

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father—
By right of creation,
By beautiful provision,
By gracious adoption;

Miscellaneous Literature.

OCCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO JAKES.

Every plantation has its 'bad fellow'—often more than one, but always one who holds pre-eminence in evil. 'Yellow Jake' was the fiend of ours.

The York Herald,

AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE HOMMOCK.

Just outside the orangery was one of those singular formations—peculiar, I believe, to Florida. A circular basin, like a vast sugar-pan, opens into the earth, to the depth of many feet, and having a diameter of forty yards or more.

There was one who thought him handsome—handsomer than his yellow namesake. This was the quadroon Viola, the belle of the plantation. For Viola's hand, the two Jakes had long time been rival suitors.

first glance. Over all its wide extent not an antler was to be seen. I was somewhat disappointed on observing this. My mother expected to see a wish to have venison at dinner: I had promised her she should have it; and on seeing the savanna empty, I felt disappointed.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Since a very large number of our countrymen and countrywomen desire to live as people in Good Society live, an effort to form their manners after the models exhibited therein, it is of some importance to have it understood, what Good Society really is, and how life is conducted in its charmed circles.

Society, par excellence, and asks of candidates for admission into it, What are you? but What have you? To these unfortunates alone are forever denied the pleasures of Good Society in blest America.

WHERE TO SPEND SABBATH DAYS.

In his Journal of Health, for August, Dr. Hall evinces himself equally as well qualified in some cases, at least, to prescribe for the cure of morals as for maladies.

DEATH FROM WANT OF SLEEP.

The question how long can a person exist without sleep is often asked then answered, and the difficulties and inhumanity of answering the question by experiment would seem to leave it ever unsolved.

THE DOOM OF THE WORLD.

The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks: 'What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power, the fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the whirling comets wielding their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruption in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars and disappearance of others, are all fore-shadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed.'

BE CAREFUL.—Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehension; it is the final result that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

BY RALPH HOTT.

The world for sale!—hang out the sign, Call every traveller here to me, Who'll buy this brave estate of mine, And set me from earth's bondage free.

It is a glorious thing to see; Ah, it has cheated me no more? It is not what it seems to be: For Sale! It shall be mine no more!

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold, Who bids? but let me tell you fair, A barter lot was never sold;

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell That beauty flings around the heart; I know its power, alas, too well!

Ambition, Fashion, Show and Pride— I part from all forever now! Grog, in an overwhelming tide,

No more for me life's false dream; Bright visions, vanishing away; My bark required a deeper stream;

A LONG COURTSHIP.—A lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship, 'Charles, I am going out to town to-morrow. Where? I don't know.'

Random Readings.

MASSAQUERADES IN MILWAUKEE.—A great masquerade was given in Milwaukee about a week ago. The Notes of that city, in the course of an article describing it, says: 'One gentleman fell in love with his own sister, while another man danced, talked and promissed with a gentleman in woman's dress three hours in the vain hope of finding out who this dear creature was.'

THE POST-OFFICE AND GROG SHOP. I sat on a log to take a deliberate survey of the locality, and commenced making some marginal notes, with my lithograph pen spread out on my knees, when I was noiselessly joined in my meditations by a tall, gaunt man with a peaked beard, who bent going over the sketch, chewing his cud all the time as if he was not aware of my presence.

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(To be continued.)