

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY LYNET.

The sweetest of all sweet flowers that grows...

My little white rose to my heart is pressed, And blossoms there secure of rest...

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

'I tell you, pretty mico, it is—you have enemies, I-e-eta! you do not know it?'

'I never wronged a red man in my life.'

'Red—did I say red man? No, pretty Randolph, there is not a red man in all the land of the Seminoles...

'Ha! not red men? What, then?'

'Some white—some yellow.'

'Nonsense, Ewa! I have never given a white man cause to be my enemy.'

'You are but a young fawn, whose mother has not told it of the savage beasts that roam the forest.'

'Do not ask, cheapwance. There is not time. Enough if I tell you, you are the owner of a rich plantation, where black men make the blue dye.'

'Hahook! she exclaimed, again suddenly, 'I am mad; but I remember. Go, begone! I tell you, go: you are a fawn and the hunters are upon your trail.'

'I cannot Ewa, I am here for a purpose; I must remain till some one comes.'

'Who?'

'Your enemies—they who would kill you; and then the pretty doe will bleed—her poor heart will bleed; she will go mad—she will be like Haj-Ewa.'

'Whom do you speak of?'

'Of—Hush! Hush! It is too late—they come; they come! see their shadows upon the water.'

'I looked, as Haj-Ewa pointed. Sure enough there were shadows upon the pond, just where I had seen hers. They were the figures of men—four of them. They were moving among the palm trees, and along the ridge.'

In a few seconds the shadows disappeared. They who had been causing them had descended the slope, and entered among the timber.

'It is too late now,' whispered the maniac, evidently at that moment in full possession of her intellect. 'You dare not go out into the open woods. They would see you—you must stay in the thicket. There!'

There! continued she, grasping me by the wrist, and, with a powerful jerk, bringing me close to a trunk of the live oak; 'this is your only chance. Quick—ascend! Conceal yourself among the moss. Be silent—strut not till I return.'

And so saying my strange counsellor stepped back under the shadow of the tree; and, gliding into the umbrageous covert of the grove, disappeared from my sight.

I had followed her directions, and was now ensconced upon one of the great limbs of the live oak, perfectly hidden from the eyes of any one below by festoons of the silvery tillandsia. These, hanging from branches still higher up, draped around me like a set of gauze curtains, and completely enveloped my whole body, while I myself had a view of the pond, by means of a small opening between the leaves.

At first I fancied I was playing a very ridiculous r6le. The story about enemies, and my life being in danger, might, after all, be nothing more than some crazy fancy of the poor maniac's brain. The men, whose shadows I had seen might be

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the chiefs on their return. They would reach the ground where I had appointed to meet them, and not finding me there, would go back. What kind of report should I carry to head-quarters? The thing was ridiculous enough—and for me the result might be worse than ridiculous.

Under these reflections, I felt strongly inclined to descend, and meet the men—whoever they might be—face to face.

Other reflections, however, hindered me. The chiefs were only two—there were four shadows. True, the chiefs might be accompanied by some of their followers—for better security to themselves on such a traitorous mission—but I had noticed, as the shadows were passing over the pond and notwithstanding the rapidity with which they moved—that the figures were not those of Indians. I observed no hanging drapery, no plumes. On the contrary, I fancied there were hats upon their heads, such as were worn only by white men. It was the observation of this peculiarity that made me so ready to yield obedience to the solicitations of Haj-Ewa.

Other circumstances had impressed on me the assertions made by the Indian woman—her knowledge of events, and the old allusions to well-known persons—the affair of yesterday: all these commingling in my mind, had the effect of determining me to remain upon my perch at least for some minutes longer. I might be relieved from my unpleasant position sooner than I expected.

Without motion, almost without breathing, I kept my seat, my eyes carefully watching, and ears keenly bent to catch every sound.

My suspense was brief. The acuteness of my eyes was rewarded by a sight, and my ears by a tale, that caused my flesh to creep, and the blood to run cold in my veins. In five minutes' time, I was inducted into a belief in the wickedness of the human heart, exceeding in enormity all that I had ever read or heard of.

Four demons filed before me—demons, beyond a doubt, their looks which I noted well—their words, which I heard—their gestures, which I saw—their designs, with which I in that hour became acquainted—fully entitled them to the appellation.

They were passing around the pond. I saw their faces one after another, as they emerged into the moonlight.

Foremost appeared the pale thin visage of Arens Ringgold; next, the sinister aquiline features of Spence; and, after him, the broad brutal face of the bully Williams.

There were four—who was the fourth? Do my eyes deceive me! Is it real? Are my senses gone astray—or is it only a resemblance, a counterpart? No!—but the man himself—that black curling hair, that tawny skin, the form, the gait—all, all are his. O God! it is Yellow Jake!

A PRETTY PLOT. To dispute the identity was to doubt the evidence of my senses. The mulatto was before me—just as I remembered him—though with changed apparel, and perhaps grown a little bigger in body. But the features were the same, as that presented by Yellow Jake, the ci-devant woodman of our plantation.

I could not explain it—it was too complicated a mystery to be unravelled by a moment's reflection; and I should have failed, had not the parties themselves soon after aided me to an elucidation.

I had arrived at the only natural conclusion, and this was, that the mulatto, notwithstanding the perfect resemblance, could not be Yellow Jake. This, of course, would account for everything, after a manner; and had the four men gone away without parley, I should have contented myself with this hypothesis.

But they went not, until after affording me an opportunity of overhearing a conversation, which gave me to know, that not only was Yellow Jake still in the land of the living, but that Haj-Ewa had spoken the truth, when she told me my life was in danger.

'—I he's not here, and yet where can he have gone?'

The ejaculation and interrogative were in the voice of Arens Ringgold, uttered in a tone of peevish surprise. Some one was sought for by the party who could not be

found. Who that was the next speaker made manifest. There was a pause, and then reached my ears the voice of Bill Williams, which I easily recognised, from having heard it but the day before.

'You are sartint, Master Arens, he didn't sneak back to the fort 'long wi' the giral?'

'Sure of it,' replied Master Arens; 'I was by the gate when they came in. There was only the two—the general and commissioner. But the question is, did he leave the honnorack along with them? There's where we played the devil's fool with the business, in not getting here in time, and watching them as they left. But who'd have thought he was going to stay behind them? If I had only known that—You say,' he continued, turning to the mulatto—'you say, Jake, you came direct from the Indian camp? He couldn't have passed you on the path.'

'Senor Arens, No!'

The voice, the old Spanish expression of profanity, just as I had heard them in my youth. If there had been any doubt of the identity, it was gone. The testimony of my ears confirmed that of my eyes. The speaker was Yellow Jake.

'Straight from Seminole come. Cat no pass me on the road; I see her. Two chiefs me meet. I hide under the palmettoes; they no see me.'

'Deuce take it! where can he have gone? There's no sign of him here. I know he might have a reason for paying a visit to the Indians—that I know; but how has he got round there without Jake seeing him?'

'What's to hinder him to hev' good round the tother road?'

'By the open plain?'

'Yes—that way.'

'No—he would not be likely. There's only one way I can explain it; he must have come as far as the gate along with the general, and then kept down the stockade, and past the sutler's house—that's likely enough.'

This was said by Ringgold in a sort of half-soliloquy.

'Devils!' he exclaimed in an impatient tone, 'we'll not get such a chance soon again.'

'Ne'er a fear, Master Arens, said Williams; 'ne'er a fear. Plenty o' chances, I kalkulate, gobs o' chances sech times as these.'

'We'll make chances,' pithily added Spence.

'Ay, but here was a chance for Jake—he must do it, boys; neither of you must have a hand in it. It might leak out; and then we'd all be in a pretty pickle. Jake can do it, and not harm himself, for he's dead!' you know, and the law can't reach him! Isn't it so, my yellow boy?'

No fear have, Don Arens Ringgold; 'fore long, I opportunity find. Jake you get rid of enemy—never hear more of him; soon Yellow Jake good chance have. Yesterday miss. She had gun, Don Arens—not worth shuck gun.'

'He has not yet returned inside the fort,' remarked Ringgold, 'I think he has not. If not, then he should be at the camp. He must go back to-night. It may be after the moon goes down, He must cross the open ground in the darkness. You hear, Jake, what I am saying.'

'Si, senor; Jake hear all.'

'And you know how to profit by the hint, eh?'

'Si, senor. Jake know.'

'Well, then, we must return, Hear me, Jake, if—'

Here the voice of the speaker fell into a half whisper, and I could not bear what was said. Occasionally I could catch their sound, and from what had already transpired, was enabled to apprehend something of their signification. I heard frequently pronounced the name of Viola the quadroon, and that of my own sister; the phrases—'only one that stands in our way,'—'mother easily consent,'—when I am master of the plantation,'—pay you two hundred dollars.'

My wrath was as powerful as my fears—almost too strong for prudence. There were four of them all armed. I had sword and pistols; but this would not have made me a match for four desperadoes such as they. Had there been only two of them—only Ringgold and the mulatto—so desperate was my indignation, at that moment, I should have leaped from the tree and risk-

ed the encounter. But I disobeyed the promptings of passion, and remained silent till they had moved away.

The Indians soon came upon the ground, and briefly delivered their report.

Holata Mico had struck his tents and was moving away from the encampment.

I was too much disgusted with these traitorous men to spend a moment in their company; and, as soon as I had gained the required information, I hurried away from their presence.

I walked hastily, taking the precaution to keep in the open ground, and giving a wide berth to any covert that might shelter an assassin. I saw no one on the way, nor around the back of the stockade.

On arriving opposite the gate of the fort, however, I perceived the figure of a man—not far from the sutler's store—apparently skulking behind some logs. I fancied I knew the man; I thought he was the mulatto.

I would have gone after him, and satisfied myself; but I had already hailed the sentinel, and given the countersign; and I did not desire to cause a flurry among the guard—particularly as I had received injunctions to pass in as privately as possible.

Another time, I should likely encounter this Jacob redivivous; when I should be less embarrassed, and perhaps have a better opportunity of calling him and his diabolical associates to an account. With this reflection, I passed through the gate and carried my report to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

THE FINAL ASSEMBLY. The spectacle of yesterday was repeated; the troops in serried lines of blue and steel—the officers in full uniform with shining epaulettes—in the centre the staff grouped around the general, close buttoned and brilliant shewn; fronting these the half-circle of chiefs, backed by concentric lines of warriors, plumed, painted, and picturesque—horses standing near, some neighing under ready saddles, some picketed and quietly browsing—Indian women in their long huana's, hurrying to and fro—flags waving above the soldiers—banners and pennons floating over the heads of the red warriors—drums beating—bugles braying; such was the array.

The absence of many chiefs was at once perceived. Most of the Indians on the ground appeared to be of the clans of Omata, Black Dirt, and Ohala.

I looked for Ocoela. It was not difficult to discover one so conspicuous, both in figure and feature. He was in truth the youngest of the chiefs, and by birth-right entitled to a smaller command than any present; but, viewing him as he stood one could not help fancying that he was the head of all.

As upon the preceding day, there was no appearance of bravado about him. His attitude, though stately and statuesque, was one of perfect ease. As yet nothing had transpired to excite him; no words had been uttered to rouse a spirit that only seemed to slumber.

Ere long, that attitude of repose would pass away—that soft smile would change to the harsh frown of passion.

During the moments that preceded the inauguration of the council, I kept my eyes upon the young chief. Other eyes were regarding him as well; he was the cynosure of many—but mine was a gaze of a peculiar interest.

I looked for some token of recognition, but received none—neither nod nor glance. He appeared not to remember me. Was this really so? or was it, that his mind, pre-occupied with great thoughts, hindered him from taking notice?

I did not fail to cast my eyes abroad—over the plain—to the tents—towards the groups of loitering women—I scanned their forms, one after another.

I fancied I saw the mad queen in their midst—a centre of interest. I had hopes that her protegee might be near; but no. None of the figures satisfied my eye. She was not there. Even under the loose huana I should have recognized her splendid form—if still unchanged.

If—the hypothesis excites your surprise. Why changed, you ask? Growth! development? maturity? Rapid in this southern clime is the passage from maiden's form to that of matron.

No; not that, not that. Though

still so young, the undulating outlines had already shown themselves. When I last looked upon her, her stature had reached its limits; her form exhibited the bold curve of Hogarth, so characteristic of womanhood complete.

I cannot explain the suspicions that racked me—sprung from a stray speech. That jay bird, that yestreen chattered so gaily, had poured poison into my heart. She no; it could not be Maumes. She was too innocent.

I have ill described the torture I experienced, consequent upon my unlucky 'caves-dropping.' During the whole of the preceding day, it had been a source of real suffering. I was in the predicament of one who had heard too much, and too little.

CASHIERING THE CHIEFS. To-day the commissioner showed a bolder front. A bold part he had resolved to play, but he felt sure of success; and consequently there was an air of triumph in his looks. He regarded the chiefs with the imperious glance of one determined to command them; confident they would yield obedience to his wishes.

At intervals his eyes rested upon Ocoela with a look of peculiar significance, at once sinister and triumphant. I was in the secret of that glance; I guessed its import; I knew that it boded no good to the young Seminole chief. Could I have approached him at that moment, I should have held duty but lightly, and whispered in his ear a work of warning.

I had no exact knowledge of what was meant; though, from the conversation I had overheard, I more than half divined the commissioner's purpose. Upon some plea, Ocoela was to be arrested.

The withdrawal of Onopa and the 'hostiles,' while Omata and the 'friendly' remained, had given the agent the opportunity. Ocoela himself was to furnish the plea.

Would that I could have whispered in his ear one word of caution, it was too late; the toils had been laid—the trap set; and the noble game was about to enter it. It was too late for me to warn him.

A table was placed in front of the ground occupied by the general and staff; the commissioner stood immediately behind it. Upon this table was an inkstand with pens; while a broad parchment, exhibiting the creases of many folds, was spread out till it occupied nearly the whole surface. This parchment was the treaty of Oclawaha.

'Yesterday,' began the commissioner, without further preamble, 'we did nothing but talk, to-day we are met to act. This,' said he pointing to the parchment, 'is the treaty of Payne's Landing. I hope you have all considered what I said yesterday, and are ready to sign it?'

'We have considered,' replied Omata for himself and those of his party. 'We are ready to sign.'

'Onopa is head chief,' suggested the commissioner, 'let him sign first. Where is Miconopa?' he added looking around the circle with unfeigned surprise.

'The mico-mico is not here. And why not here? He should have been here. Why is he absent?'

'He is sick—he is not able to attend the council.'

'That is a lie, jumper. Miconopa is shaming, you know he is.'

The dark brow of Hoite-mattee grew darker at the insult, while his body quivered with rage. A grunt of disdain was the reply he made, and folding his arms, he drew back into his former attitude.

'Abram! you are Miconopa's private counsellor, you know his intentions. Why has he absented himself?'

'O Massr Giral!' replied the black in broken English, and speaking without much show of respect for his interrogator, 'how shed ole Abe know the 'tention ob King Nopy? The mico no tell me ebberthing—he go he please, he come he please—he great chief; he no tell nobody his 'tention.'

'Does he intend to sign? Say yes or no.'

'No, den?' responded the interpreter in a firm voice, as if forced to the answer. 'That much ob his mind Abe do know. He no 'tend sign that ar dockament. He say no, no.'

'Enough!' cried the commissioner in a loud voice—'enough! Now hear me, chiefs and warriors of the Seminole nation! I appear before you armed with a power

from your Great Father the President—he who is chief of us all. That power enables me to punish for disloyalty and disobedience; and I now exercise the right upon Miconopa. He is no longer King of the Seminoles.'

Surely the commissioner was jesting? How could he make or unmake a King of the Seminoles? How could the Great Father himself do this? The Seminoles were a free nation; they were not even tributary, to the whites—under no pratical connection whatever.

Not at all. In another moment, they perceived he was in earnest.

(To be continued.)

VALUE OF OBSERVATION.

In education it is the same as business. Whatever you undertake, let it be a fixed principle with you to keep on till you have accomplished your wishes. And here a habit of observation will be of great assistance. By observation is meant the paying attention of what is going on around us—making proper use of our eyes. There are thousands of persons who never see anything—that is, they shut the eyes to everything but the mere mechanism of life—the three meals a day, dressing and undressing. But observation will show us a thousand facts that will add to our knowledge and experience. Note well the different characters of the people you work with, of those you meet in your daily business, and by and by you will find out they are not all alike, and learn to value the best. Pay attention to handicrafts; how many hints you may pick up which otherwise you would never have known! Are you taking a country walk—you will find in the trees and hedgerows, in weeds and stones, many things to make you thoughtful, and increase your pleasures. It is not all barren; there is a multitude of delights for those who will take the trouble to look for them. Observation leads a man to form correct judgments. If he has any notions in his head, he can always test their value by observation—by comparison with others. And what is not least, by observation at home, you will learn to understand differences in the character of your children, and to train them so as to bring out the good that is in their nature, and thus avoid the error of governing them all by one limited uncompromising rule.

CHARACTER BETTER THAN CREDIT.

We often hear young men who, have no means, dolefully contrasting their lot with that of rich men's sons. Yet the longer we live, the more we are convinced that the old merchant was right, who said to us when we first began to live, "industry, my lad, is better than ingots of gold, and character more valuable than credit. We could furnish, if needs were, from a score of illustrations to prove the truth of his remarks. To all branches of business, or avocations, character, in the long run, is the best capital. Says poor Richard: "the sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy for six months longer; but if he sees you at a gaming table; or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for money the next day." Old sagacious firms will not long continue to give credit for thousands of dollars, when they see the purchaser, if a young man, driving fast horses, or lounging in drinking saloons. Clients will not entrust their causes to advocates, however brilliant, who frequent the card table, the wine party or the race course. It is better in beginning life, to secure a reputation for industry and probity, than to own houses and lands, if with them you have no character.—Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

DRINKING AMONG YOUNG MEN.

The Philadelphia Sun says truly, that indiscriminate drinking among our young men eventually makes its mark upon the population of our cities. We can see it already betraying itself in the rising generation. It is impossible for any man to drink even pure liquors six or seven times a day without suffering severely in constitution. And when he transmits this impaired constitution to his son, who inherits it still further by the same course, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities worse than the wretched Aztecs. This love of drink and bar-rooms is every day increasing. Every day sees our youth becoming more and more the victims of this habit, for we really think it is more habit than a passion. It is no love of joviality that tempts them, except in a few cases. It is not the hot exuberance of the youth. It is not the evanescent impulse of the gay young fellow who is sowing his wild oats. It is, as it has been said, a cold, deliberate, confirmed habit. No atmosphere of reckless surroundings the drinking groups, except occasionally, and no peals of merriment atone for the act by proving that it is at least unusual. A grim and melancholy air pervades each countenance. The drinks poured out, the glasses are touched with a loathsome air of custom, and each man swallows his portion with the same impassive countenance he would if he were drinking a glass of plain water. All the concomitants that partially redeem or excuse drinking, as far as it can be redeemed or excused, are wanting in this sad and formal ceremony.

MEASURING CORN IN THE CRIB.

Mr. Editor,—I see in your last issue a request for some one of your readers to send you a rule to measure corn in the crib. I will send you one that is good.

Find the cubic feet the crib contains by multiplying the length by the width, and that product by the height; then subtract one-eighth, and divide by two, and you have the number of bushels of corn the crib contains.

This rule is for winter measurement, and where corn was housed the preceding autumn. For summer measurement the rule is the same, excepting that you subtract only one tenth. This rule has often been tested by afterwards weighing out the corn, and found to be correct. Corn shrinks after being housed from 8 to 10 per cent, according to the condition it is in, and the way it is put up, and shrinks the most in the months of March and April.

To find the number of bushels of shelled corn, wheat or rye any sized box or granary will hold, find the number of cubic feet contained in the box or granary, by multiplying the length by the width, and that product by the height; then multiply the whole amount by forty-five, and divide by fifty-six, and the quotient is the number of bushels contained in the box or granary.

J. BUNGARDNER, Waltholding, Coshocton Co., Ohio.

CONSORT TO BE HELD

in the room lately occupied by Mr. Brigler in Franklin October 18th 1859 there will be a choice selection of music played on the German C flute the music consists of lilly dale Washington grand march O come come away Hail Columbia Happy day the girl I left behind me with a collection of sacred music there will be vocal music also the music will be sweet and impressive with great Melody there will be a lecture on scriptural observations with a sketch of the early History of genny Lind performance to commence at early candle light

Admittance 12 1-2 cents By Proff H Beaver

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.

At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.

One of the party produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went round the room that this could not be outside, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money he lent him.

'The palm is his,' was the general cry, when a third put in his claim.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I cannot boast of the facts of my predecessors, but have returned to the owners two umbrellas left at my house.'

'I'll hear no more,' cried the astonished arbitrator, 'this is the very ne plus ultra of honesty, of unheard of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable.'

'The prize is—'

'Hold, I've done still more than that,' cried out another.

'Impossible!' cried out the whole company, 'let us hear.'

'I've been taking my paper for 20 years and paid for it every year in advance?'

'Twas no use—he took the prize

A down-east girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, she replied to them, very smartly, 'Pooh! I wouldn't have a man with two legs, they're too common?'