

MAIST ONIE DAY.

The following beautiful lines were composed by Timothy Swan, the well known author of the celebrated tunes "China" and "Poland," when in the 73d year of his age. They were sent to his son, then resident of New York:—

"Ye ken, dear bairn, that we manna part,
Wha's death, cauld death, shall bid us start;
But when he'll send his dreadfu' dart
We canna say,
Maist onie day.

"We'll keep a'right and gude wi'in,
Our work will then be free fra' sin;
Upright we'll step thro' check and thin,
Strait on our way,
Maist onie day.

"Ye ken there's Ane wha's just and wise,
He said that a' his bairns should rise
An' soar aboon the lofty skies,
And there shall stay;
Maist onie day.

"When He wha made a' things just right,
Shall ca us hence to realms of light,
Be it morn, or noon, or e'en, or night,
We will obey,
Maist onie day.

"Our lamps we'll fill brimfu' o' oil,
That's gude and pure—that wala spell;
We'll keep them burnin' a' the while,
To light our way,
Maist onie day.

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That's gude and pure—that wala spell;
We'll keep them burnin' a' the while,
To light our way,
Maist onie day."

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

THE TRAILOR CHIEFS.

The conversation about runaways naturally guided my thoughts to the other and more mysterious adventure of yesterday; having dropped a hint about this incident I was called upon to relate it in detail. I did so—of course scooting the idea that my intended assassin could have been Yellow Jake. A good many of those present knew the story of the mulatto, and the circumstances connected with his death.

Why was it, when I mentioned his name, coupled with the solemn declaration of my sable groom—why was it that Arens Kinggold started, turned pale, and whispered some words in the ear of his father? Soon after I retired from the mess table, and strolled out into the stockade.

It was now after sunset. Orders had been issued for no one to leave the fort; but, translating these as only applicable to the common soldier, I resolved to sally forth. I was guided by an impulse of the heart. In the Indian camp there were the wives of the chiefs and warriors—their sisters and children—why not she among the rest?

I was on the eve of setting forth, when a summons from the commander-in-chief called me to his quarters. With some chagrin, I obeyed the order. I found the commissioner there, with the officers of higher rank, the Ringolds and several other civilians of distinction.

On entering, I perceived that they were in "caucus," and had just ended the discussion on some plan of procedure. "The design is excellent," observed General Clinch, addressing himself to the others; "but how are Omata and Black Dirt to be met? If we summon them hither, it may create suspicion; but they could not enter the fort without being observed."

"General Clinch," said the elder Ringold—the most cunning diplomatist of the party—"if you and General Thompson were to meet the friendly chiefs outside?—"

"Exactly so," interrupted the commissioner. "I have been thinking of that. I have sent a messenger to Omata, to enquire if he can give us a secret meeting. It will be best to see them outside. The man has returned. I hear him."

At this moment, a person entered the room, whom I recognised as one of the interpreters who had officiated at the council. He whispered something to the commissioner and then withdrew.

"All right, gentlemen!" exclaimed the latter, as the interpreter went out; "Omata will meet us within the hour. Black Dirt will be with him. They have named the 'sunk' as the place. It lies to the north of the fort. We can reach it without passing the camp, and there shall be no risk of our being observed. Shall we go, general?"

"I am ready," replied Clinch, taking up his cloak, and throwing it over his shoulders; "but, General Thompson," said he, turning to the commissioner, "how about your interpreters? Can they be entrusted with a secret of so much importance?"

The commissioner appeared to hesitate. "It might be imprudent," he replied at length, in a half-soliloquy. "Never mind them—never mind," said Clinch; "I think we can do without them. Lieutenant Randolph," continued he, turning to me,

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"You speak the Seminole tongue fluently?"

"Not fluently, general; I speak it however."

"You could interpret it fairly?"

"Yes, general; I believe so."

"Very well then; that will do. Come with us!"

"Smothering my vexation, at being thus diverted from my design, I followed in silence—the commissioner leading the way, while the general, disguised in a oak and plain forage-cap, walked by his side."

"We passed out of the gate, and turned northward around the stockade. The tents of the Indians were upon the south-west. The 'sunk' was nearly half a mile distant from the stockade; but in the darkness we could easily reach it without being observed from any part of the Seminole camp."

"We soon arrived upon the ground. The chiefs were before us. We found them standing under the shadows of the trees by the edge of the pond."

"My duty now began. I had little anticipation that it was to have been so disagreeable."

"Ask Omata what is the number of his people—also those of Black Dirt, and the other chiefs who are for us."

"I put the question as commanded."

"One-third of the whole Seminole nation," was the ready reply.

"Tell them that ten thousand dollars shall be given to the friendly chiefs, on their arrival in the west, to be shared among them as they deem best—that this sum is independent of the appropriation to the whole tribe."

"It is good," simultaneously greeted the chiefs, when the proposition was explained to them.

"Does Omata and his friends think, that all the chiefs will be present to-morrow?"

"No—not all."

"Which of them are likely to be absent?"

"The mico-mico will not be there."

"Ha! Is Omata sure of that?"

"Sure. Onopa's tents are struck; he has already left the ground."

"Whither has he gone?"

"Back to his town."

"And his people?"

"Most of them gone with him."

"For some moments the two generals communicated together in a half whisper. They were apart from me. I did not hear what they said. The information just acquired was of great importance, and seemed not to discount them."

"Any other chief likely to be absent to-morrow?" they asked.

"Only those of the tribe of 'red-sticks.'"

"Hoile, mattee?"

"No—he is here, he will remain."

"Ask them if they think Ocoola will be at the council to-morrow."

"From the eagerness with which the answer was expected, I could perceive that this was the most interesting question of all. I put it directly."

"What?" exclaimed the chiefs, as if astonished at the interrogatory.

"The Rising Sun? He is sure to be present; he will see it out."

"Good!" involuntarily ejaculated the commissioner, and then turning to the general, he once more addressed him in a low tone.

"He said 'it seems general as if Providence was playing into our hands. My plan is almost sure to succeed. A word will provoke the imprudent rascal, to some rudeness—perhaps worse—at all events, I shall easily find a pretext for shutting him up. Now that Onopa has drawn off his followers, we will be strong enough for any contingency. The hostiles will scarcely outnumber the friendlies, so that there will be no chance of the rascals making resistance."

"Oh! that we need not fear."

"Well—with him once in our power, the opposition will be crushed—the rest will yield easily—for, beyond doubt, it is he that now intimidates and hinders them from signing."

"True," replied Clinch in a reflective tone; "but how about the government, eh? Will it endorse the act, think you?"

"It will—it must—my latest despatch from the President almost suggests as much. If you agree to act, I shall take the risk."

"Oh, I place myself under your orders," replied the commander-in-chief, evidently inclined to the commissioner's views, but still not willing to share the responsibility. "It is my duty to carry out the will of the

executive. I am ready to co-operate with you."

"Enough then—it shall be done as we have designed it. Ask the chiefs," continued the speaker addressing himself to me, "ask them, if they have any fear of signing to-morrow."

"No—not of signing but afterwards."

"And what afterwards?"

"They dread an attack from the hostile party—their lives will be in danger."

"What would they have us do?"

"Omata says, if you will permit him and the other head-chiefs to go on a visit to their friends at Tallahassee, it will keep them out of danger. They can stay there till the removal is about to take place. They give their promise that they will meet you at Tampa, or elsewhere, whenever you summon them."

"The two generals consulted together—once more in whispers. This unexpected proposal required consideration."

"Omata added: 'If we are not allowed to go to Tallahassee, we cannot, we dare not, stay at home; we must come under the protection of the fort.'"

"About your going to Tallahassee," replied the commissioner, "we shall consider it, and give an answer to-morrow. Meanwhile, you need not be under any apprehension. This is the war-chief of the whites; he will protect you."

"Yes," said Clinch, drawing himself proudly up. "My warriors are numerous and strong. There are many in the fort, and many more on the way. You have nothing to fear."

"It is good!" rejoined the chiefs. "If troubles arise we shall seek your protection; you have promised it—it is good."

"Ask the chiefs," said the commissioner, to whom a new question had suggested itself—"ask them if they know whether Holata Mico will remain for the council to-morrow?"

"We cannot tell now. Holata Mico has not declared his intention. We shall soon know it. If he design to stay, his tents will stand till the rising of the sun; if not, they will be struck before the moon goes down. The moon is sinking—we shall soon know whether Holata Mico will go or stay."

"The tents of this chief are not within sight of the fort?"

"No they are back among the trees."

"Can you send word to us?"

"Yes, but only to this place; our messenger would be seen entering around the edge of the pond; it emerged into the open moonlight, not six paces from where I stood. I had a full and distinct view of it. It was a woman—an Indian woman. It was not Maumee."

"The pun was of short duration; almost instantaneous was the relief. A shadowy figure was seen gliding around the edge of the pond; it emerged into the open moonlight, not six paces from where I stood. I had a full and distinct view of it. It was a woman—an Indian woman. It was not Maumee."

"A few minutes passed, during which the two generals communicated with each other in whispers, while the chiefs stood apart, silent and imbecile as a pair of statues."

"The commander-in-chief at length broke silence; 'Lieutenant! you will remain upon the ground till the chiefs return. Get their report, and bring it direct to my quarters.'"

Salutations were exchanged; the two generals walked off on the path that led to the fort, while the chiefs glided silently away in the opposite direction. I was left alone."

SHADOWS IN THE WATER.

Alone with my thoughts, and these tainted with considerable acerbity. More than one cause contributed to their bitterness. My pleasant purpose thwarted—my heart aching for knowledge—for a renewal of tender ties—distracted with doubts—wearied with protracted suspense.

In addition to these my mind was harassed by other emotions. I experienced disgust at the part I had been playing. I had been made the mouthpiece of chicanery and wrong; aiding conspiracy had been the first act of my warlike career; and although it was not the act of my own will, I felt the disagreeableness of the duty—a sheer disgust in its performance.

Even the loveliness of the night failed to soothe me. Its effect was contrary; a storm would have been more congenial to my spirit. My eyes wandered over the pond. I cared not to keep my feet any longer; and, choosing a fragment of rock near the water's edge, I sat down upon it.

All at once, I was startled at perceiving a new image upon the aqueous reflector. A form, or rather the shadow of one, suddenly appeared among the trunks of the palms. It was upright, and evidently human, though of magnified proportions—beyond doubt a human figure, yet not that of a man."

"The small head, apparently uncovered, the gentle rounding of the shoulders, the soft undulation of the waist, and the long, loose draping which reached nearly to the ground, convinced me that the shadow was that of a woman."

"When I first observed it, it was moving among the stems of the palm-trees; presently it stopped, and for some seconds remained in a fixed attitude."

"My first impulse was to turn round, and, if possible, get a sight of the figure that cast this interesting shadow. I was myself on the western edge of the pond, and the ridge was behind me. Facing round, I could not see the summit nor yet the palms. Rising to my feet, I still could not see them: a large live oak, under which I had seated myself, intercepted my view."

"I stepped hastily to one side, and then both the ridge and the palm trees were before my eyes; but I could see no figure, neither of man nor woman."

"I scanned the summit carefully but no living thing was there; some fronds of the saw-palmetto, standing along the crest, were the only forms I could perceive."

"Who could the woman be? An Indian, of course. It was not probable that a white woman should be in such a place, and at such an hour. Even the peculiar outlines of the shadow were not those that could be cast, and by one habitied in the garb of civilization; beyond a doubt the woman was an Indian."

"What was she doing in that solitary place, and alone?"

"These questions were not so easily answered; and yet there was nothing so remarkable about her presence upon the spot. To the children of the forest, time is not as with us. The hours of the night are as those of the day—often the hours of action or enjoyment. She might have many a purpose in being there. She might be on her way to the pond for water—to take a bath; or it might be some impassionate maiden, who, under the secret secluded grove, was keeping assignation with her lover."

"A pang, like a poisoned arrow, passed through my heart; 'Might it be Maumee!'"

"The pun was of short duration; almost instantaneous was the relief. A shadowy figure was seen gliding around the edge of the pond; it emerged into the open moonlight, not six paces from where I stood. I had a full and distinct view of it. It was a woman—an Indian woman. It was not Maumee."

"I saw before me a woman of middle age—somewhere between thirty and forty—a large woman who once possessed beauty—beauty that had been abused. She was the wreck of a grand loveliness, whose outlines could not be effaced—like the statue of some Grecian goddess, broken by Vandal hands, but whose very fragments are things of priceless value."

"Not that her charms had departed. There are men who affect to admire this ripe maturity; to them, she would have been a thing of peerless splendour. Time had made no inroad upon those large rounded arms, none upon the elliptical outlines of that noble bust."

"Time could not affect, nor had it, that fine facial outline. The moulding of the chin; the oval of those lips; the aquiline nose, with its delicate spirally curved nostrils; the high, smooth front; the eye—the eye—what is it? why that unearthly flash? that wild unmeaning glance! Ha! that eye—Merciful heavens! the woman is mad."

"Alas! it was true—she was mad. Her glance would have satisfied even a casual observer, that reason was no longer upon its throne. But I needed not to look at her eye; I knew the story of her misfortunes, of her wrongs. It was not the first time I had looked at that womanly form—more than once I had stood face to face with Haj-Ewa, the mad queen of Mico-sauces."

"Beautiful as she was, I might have felt fear at her presence—still worse than fear, I might have been terrified or awed—the more so on perceiving that her necklace was a green serpent; that the girle

around her waist, that glittered so conspicuously in the light of the moon, was the body of an enormous rattlesnake, living and writhing!"

"Yes, both were alive—the smaller serpent wound about her neck, with its head resting upon her bosom; the more dangerous reptile knotted around her waist, its vertebred tail hanging by her side, while its head, held in her hand, and protruding through her fingers, exhibited a pair of eyes that scintillated like diamonds."

"Truly I might have felt terror. Had this singular being been new to me. But I had seen all before—the green snake, and the *crocalus*, the long hanging tresses, the wild flash of that maniac eye—all before, all harmless, all innocuous—at least to me. I knew it and had no fear."

"Haj-Ewa!" I called out as she advanced to where I was standing."

"E-cia!" exclaimed she with a show of surprise. "Young Randolph! war-chief among the pale-faces! You have not forgotten poor Haj-Ewa?"

"No, Ewa, I have not. What seek you here?"

"Yourselt, little mico."

"Seek me?"

"No—I have found you."

"And what want you with me?"

"Only to save your life—your young life, pretty mico—your fair life—your precious life—ah! precious to her, poor bird of the forest! Ah! there was one precious to me—long, long ago."

"Down, *chitta mibo!*" addressing herself to the rattlesnake, that at my presence had protruded his head, and was making demonstrations of rage—"down, great king of the serpents! 'tis a friend, though in the garb of an enemy—quiet or I crush your head!"

"E-cia!" she exclaimed again, as if struck by some new thought. "I waste time with my old songs; he is gone, he is gone! they cannot bring him back. Now, young mico, what came I for? what came for?"

"As she uttered these interrogatives, she raised her hand to her head, as if to assist her memory."

"Oh! now I remember. I lose time. You may be killed, young mico—you may be killed, and then—"

"Go! begone, begone, back to the topekee. Shut yourself up; keep among your people; do not stray from your blue soldiers; do not wander in the woods! Your life is in danger."

"All this was spoken in a tone of earnestness that astonished me. More than astonished, I began to feel some slight alarm, since I had not forgotten the attempted assassination of yesterday. She might be privy to some scheme against my life, and had come, as she alleged, to defeat it."

"I have no enemy, Ewa; why should my life be in danger?"

(To be continued.)

SPEECH OF ZACHARIAH SPICER.

On the question "which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness the married man or the bachelor?"

Mr. President and gentlemen: I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not know something about the institution? I do. Will any gentleman presume to say I do not? Let him come with me to my home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children and decide. High as the Rocky mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character and condition of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What, but a poor, stiffless, helpless, insignificant creature?—No more to be compared to his afterlife than a mill dam to the great roarin cataract of Niagara? [Applause.] Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortable garret—no fire, no nothing. Every thing was a clatter, and in the words of the poet,

"Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed."

Here lay a pair of pants, here a dirty pair of boots, there a play-bill, there a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and in the bar-room? I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had

the vow passed my lips when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simkins after my dirty clothes."

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are to do about it?" I felt in my pocketbook. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough."

"Miss Simkins," said I, "it is no use denying it. I haven't got the first penny, I wish for your sake I had."

"Then," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" said she, looking a little suspicious."

"Never more so," said I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay in any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in one week; and what's more we haven't repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen; I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker. In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be ragged, without a coat on your back, or a shoe on your foot; if you would grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable generally as a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way, I advise to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently, get married. I have got ten (!) daughters, gentlemen, [overwhelming applause] and you may have your pick."

ILLUSTRATION OF LAW.

A good story was rife in our city this morning, (says the *Poor Union*), which serves to illustrate that "possession is nine points of the law."

A. is a sharp lawyer, and resides next door to B. The house A. and B. occupy are similar in appearance, and as they adjoin, a mistake might easily be made by a comparative stranger. B. being out of coal, goes to the market, purchases a load for \$25, and sends it home. The man whom he purchased mistakes the residence of A. for that of B., and dumps the coal in A's yard. The lawyers hired man sees the coal in the yard, gets a wheelbarrow and shovel, and puts it into the cellar. B. is in a "peck of trouble" that the coal does not come, and goes to see the man he bought it from.

"See here, my friend! I bought a load of coal from you, and you have not delivered it!" says B., as soon as he found the collier.

"You bought a load of coal of me, and paid for it, and I delivered it in your yard," said the coal dealer.

Here the thought struck B. that he had seen coal in the yard of his neighbor, the lawyer, and immediately divines the mystery. Starting for the lawyer's office, he thus accosts him;

"Lawyer A., suppose you should buy a load of coal, and the man who has agreed to deliver it should put it in the wrong yard, what would you require of the person who would appropriate your property?"

"Do!" said the lawyer, "why I should make him either return the coal, or pay me the amount I paid for the load."

"Very well," said B. "just give me \$25, and you can retain my load of coal in your cellar."

The lawyer drew twenty-five cents from his pocket, and handed it to B.

"What does that mean, Mr. A. you owe me three dollars more," said the puzzled B.

"Not at all," said the lawyer, "three dollars is my lowest charge for professional advice."

Not long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for a considerable length of time on the truly awful consequence of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "And are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present, whose name was Jonah; who thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with the broadest grin and best bow, answered, "Here be one, massa."

INGENUITY OF LOVE.

It was the fate of the father of Lamartine, the living French poet and orator, to be mixed up with the French Revolution. During that stormy period, he, with a great number of his compatriots, were immured in prison at Macon. He was not long there before his wife and her children took lodgings opposite the window of the cell which enclosed the Republican. She soon drew his attention to herself and his child, though he could not speak to her for fear of the sentinel, reconciled him in some measure to his captivity, and lessened the burdens of his woe."

"My mother," says Lamartine, "carried me every day in her arms to the garret window, showed me to my father, gave me nourishment before him, made me stretch out my little hands towards the bars of his prison, then, pressing my forehead to her breast, she almost devoured me with kisses in the sight of the prisoner, and seeming thus waft him mentally all the carresses which she lavished on me." At last she hit on the happy expedient of conveying him letters in the following manner. She procured a bow and some arrows, and tying a letter to a thread she shot the arrow to which was attached the other end of the thread into the window of the prisoner's cell. In this way she sent him pens, ink, and paper. He then by the same ingenious expedient, sent love-letters to her. Thus the separated husband and wife were enabled to correspond to cheer each other's hopes, and sustain each other in their misfortunes. This was all done at night time, when the scrutinizing eyes of the sentinels remained in happy ignorance of the medium of communications. Success having inspired courage, the lady, with the assistance of the arrow and thread afterwards conveyed a file to the captive with which he silently filed through one of the bars of his prison, and then restored it to its place. On the next evening when there was no moonlight, a stout cord was firmly fastened on the one end of the beam in the garret of the lady, and the other end on the bars of the cell; then, summoning up all his courage, the prisoner glided along the rope, above the heads of the sentinels; he crossed the street, and found himself in the arms of his wife, and beside the cradle of his child. Such an adventure required the hero's courage and philosopher's caution, and none but those who were personally interested in it can ever imagine the feelings that must have agitated their hearts. From time to time, when the night was dark, the knotted cord would glide from window to window, and the prisoner would pass from knot to knot, and enjoy delightful hours of converse with her whom he loved best on earth."

A PARAGRAPH TO BE READ.—The following paragraph deserves the careful attention of every business man:—Some say they cannot afford to advertise. In this country every body reads the newspapers; the man must have a thick skull who does not see that these are the cheapest and best mediums through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally reality will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping his potatoes and corn are growing. So with advertising; while you are sleeping, or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement in the newspaper.

THE RELIGIOUS FOOL.—The man who hears a good sermon, but who, because some passage in it does not suit him, or some mannerism of the preacher offends him, gets mad denounces the whole, and is determined not to be profited.

A Little Lesson for the Pope.—You must do as Rome precisely as Rome does, and as Rome cannot move, you must not think of moving. You must stop where you are.—Advice, pointed by the bayonet, by the French on one side, and the Austrians on the other.

Honour the good, that they may love thee; be civil to the bad, that they may not hurt thee.

Much smoking kills live men and cures dead swine.

The Medora (Ill.) press says that two citizens of that town have recently lost their wives by elopement, and that the customary salutations in the streets, instead of—How do you do, sir? has become—Is your wife safe this morning?

TELEGRAPH FROM CORNWALL TO CANADA.—It is stated that the prospectus of a company will be issued in a few days for laying down two telegraph cables from Cornwall to Canada direct, and that the proposed capital will be £500,000.