their midst appeared to issue commands; even in the gray light I could distinguish three waving plumes. Again Oceola!

I was not free, or at that moment I should have rushed forward and grappled him—vain though the effort might have been. But I was not free. Two savages knelt over me, as if guarding me against escape. I perceived the black near at hand, still alive, and similarly cared for. Why had they not killed us? A man approached the spot where

we lay. It was not he with the ostrich plumes, though the latter appeared to have sent him. As he drew near, I perceived that he carried a pistol: my hour was come. The man stooped over me, and placed the weapon close to my ear. To my astonishment, he fired it into the air!

I thought he had missed me, and would try again. But this was not his purpose; he only wanted a light. While the powder was ablaze, I caught a glance of the countenance. It was an Indian's. I thought I had seen it before; and from some expression the man made use of, he appeared to know me. He passed rapidly away, and proceeded to the spot where Jake was held captive. The pistol must have had two barrels, for I heard him fire it again, stooping in a similar manner over the prostrate form of the black.

He then rose, and called out: 'It is they—both alive.' The information appeared meant for him of the black plumes, for the moment it was given, the latter uttered some exclamation I did not comprehend, and then walked away.

His voice produced a singular impression upon me. I fancied it did not sound like Oceola's. We were kept upon the ground only for a few minutes longer, until some horses were brought up. Upon two of them Jake and I were mounted, and fast tied to the saddles. The word to advance was then given; and, with an Indian riding on each side of us, we were conducted away through the woods.

THE THREE BLACK PLUMES. We journeyed throughout the whole night. The burnt woods were left behind; and, having crossed a savanna, we passed for several hours under a forest of giant oaks, palms, and magnolias. I knew this by the fragrance of the magnolia blossoms, that, after the fetid atmosphere we had been breathing, smelt sweet and refreshing.

Just as day was breaking, we arrived at an opening in the woods, where our captives halted. The opening was of small extent—a few acres only—bounded on all sides by a thick growth of palms, magnolias, and live-oaks. Their foliage drooped to the ground, so that the glade appeared encompassed by a vast wall of green, through which no outlet was discernible.

In the gray light I perceived the outlines of an encampment. There were two or three tents with horses picketed around them, and human forms—some upright and moving about, others recumbent upon the grass, singly or in clusters, as if sleeping together for mutual warmth. A large fire was burning in the midst, and around it were men and women seated and standing.

To the edge of this camp we had been carried, but no time was left us for observation. On the instant after halting, we were dragged roughly from our saddles, and flung prostrate upon the grass. We were next turned upon our backs, things were tied around our wrists and ankles, our arms and limbs were drawn out to their full extent, and we were thus staked firmly to the ground, like a pair of hides spread out to be dried.

Of course, in this attitude we could see no more of the camp, nor the trees, nor the earth itself—only the blue heavens above us. Under any circumstances, the position would have been painful, but my wounded arm rendered it excruciating.

Our arrival had set the camp in motion. Men came out to meet us, and women crowded over us as we lay on our backs. There were Indian squaws among them, but to my surprise I noticed that most of them were of African race—mulattoes, zambos, and negroes!

For some time they stood over, jeering and taunting us. They even proceeded to inflict torture—they spat on us, pulled out handfuls of our hair by the roots, and stuck sharp thorns into our skins—all the while yelling with a fiendish delight, and jabbering an unintelligible patois, that appeared a mixture of Spanish and Yemassee.

My fellow-captive fared as badly as myself. Homo-geneousness of colour elicited no sympathy from

these female fiends. Black and white were alike the victims of their hellish spite. Part of their jargon I was able to comprehend. Aided by a slight acquaintance with the Spanish tongue, I made out what was intended to be done with us. The knowledge was far from affording consolation: We had been brought to the camp to be tortured.

We were sufficiently tortured already; but it was not all we were destined to undergo. We were to be the victims of a grand spectacle, and these infernal hags were exulting in the prospect of the sport our sufferings should afford them. For this only had we been captured, instead of being killed.

Into whose horrid hands had we fallen? Were they human beings? Were they Indians?—Could they be Seminoles, whose behaviour to their captives had hitherto repelled every insinuation of torture?

A shout arose, as if in answer to my questions. The voices of all around were mingled in the cry, but the words were the same: 'Mulatto-mico! mulatto-mico! Viva, mulatto-mico!' The trampling of many hoofs announced the arrival of a band of horsemen. They were those who had been engaged in the fight—who had conquered and made us captive. Only half-a-dozen guards had been with us on the night-march, and had reached the camp along with us. The new-comers were the main body—who had stayed upon the field of battle to complete the despoliation of their fallen foes.

I could not see them, though they were near. I heard their horses trampling around. I lay listening to that significant shout: 'Mulatto-mico! Viva, mulatto-mico!' To me the words were full of terrible import. The phrase 'mulatto-mico' was not new to me, and I heard it with a feeling of dread. But it was scarcely possible to increase apprehensions already excited to their highest. A horrid fate was before me. The presence of the fiend himself could not have made it more certain.

My fellow-victim shared my thoughts. We were near, and could converse. On comparing our conjectures, we found that they exactly coincided. But the point was soon settled beyond conjecture. A harsh voice sounded in our ears, issuing an abrupt order that scattered the women away. A heavy footstep was heard behind—the speaker was approaching. In another instant his shadow fell over my face; and Yellow Jake himself stood within the circle of my vision.

Despite the pigments that disguised the natural colour of his skin—despite the beaded shirt, the sash, the embroidered leggings—despite the three black plumes that waved over his brow, I easily identified the man.

BURIED AND BURNED. We had both been expecting him. The cry mulatto-mico, and afterwards the voice—still remembered—had warned us of his coming. I expected to gaze upon him with dread. Strange it may appear, but such was not the case. On the contrary, I beheld him with a feeling akin to joy—joy at the sight of those three black plumes that nodded above his scowling temples.

For a moment I marked not his angry frowns, nor the wicked triumph that sparkled in his eye. The ostrich feathers were alone the objects of my regard—the eyepiece upon the crest of the 'mulatto king' elucidated a world of mystery; foul suspicion was plucked from out my bosom; the preserver of my life, the hero of my heart's admiration, was still true—Oceola was still true!

In the momentary exultation of this thought, I almost forgot the peril that surrounded me; but the voice of the mulatto once more roused me to a consciousness of my situation. 'Cargo!' cried he, in a tone of malignant triumph. 'Al fin vengeance!—(At last vengeance.) Both too—white and black—master and slave—my tyrant, and my rival!—Ha, ha!' 'Me tie to tree!' continued he, after a burst of hoarse laughter;

'me burn, eh? burnt 'live? Your turn come now—trees plenty here. But no; I teach you better plan. Carrambo, si! far better plan.—Tie to tree, captive something 'scape, ha, ha! Sometime 'scape, eh! ha, ha, ha!' 'Before burn you, me shew you sight. Ho, there!' he shouted, motioning to some of the bystanders to come near. 'Untie hands—raise 'em up—both—face turn to camp—basta! basta! that do.—Now, white rascal—black rascal, look—what see yonder?' As he issued these orders, several of his creatures pulled up the stakes that had picketed down our arms, and raising us into a sitting posture, moved our bodies round till our faces bore full upon the camp.

It was now broad daylight—the sun shined brightly in the heavens. Under such a light, every object in the camp was distinctly visible—the tents—the horses—the motley crowd of human occupants. We regarded not these: on two forms alone our eyes rested—the well-known forms of my sister and Viola. They were close together, as I had seen them once before—Viola seated, with head drooping; while that of Virginia rested in her lap. The hair of both was hanging in dishevelled masses, the black tresses of the maid mingling with the golden locks of her mistress.—They were surrounded by guards, and appeared unconscious of our presence.

This was but for a time. One was dispatched to give them notice of it. As the information was imparted, we saw them start, and look inquiringly around. In another instant, their eyes were upon us. A thrilling scream announced that we were recognized. Both cried out together. I heard my sister's voice pronouncing my name. I called to her in return. I saw her spring to her feet, toss her arms wildly above her head, and attempt to rush towards me. I saw the guard taking hold of her, and rudely dragging her back. Oh, it was a painful sight! Death itself would have been easier to endure.

We were allowed to look upon them no longer. Suddenly jerked upon our backs, our wrists were once more staked to the ground, and we were left in our former recumbent attitude. Painful as were our reflections, we were not allowed to indulge in them alone. The mulatto continued to stand over us, taunting us with spiteful words, and, worse than all, making gross allusions to my sister and Viola. Oh, it was horrible to hear! Molten lead poured into our ears could scarcely have tortured us more.

It was almost a relief when he desisted from speech, and we saw him commence making preparations for our execution. We knew that the hour was nigh—for he himself said so, as he issued the orders to his fellows. Some horrible mode of death had been promised; but what it was, we were yet in ignorance.

Not long did we remain so. Several men were seen approaching the spot, with spades and pickaxes in their hands. They were negroes—old field hands—and knew how to use such implements. They stopped near us, and commenced digging up the ground. O God! were we to be buried alive? This was the conjecture that first suggested itself.

If true, it was terrible enough; but it was not true. The monster had designed for us a still more horrible death! Silently, and with the solemn air of grave-diggers, the men worked on. The mulatto stood over directing them. He indulged in high glee, occasionally calling to us in mockery, and boasting how skillfully he should perform the office of executioner. The women and savage warriors clustered round, laughing at his sallies, or contributing their quota of grotesque wit, at which they uttered yells of demonic laughter. We might easily have fancied ourselves in the infernal regions, in the midst of a crowd of gibbering fiends, who every moment bent over, grinning down upon us, as if they draw delight from our anguish.

(To be continued.)

If a man marry a shrew are we to suppose he is shrewed.

EARTHLY CARES.—Oh, the multitude of thoughts and cares this world needlessly devours! We keep ourselves in such a continual hurry and crowd of cares, thoughts, and employments about the concern of the body, that we can find little time to be alone communing with our hearts about our great concerns in eternity. As it was with Archimedes, who was so intent in drawing his mathematical schemes that though all the city was in alarm, the enemy had taken it by storm, the streets filled with dreadful cries and dead bodies, the soldiers came into his particular house, may entered his very study, and plucked him by the sleeve, before he took any notice; even so, many men's hearts are so profoundly immersed and drowned in earthly cares, thoughts, projects or pleasures, that death must come to their very houses, yea, and pull them by the sleeve, and tell them its errand, before they will begin to awake and come to a serious consideration of things more important.—Havel.

LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY. 'I wish I knew where I could get a cent I do. Blast if I don't emigrate to Kamschatka and dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit; can't live by neither—at least I can't. Sold the last old shirt, pawned my boots for three cents, and went home rich as a lord. Told my landlady I had a hundred thousand dollars, and wanted the best room in the house. Insulted me by saying the attic was good enough for me. 'I'm an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society any harm as I know on. I don't rob widder's houses. I don't know no widder. I don't put the bottle to my neighbour's lips. I ain't got no neighbors; and the fact is, I don't own no bottles. Couldn't 'ill 'em if I did. 'I'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say I ever hurt 'em—nobody; and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head beneath. My old landlady rated me—why? I couldn't pay, and left. 'Cause why? ain't it better to dwell in the corner of the house top than with a brawling woman in a wide house? But I ain't got any house-top; and if I had, a corner wouldn't be safe, would it? 'I'm a desprit man. I'd go to work if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afeared of taking bread out of somebody's mouth. Besides wisdom's the principal thing; don't the good book say so? What's money to wisdom? Ain't I studying character? If a man kicks because I can't pay for my licker, ain't I getting understanding? Ain't I a lesson in human nature? I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going to pay, I wonder? I'm tired of waiting.'

IT COMES NATURALLY. A school teacher relates the following amusing incident. One day I saw a little fellow with his arms around a witch of a girl, endeavoring if I manifested right, to kiss her. 'Tommy,' said I, 'what are you doing there?' 'Nothing, thir,' said Tommy. 'He wath trying to kith me' that he wath, thir,' said the bright-eyed little girl; and she eyed him keenly. 'Why, Lucy, what prompted him to net so ungentlemanly, right here in school?' said I anticipating some fun. 'Oh he hitched up here and wanted me to kith him and I told him I wouldn't kith thuch a thathy boy ath he ith; then he thied he'd kith me, and I told him he darthn't; but he thied he would do it, and I told him I'd tell the matther, but he thied he did not care a thump for the matther, and then he tried to kith me hard,' and the little thing sighed. 'Why didn't you tell me as soon as you could?' I asked, in a pleasant manner. 'Oh she replied, 'I didn't care muth if he did kith me and tho I let him.'

GRAY HAIRS.—A gray hair was spied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours, a few days ago. 'Oh, pull it out,' she exclaimed. 'If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeral,' replied the lady who had made the unwelcome discovery, 'I'lluck it out nevertheless,' said the dark-haired 'damsel, 'it is no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral provided they all come in black.'