

THE QUIET SLUMBER.

Lay him gently to his rest—
Fold his pale hands on his breast;
From his brow—
Oh! how cold and marble fair—

No tears for him! he needs them not,
Along life's drear and toilsome road
Firmly his manly footsteps trode,

Oh! it is well the strife is o'er,
That thus so peacefully he lies,
Unheeding how the bitter words,

No sigh to breathe above his brow,
No tear to stain the marble brow,

No thought of joy and suffering past—
But joy to think the task is done,
The heavy cross at last laid down,

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

MYSTERIOUS CHANGES.

My sister kept her word. I saw
no more of her for that day, nor
until noon of the next. Then she
came forth from her chamber in
full riding costume, ordered White
Fox to be saddled, and, mounting,

Not many days had elapsed before
I observed a sudden change in
the conduct of Gallagher; not
towards myself, or my mother, but
in his manner towards Virginia.

It was the day after I had
held the conversation with her, that
I first noticed this. I noticed at the
same time that her manner towards
him was equally altered.

The somewhat frosty politeness
that had hitherto been observed
between them, appeared to have
suddenly thawed, and their old
genial friendship to become re-
established on its former footing.

They now played, and sang, and
laughed together, and read, and
chattered nonsense, as they had
been used to do in times past.

"Ah! thought I, it is easy for
him to forget; he is but a friend,
and, of course, cannot have the
feelings of a brother. Little mat-
ters it to him what may be her
secret relations, or with whom."

What need he care about her im-
proprieties? She is good company,
and her winning ways have beguiled
him from dwelling upon that sus-
picion, which he must have enter-
tained as well as myself.

"I was at first astonished at this
new phase in the relations of our
family circle—afterwards puzzled by
it.

I was too proud and piqued to
ask Gallagher for an explanation;
and, as he did not volunteer to give
one, I was compelled to abide in
ignorance.

I perceived that my mother
also regarded this altered be-
haviour with surprise, and also with
a feeling of a somewhat different
kind—suspicion.

I could guess the reason of
this. She fancied that they were
growing too fond of each other—
that, notwithstanding he had no for-
tune but his pay-roll, Virginia might
fancy the dashing soldier for a
husband.

Of course my mother, having
already formed designs as to the
disposal of her daughter, could not
calmly contemplate such a destiny
as this. It was natural enough,
then, she should look with a jealous
eye upon the gay confidence that
had been established between them.

I should have been glad if I
could have shared my mother's
suspicious; happy if my sister had
but fixed her affections there.—
My friend would have been wel-
come to call me brother. Fortu-
nately though he might be, I should
have made no opposition to that al-
liance.

As days passed on, I fancied
that Gallagher began to relapse
into a more sober method. He cer-
tainly seemed more thoughtful.—
This was when my sister was out
of sight. It was not the air he
had worn after our arrival—but very
different.

It certainly resembled the bear-
ing of a man in love. He would
start on hearing my sister's voice

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from without—his ear was quick to
catch every word from her, and
his eyes expressed delight whenever
she came into the room. Once or
twice, I saw him gazing at her with
an expression upon his countenance
that betokened more than
friendship.

I lived in a maze of doubt,
puzzled and perplexed at what was
passing around me; but at this time
there turned up a new chapter in
our family history, that, in point
of mystery, eclipsed all the others.
A piece of information reached me,
that, if true, must sweep all these
new-sprung theories out of my
mind.

I learned that my sister was
in love with Arens Ringgold—in
other words, that she was listening
to his addresses!

MY INFORMANT.

This I had upon the authority of
my faithful servant, Black Jake.

I received the strange intelligence
in this wise:

I was seated by the bathing-
pond, alone, busied with a book,
when I heard Jake's familiar voice
pronouncing my name: "Massr.
George."

"Well, Jake?" I responded,
without withdrawing my eyes from
the page.

"Ise wanted all da mornin' to
git you lone by yarself; Ise want
to hab a leetle bit ob a convassay-
shun, Massr. George."

The solemn tone, so unusual
in the voice of Jake, awoke my
attention. Mechanically closing the
book, I looked up in his face: it
was solemn as his speech.

"A conversation with me, Jake?"

"Ye, massr.—dat an if you isn't
ingage?"

"Oh, by no means, Jake. Go
on: let me hear what you have to
say."

"Poor fellow! thought I—he
has his sorrows too. Some com-
plaint about Viola. The wicked
coquette is torturing him with jeal-
ousy; but what can I do? I can-
not make her love him—no. One
man may lead a horse to the water,
but forty can't make him drink."

No; the little jade will act as she
pleases, in spite of any remonstrance
on my part. Well, Jake?"

"Wa, Massr. George, I doant
meself like to intafere in tha 'fairs
ob da family—daat I doant; but
ye see, massr, things am a gwine
all wrong—all wrong, by Golly!"

"In what respect?"

"Ah, massr, dat young lady—data
young lady."

Polite of Jake to call Viola a
young lady.

"You think she is deceiving you?"

"More dan me, Massr. George—
more dan me."

"What a wicked girl! But,
perhaps, Jake, you only fancy these
things? Have you had any proofs
of her being unfaithful? Is there
any one in particular who is now
paying her attentions?"

"Yes, massr; berry partickler—
nebber so partickler before—nebber."

"A white man?"

"Gorramighty, Massr. George?
exclaimed Jake, in a tone of sur-
prise; 'you do talk kewrious: ob
course it am a white man. No odder
dan a white man dar shew 'tention
to tha young lady."

I could not help smiling. Con-
sidering Jake's own complexion,
he appeared to hold very exalted
views of the unapproachableness
of his character by those of her own
race. I had once heard him boast
that he was the only man ob col-
our dat could shinc 'thar.' It was
a white man, then, who was making
his misery.

"Who is he, Jake? I inquired.

"Ah, massr, he am dat ar villain
debbil, Arums Ringgold!"

not permit it. But there's no fear,
so you may make your mind easy
on that score."

"Scoose me, Massr. George,
'scoose me 'gain—I tell you, massr,
you may mistake: she a'most con-
stant now."

"Why, what has put this notion
into your head, my good fellow?"

"Viola, massr. Dat era quadroom
tell me all."

"So, you are friends with Viola
again?"

"Ye, Massr. George, we good
friend as ebber. Twar only my
s'picion—I war wrong. She good
gal—she true as de rifle. No more
s'picion o' her, on de part ob Jake—
no."

"I am glad of that. But pray,
what has she told you about Arens
Ringgold and my sister?"

"She tell me all: she see some-
thin' ebbery day."

"Every day! Why, it is many
days since Arens Ringgold has
visited here?"

"No, massr; dar you am mistake
'gain; Mass Arums he come to
da house ebbery day—almost
ebbery day."

"Nonsense; I never saw him
here. I never heard of his having
been, since my return from the
fort."

"But him hab been, for all dat,
massr; I see him meself. He
come when you gone out. He be
here when we goes a nuntin'. I
see am come yest'day, when you
an' Mass Garger war away to tha
bounteers—dat he war sat'n."

"You astonish me."

"Dat's not all, massr. Viola
she say dat Missa Vaginy she
'have different from what she used
to: he talk love; she not angry no
more; she listen to him talk—"

"Oh, Massr. George, Viola think
she give her consent to marry
him: dat would be dreadful thing
—berry, berry dreadful!"

"Jake," said I, "listen to me.—
You will stay by the house when
I am absent. You will take note
of every one who comes and goes;
and whenever Arens Ringgold makes
his appearance on a visit to the
family, you will come for me as
fast as horse can carry you."

"Golly! dat I will, Massr
George; you nebber fear, I come
fuss enuff—like a streak ob de
greased lightnin'."

And with this promise, the black
left me.

OLD HICKMAN.

The morning after, I went as
usual to the recruiting quarters.
Gallagher was along with me, as
upon this day the volunteers
were to be 'mustered into service,'
and our presence was necessary at
the administering of the oath.

A goodly company was col-
lected, forming a troop more re-
spectable in number than appear-
ance. They were 'mounted vol-
unteers;' but as each individual
had been his own quartermaster,
no two were either armed or
mounted alike. Nearly all carried
rifles, though there were a few
who shouldered the old family mus-
ket—a relic of revolutionary times
—and some were simply armed
with single or double barrelled
shot-guns.

The equipments consisted of
powder-horns, bullet-pouches, and
shot-belts—in short, the ordinary
sporting gear of the frontiersman
or amateur hunter when out upon
the 'still hunt' of the fallow deer.

"The 'mount' of the troop
was as varied as the arms and
accoutrements: horses from thir-
teen hands to seventeen; the tall,
raw-boned steed; the plump, cob-
shaped roadster; the tight, wiry
native of the soil, of Andalusian
race: the lean, worn-out 'critter,'
that carried on his back the half-
ragged quatter, side by side with
the splendid Arabian charger, the
fancy of some dashing young
planter who bestrode him, with no
slight conceit in the grace and
grandeur of his displa.

In one respect, the troop had
a certain uniformity: they were
all eager for the fray—burning for
a fight with the head savages, who
were committing such depredatious
throughout the land.

Old Hickman was among the
most active. His age and experi-
ence had procured him the rank
of sergeant by free election; and
I had many opportunities of con-
versing with him. The alligator-
hunter was still my true friend, and
devoted to the interests of our
family. On this very day I chanced

to be with him alone, when he gave
proof of his attachment by volun-
teering a conversation I little ex-
pected from him. Thus he began:

"May a lajun sculp me, lieuten-
ant, if I kin bar the thought o' that
puker a marryin' yur sister."

"Marrying my sister—who? I
inquired in some surprise. Was it
Gallagher he meant?"

"Why, in course the fellar as
everybody sez is a goin' to—that
cussed pole-cat o' a critter, Ary
Ringgold."

"Oh! him you mean? Every-
body says so, do they?"

"In course—it's the hul talk
o' the country. Durn me, George
Randolph, if I'd let him. Yur sis-
ter—the putty critter—she or the
fastest an' the handsomest gurl in
these parts; an' for a durned skunk
like that, not'standin' all his dol-
lars, to git her, I can't a bear to
hear o't. Why, George, I tell you,
he'll make her misable for the hul
term o' her nat'ral life—that erus'
what he'll be sartint to do—durna-
tion to him!"

"You are kind to counsel me,
Hickman; but I think the event
you dread is not likely ever to
come to pass."

"He'll get paid up slick for the
way he treated them poor half-
breeds on t'other side the creek."

"The Powells?"

"Ye-es—that wur the durndest
piece o' injustice I ever know'd
o' in all my time. By —, it wur!"

"You know what happened them,
then?"

"Sartiantly I do; every trick
in the hul game. 'Twar a leetle
o' the meanest transackshun I ever
knowed a white—and a white that
called himself a gentleman—to have
a hand in. By —, it wur!"

Hickman now proceeded, at my
request, to detail with more minute-
ness than I had yet heard them, the
facts connected with the robbery
of the unfortunate family.

It appeared by his account that
the Powells had not voluntarily
gone away from the plantation;
that, on the contrary, their removal
had been to the friendless widow
the most painful thing of all. Not
only was the land of great value—
the best in the whole district—but
it had been to her the scene of a
happy life—a home endeared by
early love, by the memory of a kind
husband, by every tie of the heart's
affection; and she had only parted
from it when driven out by the
strong arm of the law—by the staff
of the sheriff-officer.

Hickman had been present at the
parting scene, and described it in
rough but feeling terms.

Her appeals were in vain. The
heartless persecutor was without
compassion, and she was driven
forth.

A HASTY MESSENGER.

In the company of Hickman, I
had walked off to some distance
from the crowd, in order that our
conversation should be unrestrained.

I was waiting for him to make
a disclosure, when the footfall of
a fast-going horse fell upon my ear.
On looking up, I perceived a horse-
man coming down the bank of the
river, and galloping as earnestly as
if riding a 'quarter-race.'

The horse was white, and the
rider black; I recognised both at
a glance. Jake was the horseman.

I stepped out from among the
trees, in order that he should see
me, and not pass on to the church
that stood a little beyond. I hailed
him as he advanced.

He both saw and heard me;
and abruptly turning his horse,
came galloping up to the spot where
the old hunter and I were standing.

He was evidently upon an er-
rand; but the presence of Hickman
prevented him from declaring it
aloud. It would not keep, how-
ever, and throwing himself from
the saddle, he drew near me, and
whispered it into my ear. It was
just what I was expecting to hear
—Arens Ringgold was at the house.

"That dam nigga am thar, Massr
George."

Such was literally Jake's sur-
rendered announcement.

Soon after, I released my horse
from his fastening; and, without
saying a word to any one—not
even to Gallagher—I mounted, and
moved quietly off.

I did not take the direct road
that led to our plantation, but
made a short circuit through some
woods that skirted close to the
church.

the bushes brought me out into
the main up-river road; and then,
sinking the spur, I galloped as if
life or death were staked upon the
issue.

My design was to approach the
house—if possible, unobserved—the
drawing-room as well—where
of course the visitor would be
found—an abrupt entree upon the
scene—both guest and hosts taken
by surprise—the demand of an ex-
planation from all three—a com-
plete clearing-up of this mysterious
embroglio of our family relations,
that was so painfully perplexing
me. Face to face, I should con-
front the triad—mother, sister,
wooer—and force all three to con-
fession.

"Yes!" soliloquised I, with the
eagerness of my intention driv-
ing the spur into the flanks of my
horse— "Yes—confess they shall—
they must—one and all, or—"

With the first two I could
not define the alternative; though
some dark design, based upon the
slight of filial and fraternal love,
was lurking within my bosom.

For Ringgold, should he refuse
to give the truth, my resolve
was first to 'cowhide' him, then
kick him out of doors, and finally
kiss him never again to enter
the house—the house, of which
henceforth I was determined to be
master.

As for etiquette, that was out
of the question; at that hour, my
soul was ill attuned to the observa-
nce of delicate ceremony. No
rudeness could be amiss, in dealing
with the man who had tried to murder
me.

A LOVER'S GIFT.

My messenger had not gone
directly back; I had ordered him to
wait in an appointed place, and
there I found him.

Directing him to follow me, I
kept on; and having passed through
the fields, we rode into the thick
underwood of the hommock, where
halting, we dismounted from our
horses. From this point I proceeded
alone.

My limbs trembled under me as I
advanced, my knees knocked to-
gether, my breast was agitated by
a tumult of wild emotions. Once
I hesitated and halted. The pros-
pect of the unpleasant scene I was
about to produce stayed me. My
resolution was growing weak and
undecided.

Perhaps I might have gone back
—perhaps I might have waited
another opportunity when I might
effect my purpose by a less vio-
lent development—but just then
voices fell upon my ear, the effect
of which was to strengthen my
wavering resolves. My sister's
voice was ringing in laughter, that
sounded light and gay. There
was another—only one. I easily
recognised the squeaking treble of
her despicable suitor. The voices
reminded me—the tones stung
me, as if they had been designedly
uttered in mockery of myself. How
could she behave thus? how riot in
joy, while I was drooping under
dark suspicions of her misbe-
haviour?

Piqued as well as pained, I sur-
rendered all thought of honour-
able action; I resolved to carry
through my design, but first—to
play the listener.

I drew nearer, and heard clearer.
The speakers were not in the house,
but outside, by the edge of the
orange-grove. Softly treading,
gently parting, the boughs, now
crouching beneath them, now glid-
ing erect, I arrived unobserved
within six paces of where they
stood—near enough to perceive
their dresses glistening through the
leaves—to hear every word that
passed between them.

And really, Mr. Ringgold, you
wish to make me your wife? You
are in earnest in what you have
said?"

"Nay, Miss Randolph, do not
mock me; you know for how many
years I have been devoted to you."

"Indeed, I do not. How could I
know that?"

"By my words. Have I not
told you so a hundred times?"

"Words! I hold words of lit-
tle value in a matter of this kind.—
Dozens have talked to me as you,
who, I suppose, cared very little
about me. The tongue is a great
trifler, Mr. Arens."

(To be continued.)

In 1531 a maid suffered death, at King's
Lynn, by boiling, for poisoning her
mistress.

ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON.

With him there was never relax-
ation till every duty was discharged.
A curious illustration of this habit
was told us by an English states-
man, who had it from General
Alava. On the night previous to
one of the Duke's Pensinular vic-
tories, another officer came up to
Alava and asked in much alarm,

"What will become of us? We
shall have a great battle tomorrow,
and Lord Wellington is doing nothing
but flirting with Madame de
Quintana!" "I am very glad to
hear it," replied Alava, "if we are
to have a great battle tomorrow,"
for it is quite certain that all his ar-
rangements are made, if he is flirting
with Madame de Quintana."

His coolness in danger, and his per-
sonal escapes, were as striking at-
tributes of the individual man as his
tactics were attributes of the gen-
eral. During the battle of Talavera,
Albuquerque sent him by a staff of-
ficer a letter informing him that
Cuesta, the commander of the Span-
ish army in the action, was a traitor,
and was actually playing into the
enemy's hands. He was intently
watching the progress of the action
as the dispatch reached him; he
took the letter, read it, and turning
to the aide-de-camp, coolly said

"Very well, Colonel, you may go
back to your brigade." On another
occasion, just before the siege of
Rodriguez when the proximity of the
allies to Marmont's army placed him
in considerable danger by reason of
the non arrival of their flank divi-
sions, a Spanish General was aston-
ished to find the English com-
mander lying on the ground in front
of his troops, serenely and imper-
turbably awaiting the issue of the
peril. "Well, General," said the
Spaniard, "you are here with two
weak divisions, and you seem to be
quite at your ease; it is enough to
put one in a fever." "I have done
the best," the Duke replied, "tha
could be done, according to my own
judgment, and hence it is that I don't
disturb myself, either about the
enemy in front, or about what they
may say in England." In several
instances he very narrowly escaped
being taken prisoner. Once at Tala-
vera, in the midst of the action;
once just before the battle of Mava,
being surprised by a party of French
while looking at his maps; once at
Quatrebras, again during the battle.

In the latter action, as he was car-
ried away on the tide of a retreat-
ing body of young troops, the French
lancers suddenly charged on its
flank, and his only chance was in his
horse's speed. "He arrived," Mr.
Gleig writes, "hotly pursued, at the
edge of a ditch, within which the
92d. Highlanders were lying, and
the points of their bayonets bristled
over the edges. He called out to
them as he approached, 'Lie down,
men!' and the order was obeyed,
whereupon he leaped his horse
across the ditch, and immediately
pulled up with a smile on his coun-
tenance."—Edinburgh Review for
July.

AN APOLOGY FOR CRINOLINE.—
Crinoline has now become a general
term, used to express the enormous
sum total of long clothes which sur-
round the nether proportions of a
lady, and were invented to conceal
large feet and perhaps bunions. It
should be borne in mind, however,
that crinoline in strict propriety
means petticoat, originally made of
horsehair, which caused the clothes
to stick out. Other things are now
used for that purpose—steel springs,
and hoops, straw bands, and rings
and tubes of vulcanized India-rubber
blown up. Crinoline, in fact, is the
sensible part of an otherwise absurd
dress. It is necessary to a lady's
locomotion. It keeps off the mon-
strous dress, which, of itself, would
insuperably encumber her, and im-
pede her progress, so far as to en-
able her to walk a little. We have
ascertained this fact from a rational
lady, obliged by the tyranny of cus-
tom to follow a fashion of which she
does not approve. Let not crino-
line, then, be any more abused as
crinoline, since it subserves a pur-
pose of some utility, suspending the
garments of the softer sex, and en-
abling the wearer to discharge the
functions of a clothes-horse with the
least possible inconvenience.

It is impossible to love where we
cannot esteem; and no woman can
be esteemed by a man who has sense,
if she makes herself cheap in the
eyes of a fool.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Time works great changes in the
Irish, whether in the United States
or the colonies. They are the few
among the many. They cannot
long maintain their distinctive char-
acter; they become gradually ab-
sorbed, and are soon incorporated
with the mass of the people. They
adopt the dress, the habits, and the
feelings of the Americans. Their
clergy taught them to disregard a
Protestant Sovereign; the Ameri-
cans, in their turn, teach them to
disregard their priests; thus one-
half of their lives is spent in learning
what is wrong, and the other half
in unlearning it. Renatiation is
soon followed by recantation, and
the Queen and Pope both lose their
subjects. By this process, the emi-
grants are protected from them-
selves and their own violence; they
individually obtain that freedom
which, collectively they never al-
lowed to each other. A Roman
Catholic who becomes a Protestant
in Ireland is considered as a man
who deserts his colours, and he is
pursued and punished by the whole
community. In America he is nei-
ther hailed as a convert by one side,
nor insulted as a pervert by the
other. The event is regarded by
the former with unconcern, and by
the latter as an occurrence rather
to be regretted than resented.
Public opinion tolerates and protects
every sect, but has no sympathy
with any. Religion is left to shift
for itself, the supply is regulated by
the demand, and competition has
lowered its value by adopting an
inferior material, and course work-
manship. The original emigrant re-
tains with some difficulty the creed
he received from his priest; his
faith is less lively, but still he is a
believer. It is different with his de-
scendants, who often exercise their
own judgment, and choose for them-
selves. But, though he adheres to
his church, his habits are altered
and improved, he becomes indus-
trious and his condition is amelior-
ated. His kind hearted and affec-
tionate feelings are not merely pre-
served, but enhanced by distance.
He works hard to save, and he saves
to import his relatives to the com-
fortable home he has provided for
them in the West. The Irish poor
are rich in love—in love for their
parents, their children, their friends,
and their countrymen. No one is
so destitute, but that he will give of
his last loaf and divide the last six-
pence with one poorer or more des-
pite than he is, and when all is
gone, he mingles benedictions on
others with prayers for himself.—
Season Ticket in Dublin University
Magazine.

A CLEVER FORGERY BY PHOTO-
GRAPHY.—A curious circumstance
has just happened to Mr. Aguado,
whose talent in photography has
given him a European celebrity.
He laid a wager that he would so
exactly imitate a French bank note
that the difference should not be
perceptible. By the time appointed
the note was ready, and laid side
by side with the original upon the
desk. Judge, jury, all were there,
ready to seize the smallest indica-
tion which would lead them into
the wright guess. The gentleman
who had laid the wager took both
notes in his hand to examine them
in the strong light from the window.
By some accident he changed or
shuffled them from one hand to the
other, and when he returned them
to the desk, neither M. Aguado
himself nor any one of the company
could tell which was the false note
and which the true! There they lie
still—two thousand-franc notes—and
all connoisseurs are invited to
give an opinion. Needless to say
the Banque de France has sent its
most expert judges—but without
effect.

THE FIRST SCREW STEAMER.—
Sixty years ago, Dr. Shorter, a me-
chanic of considerable ingenuity,
brought out a plan for moving ves-
sels through the water by means of
a circular fan somewhat resembling
that of a smoke-lack, and not alto-
gether dissimilar to the earliest form
of propeller. But at that time any-
thing in the form of a marine steam-
engine was unknown; and as con-
sequently the only power that would
have been applicable was human
labour, little attention was given to
Dr. Shorter's project, for the reason
that it had long previously been as-
certained that the oar was by far
the most advantageous medium for im-
parting motion to a vessel, if men
only are to be employed for the pur-
pose.—Hans Bask's Navies of the
World.

There are on earth 1,000,000,000
of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333
die every year; 7,789 every hour,
and 60 every minute—or one in
every second. But there are always
more births than deaths, and so popu-
lation increases.—Scientific Ameri-
can.

It may seem a paradox, but it is
nevertheless true, that, bit a man
upon whatever part of the body you
will, the blow is sure to go against
his stomach.