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Literature.

A MOTHER'S POWER.

When darkness comes, and the evening gloom
Makes doubly dear that sweet word—*Home*,
And the circles of life that make earth dear
Are formed to partake of the evening cheer;
To enliven the hour and the time to begile,
Is there aught so sweet as a mother's smile?

When wearied with toil and crushed with care
We wander along the brink of despair;
When the world cheers not, and love grows cold,
And the rays of hope their light withhold;
When former friendship no joys afford,
Can aught inspire like a mother's word?

Or when on a drear and lonely day
We follow some friend to his bed of clay;
And hope for a time is o'ercome by grief,
Till assisted by faith it will find relief;
In the midst of a scene so lonely and drear,
Is there aught so sad as a mother's tear?

When youth by folly is led astray
From the path of virtue far away;
Or death breaks in through a friendly band,
And strikes one down with a ruthless hand;
Is there aught this side of the realms above,
So lasting and deep as a mother's love?

—*Perth Courier.*

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

Call the head men together, cajole them out of it; the chiefs are human, they are poor, some of them drunkards—bribes will go far, fire-water still further; make a new treaty, with a double construction—the ignorant savages will not understand it; obtain their signatures—the thing is done!

Crafty commissioner! yours is the very plan, and you the man to execute it.

It was done. On the 9th of May, 1832, on the banks of the Ocklawaha, the chiefs of the Seminole nation in full council assembled, bartered away the land of their fathers!

Such was the report given to the world.

It was not true.

It was not a full council of chiefs; it was an assembly of traitors bribed and suborned, of weak men flattered and intimidated. No wonder the nation refused to accede to this surreptitious covenant; no wonder they heeded not its terms; but had to be summoned to still another council, for a freer and fuller signification of their consent.

It soon became evident that the great body of the Seminole nation repudiated the treaty. Many of the chiefs denied having signed it. The head chief, Onopa, denied it. Some confessed the act, but declared they had been drawn into it by the influence and advice of others. It was only the more powerful leaders of clans—as the brothers Omatla, Black Clay, and Big Warrior—who openly acknowledged the signing.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INDIAN HERO.

There were several reasons why the treaty of the Ocklawaha could not be considered binding on the Seminole nation. First, it was not signed by a majority of the chiefs. Sixteen chiefs and sub-chiefs appended their names to it. There were five times this number in the nation.

Second, it was, after all, no treaty, but a mere conditional contract—the conditions being that a deputation of Seminoles should first proceed to the ladies allotted in the west (upon White River), examine these lands, and bring back a report to their people. The very nature of this condition proves that no contract for removal could have been completed, until the exploration had been first accomplished.

The examination was made.—Seven chiefs, accompanied by an agent, journeyed to the far west, and made a survey of the lands.

Now, mark the craft of the commissioner! These seven chiefs are nearly all taken from those friendly to the removal. We find among them both the Omatlas, and Black Clay. True, there is Hottle-mattee (jumper) a patriot, but this brave warrior is stricken with the Indian curse—he loves the fire-water; and his propensity is well known to Phagan, the agent, who accompanies them.

A *ruse* is contemplated, and is put in practice. The deputation is hospitably entertained at Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas. Hottle-mattee is made merry—the contract for removal is spread before the seven chiefs—they all sign it: the juggle is complete.

But even this was no fulfilment of the terms of the Ocklawaha covenant. The deputation was to return with their report, and ask the will of the nation. This was yet to be given; and, in order to obtain it, a new council of all the chiefs and warriors must be summoned.

It was to be a mere formality.—It was well known that the nation as a body disapproved of the facile conduct of the seven chiefs, and would not endorse it. They were not going to 'move.'

This was the more evident, since other conditions of the treaty were daily broken. One of these was the restoration of runaway slaves, which the signers of the Ocklawaha treaty had promised to send back to their owners. No blacks were sent back; on the contrary, they now found refuge among the Indians more secure than ever.

The commissioner knew all this. He was calling the new council out of mere formality. Perhaps he might persuade them to sign it—if not, he intended to awe them into the measure, or force them at the point of the bayonet. He had said as much. Troops were concentrating at the agencies—Fort King—and others were daily arriving in Tampa Bay. The government had taken its measures; and coercion was resolved upon.

I was not ignorant of what was going on, nor of all that had happened during my long years of absence. My comrades, the cadets, were well versed in Indian affairs, and took a lively interest in them—especially those who expected soon to escape from the college walls.—'Black Hawk's war,' just terminated in the west, had already given some a chance of service and distinction, and young ambition was now bending its eyes upon Florida.

The idea, however, of obtaining glory in such a war was ridiculed by all. 'It would be too easy a war—the foe was not worth considering. A mere handful of savages,' asserted they; 'scarcely enough of them to stand before a single company.—They would be either killed or captured in the first skirmish, one and all of them—there was not the slightest chance of their making any protracted resistance—unfortunately, there was not.'

The newspapers made us acquainted with every circumstance. Letters, too, were constantly received at the 'Point' from old graduates now serving in Florida. Every detail reached us, and we had become acquainted with the names of many of the Indian chieftains, as well as the internal *politique* of the tribe. It appeared they were not united.—There was a party in favour of yielding to the demands of our government, headed by one *Omatla*. This was the traitor party, and a minority. The patriots were more numerous, including the head 'mico' himself, and the powerful chiefs Holata, Coa-hajo, and the negro Abram.

Among the patriots there was one name that, upon the wings of rumour, began to take precedence of all others. It appeared frequently in the daily prints, and in the letters of our friends. It was that of a young warrior—or sub-chief, as he was styled—who by some means or other had gained a remarkable ascendency in the tribe. He was one of the most violent opponents of the 'removal;' in fact, the leading spirit that opposed it; and chiefs much older and more powerful were swayed by his counsel.

We cadets much admired this young man. He was described as possessing all the attributes of a hero—of noble aspect, bold, handsome, intelligent. Both his physical and intellectual qualities were spoken of in terms of praise—almost approaching to hyperbole. His form was that of an Apollo, his features those of Adonis or Endymion. He was first in everything—the best shot in his nation, the most expert swimmer and rider—the swiftest runner, and most successful hunter—alike eminent in peace or war—in short, a Cyrus.

There were Xenophons enough to record his fame. The people of the United States had been long at peace with the red men. The romantic savages were far away from their borders. It was rare to see an Indian within the settlements, or hear aught of them. There had been no late deputations from the tribes to gratify the eyes of gazing citizens; and a real curiosity had grown up in regard to these children of the forest. An Indian hero was wanted, and this young chief appeared to be the man.

His name was Oceola.

CHAPTER XX.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

I was not allowed long to enjoy the sweets of home. A few days after my arrival, I received an order to repair to Fort King, the Seminole agency, and head-quarters of the army of Florida. General Clinch there commanded. I was summoned upon his staff.

Not without chagrin, I prepared to obey the order. It was hard to part so soon from those who dearly loved me, and from whom I had been so long separated. Both mother and sister were overwhelmed with grief at my going. Indeed, they urged me to resign my commission, and remain at home.

Not unwillingly did I listen to their counsel: I had no heart in the cause in which I was called forth; but at such a crisis I dared not follow their advice: I should have been branded as a traitor—a coward.—My country had commissioned me to carry a sword. I must wield it, whether the cause be just or unjust—whether to my liking or not. This is called *patriotism!*

There was yet another reason for my reluctance to part from home. I need hardly declare it. Since my return, my eyes had often wandered over the lake—often rested on that fair island. Oh, I had not forgotten her!

Did Maumee still live? Was she true? True! Had she reason? Had she ever loved me?

There were those near who could have answered the first question; but I feared to breathe her name, even to the most intimate.

Bidding adieu to my mother and sister, I took the route. These were not left alone; my maternal uncle—their guardian—resided upon the plantation. The parting moments were less bitter, from the belief that I should soon return. Even if the anticipated campaign should last for any considerable length of time, the scene of my duties would lie near, and I should find frequent opportunities of revisiting them.

My uncle scouted the idea of a campaign, as so did every one.—'The Indians,' he said, 'would yield to the demands of the commissioner. Fools, if they didn't!'

Fort King was not distant; it stood upon Indian ground—fourteen miles within the border, though further than that from our plantation. A day's journey would bring me to it; and in the company of my cheerful 'squire,' Black Jake, the road would not seem long. We bestrode a pair of the best steeds the stables afforded, and were both armed *cap-a-pie*.

We crossed the ferry at the upper landing, and rode within the 'reserve.'* The path—it was only a path—ran parallel to the creek, though not near its banks. It passed through the woods, some distance to the rear of Madame Powell's plantation.

When opposite to the clearing, my eyes fell upon the diverging track. I knew it well: I had oft trodden it with swelling heart.

I hesitated—halted. Strange thoughts careered through my bosom; resolves half-made, and suddenly abandoned. The rein grew slack, and then tightened. The spur threatened the ribs of my horse, but failed to strike.

Shall I go? Once more behold her? Once more renew those sweet joys of tender love? Once more——. Ha, perhaps it is too late! I might be no longer welcome—if my reception should be hostile! Perhaps ——

'Wa' you doin dar, Massr George? Daat's not tha road to tha fort.'

'I know that, Jake; I was thinking of making a call at Madame Powell's plantation.'

'Mar'm Pow'll plantayshun!—Gollys! Massr George—daat all you knows 'bout it!'

'About what?' I inquired with anxious heart.

'Dar's no Mar'm Pow'll da no more; nor ham't a been, since better'n two year—all gone clar 'way.'

'Gone away? Where?'

'Daat dis chile know nuffin 'bout. S'pose da gone some other lokayshun in da rezav; made new clarn somewha else.'

'And who lives here now?'

'Daar ain't ucery one lib tha now, tha ole house am desarted.'

'But why did Madame Powell leave it?'

'Ah—daat am a quaw story.—Golleys! you nebber hear um, Massr George?'

'No—never.'

'Den I tell um. Buts'pose, massr, we ride on. 'T am a gettin' a leetle lateish, an' 'twont do nohow to be cotch arter night in tha woods.'

I turned my horse's head, and advanced along the main road, Jake riding by my side. With aching heart, I listened to his narrative.

'You see, Massr George,' 'twar all o' Massr Ringgol—tha ole bosst daat am—an' I b'lieve tha young 'un had 'im hand in dat pie, all same, like tha ole 'un. Waal, you see Mar'm Pow'll she loss some niggas dat war ha slaves. Dey war stole from ha, an' wuss dan stole. Dey war tuk, an' by white men, massr. Tha be folks who say dat Massr Ringgold—he know'd more'n anybody else 'bout tha whole bizness.—But da rubb'ry war blamed on Ned Spence an' Bill William.—Waal, Mar'm Pow'll, she go to da law wi' dis yar Ned an' Bill; an' she 'ploy Massr Grubb, that big lawyer dat lib down 'tat ribba. Now, Massr Grubb, he great friend o' Massr Ringgol, an' folks do say dat boaf de two put tha heads together to cheat dat ar lady-en 'ooman.'

How?'

'Dis chile don't say for troof, Massr George; he hear um only from da brack folks; tha white folk say diff'rent. But I hear um from Mass' Ringgol's own nigga woodmen—Pomp, you know. Massr George! an' he say dat them ar two bosses did put tha heads together to cheat dat poor 'ndy-en 'ooman.'

'In what way, Jake?' I asked impatiently.

(To be continued.)

THE SIGNAL STATION ON THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Leaving the excavations, we toiled up the well-made zig-zags and long slanting paths, along the face of the gray-lichened rocks, till we reached the signal station, which is placed near the middle of the ridge-line of the rock. Here there are three men always on duty, with a powerful telescope beside them. Their business is to signal the approach of the steam-packets, and to give notice of every ship that enters the bay, by hoisting a ball or flag distinctive of her class or country. The ridge is very narrow. The rock, in short, is like a gigantic wedge resting on the broad end, and with the sharp edge turned up to the sky. The little paved plateau of the signal station is not more than twenty feet broad. To lean over the wall on the one side of it, is to look down on the Mediterranean. To do the same thing on the other, is to overlook the fortifications that line the shores of Gibraltar Bay. The view from this point is superb. Looking southward across the Straits, we had before us the rugged and lofty mountains of Africa, with the stupendous Ape's Hill, rising high above them all; westwards, beyond the bay, we were confronted by the Tarifa Mountains in Spain; northwards, the Ronda Mountains, conical shaped, of great height, and flecked with snow, bounded the view; and down the long withdrawing valleys that lie between these and the Tarifa Mountains, gleamed the winding silvery lines of two fine rivers which finally discharged their waters into the head of the bay; eastward, the broad, blue, sapphire-like floor of the Mediterranean stretched away from the base of the rock, bright and unruffled as the azure heaven above. Where else could one hope to combine, in one single view, so much beauty and grandeur of natural scenery, with so much profoundly interesting historical associations. We were standing on one of those pillars of Hercules that bounded, in this direction, the geography of the ancient world, and we were looking out, between those pillars, on that glorious maritime gateway through which Columbus went forth to discover the New World; which now vies in arts, intelligence, and energy, with the most cultivated countries of the Old. We had lying at our feet, and immediately above the present town of Gibraltar, the ancient Moorish fort, built upwards of 1,100 years ago, and reminded us of the African torrent that once rolled northwards to the Pyrenees, and that threatened to subjugate Europe to the Moslem power and faith. And, finally, from the summit of the rock, there floated above our heads the "meteor flag of England," telling how triumphantly that torrent has been driven back; and how, not the arms merely, but the civilization and Christianity of the most advanced of European nations, are marching onwards in the grand "crusade" that is to sweep barbarism away before it, and to enlighten and to bless the whole southern and eastern world.—*Buchanan's Clerical Furlong.*

ADVICE ABOUT LIGHTNING.

It is calculated that at least fifty persons are killed by lightning every year in this country, and as the season is approaching when casualities of this kind are imminent, a few words of advice and caution upon the subject may act as a safeguard, if carefully observed.

During the prevalence of a recent thunderstorm which visited the town and vicinity of St. Petersburg, Ill., two men were suddenly killed by a stroke of lightning, which descended the chimney of the house in which they were residing. One of the unfortunate victims was in the act of winding a clock that stood on the mantlepiece, and the other was standing immediately behind him, when both were struck lifeless. Two women were at the same time sitting in the room and escaped injury, as they happened to be seated some distance from the chimney.

When the lightning's flash and the thunder's crash are seen and heard almost simultaneously, it is a sign that danger is at hand, and the next bolt may strike the tenement which affords us shelter. To know the place of greatest safety upon such an occasion is important knowledge. This science clearly teaches us, and as a faithful monitor, its voice should be heard with attention.

The earth and atmosphere are saturated with electricity, which ordinarily remains in a state of equilibrium. When this condition is disturbed we have the phenomena of thunder storms—which is simply an effort of nature to restore the electric equilibrium between the atmosphere and the earth. The atmosphere in such cases is converted into a huge Leyden jar; the lightning is simply disruptive discharges through the intervening air; and thunder is the sound caused by the violent and sudden compression of the air, producing waves; hence the long-continued roll like the discharge of artillery. Lightning is the most subtle and irresistible power of nature. A single flash can shiver the mast of a war-ship that might bid defiance to a cannonade, or rend the lofty oak of the forest to splters in an instant; and a single bolt has toppled the tall church spire to the dust in the twinkling of an eye. What is the puny power of man before such a mighty agent? It is physically frail as a feather or a trembling leaf. Armed in the panoply of science, however, man, like a weak but skilful general, can manœuver his forces against this otherwise destructive power, and convert danger into comparative safety.

This discovery was made when Franklin proved the identity of lightning and electricity with his little kite. Electricity possesses the peculiar property of flowing quietly along or through what are called "conductors," such as copper, gold, iron, etc.; and taking advantage of this, the American philosopher suggested the erection of tall rods of iron or copper on houses and ships, to *top* the Leyden jars of the atmosphere, and convey their charges quietly and safely to the earth. This suggestion carried out has saved thousands of lives and millions' worth of property, hence all houses should be provided with such conductors; but as is the case now perhaps the great majority of buildings will always be unsupplied with such agencies. In all such cases, it should never be forgotten that the lightning always seeks to pass to the earth by the nearest prominent conductors; hence we have an explanation of the cause why trees, masts of ships, steeples of churches, towers, and chimneys are so often struck, and why the persons referred to above should not have been standing so near the fireplace on the occasion of a thunder-storm which cost them their lives. In storms, persons in houses should sit or lie in some place as far distant as possible from the chimney, and the most exposed parts of the walls—the middle of the room, if it is large, is the safest locality. Sailors on the sea should keep as far from the masts as possible, and farmers in the fields should never seek shelter under trees. Horizontal strokes of lightning sometimes take place; and several persons have been struck while sitting at open windows during thunderstorms. Every window of a room in which persons are sitting, in such cases, should be closed; a flash of the fluid, which would pass through an open window into an apartment, will be conducted down through the floor and wall to the earth if the window is shut. We have thus given some directions to be followed by all persons during the prevalence of lightning, and we have set forth the science of the question, so that all may not only see the reasonableness of our remarks, but their seasonableness also.

SCIENCE AND MODERN WARFARE.

From the Scientific American.

Science was once the handmaid of liberty, as in the days when Archimedes defended Syracuse against the Consul Marcellus for eight months, astounding the Roman soldiers with the deadly effects of his ingenious machines. Then science was local, now she is cosmopolitan; and the progress which has been made in fire-arms and the appliances of war must influence the struggle between France and Austria for the Italian nationalities.

Let us see how this is to be done, and the probable effect of improved implements of destruction as employed in modern warfare. The daily papers of our city have been indulging in pleasant fancies on the superiority of France in the matter of arms, quite ignoring the fact, either from ignorance or forgetfulness, that Austria is just as well prepared, and that she has not forgotten the motto, "In time of peace prepare for war."

It is true that the old musket has given way to the rifle, that breech-loading guns are being rapidly introduced into the armies of Europe [by which three shots to the common gun's one can be fired], that revolving carbines are forming to some companies of light cavalry, and that many-chambered pistols have found their way into military holsters.

We are told of cannon that have deadly effect at five miles, and that a great number of light field-pieces are superseded by a few guns carrying heavy shot. The round ball has passed away before the conical one; and the names of Norton, Minie, Jacob, Colt, Sharp and Armstrong stand as shining lights amid the din of cannon and the smoke of powder.

Napoleon the Great did not understand the value of individual skill in the use of arms, the secret of his system being to pour a mass of men upon his enemy after a well-directed cannonade from the artillery had decimated their ranks and produced momentary confusion. He depended on the collective bravery of a mass of soldiery, not upon the intrinsic skill of the soldier.

A soldier in the British army was told by his officer, in 1838, that, in firing at a man 600 yards distant, he was to fire 130 feet above him; so imperfect were the arms of Europe at that period. Now, with the improved arms supplied to the army, the soldier can make far better practice at 500 yards, or even 1,000, than he could with the old musket (which achieved the peninsular victories) at 100 or 200 yards. With Gen. Jacob's short barrelled, four-grooved rifle, introduced, we believe, in the East Indian service, a tolerably good shot can hit an object the size of a man, once out of three times, at a distance of 1,000 yards, the effective range being 2000 yards. The Enfield rifle is of about equivalent value.

The French admit firing 25,000,000 cartridges in the Crimea, and they certainly did not hit 25 000 men, or one in a thousand, nor did they kill half that number by musketry fire. All this time Austria and the armies of Germany have been perfecting their munitions of war, and profiting by the failures of other nations.

But, thanks to the art of printing, each improvement, and the experiments testing its efficacy and value, quickly find their way all over the world, and the armies have progressed together, and are as capable as they ever were of meeting on equal terms. And to sum up, the only changes in modern warfare, by improved means of slaughter, may be briefly stated as follows:—

Firstly, The result of a battle will depend upon the skill and practice of the soldier more than formerly, and a sure aim will effect more than the showers of bullets hitherto thrown away.

Secondly, Personal bravery will be in a measure lost, cavalry rendered of less utility, and on riflemen and artillery will depend the issue.

Thirdly, Battles will be shorter in duration and more deadly in effect.

Fourthly, That nation which has within it most skill and science, which most has cultivated the liberal arts and trained its men to that coolness which only knowledge can give, will be surest of victory; or in other words, brute force dies out and brain force at last prevails in its very lowest sphere of action.

And lastly, Wars will be more bloody and more like murder than ever, and we hope that men may soon become convinced that it is a destructive folly, and settle their quarrels, personal and national, without recourse to slaughter and bloodshed.

While, however, it is an established fact that skill in the use of arms will greatly influence the fate of battle, the nearer that fire-arms approach perfection of aim, the greatest power of propulsion and the most simple combinations of mechanism, the more will such weapons be sought by the governments of contending nations. From our inventive genius as a people, and our neutrality as a nation, we are in a peculiarly fitting position to supply them with these, and thus, though not participating in the bloodshed, we can take a share of the spoils.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Chas. Bell "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length? The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal! It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they correspond. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a sword, a pen, in which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined." On the length, strength and perfectly free movements of the thumbs depend, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name (*pollex* from a Latin verb meaning to be able, strong, mighty), because of its strength; a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of the clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand. Conscripts unwilling to serve in the army of France have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Were the tips of the fingers and the thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now can take up what is small, soft and round, as a millet seed, or even a particle of human hair. So exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service; perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. An interchange of power of velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hands and fingers to a thousand arts, requiring quick or lively motions.—*Cassell's Natural History.*

CLUMSY PEOPLE.—I hate clumsy people. Yes—I won't soften it down to please anybody. I hate 'em. What right have people to be clumsy? To be all legs and arms? Never to sit without knocking over, or knocking up or knocking down something? What right have they, whose touch is always certain destruction, and who know it, to be forever fingering and pawing delicate ornaments and pretty little fragile parlor fancies? Why must they always select the only table in the room that has flowers upon it, to kick the water over upon the carpet! Why do they invariably sit down on babies, and bonnets, in preference to sofas and chairs destitute of such pleasing incumbrances. Why do they stumble over your toes when they rise, and drop everything in your lap when they attempt to pass you? I can't tell why a body has to endure all this. Why one should polish and beautify and adorn that such may recklessly mar. Is the Great Unspanoked to be allowed to stumble through creation doing all sorts of disagreeable things under cover of—"'tis his way?" Nonsense. Let him learn a better way or stay away till he has.—*Fanny Fern.*

Persons who are always cheerful and good-humoured, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace, and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.