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Poetry.

CHEER UP!

Cheer up! what though the clouds o'er thee are black,
And hide Heaven's azure fields from view?
Thou can'st not, by repining, roll them back,
Nor pierce their dreary darkness through,
And let the blessed sun shine out on thee;
Then why give way to sad despondency?

Cheer up! nor think, because the skies are dark,
That smiles should from thy face depart;
Sing gayly like the upward-soaring lark,
Nor let the sunshine leave thy heart
Because the day-god's face is hid from sight;
Cheer up! fear not, for all will yet be bright!

Cheer up! the golden future yet may be
Rife with long years of happiness,
And then, with calm blue skies, glide o'er a sea
Of peace, with sunshine warm to bless.
God's smiles, like sunbeams, may around thee play,
And joy go with thee till thy dying day.

Miscellaneous Literature.

From Chambers's Journal.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—THE FLOWRY LAND.

Linda Florida! fair land of flowers!

Thus hailed thee the bold Spanish adventurer, as, standing upon the prow of his caravel, he first caught sight of thy shores.

It was upon the Sunday of Palms—the festival of the flowers—and the devout Castilian beheld in thee a fit emblem of the day. Under the influence of a pious thought, he gave thee its name, and well deservedst thou the proud appellation.

That was three hundred years ago. Three full cycles have rolled past, since the hour of thy baptismal ceremony; but the title becomes thee as ever. Thy floral bloom is as bright at this hour as when Leon landed upon thy shores—ay, bright as when the breath of God first called thee into being.

Thy forests are still virgin and inviolate; verdant thy savannas; thy groves as fragrant as ever—those perfumed groves of aniseed and orange, of myrtle and magnolia. Still sparkles upon thy plains the cerulean ixia; still gleam in thy waters the golden nymphæ; above thy swamps yet tower the colossal cypress, the gigantic cedar, the gum, and the bay-tree; still over thy gentle slopes of silvery sand wave long-leaved pines, mingling their acetalous foliage with the frondage of the palm. Strange anomaly of vegetation; the tree of the north, and the tree of the south—the types of the frigid and torrid—in this thy mild mid-region, standing side by side, and blending their branches together!

Linda Florida! who can behold thee without peculiar emotion? without conviction that thou art a favored land? Gazing upon thee, one ceases to wonder at the faith—the wild faith of the early adventurers—that from thy bosom gushed forth the fountain of youth, the waters of eternal life!

No wonder the sweet fancy found favour and credence; no wonder so delightful an idea had its crowds of devotees. Thousands came from afar, to find rejuvenescence by bathing in thy crystal streams—thousands sought it, with far more eagerness than the white metal of Mexico, or the yellow gold of Peru: in the search, thousands grew older instead of younger, or perished in pursuit of the vain illusion; but who could wonder?

Even at this hour, one can scarcely think it an illusion; and in that age of romance, it was still easier of belief. A new world had been discovered, why not a new theory of life? Men looked upon a land where the leaves never fell, and the flowers never faded. The bloom was eternal—eternal the music of the birds. There was no winter—no signs of death or decay. Natural, then, the fancy, and easy the faith, that in such fair land man too might be immortal.

The delusion has long since died away, but not the beauty that gave birth to it. Thou, Florida, art still the same—still art thou emphatically the land of flowers. Thy groves are as green, thy skies as bright, thy waters as diaphanous as ever. There is no change in the loveliness of thy aspect.

And yet I observe a change. The scene is the same, but not the characters! Where are they of that red race who were born of thee, and nurtured on thy bosom? I see them not. In thy fields, I behold white and black, but not red—European and African, but not Indian—not one of that ancient people who were once thine own. Where are they?

Gone! all gone! No longer tread they thy flowery paths—no longer are thy crystal streams cleft by the keels of their canoes—no more upon thy spicy gale is borne the sound of their voices—the twang of their bowstrings is heard no more amid the trees of thy forest: they have parted from thee far and for ever.

But not willing went they away—for who could leave thee with a willing heart? No, fair Florida; thy red children were true to thee, and parted only in sore unwillingness. Long did they cling to the loved scenes of their youth; long continued they the conflict of despair, that has made them famous for ever. Whole armies, and many a hard struggle, it cost the pale-face to dispossess them; and then they went not willingly—they were torn from thy bosom like wolf-cubs from their dam, and forced to a far western land. Sad their hearts, and slow their steps, as they faced toward the setting sun. Silent or weeping, they moved onward. In all that band, there was not one voluntary exile.

No wonder they disliked to leave thee. I can well comprehend the poignancy of their grief. I too have enjoyed the sweets of thy flowery land, and parted from thee with like reluctance. I have walked under the shadows of thy majestic forests, and bathed in thy limpid streams—not with the hope of rejuvenescence, but the certainty of health and joy. Oft have I made my couch under the canopy of thy spreading palms and magnolias, or stretched myself along the green-sward of thy savannas; and, with eyes bent upon the blue ether of thy heavens, have listened to my heart repeating the words of the eastern poet:

Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIGO PLANTATION.

My father was an indigo planter; his name was Randolph. I bear his name in full—George Randolph.

There is Indian blood in my veins. My father was of the Randolphs of Roanoke—hence descended from the Princess Pocahontas. He was proud of his Indian ancestry—almost vain of it.

It may sound paradoxical, especially to European ears; but it is true, that white men in America, who have Indian blood in them, are proud of the taint. Even to be a 'half-breed' is no badge of shame—particularly where the *sang mele* has been gifted with fortune. Not all the volumes that have been written bear such strong testimony to the grandeur of the Indian character as this one fact—we are not ashamed to acknowledge them as ancestry!

Hundreds of white families lay claim to descent from the Virginian princess. If their claims be just, then must the fair Pocahontas have been a blessing to her lord.

I think my father *was* of the true lineage; at all events, he belonged to a proud family in the 'old dominion;' and during his early life had been surrounded by sable slaves in hundreds. But his rich patrimonial lands became at length worn out—profuse hospitality well-nigh ruined him; and not brooking an inferior station, he gathered up the fragments of his fortune, and 'moved' southward—there to begin the world anew.

I was born before this removal, and am therefore a native of Virginia; but my earliest impressions of a home were formed upon the banks of the beautiful Suwanee, in Florida. That was the scene of my boyhood's life—the spot consecrated to me by the joys of youth and the charms of early love.

I would paint the picture of my boyhood's home. Well do I remember it: so fair a scene is not easily effaced from the memory.

A handsome 'frame'-house, colored white, with green Venetians over the windows, and a wide verandah extending all round. Carved wooden porticoes support the roof of this verandah, and a low balustrade with light railing separates it from the adjoining grounds—from the flower parterre in front, the orangery on the right flank, and a large garden on the left. From the outer edge of the parterre, a smooth lawn slopes gently to the bank of the river—here expanding to the dimensions of a noble lake, with distant wooded shores, islets that seem suspended in the air, wild-fowl upon the wing, and wild-fowl in the water.

Upon the lawn, behold tall tapering palms, with pinnatified leaves—a species of *oreodoxia*—others with broad fan-shaped fronds—the *palmettoes* of the south; behold magnolias, clumps of the fragrant illicium, and radiating crowns of the *yucca gloriosa*—all indigenous to the soil.—Another native presents itself to the eye—a huge live oak extending its long horizontal boughs, covered thickly with evergreen coriaceous leaves, and broadly shadowing the grass beneath. Under its shade, behold a beautiful girl, in light summer robes—her hair loosely coifed with a white kerchief, from the folds of which have escaped long tresses glittering with the hues of gold. That is my sister Virginia, my only sister, still younger than myself. Her golden hair bespeaks not her Indian descent, but in that she takes after our mother. She is playing with her pets, the doe of the fallow deer, and its pretty spotted fawn. She is feeding them with the pulp of the sweet orange, of which they are immoderately fond. Another favourite is by her side, led by its tiny chain. It is the black fox-squirrel, with glossy coat and quivering tail. Its eccentric gambols frighten the fawn, causing the timid creature to start over the ground, and press closer to its mother, and sometimes to my sister, for protection.

The scene has its accompaniment of music. The golden oriole, whose nest is among the orange-trees, gives out its liquid song; the mock-bird, caged in the verandah, repeats the strain with variations. The gay mimic echoes the red cardinal and the blue jay, both fluttering among the flowers of the magnolia; it mocks the chatter of the green paroquets, that are busy with the berries of the tall cypresses down by the water's edge; at intervals it repeats the wild scream of the Spanish curlews that wave their silver wings overhead, or the cry of the tantalus heard from the far islets of the lake. The bark of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the hinny of mules, the neighing of horses, even the tones of the human voice, are all imitated by this versatile and incomparable songster.

The rear of the dwelling presents a different aspect—perhaps not so bright, though not less cheerful. Here is exhibited a scene of active life—a picture of the industry of an indigo plantation.

A spacious enclosure, with its 'post-and-rail' fence, adjoins the house. Near the centre of this stands the *ieee de resistance*—a grand shed that covers half an acre of ground, supported upon strong pillars of wood. Underneath are seen huge oblong vats, hewn from the great trunks of the cypress. They are ranged in threes, one above the other, and communicate by means of spigots placed in their ends. In these the precious plant is macerated, and its cerulean color extracted.

Beyond are rows of pretty little cottages, uniform in size and shape, each embowered in its grove of orange-trees, whose ripening fruit and white wax-like flowers fill the air with perfume. These are the negro cabins. Here and there, towering above their roofs in upright attitude, or bending gently over, is the same noble palm-tree that ornaments the lawn in front. Other houses appear within the enclosure, rude structures of hewn logs, with clap-board 'roofs: they are the stable, the corn-crib, the kitchen—this last communicating with the main dwelling by a long open gallery, with shingle roof, supported upon posts of the fragrant red cedar.

Beyond the enclosure stretch wide fields, backed by a dark belt of cypress forest that shuts out the view of the horizon. These fields exhibit the staple of cultivation, the precious dye-plant, though other vegetation appears upon them. There are maize-plants and sweet potatoes (*Convolvulus batatas*) some rice, and sugar-cane. These are not intended for commerce, but to provision the establishment.

The indigo is sown in straight rows, with intervals between. The plants are of different ages, some just bursting through the glebe with leaves like young trefoil; others full grown, above two feet in height, resemble ferns, and exhibit the light-green pinnated leaves which distinguish most of the *leguminosæ*—for the indigo belongs to this tribe. Some shew their papilionaceous flowers just on the eve of bursting; but rarely are they permitted to exhibit their full bloom. Another destiny awaits them; and the hand of the reaper rudely checks their purple inflorescence.

In the enclosure, and over the indigo-fields, a hundred human forms are moving; with one or two exceptions, they are all of the African race—all slaves. They are not all of black skin—scarcely the majority of them are negroes. There are mulattoes, samboes, and quadroons. Even some who are of pure African blood are not black, only bronze-colored; but with the exception of the 'overseer' and the owner of the plantation, all are slaves. Some are hideously ugly, with thick lips, low retreating foreheads, flat noses, and ill-formed bodies; others are well proportioned; and among them are some that might be accounted good-looking. There are women nearly white—quadroons. Of the latter are several that are more than good-looking—some even beautiful.

The men are in their work-dresses: loose cotton trousers, with coarse colored shirts, and hats of palmetto-leaf. A few display dandyism in their attire. Some are naked from the waist upwards, their black skins glistening under the sun like ebony. The women are more gaily arrayed in striped prints, and heads 'toqued' with Madras kerchiefs of brilliant check. The dresses of some are tasteful and pretty. The turban-like coiffure renders them picturesque.

Both men and women are alike employed in the business of the plantation—the manufacture of the indigo. Some cut down the plants with reaping-hooks, and tie them in bundles; others carry the bundles in from the fields to the great shed; a few are employed in throwing them into the upper trough, the 'steeper:' while another few are drawing off and 'beating.' Some shovel the sediment into the draining-bags, while others superintend the drying and cutting out. All have their respective tasks, and all seem alike cheerful in the performance of them. They laugh, and chatter, and sing; they give back jest for jest; and scarcely a moment passes that merry voices are not ringing upon the ear.

And yet these are all slaves—the slaves of my father. He treats them well; seldom is the lash uplifted; hence the happy mood and cheerful aspect.

Such pleasant pictures are graven on my memory, sweetly and deeply impressed. They formed the *mise-en-scene* of my early life.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE TERRIBLE PASS."

A traveller relates that among the Alps, there is a narrow path along the precipitous slope of a summit, which is crossed by a deep and dark defile.

When the guides, one before and another behind the traveller, reach this fearful seam, they pause upon the dizzy edge to reassure his mind; then the leader makes a swing from a projecting rock, and lands upon the opposite side. Immediately turning towards the man he has left, urged forward by his rear-guard, he kneels upon the margin of the abyss, extends his hand over it, and says, 'Place your foot there, and trust my arm to bring you over safely.' It is done, and in a moment the traveller stands on the solid path leading into a sweet and smiling landscape among the mountains—'peace reposing in the bosom of strength.' This is called 'the terrible pass.'

How forcibly it represents the convicted sinner's transition from disloyalty to reconciliation. He reaches the limit of his own wisdom and strength in seeking peace. Then Jesus bridges the gulf of alienation and death with his scarred hand, and invites the sinner to step by faith theron, trust his Saviour, and be saved. How simple the act; how glorious the result! He is brought over the terrible, dreaded pass, in 'a large place,' and one full of fragrance and song. Refusing to *advance*, escape is cut off, and he falls into the 'blackness of darkness for ever.'—*American Messenger.*

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the tests of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

Pleasure and pain spring not so much from the nature of things as from our manner of considering them.

Arts and Sciences.

RULES FOR JUDGING OF THE WEATHER.

1. The variations of the barometer depend on the variations of the wind. It is highest during frost, with a north-east wind, and lowest during a thaw, with a south or south-west wind. 2. The heighth of the barometer must be above the mean corresponding to the particular wind blowing at the time, to allow of weather in which any confidence can be placed. 3. In general the barometer falls before rain; and, all appearances being the same, the higher the barometer the greater the probability of fair weather. 4. A high and steady barometer is indicative of settled weather. 5. A very low barometer is usually attendant upon stormy weather, with wind and rain at intervals, but the latter not necessarily in any great quantity. If the weather, notwithstanding a very low barometer, is fine and calm, it is not to be depended upon; a change may come on very suddenly. 6. If the barometer fall gradually for several days, during the continuance of fine weather, much wet will probably ensue in the end. In like manner, if it keep rising while the wet continues, the weather, after a day or two, is likely to set in fair for some time. 7. Neither a sudden rise nor a sudden fall of the barometer is followed by any lasting change of weather. 8. If the mercury fall during a high wind from the S. W., S. S. W. or W. S. W., an increasing storm is probable; if the fall be rapid, the wind will be violent, but of short duration; if the fall be slow, the wind will be less violent, but of longer continuance. 9. A fall of the mercury with a S. wind is invariably followed by rain in greater or less quantities. 10. If, after a storm of wind and rain, the mercury remain steady at the point to which it had fallen, serene weather may follow without a change of wind. 11. If the mercury fall with the wind at W., N. W. or N., a great reduction of temperature will follow; in the winter severe frosts, in the summer cold rains. 12. A steady and considerable fall of the mercury during an east wind denotes that the wind will soon go round to the south, unless a heavy fall of snow or rain immediately follow; in this case the upper clouds usually come up from the south. 13. In noticing the wind regard must be had to whether there are one or more currents in the atmosphere; in the former case the barometer is generally steady and the weather fair; in the latter, the mercury fluctuates and the weather is unsettled. 14. A high temperature, with a high dew-point, and the wind S. or S. W., is likely to produce a thunderstorm. If the mercury fall much previous to the storm, the latter is likely to be succeeded by a change of weather. Sometimes heavy thunderstorms take place overhead without any fall of the mercury; in this case a reduction of temperature does not usually follow. 15. A sudden and extreme change of temperature of the atmosphere, either from heat to cold or cold to heat, is generally followed by rain within twenty-four hours. 16. In winter, during a frost, if it begin to snow, the temperature of the air generally rises to 32 deg. [or near it], and continues there whilst the snow falls; after which, if the weather clears up, expect severe cold. 17. A stratus at night, with a generally diffused fog the next morning, is usually followed by a fine day, if the barometer be high and steady. If the barometer keep rising, the fog may last all day; if the barometer be low, the fog will probably turn to rain. 18. Well-defined cumuli, forming a few hours after sunrise, increasing towards the middle of the day, and decreasing towards evening, are indicative of settled weather; if, instead of subsiding in the evening and leaving the sky clear, they keep increasing, they are indicative of wet. 19. A sky dappled with light clouds, of the cirro-cumulus form, in the early morning, generally leads to a fine warm day. 20. A very clear sky, without clouds, is not to be trusted, unless the barometer be high. 21. A sky covered with clouds need not cause apprehension, if the latter are high and of no great density, and the air is still, the barometer at the same time being high. Rain falling under such circumstances is generally light, or of not long continuance.—*Rural Almanac and Sportsman's Illustrated Calendar.*

THE NEW RIFLE GUN.

At Her Majesty's Levee on the 24th February, the honor of Knighthood was conferred upon Mr. Armstrong, the inventor of the new rifle gun, who is further described as 'Engineer to the War Department for Rifled Ordnance.' This appointment is a very significant fact. Indeed, the effect that will be produced upon our armaments by the introduction of the rifled ordance invented by Sir W. Armstrong is the most important branch of any question respecting the National Defences. If these new inventions turn out to be as formidable in practice as they are startling in description, it would seem as though all the old military and naval arrangements of the world must soon pass away like the airy *dramatis personæ* of a morning's dream. What known fabric that floats upon the seas—aye, or what existing fortress raised by human hands—could resist a storm of bolts and shells each of 80lb. or 90lb. weight, and cast from a distance of from five to seven miles? In naval warfare to be sure, this is a game at which two can play. The defence is as good as the attack, assuming parity of armaments. Not so with regard to fortresses. How are gunners to hit a shifting speck ten miles off?—but the specks can hit the fortresses at their leisure. Under such arrangements the days of Cronstadt, Cherbourg, and Gibraltar would appear to be sealed. So of all naval arsenals, unless they can move inland, up rivers and beyond reach of such a storm as may be poured upon them from vessels at sea. With regard to ships, however, it must always be that they meet upon equal terms, for the conditions under which they act are the same. All that would seem necessary is, that we should never allow another nation to steal a march upon us in naval gunnery or the science of naval defence; for, after all, the question of the existence of England as a nation is one which must be determined at sea. On land we might meet with reverses, but they could not shake the foundations of England's power. It is the ocean which we should watch with jealous eye. —*London Times.*

THE PRINTER.

A Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a BANK and COINS, and not be worth a penny; have SMALL CAPS and neither have wife or children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swifter by SETTING fast. He may be making IMPRESSIONS without eloquence; may use the LYE without offending and be telling the the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can SET standing, and even do both at the same time; use FURNITURE and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away PI, and never see a pie, much less eat one during his life; be a human being and a RAT at the same time; may PRESS a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a SHOOTING IRON and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; may move the LEVER that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a molehill; spread SHEETS without baing a housewife; he may lay his FORM on a BED, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the † without shedding blood, and from the earth may handle the **; he may be of a ROLLING disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may hava a SHEEP'S FOOT, and not be deformed, never be without a CASE and know nothing about law or physic; be always CORRECTING his ERRORS, and growing worse every day; have EM~~~S without ever having the arms of a lass around him; have his FORM locked up and at the same time be free from jail, watch-house or any other confinement.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two *seconds* to fight a duel.

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful.

Poetry.

THE LITTLE FRAME HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

How often there comes to the spirit while lonely,
Some picture of beauty to gladden our toil,
Some rose of wrecked prospects left blossoming only
Midst the thistles and thorns of adversity's soil,
And fadelessly, fancy retains the reflection
As a wave mirrored rose by the side of a rill;
Yet few things return such a sweet recollection
As the little frame house at the foot of the hill.

There's a meadow of green, with a stream running through it,
Where the speckled fish sport and the birds sing their song,
In a green grove of elm trees that once ever grew it
And flecked the blue waters that wandered along;
Yet it is not in those that most beauty abides in,
Oh! it is not the mead with its free flowing rill
That sweetens remembrance, but her who resides in
The little frame house at the foot of the hill.

Sweet Kedron reflecting the sunbeams of Salem,
Looked bright to the angels who wandered that way,
And Eden's fair scenes with their streams to impale them
Have lost their grandeur and gone to decay;
But here, in our country to greatness advancing,
Outblossoms a prospect more beautiful still,
For they ne'er held a cherub with charms more entrancing
Than the little frame house at foot of the hill.

Oh! Sol shed the glow of thy beautiful glory,
Rise mornings of light and beam evenings of peace;
Come flowers, and come music, and make he life's story
A heart full of love every day to increase,
And oh! let the choice of her heart be unswerving
In that which gives life its most exquisite thrill,
For the whole world contains not a heart more deserving
Than the little frame house at foot of the hill.

Random Readings.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—The quantity of cotton wool brought into England every year might be piled into a pyramid which would rival that of Cheops. The eight thousand five hundred and seventy-two millions of miles of yarn spun in England in a year might be wound round and round the earth, as a boy winds string round a top; or we might throw the shuttle over distant Uranus, and then tangle together the "red planet Mars," the Earth, Venus, Mercury, and the Sun in our net of cotton. The whole of the British Islands might be wrapt up in cotton wool, and put up carefully for the inspection of future ages, in not very many years' consumption of that raw material.

The shortness of *life* is very often owing to the irregularities of the *liver*.

The Japanese have a very excellent clause in the marriage ceremony Among other vows, he agrees to "find plenty of tea and rice for his wife during life. The Japanese are not confirmed heathens after all.

FAITH.—Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest—"Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him.

An Irish housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using a tooth brush. 'Well is he coming?' said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. 'Yes ma'am, directly was the reply, 'he's just sharpening his teeth.'

In an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods the letter *l* has by an accident dropped from the word lawful, and it reads now—'People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the *awful* charges on the same.'

'Mr. Brown,' said a constable to this ubiquitous personage the other day, 'how many cows do you own?' 'Why do you ask?' was the query. 'Because I wish to levy on them, was the prompt rejoinder. 'Well, let me see,' said Mr. B., abstractedly, 'how many cows does the law allow me?' 'Two,' replied the constable. Two said Mr. B., with good natured astonishment;' well if the law allows me two, I wish it would make haste and send the other along, as *I haven't but one!*'

'Mrs. Jones,' said a gentleman to a lady whose husband was a brakeman, Mrs. Jones, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones when he is on the cars?' 'No, not at all, for if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it; because Mr. Williams got $40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since.'

Alexander Dumas the elder happened to be in Switzerland, at a roadside inn, where German alone was spoken, and he did all he could to impart to the master of the establishment that he wished to have some mushrooms. Finding that he could not make himself understood by language, he took up a piece of charcoal and traced on the wall a likeness of the article he wanted. The innkeeper, on seeing the representation, seemed quite pleased, and gave unmistakeable signs of believing he comprehended. 'At last!' exclaimed Dumas, 'and not without difficulty! However, it is well to be a man of invention, as otherwise I should be without my dish of mushrooms. However, here comes the host; I hear him returning.' And so he did, holding in his hand—an umbrella.