

Chief de Post

Literature.

GOODNESS AND BEAUTY.

Not beautiful! An artless grace
Resides in every motion!
And there is something in that face
Reveals the heart's devotion;
A something which I would not change
For all that beauty borrows—
A something higher than the range
Of earthly joys or sorrows.
I see upon her girlish brow
A pensiveness playing,
And there's a pearly dew-drop now
From out its fountain straying;
But oh! I hail it as a gem
Of precious, starry lustre;
It tells me of a loving heart,
Where deep affection clusters.
And then those "windows of the soul,"
Betraying each emotion,
Of gleam and shadow, such a holy light,
And such a deep devotion,
That tells of an unfeeling trust,
And strength to Jesus on heaven;
Oh! are not these the rarest gifts
That God to her hath given?
Not beautiful! Bend nearer now,
And see the spirit beaming
From those deep eyes and thoughtful brow,
And ask thy heart the meaning
Of that strange power which, like a spell
Hath cast its fetters o'er thee,
And bids the ever-love so well
The cherished one before thee.
'Tis not alone the flashing eye,
Or brow of parian whiteness,
Or dimpled cheek's vermilion dye,
Or hair of sunny brightness,
But, oh! it is the soul, the soul
That beams in every feature,
Which makes us love its house of clay,
And idolise the creature.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Concluded.)

'My aim has not been true,' said Ocoola, with singular coolness; 'he still lives. I have received much wrong from him and his—ay, very much wrong—or I might spare his wretched life. But no; my vow must be kept; he must die!
As he said this, he rushed after Ringgold, who had regained his feet, and was making towards the bushes, as if with a hope of escape.
A wild scream came from the terrified wretch as he saw the avenger at his heels. It was the last time that voice was ever heard.
In a few bounds, Ocoola was by his side—the long blade glittered for an instant in the air; and the downward blow was given so rapidly, that the stroke could scarcely be perceived.
'The blow was instantaneously fatal. The knees of the wounded man suddenly bent beneath him, and he sank lifeless on the spot where he had been struck—his body after death remaining doubled up as it had fallen.
'The fourth and last of my enemies,' said Ocoola, as he returned to where I stood; 'the last of those who deserved my vengeance, and against whom I had vowed it.'
'Scott?' I inquired.
'He was the third; he was killed yesterday, and by his hand.'
'Hitherto,' he continued, after a moment's silence, 'I have fought for revenge; I have had it. I have slain many of your people—I have had full satisfaction; and henceforth—'
The speaker made a long pause.
'Henceforth?' I mechanically inquired.
'I care but little how soon they kill me.'
As Ocoola uttered these strange words, he sank down upon a prostrate trunk, covering his face with his hands. I saw that he did not expect a reply.
There was a sadness in his tone, as though some deep sorrow lay upon his heart, that could neither be controlled nor confronted. I had noticed it before; and, thinking he would rather be left to himself, I walked silently away.
A few moments after, I held my dear sister in my arms, while Jake was comforting Viola in his black embrace.
His old rival was no longer near. During the sham attack, he had imitated his followers, and disappeared from the field; but, though most of the latter soon returned, when sought for, the yellow king was not to be found in the camp.
His absence roused the suspicion of Ocoola, who was now once more in action. By a signal, his warriors were summoned, and came galloping up. Several were instantly despatched in search of the missing chief; but after a while, these came back without having found any traces of him.
One only seemed to have discovered a clue to his disappearance. The following of Ringgold consisted of only five men. The Indians had gone for some distance along the path by which they had retreated. Indeed of five, there were six sets of horse-tracks upon their trail.

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The report appeared to produce an unpleasant impression upon the mind of Ocoola. Fresh scouts were sent forth, with orders to bring back the muiatto, living or dead.
The stern command proved that there were strong doubts about the fealty of the yellow chief, and the warriors of Ocoola appeared to share the suspicions of their leader. The patriot party had suffered from defections of late. Some of the smaller clans, wearied of fighting, and wasted by a long season of famine, had followed the example of the tribe Omatta, and delivered themselves up at the fort. Though, in the battles hitherto fought, the Indians had generally been successful, they knew that their white foemen far outnumbered them, and that in the end the latter must triumph. The spirit of revenge, for wrongs long endured, had stimulated them at the first; but they had obtained full measure of vengeance, and were content. Love of country—at all times to their old homes—mere patriotism was now balanced against the dread of almost complete annihilation. The latter weighed heaviest in the scale.
The war-spirit was no longer in the ascendant. Perhaps, at this time, had overtures of peace been made, the Indians would have laid down their arms, and consented to the removal. Even Ocoola could scarcely have prevented their acceptance of the conditions; and it was doubtful whether he would have made the attempt. Gifted with genius, with full knowledge of the strength and character of the enemy, he must have foreseen the disasters that were yet to befall his followers and his nation. It could not be otherwise.
Was it a gloomy forecast of the future that imparted to him that melancholy air, now so observable both in his words and acts? Was it this, or was there a still deeper sorrow—the anguish of a hopeless passion—the drear heart longing for a love he might never hope to obtain?
To me, it was a moment of strong emotion, as the young chief approached the spot where my sister was seated. Even then was I the victim of unhappy suspicions; and with eager scrutiny, I scanned the countenances of both as they met.
Surely, I was wronging both. On neither could I detect a trace of aught that should give me uneasiness. The bearing of the chief was simply gallant and respectful. The looks of my sister were but the expressions of a fervent gratitude.
Ocoola spoke first:
'I have to ask your forgiveness, Miss Randolph, for the scene you have been forced to witness; but I could not permit this man to escape. Lady! he was your greatest enemy, as he has been ours. Through the co-operation of the mulatto, he had planned this ingenious deception, with the design of inducing you to become his wife; but failing in this, the mask would have been thrown off, and you—I need not give word to his foul intent. It is fortunate I arrived in time.'
'Brave Ocoola!' exclaimed Virginia, 'twice have you preserved the lives of my brother and myself—more than our lives. We have neither words nor power to thank you: I can offer only this poor token to prove my gratitude.'
As she said this, she advanced towards the chief, and handed him a folded parchment, which she had drawn from her bosom.
Ocoola at once recognised the document; it was the title-deeds of his patrimonial estate.
'Thank, thank!' he replied, while a sad smile played upon his lips. 'It is indeed an act of disinterested friendship. Alas! it has come too late. She who so much desired to possess this precious paper—who so much longed to return to that once loved home—is no more. My mother is dead. On yesternight, her spirit passed away.'
It was news even to Maumee, who, bursting into a wild paroxysm of grief, fell upon the neck of my sister. Their arms became entwined, and both wept—their tears mingling as they fell.
There was silence, broken only by the sobbing of the girls, and at intervals the voice of Virginia, murmuring words of consolation. Ocoola himself appeared too much affected to escape.

After a while, he aroused himself from his sorrowing attitude.
'Come, Randolph!' said he, 'we must not dwell on the past while such a doubtful future is before us. You must go back to your home, and rebuild it. You have lost only a house; your rich lands still remain, and your negroes shall be restored to you. I have given orders—they are already on the way. This is no place for her,' and he nodded towards Virginia; 'you need not stay your departure another moment. Horses are ready. I myself shall conduct you to the borders, and beyond that you have no longer an enemy to fear.'
As he pronounced the last words, he looked significantly towards the body of the planter, still lying near the edge of the woods. I understood his meaning, but made no reply.
And she, I said, 'The forest is a rude home—especially in such times—may she go with us?'
My words had reference to Maumee.
The chief grasped my hand, and held it with earnest pressure. With joy, I beheld gratitude sparkling in his eye.
OCEOLA'S FATE.—CONCLUSION.
We were seated near the edge of the little opening where we had encamped—a pretty parterre, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers. The moon was shedding down a flood of silvery light, and objects around us appeared almost as distinctly as by day. The leaves of the tall palms, the waxen flowers of the magnolias, the yellow blossoms of the zanthoxylon trees, could all be distinguished in the clear moonbeams.
The four of us were seated together—brothers and sisters—conversing freely as in the olden time; and the scene vividly recalled the past to us all.
But memory now produced only sad reflections, as it suggested thoughts of the future. Perhaps we four should never meet again. Gazing upon the doomed form before me, I had no heart for reminiscences of joy.
We had passed Fort King in safety—had encountered no white face—strange I should fear to meet men of my own race—and no longer had we any apprehension of danger, either from ambush or open attack. The Indian guard, with black Jake in their midst, were near the centre of the glade, grouped by the fire, and cooking their suppers. So secure did the chiefs' feet feel, that he had not even placed a sentinel on the path. He appeared indifferent to danger.
The night was waning late, and we were about returning to the tents—which the men had pitched for us—when a singular noise reached us from the woods!
We instantly rose to our feet, and stood listening.
The noise continued; but now we could hear the snapping of dead branches, and the metallic clinking of weapons.
It was too late to retreat. The noise came from every side.—A circle of armed men was closing around the glade.
I looked towards Ocoola. I expected to see him rush to his rifle that lay near. To my surprise, he did not stir.
His few followers were already on the alert, and had hastened to his side to receive his orders.—Their words and gestures declared their determination to die in his defence.
In reply to their hurried speeches, the chieftain made a sign that appeared to astonish them.—The butts of their guns suddenly dropped to the ground, and the warriors stood in listless attitudes, as if they had given up the intention of using them!
'It is too late,' said Ocoola, in a calm voice—'too late! We are completely surrounded. Innocent blood might be spilled; and mine is the only life they are in search of. Let them come on; they are welcome to it now. Farewell, sister! Randolph, farewell! Farewell, Virg—'
The plaintive screams of Maumee—of Virginia—my own bursting, and no longer silent grief, drowned the voice that was uttering those wild adieus.
Clustering close to the chief, we knew not what was passing around us. Our whole attention was fixed upon him, until the shouts of

men, and the loud words of command proceeding from their officers, warned us that we were in the midst of a battalion of soldiers.—On looking up, we saw that we were hemmed in by a circle of men in blue uniforms, whose glancing bayonets formed a *chevaux de frise* around us.
As no resistance was offered; not a shot had been fired; and save the shouting of men and the ringing of steel, no other sounds were heard.
Shots were fired afterwards, but not to kill. It was a *feu-de-joie* to celebrate the success of this important capture.
The capture was soon complete. Ocoola, held by two men, stood in the midst of his pale-faced foes—a prisoner.
His followers were also secured; and the soldiers fell back into a more extended line—enclosing the captives in their midst.
At this moment a man appeared in front of the ranks, and near to where the prisoners were standing. He was in conversation with the officer who commanded. His dress bespoke him an Indian; but his yellow face contradicted the supposition. His head was turbaned, and three black plumes drooped over his brow. There was no mistaking the man.
The sight was maddening. It restored to all his fierce energy the Seminole chief; and, flinging aside the soldiers as if they had been children, he sprang forth from their grasp, and bounded towards the yellow man.
Fortunate for the latter, Ocoola was unarmed. He had no weapon left him—neither pistol nor knife; and, while wringing his bayonet from the gun of a soldier, the traitor found time to escape.
The chief uttered a groan, as he saw the miscreant pass through the serried line, and stand secure beyond the reach of his vengeance.
It was but a fancied security on the part of the renegade. His death had been decreed, though it reached him from an unexpected quarter.
As he stood outside, and facing towards the captives, a dark form was seen gliding up from behind. It was that of a woman—a majestic woman—whose grand beauty was visible even in the moonlight, though no one saw either her or her beauty. The prisoners alone were fronting towards her, and observed her approach.
It was a scene of only a few seconds' duration. The woman stole close up to the mulatto, and for a moment her arms appeared entwined around his neck.
There was the sheen of some object that in the moonlight gleamed like metal. It was a living weapon—it was the dread *crotalus*.
The rattle could be heard distinctly; and close following rose a wild cry of terror as its victim felt the cold contact of the reptile around his neck, and its sharp fangs entering his flesh.
The woman was seen suddenly to withdraw the serpent; and holding its glistening body over her head, she cried aloud:
'Grieve not, Ocoola—thou art avenged! avenged! the chittamico has avenged you.'
Saying this, the woman glided rapidly away; and before the astonished listeners could cut off her retreat, she had entered among the bushes, and disappeared.
The horror-struck mulatto staggered over the ground, pale and terrified, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. Men gathered around, and endeavoured to administer remedies. Gun-powder and tobacco were tried; but no one knew the simples that would cure him.
It proved his death-wound; and before another sun went down, he had ceased to live.

around him in his last hour, and listened to his dying words. Both alike wept. In that chamber of death, there was not a tearless cheek; and many a soldier's eye was moist as he listened to the muffled drum that made music over the grave of the noble Ocoola.
After all, it proved to be the jovial captain who had won the heart of my capricious sister. It was long before I discovered their secret, which let light in upon a maze of mysteries; and I was so spiteful about their having concealed it from me, that I almost refused to share the planation with them.
Why I did so, at length—under threats of Virginia—not her solicitor—I kept what I considered the better half for myself and Maumee.
The old homestead remained ours, and a new home soon appeared upon it—a fitting casket for the jewel it was destined to contain.
I had still an out-plantation to spare—the fine old Spanish clearing on the Tupelo creek. I wanted a man to manage it, or rather a man and wife of good character, without incumbrances.
And for this purpose who could have been better than Black Jake and Viola—since they completely answered the above conditions?
I had another freehold at my disposal—a very small one.—It was situated by the edge of the swamp, and consisted of a log-cabin, with the most circumscribed of all clearings' around it. But this was already in possession of a tenant whom—although he paid me no rent—I would not have ejected for the world. He was an old alligator-hunter of the name of Hickman.
Another of like 'kidney'—Wetherford by name—lived near on an adjoining plantation; but the two were oftener together than apart.
Both had suffered a good deal of rough handling in their time—from the claws of 'bars,' the jaws and tails of alligators, and the tomahawks of Indians. When together, or among friends, they delighted to narrate their hairbreadth escapes; and both were often heard to declare that the 'toughest scrape they ever kummd' clear out of was a burnin' forest o' dog-goned broom-pines, an' about ten thousand red Indians around them.'
They did com' clear out of this scrape, however, and lived long after to tell the tale with many a fanciful exaggeration.
END OF OCEOLA.
MISS MARTINEAU ON DIET.—The greatest amount of nourishment of both kinds is contained in flour, meat, potatoes, and pease; milk, cheese, rice, and other grains, and sugar; while tea, coffee and cocon are of great value in their way. Such are the materials; but they may be so treated in the cooking as to waste what is most valuable, and preserve what is of the least consequence. It is possible to manage the making of a stew, so as to wash away the best qualities of the meat, and leave the vegetables hard, and drain away the thickening, causing a predominant taste of smoke and salt. When Miss Nightingale and her assistants undertook to cook in the Eastern hospitals, they made a pint of thick arrowroot from one ounce of the powder, while in the general kitchen it took two ounces to make a pint of thin arrowroot. It was the proper boiling of the water that made the difference here. Again, two ounces of rice were saved on every four puddings when the nurses made the puddings. Such incidents show that it is not enough to have the best materials for nourishment; they must be husbanded in the preparation. It seems probable that, by sensible conduct all around, everybody might command enough of the best material for food; and it is certain that a very small proportion of the wives of Englishmen know how to do justice to the food they buy.—Once a week.
A woman of excellent sense, and somewhat satirical turn of mind, was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr.—, adding that Mr.— was a good kind of a man, but so very singular.
'Well,' replied the lady, 'so much the better; if he is very much unlike other men, he is more likely to make a good husband.'

HOW TO VANQUISH A DUELIST.

A few years since, as a New England gentleman, whose name was Brown, was passing a few days at a hotel in Ohio, he had the misfortune unintentionally to offend the susceptible honor of a tall Indian Colonel, who was one of the boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent him, which, however, he declined, on the ground of conscientious scruples.
The Colonel—who, by the way, had won in two or three encounters, quite a reputation as a duelist, at once conceived the idea that the opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him by flogging him in the face of the assembled wisdom of the house.
Accordingly, the next day at dinner time, in marched the duelist, armed with a formidable cowhide, and advanced to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket for him in the most approved style. Brown was astonished. Luckily he had once been a lieutenant of militia in his native state, and knew the importance of incommoding his enemy by a diversion. So, seizing a gravestone, he tossed the contents into the face of the belligerent colonel, and before the hero could recover from the drowning sensation occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him, with a liberal hand, the contents of the dishes around.
You are an infernal—
Coward, the Colonel was about to say, but at the time a plate of greens struck full in his mouth, and the words were blockaded and lost forever.
Hal cried the little New Englander, whose blood was now up, fond of greens are you? Take a potato, too! and he hurled a volley of hard potatoes at him. Excellent eggs here; capital things with calf's head! and crash came a plate of soft boiled eggs against the side of his cranium.
The blows of the cowhide, which had hitherto descended upon the Yankee's head and shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and wildly; and it became evident that the assailant, half-stunned, choked and partly blinded, was getting the worst of it. His courage was fast oozing out.
Take a turkey! shouted Brown, as a noble old gobbler descended upon the Colonel's head bursting, filling his hair with delicious stuffing. Here's the fixings! he continued, as the squash and jelly followed after.
By this time the Colonel was irretrievably defeated; and his mercenary opponent seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot, and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed about to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down the cowhide, turned about and made a rush for the door.
Stop for the pudding, Colonel, stop for the pudding, Colonel! shouted Brown.
Pudding, Colonel! pudding! screamed all his fellow-boarders, amid convulsions of laughter.
But the Colonel was too much terrified to listen to their kind invitation, and did not cease running until he had locked himself into his own room.
But if the Colonel escaped from the plum pudding, he could not escape from the ridicule which the affair occasioned. He subsequently challenged four persons against whom his ire was excited, and they all consented to fight; but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding bags for their weapons. At length the unfortunate duelist, finding no one was willing to shoot, or to be shot at, was obliged to leave the State.
Riches.—If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronize the neglected. Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel; that thou art but a receiver, and that to be obliged and to be vain, too, is but the old solecism of pride and beggary, which though they often meet yet ever make but an absurd society.—Sterne.
What we are, we to some extent know, but what we might have been under other circumstances is known, in all its dread possibilities, only to God.

THE BREWERIES OF LONDON.—It is stated that the seventeen firms known as the great brewers of London, produce nearly a thousand millions tumblers of ale and porter every year. One of the establishments is thus described:—Of the seventeen great London Breweries, the house of Truman, Hanbury, Aulton & Co., stood last year at the top of the list, having consumed 140,000 quarters of malt, and paid to the excise £180,000, or enough to build two ninety gun ships, at the usual cost of a thousand pounds per gun. The visitor in proceeding through this establishment realizes, perhaps better than in any other place, the enormous scale in which certain creature-comforts for the use of the town are produced. As he walks between the huge boilers in which one thousand six hundred barrels are brewed nearly every day, or makes the circuit of four great vats, each containing 80,000 gallons of liquor, or loses himself amid the labyrinth of 125 enormous reservoirs, which altogether hold 8,500,000 gallons—he begins to imagine himself an inhabitant of Lilliput, who has gone astray in a Brobdignagian cellar. There is a popular notion that the far-famed London Stout owes its flavour to the Thames water; this, however, is a "vulgar error." Not even the Messrs Barclay, who are upon the stream, draw any of their supplies from that source, but it is got entirely from wells, and those sunk so deep, that they and the Messrs. Calvert whose brewery is half a mile distant, upon the opposite side of the river, find that they are rivals for the same spring—when one brewery pumps, it drains the wells of the other, and the firms are obliged to obtain their water on alternate days. (Whether it is owing to the increase of great breweries and other great manufactories, which alone consume millions of barrels of water yearly, we know not, but it is an ascertained fact that the depths of water in the London wells has for the last twenty-five years been diminishing at the rate of a foot a year. It is comforting to reflect, said one of the great brewers, that the reason simply is, because the water which used to be buried under the ground is now brought up to fill the bodies, wash the faces, and turn the wheels of two millions and a half of people.)

How CASHMERE SHAWLS ARE MADE.—Surprise at the great expense of Cashmere shawls is frequently expressed, but would no longer exist did persons know or reflect upon the labour and money expended in this choice fabrication. The real article is manufactured in the upper part of India from the wool of a rare species of goat raised on the plains of Thibet. To make a pair of large and handsome cashmere shawls requires the labour of some dozen men for six months. The animals has two coats of wool or hair—the inner one short and fine, while the outer one is long and coarse. The most expensive of these shawls are made from the inner wool. Even this inner down is obliged to be cleansed, and the finest parts taken for the expensive shawls, making them rare indeed and often only to be purchased by a king's treasures. The rejected part of the inner wool is woven into cheaper shawls, though actually cashmere, are nevertheless not those expensive ornaments which the kings of Asia wear. It is entirely wrought up by hand, dyed in the thread. They are then woven in small strips, which are subsequently sewed together so accurately that the seams cannot be found. The pale yellow colour of the shawls is imparted by means of the flames of sulphur.

LIVING FAST.—This phrase is applied frequently to certain young men who are following a *fashionable* course of life, attended with more or less dissipation and extravagance. But with great propriety this term may be applied to all those who are hurrying through life—overworking the brain and giving but little rest to their body or minds. Carlyle very truly remarks that "the race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoestrings." What a fearful amount of "wear and tear" to the nervous system, is there in every department of life! What a continual strile is there in every community for wealth—for distinction and pleasure. How much disappointment and envy may be found ranking in the breast of many persons.—Dr. Arnold of Rugby used to say, "it is not work that injures the man; it is *veratrum* that does it." It is this "fast living" in our country which produces so many of the ills that flesh in heir to—it undermines the constitutions—breaks down the nervous system—produces premature old age and shortens life.—Boston Paper.
'Mr. Jones, have you got a match?'
'Yes sir, a match for the d—!; there she is mixing dough.' Jones pointed to Mrs. Jones and then put for the front yard. The last we saw of him, he was putting down road, closely pursued by a red bearded lady and a cistern pole.