

GO AHEAD.

When your plans of life are clear
Go ahead—
But no faster than your brains;

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

I saw the captives where they stood, close at hand, and fast bound to some trees. Among them I recognised their leader, by the grace of Commissioner Thompson, 'king of the Seminole nation.'

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and the two combatants stood alone in the centre.

The struggle was brief as bloody. Almost at the first blow, Ocoela struck the hateret from his antagonist's hand, and with another stroke, rapidly following, felled Omata to the earth.

For a moment the victor was seen bending over his fallen adversary, with his long knife unsheathed, and glittering in the moonlight.

When he rose erect, the steel had lost its sheen—it was dimmed with crimson blood.

Ocoela had kept his oath. He had driven his blade through the heart of the traitor—Omata had ceased to live.

I stood waiting their pleasure, therefore, in anything but a comfortable frame of mind.

It was not long before I was relieved from my apprehensions. As soon as the affair with Omata was ended, Ocoela approached, and in a friendly manner stretched out his hand, which I was only too happy to receive in friendship.

He expressed regret that I had been wounded and made captive by his men—explained the mistake; and then calling one of his followers, ordered him to guide me back to the fort.

I had no desire to remain longer than I could help upon such a tragic ground; and, bidding the chief adieu I followed my conductor along the path.

Near the pond, the Indian left me; and, without encountering any further adventures, I re-entered the gates of the fort.

A BANQUET WITH A BAD ENDING.

As by duty bound, I delivered a report of the scene I had involuntarily been witness to. It produced a lively excitement within the fort, and an expedition was instantly ordered forth, with myself to act as guide.

A bit of sheer folly. The search proved fruitless, as any one might have prophesied. Of course, we found the place, and the bodies of those who had fallen—upon which the wolves had already been ravaging—but we discovered no living Indians—not even the path by which they had retreated!

The death of Omata was the most serious incident that had yet occurred; at all events, the most important in its bearings. By the whites, Omata had been constituted king; by killing the Indians showed their contempt for the authority that had crowned him, as well as their determination to resist all interference of the kind.

But the incident had its most important bearings upon the Indians, especially upon Omata's own people. Terrified by the example, and dreading lest similar retribution might be extended to themselves many of Omata's tribe—sub-chiefs and warriors—forsook their alliance, and enrolled themselves in the ranks of the patriots. Other clans that had hitherto remained undecided, acting under similar motives, now declared their allegiance to the national will, and took up arms without further hesitation.

The death of Omata, besides being an act of stern justice, was a stroke of fine policy on the part of the hostile Indians. It proved the genius of him who had conceived and carried it into execution.

Omata was the first victim of Ocoela's vow of vengeance. Soon after appeared the second. It was not long before the tragedy of the traitor's death was eclipsed by another, far more thrilling and significant. One of the chief actors in this drama disappears from the stage.

On our arrival at the fort, it was found that the commissariat was rapidly running short. No provision had been made for so large a body of troops, and no supplies could possibly reach Fort King for a long period of time.

The days passed tamely enough—whole weeks of them. An occasional visit to Camp Drane was a relief to the monotony of garrison-life, but this was a rare occurrence. The fort had been shorn of its strength, and was too weak for us to go much beyond its walls. It was well known that the Indians were in arms. Traces of their presence had been observed near the post; and a hunting excursion, or even a romantic saunter in the neighboring woods—the usual resources of a frontier station—could not have been made without some peril.

During this period I observed that the commissioner was very careful in his outgoings and incomings. He rarely passed outside the stockade, and never beyond the line of sentries.

Christmas came round. At this season, the Soldiers were released from duty—alone the sentinels were kept to their posts; and, with such fare as could be procured, backed by liberal rations of 'monongahela,' the week was passing cheerily enough.

A 'sutler' in the American army is generally a thriving adventurer—with the officers liberal both of cash and credit—and, on festive occasions, not unfrequently their associate and boon-companion. Such was he, the sutler, of Fort King.

On one of these festive days, he had provided a sumptuous dinner—no one about the fort so capable—to which the officers were invited—the commissioner himself being the honored guest.

The banquet was set out in the sutler's own house, which, as already mentioned, stood outside the stockade, several hundred yards off, and nearer to the edge of the woods.

The dinner was over, and most of the officers had returned within the fort, where—as it was now getting near night—it was intended that the smoking and wine-drinking should be carried on.

The commissioner, with half-a-dozen others—officers and civilian visitors—still lingering to enjoy another glass under the hospitable roof where they had eaten their dinner.

I was among those who went back within the fort.

We had scarcely settled down in our seats, when we were startled by a volley of sharp cracks, which the ear well knew to be the reports of rifles. At the same instant was heard that wild intonation, easily distinguished from the shouting of civilised men—the war-cry of the Indians!

We needed no messenger to inform us what the noises meant: the enemy was upon the ground, and had made an attack—we fancied upon the fort itself.

We rushed into the open air, each arming himself as best he could.

Once outside, we saw that the fort was not assailed; but upon looking over the stockade, we perceived that the house of the sutler was surrounded by a crowd of savages, plumed and painted in full fighting costume. They were in quick motion, rushing from point to point, brandishing their weapons, and yelling the 'Yo-ho-ee-ee.'

Straggling shots were still heard as the fatal gun was pointed at some victim endeavoring to escape. The gates of the fort were standing wide open, and soldiers who had been strolling outside, now rushed through uttering shouts of terror as they passed in.

The sutler's house was at too great a distance for the range of musketry. Some shots were discharged by the sentries and others who chanced to be armed, but the bullets fell short.

The artillerymen ran to their guns; but on reaching these, it was found that the stables—a row of heavy log-houses—stood directly in the range of the sutler's house—thus sheltering the enemy from the aim of the gunners.

All at once the shouting ceased, and the crowd of dusky warriors was observed moving off towards the woods.

In a few seconds they had disappeared among the trees—vanishing, as if by magic, from our sight.

He who commanded at the fort—an officer slow of resolve—now mustered the garrison, and ventured a sortie. It extended only to the house of the sutler, where a halt was made, while we contemplated the horrid scene.

The sutler himself, two officers, several soldiers and civilians, lay upon the floor dead, each with many wounds.

Conspicuous above all was the corpse of the commissioner. He was lying upon his back, his face covered with gore, and his uniform torn and bloody. Sixteen bullets had been fired into his body; and a wound more terrible than all was observed over the left breast. It was the gash made by a knife, whose blade had passed through the heart.

I could have guessed who gave that wound, even without the living testimony that was offered on the spot. A negress—the cook—who

had concealed herself behind a piece of furniture, now came forth from her hiding-place. She had been witness of all. She was acquainted with the person of Ocoela. It was he who had conducted the tragedy, and he had been the last to leave the scene; and before taking his departure, the negress had observed him give that final stab—no doubt in satisfaction of the deadly vow he had made.

After some consultation, a pursuit was determined upon, and carried out with considerable caution; but, as before, it proved fruitless; as before, even the track by which the enemy had retreated could not be discovered.

This melancholy finale to the festivities of Christmas was, if possible rendered more sad by a rumor that shortly after reached Fort King. It was the rumor of an event, which has since become popularly known as 'Dade's massacre.'

The report was brought by an Indian runner—belonging to one of the friendly clans—but the statements made were of so startling a character, that they were at first received with a cry of incredulity.

The murder of the commissioner called for some act of prompt retribution. Immediately after its occurrence, several expresses had been despatched by different routes to Camp Drane—some of which fell into the hands of the enemy, while the rest arrived safely with the news.

By daybreak of the following morning the army, more than a thousand strong, was in motion; and marching towards the Amazura. The avowed object of this expedition was to strike a blow at the families of the hostile Indians—their fathers and mothers, their wives, sisters and children—whose lurking-place the fastnesses of the great swamp—the 'Cove'—had become known to the general. It was intended that they should be captured, if possible, and held as hostages until the warriors could be induced to surrender.

With all others who could be spared from the fort, I was ordered to accompany the expedition, and accordingly joined it upon the march. From the talk I heard around me, I soon discovered the sentiments of the soldiery. They had but little thought of making captives. Exasperated by what had taken place at the fort—further exasperated by what they called 'Dade's massacre,' I felt satisfied that they would not stay to take prisoners,—old men or young men, women or children, all would alike be slain; no quarter would be given.

I was sick at the prospect of such a wholesale carnage as was anticipated. Anticipated, I say, for all confidently believed it would take place. The hiding-place of these unfortunate families had become known, there were guides conducting us thither who knew the very spot, now could we fail to reach it?

But the day before, our expedition would have appeared easy enough, a mere exciting frolic, without peril of any kind; but the news of Dade's defeat had produced a magical effect upon the spirits of the soldiers, and whilst it exasperated, it had also cowed them. For the first time, they began to feel something like respect for their foe.

About mid-day we reached the banks of the Amazura. The stream had to be crossed before the Cove could be reached, for the vast network of swamps and lagoons bearing this name extended from the opposite side.

A ford had been promised the general, but the guides were at fault—no crossing place could be found. At the point where we reached it, the river ran past broad, black and deep—too deep to be waded even by our horses.

Were the guides playing traitor, and misleading us? It certainly began to assume that appearance; but no it could not be. They were Indians, it is true, but well proved in their devotion to the whites. Besides, they were men compromised with the national party—doomed to death by their own people—our defeat would have been their ruin.

It was not treason, as shown afterwards, they had simply been deceived by the trails, and had gone the wrong way.

It was fortunate for us they had done so! But for this mistake of the guides, the army of General Clinch might have been called upon to repeat on a larger scale the drama

so lately enacted by Dade and his companions.

The Indians were at that moment where we should have been, but for the mistake of the guides. The ford was beset on both sides by the foe—the warriors lying unseen like snakes among the grass, ready to spring forth the moment we should attempt the crossing. Fortunately it was for Clinch and his army that his guides possessed so little skill.

The general acted without this knowledge at the time—else, had he known the dangerous proximity, his behavior might have been different. As it was, a halt was ordered; and, after some deliberation, it was determined we should cross the river at the point where the army had arrived.

Some old boats were found, with a number of Indian canoes. These would facilitate the transport of the infantry, while the mounted men could swim upon their horses.

Rafis of logs were soon knocked together, and the passage of the stream commenced. The maneuver was executed with considerable address, and in less than an hour one half of the command had crossed. I was among those who got first over; but I scarcely congratulated myself on the success of the enterprise. I felt sad at the prospect of being soon called upon to aid in the slaughter of defenceless people—of women and children, for around me there was no other anticipation. It was with a feeling of positive relief, almost of joy, that I heard that wild war-cry breaking through the woods, the well-known Yo-ho-ee-ee of the Seminoles.

Along with it came the ringing detonations of rifles, the louder report of musketry; while bullets, hisling through the air, and breaking branches from the surrounding trees, told us that we were assailed in earnest, and by a large force of the enemy.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES IN REGAL LIFE.

When the Queen was on a visit to the royal family of France at Eou, the Queen of Belgium had been told that Her Majesty of England took every morning at ten o'clock a glass of iced water. Accordingly, on the day after her arrival a servant duly made his appearance at the appointed hour, bearing on a silver salver a carafe and two glasses, which he tendered to the Sovereign, who declined the refreshment with a wave of the hand. The Belgian Queen seeing this whispered to her son to pour out a glass of water and offer it to the Queen; this being done was graciously accepted, the fact being, that etiquette would not allow Her Majesty to pour out the water for her self when a servant was present.

So too, when the Queen, Louis Philippe, and the Duke of Wellington paid a visit to Eton, upon the visitors' book being presented to them, the King of the French somewhat ungallantly took up a pen and signed his name at the top of the page. Etiquette would not permit the Queen to sign her name under any other; she therefore turned over the page all but blank leaf, and wrote her name at the top of the next one, and then handed the pen to the Duke, who, by the by, was so excited—fancy the Duke of Wellington being excited!—at the honor done to him that he actually spelt his name "Weginton!" The Queen now, as formerly, may not speak to a tradesman. We ourselves have seen her standing not a yard away from one, addressing all her inquiries to an equerry, who repeated them to the tradesman, and again repeated to Her Majesty all his answers.—Raikes Dairy.

A man who has a soul worth sixpence, must have enemies. It is utterly impossible for the best man to please the whole world, and the sooner this is understood, and a position taken in view of the fact, the better. Do right though you have enemies. You cannot escape them by doing wrong; and it is little gain to barter your honor and integrity, and divest yourselves of moral courage to gain—nothing. Better abide by the truth—frown down all opposition, and rejoice in the feeling which must inspire a free and independent man.

"Come here my dear, I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly, has she got a beau? No, it's the jaunders the doctor says so."

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES."

Every one is familiar with the old homely adage, "Take care of the pennies the pounds will take care of themselves," and the following anecdote, (for the truth of which we vouch), is strikingly illustrative of the power that lies in the hands of even the very poorest of our readers if they will but take care of the pennies.

A Manchester calico-printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her, as her share, two half pints of ale per day. He rather wineed under the bargain, for though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish, allowance for housekeeping, meet the demand upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except, at odd times, when she succeeded, by dint of one little artifice and another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year; and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed, 'Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mother.' 'Wouldst thou like to go, John?' asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times.

'If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat.' 'Thou stand treat?' said he, with half a sneer. 'Hast got a fortune wench?' 'Nay,' said she, 'but I'm gotten the pint o' ale.' 'Gotten what?' inquired he. 'The pint o' ale!' was the reply. John still didn't understand her till the faithful creature reached down a old stocking, from under a loose brick in the chimney, and counted out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 three pennies, (that is £4 11s 4d sterling, or \$23) and put it into his hand, exclaiming, 'Thee shall have the holiday, John.' John was astounded, astonished, conscience-stricken, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. 'Hast'th' thee had thy share?'—then 'I'll ha' no more,' said he. They kept their wedding day with the old dame, and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments which ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat, a carriage, and perhaps, said Mrs. Owen, 'John might be mayor of his native borough at last.'

The writer was present in the town-hall in Bolton, Lancashire, in 1849, listening to a most eloquent lecture to the 'working classes,' by Mr J. Baxter Langley, now the accomplished editor of the London Morning Star, when, at the end of the lecture, to impress upon his audience the power of such savings, he related the foregoing anecdote. The Mayor of the borough was in the chair. At the conclusion of the anecdote, he came forward to the foot-lights, placed his hands upon his breast, and said—'Ladies and gentlemen, 'John' now stands before you: He did become mayor of his native borough.' What a significant lesson.

It is a significant lesson. Would that every slave to his appetite for strong drink would 'pay particular attention, to it!

A USEFUL HINT.—If a man faints away, instead of calling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on the floor, loosen the clothing, push away the crowd so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is barbarity. The philosophy of a fainting fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill; but if lying down it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power, as is apparent.

We owe it to our enemies to forgive us sometimes owe it to ourselves not to forget.

USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

—How many young men ignorantly deny themselves a fortune! There is scarcely a young man of good sense any where who cannot save \$100 easily from his annual earnings, and, if he will forego cigars, billiards, and juleps, he can save double that amount. Figures sometimes produce almost incredible results.—Thus for instance, if a young man upon his twentieth birthday will invest \$100 in any stock paying ten per cent., and annually thereafter will invest the same amount and the accumulation of interest, he will be worth when he is thirty years old, 1,753 dollars; when forty years old, 6,300 dollars, when fifty years old, 18,150 dollars and when sixty years old, 48,700 dollars. How simple then is the plan by which a youth of the present day can pass his old age in comfort and luxury. He has only to regulate his expenses so as to save one hundred dollars each year from his income. If the amount saved be larger, then the sum total will be increased in the same proportion—Only think of it, that 500 dollars saved annually and invested in ten per cent, stock will amount in forty years to 243,500. One thousand invested in the same way for ten years will amount to 2,598,500; in twenty years to 6,726,800; in thirty years to 45,256,830. No wonder then that the Rothschilds have amassed such boundless wealth.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.—Most of the younger women have a lively turn for light literature. They have not much acquaintance with history or other serious reading, and but a smattering of many scientific things, picked up from casual lectures. They are taught the usual accomplishments of the sex. They are ordinarily but poor musicians, and know little of drawing; but they dance well and ride tolerably. There are many defective points which forcibly strike one recently arrived from the Old World. Among these, the loudness and harshness of the voice are the most disagreeable, and certain phrases familiarly used by the best among the ladies of Yankee-land, fall on the English ear as execrable vulgarity. No amount of vivacity or wit can reconcile us to the long drawn out 'Oh, yes!' or 'Did you ever?' or 'Yes, indeed!' or 'Do tell!' or 'Well, now!' of a New England belle; or the sharp 'I know it,' or 'No two ways about that,' and no mistake, &c.; or the frequent violation of grammar and pronunciation. 'I warn't,' 'Anywheres,' 'Not as I know of,' 'going a housekeeping,' 'I'm a coming,' 'How have you ben?' 'I'll do it right off,' and a dozen such expressions, have shocked me 'time and again' (to use one of their pet ones) coming from some of the sweetest lips in the United States.—Grattan's America.

CREAM.—A practice originated in Connecticut, for obtaining the largest quantity of cream from milk, is meeting the approbation of many sensible dairy women. New milk is strained into common pans, and after standing twelve hours is carefully placed over a kettle of warm water, and brought as nearly as possible to the temperature of very new milk. It is then set away for twelve hours more, when it is ready to skim. Nearly double the cream can be obtained from this process, that can be obtained from any other with which we are acquainted.

THE RIE.—A young lady having asked a surgeon why woman was made from the rib of man in preference to any other bone, he gave her the following gallant answer; 'She was not taken from the head lest she would rule over him nor from his feet lest she should trample on him; but she was taken from his side that she might be his equal; from under his arm that he might protect her; and from near his heart that he might cherish and love her.'

SETTLED.—The old question for debate in country School Houses, is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of taste? was recently settled. A red nose jolly son of Bacchus who took the negative put his pint:—Which would you rather, gentlemen smell a glass of grog or taste it? The judges, who ardently sympathized with the speaker, declared no further argument necessary, and decided at once in favour of the negative!

'And when we're married, Julia, you'll see how I'll drive you to 'the Castle' in a carriage and four-six-eight, oh!' 'But, Frank, where is the money to come from?' 'Oh, we don't want any money; people do these things now-a-days on quite a new principle, I assure you.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes, and often they do them without any principle at all.'—Mr. and Mrs. Drayton.

An Irish corporal, who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen, was thus accosted by the captain, whilst standing at ease—Pat, what makes your nose so red? 'Please yer honor,' said Pat, 'I always blush when I speak to an officer.'

A promising boy not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God,' said he knew it wasn't true—his mother was better than any man that ever was made.