

Literature.

"NOTHING ELSE BUT HEAVEN."

When dying, Melancthon was affectionately asked by an attendant, if he would have anything else. He replied, *Nihil aliud nisi celum*—"Nothing else but heaven."

There's nothing else but Heaven,
That can relieve me now;
This is no breath of even
I feel upon my brow;
It is the pulse of angel's wings—
I am distinct from earthly things.

No! nothing else but Heaven!
And that glows on my eyes;
To rapt vision given,
Descending from the skies;
For things material I've no sight,
But all my being's full of light!

No! nothing else but Heaven!
It's set up in my soul;
Though oft in purpose riven,
And thwarted from its goal;
It only waits the Father's time
To loosen for the upper clime.

No! nothing else but Heaven!
And that kept for me;
For me by tumult driven
Upon Time's angry sea?
Shall I be anchored in His love,
Erewhile by the blast above?

Yes! nothing else but Heaven!
What more could I ever ask,
If but to him 'tis given
Within His smile to bask!
What more to make eternal bliss,
Than being there where Jesus is?

OCCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

witnessed, it shone with the brilliancy of fire.

The admixture of Caucasian blood had tamed down the prominence of Indian features to a perfect regularity, without robbing them of their heroic grandeur of expression; and the black hair was finer than that of the pure native, though equally shining and luxuriant. In short, the *tout ensemble* of this strange youth was that of a noble and handsome boy, that another brace of summers would develop into a splendid-looking man. Even as a boy, there was an individuality about him, that, when once seen, was not to be forgotten.

I have said that his costume was Indian. So was it—purely Indian—not made up altogether of the spoils of the chase, for the buckskin is long ceased to be of the wear of the aborigines of Florida. His moccasins alone were of dressed deer's hide; and his leggings were of scarlet cloth; and his tunic of figured cotton stuff—all three elaborately beaded and embroidered. With these he wore a wampum belt, and a fillet encircled his head, above which rose erect three plumes from the tail of the king vulture—which among Indians is an eagle. Around his neck were strings of party-coloured beads, and upon his breast three demi-lunes of silver, suspended one above the other.

Thus was the youth attired; and, despite the soaking which his garments had received, he presented an aspect at once noble and picturesque.

"You are sure you have received no injury?" I inquired for the second time.

"Quite sure—not the slightest injury."

"But you are wet through and through; let me offer you a change of clothes: mine, I think, would about fit you."

"Thank you. I should not know how to wear them. The sun is strong: my own will soon be dry again."

"You will come up to the house, and eat something?"

"I have eaten but a short while ago, I thank you. I am not in need."

"Some wine?"

"Again I thank you—water is my only drink."

I scarcely knew what to say to my new acquaintance. He refused all my offers of hospitality, and yet he remained by me. He would not accompany me to the house; and still he shewed no signs of taking his departure.

Was he expecting something else? A reward for his services? Something more substantial than complimentary phrases?

The thought was not unnatural. Handsome as was the youth, he was but an Indian. Of compliments he had had enough. Indians care little for idle words. It might be that he, waited for something more: it was but natural for one in his condition to do so, and equally natural for one in mine to think so.

In an instant my purse was out; in the next, it was in his hands—and in the next it was at the bottom of the pond!

"I did not ask you for money," said he, as he flung the dollars indignantly into the water.

I felt pique and shame; the latter predominated. I plunged into the pond, and dived under the surface. It was not after my purse, but my rifle, which I saw lying upon the rocks at the bottom. I gained the piece, and, carrying it ashore, handed it to him.

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

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The peculiar smile with which he received it, told me that I had well corrected my error, and subdued his capricious pride.

"It is my turn to make reparation," said he. "Permit me to restore you your purse, and to ask pardon for my rudeness."

Before I could interpose he sprang into the water, and dived below the surface. He soon recovered the shining object, and returning to the bank, placed it in my hands.

"This is a splendid gift," he said, handing the rifle, and examining it—'a splendid gift; and I must return home before I can offer you ought in return. We Indians have not much that the white man values—only our lands, I have been told—he uttered this phrase with peculiar emphasis.

"Our rude manufactures," continued he, are worthless things when put in comparison with those of your people—they are but curiosities to you at best. But stay—you are a hunter? Will you accept a pair of moccasins and a bullet-pouch? Maumee makes them well!"

"Maumee?"

"My sister. You will find the moccasin better for hunting than those heavy shoes you wear: the tread is more silent."

"Above all things, I should like to have a pair of your moccasins."

"I am rejoiced that it will gratify you. Maumee shall make them, and the pouch too."

"Maumee? I mentally echoed. 'Strange, sweet name! Can it be she?'"

I was thinking of a bright being that had crossed my path—a dream—a heavenly vision—for it seemed too lovely to be of the earth.

While wandering in the woods, amid perfumed groves, had this vision appeared to me—in the form of an Indian maiden. In a flowery glade, I saw her—one of those spots in the southern forest which nature adorns so profusely. She appeared to form part of the picture.

One glance had I, and she was gone. I pursued, but to no purpose. Like a spirit she glided through the dædalian aisles of the grove, and I saw her no more. But though gone from my sight, she passed not out of my memory; ever since had I been dreaming of that lovely apparition. Was it Maumee?

"Your name?" I inquired, as I saw the youth was about to depart.

"I am called Powell by the whites; my father's name—he was white—he is dead. My mother still lives; I need not say she is an Indian."

"I must be gone, sir," continued he after a pause. "Before I leave you, permit me to ask a question. It may appear impertinent, but I have good reason for asking it. Have you among your slaves one who is very bad, one who is hostile to your family?"

"There is such a one. I have reason to believe it."

"Would you know his tracks?"

"I should."

"Then follow me!"

"It is not necessary. I can guess where you would lead me. I know all: he lured the alligator hither to destroy my sister."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the young Indian, in some surprise. "How learned you this, sir?"

"From your rock, I was a witness of the whole transaction. But how did you come to know of it?" I asked in turn.

Only by following the trail—the man—the dog—the alligator. I was hunting by the swamp. I saw the tracks. I suspected something, and crossed the fields. I had reached the thicket when I heard cries. I was just in time. Ugh!"

"You were in good time, else the villain would have succeeded in his intent. Fear not, friend! he shall be punished."

"Good—he should be punished. I hope you and I may meet again."

A few words more were exchanged between us, and then we shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHASE.

About the guilt of the mulatto, I had no longer any doubt. The mere destruction of the fish could not have been his design; he would never have taken such pains to accomplish so trifling a purpose. No; his intent was far more horrid; it comprehended a deeper scheme of cruelty and vengeance; its aim was my sister's life!—Viola's—perhaps both!

Awful as was such a belief, there was no room left to doubt it; every circumstance confirmed it. Even the young Indian had formed the opinion that such was the design.

At this season, my sister was in the habit of bathing almost every day; and that this was her custom was known to all upon the plantation. I had not thought of it when I went in pursuit of the deer, else I should in all probability have acted in a different manner. But who could have suspected such dire villainy?

The cunning of the act quite equalled its malice. By the merest accident, there were witnesses; but had there been none, it is probable the event would have answered the intention, and my sister's life been sacrificed.

Who could have told the author of the crime? The reptile would have been alone responsible. Even suspicion would not have rested upon the mulatto—how could it? The yellow villain had shewn a fiendish craft in his calculation.

I was burning with indignation. My poor innocent sister! Little did she know the foul means that had been made use of to put her in such peril. She was aware that the mulatto liked her not, but never dreamed she that she was the object of such a denigrating spite as this.

The very thoughts of it fired me, as I dwelt upon them. I could restrain myself no longer. The criminal must be brought to punishment, and at once. Some severe castigation must be inflicted upon him—something that would place it beyond his power to repeat such dangerous attempts.

How he would be dealt with, I could not tell—that must be left to my elders to determine. The lash had proved of no avail; perhaps the chain-gang would cure him—at all events, he must be banished off the plantation.

In my own mind, I had not doomed him to death, though truly he deserved it. Indignant as I felt, I did not contemplate this ultimate punishment of crime; used to my father's mild rule, I did not. The lash—the county prison—the chain-gang—at St. Marks or San Augustine: some of these would likely be his reward.

I knew it would not be left to the lenient disposition of my father to decide. The whole community of planters was interested in a matter of this kind. An improvised jury would soon assemble. No doubt harsher judges than his own master would deal with the guilty man.

I stayed not longer to reflect: I was determined his trial should be immediate. I ran towards the house with the intention of declaring his guilt.

In my haste, as before, I did not follow the usual path, which was somewhat circuitous; I made direct through the grove.

I had advanced only a few paces, when I heard a rustling of the leaves near me. I could see no one, but felt sure that the noise was caused by some person skulking among the trees. Perhaps some of the field-hands, taking advantage of the confusion of the hour, and helping himself to a few oranges?

Compared with my purpose, such slight diversion was a matter of no importance, and I did not think worth while to stay and hinder it. I only shouted out; but no one made answer, and I kept on.

On arriving at the rear of the house I found my father in the enclosure by the grand-shed—the overseer too. Old Hickman, the alligator-hunter, was there, and one or two other white men, who had casually come upon business.

In the presence of all, I made the disclosure; and, with as much minuteness as the time would permit, described the strange transaction I had witnessed in the morning.

All were thunderstruck. Hickman at once declared the probability of such a manoeuvre, though no one doubted my words. The only doubt was as to the mulatto's intent.—Could it have been human lives he designed to sacrifice? It seemed too great a wickedness to be believed. It was too horrible even to be imagined!

At that moment all doubts were set at rest. Another testimony was added to mine, which supplied the link of proof that was wanting.—Black Jake had a tale to tell, and told it.

That morning—but half an hour before—he had seen Yellow Jake

climb up into a live oak that stood in one corner of the enclosure. The top of this commanded a view of the pond. It was just at the time that 'white missa' and Viola went to the bath. He was quite sure that about that time they must have been going into the water, and that Yellow Jake must have seen them.

Indignant at his indecorous conduct, the black had shouted to the mulatto to come down from the tree, and threatened to complain upon him. The latter made answer that he was only gathering acorns—the acorns of the live oak are sweet food, and much sought after by the plantation-people. Black Jake, however, was positive that this could not be Yellow Jake's purpose; for the former still continuing to threaten, the latter at length came down, and Black Jake saw no acorns—not one!

"I want! acorn he war arter, Massa Randolph! daat yaller loafa wa'n't arier no good—daat he wa'n't sure sartin."

So concluded the testimony of the groom.

The tale produced conviction in the minds of all. It was no longer possible to doubt of the mulatto's intention, horrible as it was. He had ascended the tree to be witness of the foul deed; he had seen them enter the basin; he knew the danger that was lurking in its waters; and yet he had made no movement to give the alarm. On the contrary, he was among the last who had hastened towards the pond, when the screaming of the girls was summoning all the household to their assistance. This was shewn by the evidence of others. The case was clear against him.

The tale produced a wild excitement. White men and black men, masters and slaves, were equally indignant at the horrid crime; and the cry went round the yard for 'Yellow Jake!'

Some ran one way, some another, in search of him—black, white, and yellow ran together—all eager in the pursuit—all desirous that such a monster should be brought to punishment.

Where was he? His name was called aloud, over and over again, with commands, with threats; but no answer came back. Where was he?

The stables were searched, the shed, the kitchen the cabins—even the corn-crib was ransacked—but to no purpose. Where had he gone?

He had been observed but the moment before—he had assisted in dragging the alligator. The men had brought it into the enclosure, and thrown it to the hogs to be devoured. Yellow Jake had been with them, active as any at the work.—It was but the moment before he had gone away; but where? No one could tell!

At this moment, I remembered the rustling among the orange-trees. It might have been he? If so, he may have overheard the conversation between the young Indian and myself—or the last part of it—and if so, he would now be far away.

I led the pursuit through the orange grove; its recesses were searched; he was not there.

The hommock thickets were next entered, and beaten from one end to the other; still no signs of the missing mulatto.

It occurred to me to climb up to the rock, my former place of observation. I ascended at once to its summit, and was rewarded for my trouble. At the first glance over the fields, I saw the fugitive. He was down between the rows of the indigo plants, crawling upon hands and knees, evidently making for the maize.

I did not stay to observe further, but springing back to the ground, I ran after him. My father, Hickman, and others followed me.

The chase was not conducted in silence—no stratagem was used, and by our shouts the mulatto soon learned that he was seen and pursued. Concealment was no longer possible; and rising to his feet, he ran forward with all his speed.—He soon entered the maize-field, with the hue and cry close upon his heels.

(To be continued.)

According to an account made up from official documents, the number of cigars and cigarettes consumed in France in 1857 was as follows: Havana and Manila cigars, 36,086,500; cigars made in France, 481,071,500; cigarettes, 6,478,000; total, 523,636,000.

Agriculture,

THE ZANTE CURRANT.

From the American Agriculturist.

Many of our readers have seen the imported dried currants, used for cooking in fruit-cake, pies, etc., and they will perhaps be interested to know more of them, especially as a trial of raising them in this country is about being made. We condense the following account principally from a communication sent in by S. P. M., Portland, Me.

Though they have received the name of currants, they are properly a species of *grape*, growing on a vine, and capable of being grafted upon the common grape vine. The fruit grows in clusters, differing from the common grape in being seedless, except one large berry in each bunch, which is called the male currant.

It is said to possess very fine flavor when fresh, being a regular article of desert in the country where it is produced. It is eaten when about three-fourths ripe, and unlike other fruits, is said to be more wholesome before fully maturing.

They are raised in the southern division of Greece (the Morea,) and the adjoining islands, particularly Cephalonia, Ithica, and Zante, from which latter place their name is derived. In Cephalonia alone, our correspondent says, over 9000 acres are cultivated, mostly for exportation.

Our correspondent gives an account of the manner of preparing them for shipping not particularly pleasing to think of, especially to scrupulous housekeepers, who make neatness a cardinal virtue. He says that after being properly dried, the fruit is packed in casks, being trodden down by the unwashed feet of peasant women.

If introduced for cultivation in this country, they would probably not thrive in latitudes north of 36°. They require careful culture, needing abundance of water, so that irrigation is resorted to, in bringing them to perfection. They may be propagated by layers or cuttings in the same manner as the common grape vine, and require six years to come to full bearing; the fruiting, however, commences in about three years. The high prices which the fruit brings, will probably ensure it a pretty thorough trial, and it may prove remunerative, but we do not see promise enough in the plant to warrant a very high current fever.

ARAB HORSES AND STABLES

The following description of Arab horses and stables is extracted from one of the admirable "Letters from Algiers," written under the signature of "Phantom," in the London field.

"The town of Blidah was totally destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1852, and 18,000 persons are supposed to have been buried in its ruins. The survivors retired to the distance of about a mile from the old town, with the intention of raising a new city; however, their love for their old haunts induced them to abandon the idea, and a new town rose from amidst the ruins of the old one. Blidah was renamed the 'Voluptuous' by the inhabitants of Algiers; its situation at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, and its beautiful environs with their stately orange groves, combine to render it a most attractive city. It is here that the Government have placed their establishment for improving the breed of Arab horses. A French officer was so kind as to take us over the stud."

"The civility and genuine good heartiness of all those French gentlemen we had the happiness to become acquainted with, added greatly to the enjoyment of our visit to Algiers, and shall always entertain a lively recollection of the hospitality and consideration shown to us by French friends."

"The stud is composed of about forty horses. There are horses from Syria, Tunis, Morocco, and Algeria. Some of them have been bought for large sums. El Maz, a white Syrian horse, of great strength, and standing about fifteen hands has cost one thousand guineas, and was a present from the Emperor. I was much struck with the symmetry of a little chestnut horse, up to immense weight, called Mahaidia, which was bred near Blidah. During the Spring months, these horses make the tour of the Province so that any of the Arabs may improve the breed of their animals gratis, receiving, at the

same time a certificate of the parentage of the colt. The Stables are all open sheds, having straw blinds in front, which may be let down, as a protection against either wind, rain, or sun. The food of the horses consists of barley straw, with a little barley. They are well cared for, and treated with kindness. Their docility is astonishing. It is a striking sight to see so many entire horses standing in long open sheds with partitions, close together, and fastened with the usual cord, which hobbles them all by the fore-leg.

"As I before observed, the wind of these horses is quite astonishing. Sometimes, in expeditions against the Arabs. The French soldiers have been in the saddle from five A. M., till ten P. M., and performed a distance of eighty-five miles without giving a mouthful of feed to their horses. The horses when on march, never sleep under cover; they are always ready to work, and never all anything. Three things are indispensable to an Arab horse—a good eye, a good foot, and a good appetite. The price given for regimental horses varies from three hundred and fifty to four hundred francs. The Arabs illustrate their estimate of the different colors of horses by the following tale:—A chief of a tribe was once pursued by his enemies. He said to his son: 'My son, drop to the rear, and tell me the color of the horses of our foe—and may Allah burn his Grandfather! 'White,' was the answer. 'Then we will go south,' said the chief; for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of a white horse will not stand in a protracted chase? Again the chief said, 'My son, what colored horse pursues us?' 'Black, O, my father.' 'Then we will go amongst the stones and on rocky ground, for the feet of the black horses are not strong.' A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chestnut horses. Then, said the old chief, 'we are lost; who but Allah can deliver us from chestnut horses?' 'Dun or cream-colored horses the Arabs consider worthless, and fit for only Jews to ride. They say also that a flea bitten horse is never a bad one."

CURE FOR SCRATCHES.—When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean and rubbed as dry as may be, then apply good vinegar, rubbing it well to the skin. Two applications a day are sufficient. It has always been found a sure preventative and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore apply the vinegar freely, and add a piece of copperas the size of a common hickory nut to a quart of vinegar. This receipt is worth more than the price of the *Courier* for one year.

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER.—Another new material for paper has been discovered in a preparation of the remains of the beet root after it has been used in sugar-making and distillation. The process of preparation has been patented, and the experiment made with the material in England are described as having been highly satisfactory. Besides various other advantages claimed for it over other articles used for the same purpose, the fact that it is twenty per cent. cheaper will be a very decisive one in its favor. The beet root is very extensively used in France and Germany for sugar-making, and the remains used for this process can be obtained in great abundance there. It is said that the cartridges made at Woolwich for the British Government are now made of this material, with very great advantage. So many new discoveries of this kind have been announced that the public will be at the outset incredulous of another. The matter, however, can speedily be tested.

PREVENTION OF BORERS IN TREES.—J. N. Van Zandt, Mifflin Co., Pa., recommends removing the earth from around the base of the trunk and killing all the grubs which may be found, then winding strips of wooden cloth [wo like stout paper] around the trunk, from beneath the surface of the ground to say one foot above, covering it well with tar, and returning the soil to its place. He thinks if this be done in the Spring and again coated with tar in July, it will answer for two years.

SPROUTING BLACK LOCUST SEED.—J. P. Lane. Pour boiling water upon them, let them stand until cold, and then plant.

Arts and Sciences.

INVENTIONS OF WAR. A PREVENTION OF WAR.

From the Norfolk News, England.

War has come to be considered now-a-days as a very serious business. Modern potentates think twice before they draw the sword. This reluctance is not caused by philanthropic considerations, nor does it arise from any leaning towards peace principles; but calculations more closely affecting the pocket and the person suggest the desirableness of caution. War is an expensive amusement, and its results, in the most sanguine view, comprise a certain loss and a prize only *perchance*. The money cost of a great war is frightful; the cost in *men* is more frightful still. Sovereigns, however, think most of these items of money and men, is the risk to *thrones*, which war, however carefully managed and limited as to its area, is sure in some instances to involve, particularly at a time when thrones are already shaking, and a mysterious rumbling underneath the soil prognosticates that it will soon prove volcanic. These united considerations, and the last not the least, have told on the Great Powers. Russia, we now learn, is anxious to prevent war, and has suggested a Congress. The belicose Powers, France and Austria, with their fists already doubled for attacks, are at heart cowards, and would prefer a reasonable excuse for not fighting at present. Sardinia, like a plucky bantam, struts about in search of some one to fight with, and has no objection to an antagonist six times bigger than itself. Whilst England, with its experiences in the Crimea and in India, thinks peace very desirable indeed. And Prussia, arm-in-arm between England and Russia, looks like a little man making the most of himself alongside of two sons of Anak. So the five Powers, it is expected, will concur in having a Congress, with a view to prevent a war if possible.

Just at this crisis, and provocative to peace, though assuming a most murderous attitude, come three inventive geniuses of our country, named Armstrong, Werry, and Norton. These three are veritable great powers in their way. Their noble intellects have been strained in the development of the sublime science of destruction. Sir William Armstrong has invented a new cannon of wonderful power, and bolts to fire therefrom, which surpass in deadly and ruinous efficacy the missives which, Mythology tells us, Jupiter was wont to launch forth when he was angry. Sir William Armstrong's invention made a great stir for a few days. But a greater genius was at hand—Mr Werry—who has discovered a method of constructing a gun, and of fitting to it a singularly simple apparatus for seizing the cartridge, cutting it, applying the priming, closing the breech, and firing the charge, at the rate of 1200 rounds every hour, with an absolute certainty, it is said, of hitting the mark! But beyond Armstrong's and Werry's, there is a still more terrible discovery. Captain Norton tells us how guns may be charged with liquid fire, comprised in a leaden shell, which, at a distance of more than a mile, infallibly sets fire to the sails and spars of a vessel, if not to its rigging. The steel-pointed Armstrong bolt, in an experiment, did actually "smash" a floating battery at the distance of 400 yards, starting plate-bolts, decks, and knees in all directions, driving in the five-inch metal plates, and tearing away beams of the most ponderous character. At 800 yards this destructive missile passed right through a solid mass composed of heart of oak bolted together to the thickness of nine feet. When we call to mind that there are 15,000 guns on board the men-of-war of the British navy, and that every one of these is capable of being adapted to the new methods of destruction, it may be conceived what a dreadful armament our fleets could present in case of a war.

Extremes meet. The triumph of artillery science, strange as it may seem, involves the ultimate and not distant adoption of peace principles. Mouths which vomit forth unceasingly liquid fire, and burn up everything consumable within the range of a mile, will certainly prevent close engagements in naval warfare, and at least save the necessity for boarding operations; whilst Armstrong's bolts and Werry's ordnance would tear to shreds an army of men were each one as hard as mahogany, and all as compacted as an iron-cased battery. Nothing can stand before such terrific volleys of destructive power. The science of war will find its perfection in the cessation of war. And when the human intellect shall have strained itself to its furthest limit to invent methods of taking life,