

SPRIT FLOWERS.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young child stood by its mother's side, Watching the shining mold Of a grave fresh scooped from old grave dust, By a sexton gray and old;

"The earth is not cold, my darling child," Softly the mother said; Its bosom is warm, and to sleep and rest, Gently we bury the dead;

"And angels will bear it up, my child, Into the Heaven above; Never again to droop or die, But bloom in the light of love."

And silent, the young child answered not, But knew from that blessed hour, Why she had gazed and wondered so much At every beautiful flower;

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

"Waah, you see, Massr George, a lawya he want da Indy-on sig ha name to some paper—power ob 'turney, tha call um, I b'lieve. She sign; she no read tha writin—Whigh! dat paper war no power ob 'turney; it war what tha lawyas call a 'bill ob sale.'"

"Yes, Massr George, dat's what um war; an' by dat same bill ob sale at Mar'm Pow'll's neggas an' all ha plantation-clarin war made over to Massr Grubb."

"Atrocious scoundrel!" Massr Grubb he swar he bought 'em all, an' paid for 'em in cash dollar. Mar'm Pow'll she swar de berry contr'y. Da judge he decide for Massr Grubb, 'kase great Massr Ringgold he witness; an' folks do say Massr Ringgold now got dat paper in um own safe keepin', an' war at da bottom ob dat whole business."

"But tell me, Jake, what became of Madame Powell?" "Shortly arter, tha all gone 'way—nobody know wha. Da mar'm haself an' dat fine young teller you know, an' da young Indy-en gal dat ebberybody say war so good-lookin'—yes, Massr George, tha all gone 'way."

At that moment an opening in the woods enabled me to catch a glimpse of the old house. There it stood in all its gray grandeur, still embowered in the midst of beautiful groves of orange and olive. But the broken fence—the tall weeds standing up against the walls—the shingles here and there missing from the roof—all told the tale of ruin. There was ruin in my heart, as I turned sorrowing away.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CIRCUITOUS TRANSACTION.

Such were my reflections as I journeyed on—suggested by the sad tale to which I had been listening.

As if to confirm their correctness, an incident at that moment occurred, exactly to the point.

We had not ridden far along the path, when we came upon the tracks of cattle. Some twenty head must have passed over the ground, going in the same direction as ourselves—towards the Indian 'reserve.'

The tracks were fresh—almost quite fresh. I was tracker enough to know that they must have passed within the hour. Though cloistered so long within college walls, I had not forgotten all the forest craft taught me by young Powell.

The circumstance of this coming upon a cattle-trail, fresh or old, would have made no impression upon me. There was nothing remarkable about it. Some Indian herdsmen had been driving home their flock; and that the drivers were Indians, I could perceive by the moccasin prints in the mud. It is true, some frontiers-men wear the moccasin; but these were not the footprints of white men.—The turned-in toes, the high instep, and other trifling signs which, from early training, I knew how to translate, proved that the tracks were Indian.

So were they, agreed my groom, and Jake was no 'slouch' in the ways of the woods. He had all his life been a keen 'coon-hunter—a trapper of the swamp-hare, the 'possum, and the 'gobbler.' Moreover, he had been my companion upon many a deer-hunt—many a chase after the gray fox, and the rufous 'cat.' During my absence he had added greatly to his experiences. He had succeeded his former rival in

The York Herald,

SCARBORO', YORK, MARKHAM, VAUGHAN, KING, AND WHITCHURCH ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. I.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1859.

No. 29.

the post of woodman, which brought him daily in contact with the denizens of the forest, and constant observation of their habits had increased his skill.

It is a mistake to suppose that the negro brain is incapable of that acute reasoning which constitutes a cunning hunter. I have known black men who could read, 'sign' and lift a trail with as much intuitive quickness as either red or white.—Black Jake could have done it.

I soon found that in this kind of knowledge he was now my master; and, almost on the instant, I had cause to be astonished at his acuteness.

I have said that the sight of the cattle-tracks created no surprise in either of us. At first it did not; but we had not ridden twenty paces further, when I saw my companion suddenly rein up, at the same instant giving utterance to one of those ejaculations peculiar to the negro thorax, and closely resembling the 'wugh' of a startled hog.

I looked in his face. I saw by its expression that he had some revelation to make.

"What is it, Jake?" "Golly! Massr George, d'you see dat?"

"Daat down dar." "I see a track of cow-tracks—nothin' more."

"Doant you see dat big 'un?" "Yes—there is one larger than the rest."

"By Gosh! it an de big ox Ball-face—I know um track anywha—any's the load o' 'press log dat ar ox hab toated for ole massr."

"What I remember Ball-face.—You think the cattle are ours?" "No, Massr George—I s'pect tha be da lawya Grubb's cattle. Ole massr sell Ball-face to Massr Grubb mor'n a year ago. Daat an Bally's track for sartin'."

"But why should Mr. Grubb's cattle be here in Indian ground, and so far from his plantation?—and with Indian drivers, too?"

"Dat ere's jest what dis child can't clearly make out, Massr George."

There was a singularity in the circumstance that induced reflection. The cattle could not have strayed so far of themselves. Their voluntary swimming of the river was against such a supposition. But they were not straying; they were evidently conducted—and by Indians. Was it a raid?—were the bees being stolen?

It had the look of a bit of thievery, and yet it was not crafty enough. The animals had been driven along a frequented path certain to be taken by those in quest of them; and the robbers—if they were such—had used no precaution to conceal their tracks.

It looked like a theft, and it did not; and it was just this dubious aspect that stimulated the curiosity of my companion and myself—so much so, that we made up our minds to follow the trail, and if possible ascertain the truth.

For a mile or more, the trail coincided with our own route; and then turning abruptly to the left, it struck off towards a track of 'honnock' woods.

We were determined not to give up our intention lightly. The tracks were so fresh, that we knew the herd must have passed within the hour—within the quarter—they could not be distant. We could gallop back to the main road, through some thin pine-timber we saw stretching away to the right; and, with these reflections, we turned head along the cattle-trail.

Shortly after entering the dense forest, we heard voices of men in conversation, and at intervals the routing of oxen.

We alit, tied our horses to a tree, and moved forward afoot.

We walked stealthily and in silence, guiding ourselves by the sounds of the voices, that kept up an almost continued clatter. Beyond a doubt, the cattle whose bellowing we heard were those whose tracks we had been tracing; but equally certain was it, that the voices we now listened to were not the voices of those who had driven them!

It is easy to distinguish between the intonation of an Indian and a white man. The men whose conversation reached our ears were whites—their language was our own, with all its coarse embellishments. My companion's discernment went beyond this—he recognised the individuals.

"Golly! Massr George, it ar tha

two dam ruffians—Spence and Bill William!"

Jake's conjecture proved correct. We drew closer to the spot. The evergreen trees concealed us perfectly. We got up to the edge of an opening; and there saw the herd of bees, the two Indians who had driven them, and the brace of worthies already named.

We stood under cover watching and listening; and in a very short while, with the help of a few hints from my companion, I comprehended the whole affair.

Each of the Indians—worthless outcasts of their tribe—was presented with a bottle of whiskey and a few trifling trinkets. This was in payment for their night's work—the plunder of lawyer Grubb's pastures.

Their share of the business was now over; and they were just in the act of delivering up their charge as we arrived upon the ground. Their employers, whose droving bout was here to begin, had just handed over their rewards. The Indians might go home and get drunk; they were no longer needed. The cattle would be taken to some distant part of the country—where a market would be readily found—or, what was of equal probability, they would find their way back to lawyer Grubb's own plantation, having been rescued by the gallant fellows Spence and Williams from a band of Indian drivers! This would be a fine tale for the plantation fireside—a rare chance for a representation to the police and the powers.

Oh, those savage Seminole robbers! they must be got rid of—they must be 'moved' out.

As the cattle chanced to belong to lawyer Grubb's, I did not choose to interfere. I could tell my tale elsewhere; and, without making our presence known, my companion and I turned silently upon our heels, regained our horses, and went our way reflecting.

I entertained no doubt about the justness of our surmise—no doubt that Williams and Spence had employed the drunken Indians—no more that lawyer Grubb had employed Williams and Spence, in this circuitous transaction.

The stream must be muddied upward—the poor Indian must be driven to desperation.

REFLECTIONS BY THE WAY. Hitherto we had been travelling through a pine-forest. About noon we passed from it into a large tract of honnock, that stretched right and left of our course. The road or path we followed ran directly across it.

The scene became suddenly changed as if by a magic transformation. The soil under our feet was different, as also the foliage over our heads. The pines were no longer around us. Our view was interrupted on all sides by a thick frontage of evergreen trees—some with broad shining coriaceous leaves, as the magnolia that here grew to its full stature. Alongside it stood the live-oak, the red mulberry, the Bourbon laurel, iron-wood, *Halesia* and *Callicarpa*, while towering above all rose the cabbage-palm, proudly waving its plumed crest in the breeze, as if saluting with supercilious nod its humbler companions beneath.

Having crossed this belt of dark forest, near its opposite edge we came upon one of these singular ponds already described—a circular basin surrounded by hillocks and rocks of testaceous formation—an extinct water-volcano. In the barbarous jargon of the Saxon settler, these are termed 'sinks,' though most inappropriately, for where they contain water, it is always of crystalline brightness and purity.

The one at which we had arrived was nearly full of the clear liquid. Our horses wanted drink—so did we. It was the hottest hour of the day. The woods beyond looked thinner and less shady. It was just the time and place to make halt; and, dismounting, we prepared to rest, and refresh ourselves.

Jake carried a capacious haversack, whose distended sides—with the necks of a couple of bottles protruding from the pouch—gave proof of the tender solicitude we had left behind us.

The ride had given me an appetite, and the heat had caused thirst; but the contents of the haversack soon satisfied the one, and a cup of claret, mingled with water from the

cool calcareous fountain, gave luxurious relief to the other.

A cigar was the natural finish to this *al fresco* repast; and, having lighted one, I lay down upon my back, canopied by the spreading branches of an umbrageous magnolia. My emotions grew still—thought became lul within my bosom—the powerful odour from the coral cones and large wax-like blossoms added its narcotic influences; and I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRANGE APPARITION.

I had been but a few minutes in this state of unconsciousness, when I was awakened by a plunge, as of some one leaping into the pond. I was not startled sufficiently to look around, or even to open my eyes.

"Jake is having a dip, thought I; 'an excellent idea—I shall take one myself presently."

It was a wrong conjecture. The black had not leaped into the water, but was still upon the bank near me, where he also had been asleep. Like myself, awakened by the noise, he had started to his feet; and I heard his voice, crying out:

"Lor, Massr George! lookee dar!—ain't he a big 'un! Whugh!"

I raised my head and looked toward the pond. It was not Jake who was causing the commotion in the water—it was a large alligator.

It had approached close to the bank where we were lying; and, balanced upon its broad breast, with muscular arms and webbed feet spread to their full extent, it was resting upon the water, and eyeing us with evident curiosity. With head erect above the surface, and tail stiffly 'cocked' upward, it presented a comic, yet hideous aspect.

"Bring me my rifle, Jake!" I said, in a half-whisper. "Tread gently, and don't alarm it!"

Jake stoled off to fetch the gun; but the reptile appeared to comprehend our intentions—for, before I could lay hands upon the weapon, it revolved suddenly on the water, shot off with the velocity of an arrow, and dived into the dark recesses of the pool.

Rifle in hand, I waited for some time for its reappearance; but it did not again come to the surface. Likely enough, it had been shot at before, or otherwise attacked; and now recognised in the upright form a dangerous enemy. The proximity of the pond to a frequented road rendered probable the supposition.

The cheerful 'gobble' of a wild turkey at that moment sounded in our ears; and Jake asked my permission to go in search of the game. No objection being made, he took up the rifle, and left me.

I re-lit my 'havanna'—stretched myself as before along the soft sward, watched the circling eddies of the purple smoke, inhaled the narcotic fragrance of the flowers, and once more fell asleep.

This time I dreamed, and my dreams appeared to be only the continuation of the thoughts that had been so recently in my mind. They were visions of that eventful day; and once more its events passed in review before me, just as they had occurred.

In one thing, however, my dream differed from the reality. I dreamt that I saw the mulatto rising back to the surface of the water, and climbing out upon the shore of the island. I dreamt that he had escaped unscathed, unhurt—that he had returned to revenge himself—that by some means he had got me in his power, and was about to kill me!

(To be continued.)

DO HAIRS TURN INTO SNAKES IN WATER?—The idea is a very common one that a horsehair will turn into a snake or eel in water. The supposed transformation of horse-hairs into eels must have arisen from noticing what may often be found in wet ditches and stagnant pools. A keen observer may discover what appear to be long horsehairs; they are, however, a species of *Annelides*, distinguished as the *Gordius aquaticus*, almost as fine as a hair, and brown, with the ends rather black. I have taken them out of the water and examined them with a microscope, under which they resemble an earthworm. They exhibit considerable vivacity out of the water, and have all the appearance of horsehairs, with the wriggling movement of eels.

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN.

Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighboring wood? O, that hoarse voice of ocean, never silent since time first began—where has it not been uttered! There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises, and no streamlet flows; and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once again, and yet again, has the roar of the ocean been there. It is his hands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals—shells and fish, and the stony coral—that the rocks underneath enclose! There is silence on the tall mountain peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labor to inhale the thin bleak air—where no insect murmurs, and no blood flies, and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hills-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of the ocean been there. The effigies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later breaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been—the devourer of continents—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia, and the rocky banks of Scythian; and, innumerable and fish-like imbedded in great stones of the pyramids, hewn in the times of the Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon, still untouched by the tool. So long as ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents, and to roll its waves—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, "when the fountains of the great deep were broken up."

"A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe." Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognized, that we are expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, that "there shall be no more sea?" or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape of some analogous moral truth?

"Reasoning from what we know"—and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea would be an earth without rain, without vegetation, without life—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude and no change—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down—and the continents melt away—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be "no more sea."—Hugh Miller.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

Mithridates, king of Pontus knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name. Seneca was able to rehearse two thousand words which were given to him, in the same order. Hortensius kept in his memory all the prices paid on a day of auction. Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers which were there called up. Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the works of Tacitus from the first word to the last, forward and backward, even when somebody was standing before him with a drawn dagger, to pierce him at the very moment he had forgotten—but as only world!

A Venetian lady, well known by her erudition, when asked for the sermon she had attended in church, repeated scrupulously every word. Racine, knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides Bayle, the whole work of Montaigne, Hughes Doneau, the Corpus Juris, Metastasio the entire Horatius, an' Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, all the New Testament from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of Apocalypse. The learned Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, affirmed he knew not what it was to forget; and Scaliger is told to have apprehended within twenty-one days the whole Homerus, and within four months all the Greek poets. The notorious and mysterious Count of St. Germain surpasses them all. Any newspaper he read once he knew by memory, and was furnished with such a gigantic comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward, backward, and pulled out from the middle. From the court of Henry III. in Cracon, he demanded one hundred packs of picket cards, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the succession of the cards, ordered it to be noticed exactly, and repeated their following one after the other, without being wrong once. He played almost every musical instrument of the world, was an excellent painter, and imitated any hand-writing in the most illusive manner. He had one passion—playing all games with absolute mastery. In chess no mortal has vanquished him, in faro he could break every bank by calculation.

RICH MEN.—It were no bad comparison to liken mere rich men to camels or mules, for they often pursue their devious ways over hills and mountains, laden with Indian purple, with gems, aromas, and generous wines upon their backs, attended, too, by a long line of servants, as a safeguard on their way. Soon, however, they come to their evening halting place, and forthwith their precious burdens are taken from their backs, and they now wearied and stripped of their lading and their retinue of slaves, show nothing but livid marks of stripes. So, also, those who glitter in gold and purple raiment, when the evening of life comes rushing on them, have naught to show but marks and wounds of sin impressed upon them by the evil use of riches.—St. Augustine's Sermon on Lazarus and dives.

Once on a time, an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and when grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed, 'Ye devil of a black nigger! ery 'enough, or I'll fight till I die!' 'So'll I, boss!' sung out the darkey, 'I always does.'

Now, Tim O'Brien, ye say that coat belongs to yerself; I says it's me own. Now, mind ye Tim, the both av us will take the coat an' look it all over; the wan that finds his name on it is the owner."

"Done!" said Tim. "An' ye'll stick to the bargain!" asked the

HOW A COAT WAS IDENTIFIED.

In the Justice's Court, in this city, a case was recently decided in the most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, full of wit, reader to loose all they had than give up the coat. The affair had been carefully examined, and the court was in a quandary, not knowing who had the best right to the garment. However, a moment before the judge was about to sum up the evidence, Pat Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition in order to settle the difficulty:—

"Now, Tim O'Brien, ye say that coat belongs to yerself; I says it's me own. Now, mind ye Tim, the both av us will take the coat an' look it all over; the wan that finds his name on it is the owner."

"Done!" said Tim. "An' ye'll stick to the bargain!" asked the

'Av course,' said Pat, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and finally passed it back to Patrick, saying:— 'An' now let us see if you find the likes av yer blaggard name upon the garment.'

'Ye'll stick to the bargain?' said Patrick, grasping the coat.

'Yes, on the honor iv a man!' was Tim's answer.

'Then hold on a bit,' said Pat, as he drew out his pen knife and opened a corner in the collar of the coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them in his hand:—

'There, d'ye see that?'

'Av course I do, but what iv it?' said Tim.

'A deal it has to do wid it, it's me name to be shure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power, be jabbers.' He got the coat, and he well deserved it too.—N. O. Picayune.

ROMANTIC YOUNG LADIES.—A young lady has romantic ideas from childhood. At the age of nine she casts aside her doll and primes up for the beaux. At twelve, she cannot assist her mother in any way, but must be seated all day reading some exciting romance; she builds air castles, imagines she is a princess confined in a tower, but is rescued by some knight of the blood red plume, or other novel name. At fifteen her romantic ideas flow freely, she flirts desperately, is fickle-minded, vows she will bring every young man to her feet, visits operas, balls and parties, thinks Piccolomini is a superb, Mad. Colcon divine; can go to the theatre when it is raining torrents, but if their is a fine drizzle on Sunday she cannot go to church under no consideration whatever. Takes to writing poetry, which she soon abandons; never adheres to one thing; believes in love and a cottage; and at the age of eighteen is married, when her dream of love and a cottage is realized, and perceives her folly too late to retract. Marries poor, but to keep up appearances, buys the most expensive carpet, must have a servant girl, enjoys the first year of her honeymoon, but the second year she is too extravagant, and if the husband remonstrates with her, she flies in a passion, vows she will have her own way. The young husband, unable to meet his bills, is sold out by a sheriff, and she is forced to live in two rooms. Young ladies who have romantic ideas had better nip them while in the bud, and grow up to be wise and sensible women.

HARRY MERTON.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE.—The London Punch newspaper of the 5th of March contains the following admirable description of an old-fashioned Sewing Machine, which every bachelor should possess: The very best sewing machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely getting out of repair, makes but little noise, will go uninterrupted for hours without the slightest trimming or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little from being over worked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when her husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house.

If your mother's mother was my mother's aunt, what relation would your great grandmother's nephew be to my eldest brother's son-in-law?