

THE BAINLESS MITHER.

The Post sings sweet of the 'Mitherless Bairn,' An gars a' our hearts to feel sairly forlorn...

But sing ye no sang o' aye sadder by far, Keu ye hae grief that aboon it is war...

Oh! wha can speak peace to the 'Bairness Mither.'

The Mitherless Bairn a kind wordie will cheer, And a smile, or a bannock, will chase awa' four;

Young hearts are aye blithesome—hope disna soon wither, But he'er can come to the Bairness Mither.

She sees na' a wean but it makes her heart sair, An' echo, deep echoes each little voice there;

Ah! how lanely the ingle where aye a' thegither, Her bairn play'd round the noo Bairness Mither.

She dwells 'mid the mem'ries o' days that are gane,— Still sees them, an' hears them, an' clasps them again;

In fancy they call her to joys that ne'er wither, And she pines to be wi' them, that Bairness Mither.

Oh! speak ye her sairly, for sair is her lot, Lamentation an' weeping, because they are no;

The angels in pity are whisp'ring with her, For the Lord ken the grief o' the Bairness Mither.

He alone sees the tears that in secret are shed, Hears the groans o' her heart o'er the hope that are dead;

In 'The Land o' the Leal,' they'll be soon as thegither, For the Lord hears the prayer o' the Bairness Mither.

Montreal Witness.

OCEOLA.

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

THE ASSIGNATION.

'Arrah, sow! aren't it enough? Hear how the hound whimpers? I felt as the tiger is said to feel after tasting blood, though I can not now account for my ferocity...

I was not satisfied, and would make no apology; but my antagonist had had enough; he was eager to be taken from the ground on any terms, and thus the affair ended.

It was my first duel, but not my last. Our opponents passed silently away—the spectators along with them—leaving my second and myself upon the ground.

It was my intention to stay by the pond. I remembered the invitation of Haj-Ewa. By remaining, I should avoid the double journey. Better to await her coming.

A glance to the western horizon showed me that the sun had already sunk below the tree-tops. The twilight would be short. The young moon was already in the heavens. It might be only a few minutes before Haj-Ewa should come.

I desired not that Gallagher should be with me; and I expressed the wish to be left alone.

My companion was a little surprised and puzzled at the request; but he was too well bred not to yield instant compliance.

'Why, Georate, boy!' said he, about to retire, 'surely there's something the matter wid ye? It isn't this thrilling spurt we've been engaged in? Didn't it indintely to your satisfaction? Arrah, man! are ye sorry you didn't kill him dead? Be my truth, you look as melancholic an' downhearted as if he had killed you!'

'Dear friend, leave me alone. On my return to quarters, you shall know the cause of my melancholy, and why I now desire to part from your pleasant company.'

'Oh, that part I can guess' rejoined he with a significant laugh; 'always a petticoat where there's shots exchanged. Niver mind, my boy—no saycrets for Charley Gallagher: 'I'm bad at keepin' them. Of course, you're going to meet better company than mine; but luste you might fall in with worse—an' by my sow! from what ye've told me, that same isn't beyond the bounds of probability—take this little cheeper. I'm a great dog-braker, you know.' Here the speaker handed me a silver-cuff which he had picked from his button.

'If anything inconvenient or disagreeable should turn up, put that between your lips, an' Charley Gallagher will be at your side in the minton of Jack Robinson's name. Cupid spade ye with your laity-love! I'll go an' kill time over a tumbler ov negus till ye come.'

So saying, my warm-hearted friend left me to myself. I ceased to think of him ere he was gone out of sight—even the bloody strife, in which I had been so recently engaged, glided out of my

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mind. 'Maumee—her falsehood and her fall—alone occupied my thoughts.

For a long while, I made no doubt of what I had heard. How could I, with proofs so circumstantial—the testimony of those cognizant of the scandal—the chief actor in it, whose silent smile spoke stronger than words. That smile of insolent triumph—why had I permitted it to pass without challenge, without rebuke? It was not too late—I should call upon him to speak plainly and point-blank—yes or no. If yes, then for a second duel more deadly than the first.

Notwithstanding these resolves to make my rival declare himself, I doubted not the damning truth; I endeavoured to resign myself to its tortures.

For a long while was my soul upon the rack—more than an hour. Then, as my blood grew more cool, reflections of a calmer nature entered my mind; and at intervals, I experienced the soothing influence of hope; this especially, when I recalled the words of Haj-Ewa, spoken on the preceding night. Surely the maniac had not been mocking me! Surely it was not a dream of her delirious brain! A distorted mirage of memory—the memory of some far-away, long-forgotten scene, by her only remembered! No, no; her tale was not distorted—her thoughts were not delirious—her words were not mockeries!

How sweet it was to think so! Yes—I began to experience intervals of placid thought; more than placid—pleasant.

Alas! they were evanescent.—The memory of those bold meretricious phrases, those smiling innocences, dissipated or darkened them, as cumuli darken the sun. 'He had succeeded; she was now his favorite; most certainly—words worse than death. Withal it was a foul testimony on which to build a faith.

I longed for light, that true light—the evidence of the senses—that leaves nought uncertain. I should seek it with rash directness, reckless of the result, till it illumined her whole history, proving the past a disgrace, the future a chaos of utter despair. I longed for light; I longed for the coming of Haj-Ewa.

I knew not what the maniac wanted—something, I supposed, concerning the captive. Since noon, I had little thought of him. The mad queen went every where, knew every one; she must know all, understand all—ay, well understood; she, too, had been betrayed.

I repaired to our place of meeting on the preceding night; there might expect her; I crossed the little ridge among the stems of the palm-trees; it was the direct route to the shadowy side of the tank. I descended the slope, and stood as before under the spreading arms of the live-oak.

Haj-Ewa was before me. A single moonbeam, slanting athwart the leaves, shone upon her majestic figure. Under its light, the two serpents glittered with a metallic lustre, as though her neck and waist were encircled with precious gems. 'Hark! pretty mico! you are come. Gallant mico! you were true eye and true arm that would not kill the Iste-hulwa?'

'Ah! the hunter of the deer— He was struck so with fear When he stood before the wolf, The giant wicked wolf, When he saw the snoring wolf, He trembled so with fear That unarm'd the fierce wolf ran away.'

Ha, ha, ha! was it not so, brave mico?'

'It was not fear that hindered me, Ewa. Besides, the wolf did not go unscathed.'

'Ho! the wolf has a wounded leg—he will lick himself well again; he will soon be strong as ever. Hulwak! you should have killed him, fair mico, ere he bring the pack upon you.'

'I could not help my ill-luck. I am unfortunate every way.' 'Copree, copree,—no. You should be happy, young mico; you shall be happy, friend of the red Seminoles. Wait till you see—'

unknown. I could not comprehend the nature of the expected vengeance.

'His son—yes,' continued the maniac, now in soliloquy. 'it must be—it must: his eyes, his hair, his form, his gait, his name; his son and hers. O Haj-Ewa will have revenge.'

Was I myself the object of this menace? Such a thought entered my mind.

'Good Ewa! of whom are you speaking?'

Roused by my voice, she looked upon me with a bewildered stare, and then broke out into her habitual chant:

'Why did I trust to a pale-faced lover? Ho, ho, ho! &c.'

Suddenly stopping, she seemed once more to remember herself, and essayed a reply to my question.

'Whom, young mico—of him, the fair one—the wicked one—the Wykomee hulwa. See! he comes, he comes! Behold him in the water. Ho, ho! it is he. Up, young mico! up into thy leafy bower: stay till Ewa comes!—Hear what you may hear—see what you may see; but, for your life, stir not till I give you the signal. Up, up, up!'

Just as on the preceding night, half lifted me into the live-oak, the maniac glided away amidst the shadows.

I lost no time in getting into my former position, where I sat silent and expecting.

The shadow had grown shorter, but there was still enough to shew me that it was the form of a man. In another moment, it vanished.

Scarcely an instant had elapsed, ere a second was flung upon the water, advancing over the ridge, and as if following the track of the former one, though the two persons did not appear to be in company.

That which followed I could trace in full outline. It was the figure of a woman, one whose upright bearing and free port proved her to be young.

Even the shadow exhibited a certain symmetry of form, and gracefulness of motion, incompatible with age. Was it still Haj-Ewa? Had she gone round through the thicket, and was now following the footsteps of the man? For a moment I fancied so; but I soon perceived that my fancy was astray.

The man advanced under the tree. The same moonbeam, that but the moment before had shone upon Haj-Ewa, now fell upon him, and I saw him with sufficient distinctness: he was the ad-de-camp, and my lips—

I saw it now. The hot burst of passion is past—the spring-tide of love has subsided—such an interview is no longer a novelty—perhaps he grows tired of her, foul libertine that he is! See! they meet with some shyness. Coldness has arisen between them—a love quarrel—foul is he us villain—fool not to rush into those arms, and at once reconcile it. Would that his opportunities were mine!—not all the world could restrain me from seeking that sweet embrace.

Bitter as were my thoughts, they were less bitter on observing this attitude of the lovers. I fancied it was half-hostile.

Net a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do? My suspense came to an end. The ad-de-camp at length found his tongue.

'Lovely Maumee! you have kept your promise.'

'But you, sir, have not yours? No—I read it in your looks. You have yet done nothing for us?'

'Be assured, Maumee, I have not had an opportunity. The general has been so busy. I have had no chance to press the matter upon him. But do not be impatient, I shall be certain to persuade him; and your property shall be restored to you in due time. Tell your mother not to feel uneasy; for your sake, beautiful Maumee, I shall spare no exertion. Believe me, I am as anxious as yourself; but you must know the stern disposition of my uncle; and, moreover, that he is on the most friendly terms with the Ringgold family. In this will lie the main difficulty, but I fear not that I shall be able to surmount it.'

'O, sir, your words are fine, but they have little worth upon you now. We have waited long upon your promise to befriend us. We

only wished for an investigation; and you might easily have obtained it ere this. We no longer care for our lands, for greater wrongs make us forget the less. I should not have been here to-night, had we not been in sad grief at the misfortune—I should rather say outrage—that has fallen upon my poor brother. You have professed friendship to our family. I come to seek it now, for now may you give proof of it. Obtain my brother's freedom, and we shall then believe in the fair words you have so often spoken. Do not say it is impossible; it cannot even be difficult for you who hold so much authority among the white chiefs. My brother may have been rude; but he has committed no crime that should entail severe punishment. A word to the great war-chief, and he would be set free. Go, then, and speak that word.'

'Lovely Maumee! you do not know the nature of the errand upon which you would send me. Your brother is a prisoner by orders of the agent, and by the act of the commander-in-chief. It is not with us as among your people. I am only a subordinate in rank, and were I to offer the counsel you promise, I should be rebuked—perhaps punished.'

'Oh, you fear rebuke for doing an act of justice?—to say nought of your much-offered friendship!—Good, sir! I have no more to say except this—we believe you no longer. You need come to our humble cabin no more.'

She was turning away with a scornful smile. How beautiful seemed that scorn!

'Stay, Maumee!—fair Maumee, do not part from me thus—doubt not that I will do all in my power—'

'Do what I have asked you. Set my brother free—let him return to his home.'

'And if I should?—'

'Well, sir.'

'Know, Maumee, that for me to do so would be to risk everything. I might be degraded from my rank—reduced to the condition of a common soldier—disgraced in the eyes of my country—ay, punished, perhaps, by imprisonment worse than that which your brother is likely to endure. All this would I risk by the act.'

The girl paused in her step, but made no reply.

'And yet all these chances shall I undergo—ay, the danger of death itself—if you, fair Maumee—here the speaker waxed passionate and insinuating—if you will only consent?'

'Consent—to what, sir?'

'Lovely Maumee! need I tell you. Surely you understand my meaning? You cannot be blind to the love—to the passion—to the deep devotion with which your beauty has inspired me?—'

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Jack struck out manfully, in his defence, the blows, which fell thick and fast, soon rendered him hors de combat; when he was immediately picked up by his assailant, who tucked him under his arm as though he had been a bundle of old clothes, commenced striding off with his prize with all the coolness and composure imaginable, quite unmoved by the struggles and screams of his victim. Fortunately, ere he was borne into the bush, there most probably to become 'a feast' for his cannibal captors. As our party neared them, they increased their speed. Our men were armed with muskets, but in firing there was danger of hitting the wrong man. The officers hesitated to give the order, and the men pressed their triggers in the anxiety of the moment, but dared not pull them; every moment increased the danger, when we were relieved by the victim himself crying out, in the depth of his extremity—'Fire, Bill, or the beggars will have me.' This was addressed to a man whose cognomen was 'Bill Gruk,' an odd and rather unscrupulous individual, but well known to be a dead shot. No second order was required by Mr. Gruk; crack went his solitary Musket—a moment's suspense, and then we beheld the gigantic savage writhing in his death throes on the sand, and the rescued tar on his legs shaking his fist at him.—'Abridged from Ellis's Hong-Kong to Manila.'

Why DON'T YOU LEARN A TRADE.—This question was propounded in our hearing, a few days since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in some of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill luck, one of his friends who knew he had mechanical talent but doubted whether he could make himself useful as a clerk or salesman, put the interrogation which we have placed as the caption of this article. The reply was, that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation. Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who, because of their fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures. Late, too late in life they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic, who, in days of boyhood, they were accustomed to deride. The false views of respectability which prevail in the so-called fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands of young men and will ruin as many more.

I MISS THREE MOTHER.—Where hast thou gone? Can it be that I shall never look upon that dear face again. Oh, no! I shall meet thee in my bright realms again, and it is a happy cheerful thought! When I wake at morn thy form is before me, and with a gentle whisper, as thou wast wont to do, bid'st me kneel, and with a humble heart pour out my soul in prayer to God. Asking him to watch over me through the day and at eve thou art near me too; although I cannot hear "good night," nor feel those arms entwined around me, yet I can lay myself down in peace, feeling that my angel mother is watching o'er her child! I know thou art happy, and I would not wish the back to this cold world; but may I live to die a Christian's death, one that assures me of an inheritance in that blessed mansion where trouble never comes. Then I shall again meet thee, never more to part, and with all our dear friends we can unto in songs of praise forever.

Who has lost a mother? Did they ever feel as I have felt that this was a cold heartless world? Dear friend, mourn not; why should we, since it was our Heavenly Father that took her from us? We know that 'He doeth all things well,' and though now it may seem grievous to be borne, yet let us never murmur against His doings, but feel it is to purify our hearts and make us more obedient to our dear Master's will.

A lady in Milwaukee, returning home from a ride, was almost petrified by hearing human sound in the room occupied by herself and husband. She was feminine, and there was a keyhole. Applying her eye to that aperture, she saw a woman standing on the floor, and her lord faintly arranging the folds of a shawl upon her shoulders. Incensed beyond bounds, by this picture of infidelity, she got a loaded shot gun, and returning, lung open wide the door, and deliberately shot the other creature in the back, fainting promptly thereafter. When she came to, she blushed to discover that the vials of her wrath had been emptied upon a miserable innard frame (such as shawls and mantillas are displayed upon) which her husband had brought up from the store to her room.

DANGERS OF ALCOHOL. It is needless to dwell on the dangers which unhappily surround the use of alcohol. Terrible is the power of this 'tricky spirit,' and when acting in conjunction with ignorance and sensuality, its effects are appalling. So serious an influence does it exercise on human welfare, that we may readily exultate the too frequent exaggerations of those zealous men who have engaged in a league for its total suppression. So glaring are the evils of intemperance, that we must always respect the motives of temperance societies, even when we most regret their exaggerations. They are fighting against a hideous vice, and we must the more regret when zeal for the cause leads them, as it generally leads partisans, to make sweeping charges, which common sense is forced to reject. All honor for the brave and sincere; all scorn for the noisy shallow quacks who make a trade of the cause! No real gain can be achieved by any cause when it eludes or perverts the truth; and whatever temporary effect, in speeches or writings, may arise from the iteration of the statement that alcohol is poison—a poison in small quantities, as in large—always and everywhere poisonous—the cause must permanently lose ground, because daily experience repudiates such a statement as manifestly false. Alcohol replaces a given amount of ordinary food. Liebig tells us that, in temperance families where beer was withheld the money given in compensation, it was so found that the monthly consumption of bread was soon strikingly increased, that the beer was twice paid for once in money, and a second time, in bread. He also reports the experience of the landlord of the Hotel de Russie, at Frankfurt, during the Peace Congress: the members of this Congress were mostly teetotalers, and a regular deficiency was observed every day in certain dishes, especially farinaceous dishes, puddings, &c. So unheard-of a deficiency in an establishment where for years the amount of dishes for a given number of persons had so well been known, excited the landlord's astonishment. It was found that men made up in pudding what they neglected in wine. Every one knows how little the drunkard's cat; to him alcohol replaces a given amount of food.—Lewes's Physiology of Common Life.

A NEW VERSION OF TELL'S MASTER-SHOT. In the wilder parts of the coasts of Australia, where many years of my early career were spent, those little bivouac parties, either for watering or fishing, were not unfrequently disturbed by a shower of spears or other missiles from the hands of some roving ambushed band of the inhospitable children of the forest. On several occasions our men had narrow escapes from being kidnapped by them, and many were wounded, some killed. In one instance I remember a sailor who was left by himself to cook some fish, while the rest proceeded a few hundred yards along the beach to a more convenient place for a second haul at the sieve, or large net, fitted in a peculiar manner, and supplied to slips of war for the purposes of fishing. While engaged in this way, the solitary artiste observed a group of monkey-like natives emerge suddenly from the bush a short distance off, and two of the tallest separating from the rest, stalked right up to him. Considering a pacific course best adapted for the occasion, 'Jack,' who was but a small man compared with his opponents, took two large fish and presented them as a peace-offering, on which one of the visitor, seized each fish by the tail, commenced beating poor Jack about the head with them. Though

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