

## ONLY A PICTURE.

Only a picture! and is that all?  
Only a picture upon the wall;  
The smile so beaming, the cheek so bright,  
The eye so dancing with sunny light,  
I almost fancy my baby boy  
Is springing to me in his pride and joy!  
But 'tis only a picture upon the wall,  
A silent picture and that is all!

Only a lock of silken hair,  
Lying alone in its casket there!  
Where is the head that in sportive glee  
Was wont to toss it so careless and free?  
The baby-headed that upon my breast  
So lovingly nestled each night to rest?  
Only a lock of its silken hair  
Is lying alone in its casket there!

Only a shoe that is soiled and torn!  
But where is the foot that the shoe has worn?  
The darling foot, so dimpled and small,  
That made music so merry in chamber and hall  
Oh! to catch of that little step one sound,  
How wildly now would my pulses bound!  
But there's only a shoe that is soiled and torn—  
The foot comes no more that that shoe has worn!

Only these relics and nothing more?  
Can aught to our arms the lost restore?  
Must we hopelessly yearn as the years go by  
For the bounding step and the beaming eye?  
And all of that beauty, and life and grace,  
So fondly cherished, retain no trace  
Save these silent relics? O nevermore  
Will the grave to our arms the lost restore?

O we for love, from all its store  
It points to these tokens and nothing more!  
When the vacant hall, and the silent stair,  
But echo the groans of its wild despair;  
And from all the voices in earth and sky,  
Comes back no word to its wailing cry:  
Save the mournful echo—"O nevermore  
Will the grave to our arms the lost restore!"

O joy for love! when it yearns no more  
For that which the grave cannot restore;  
When it upward stretches its drooping wings,  
And in darkness and sorrow sweetly sings  
Of the brightness and bliss of that better home,  
Where the lost are found, and no partings come  
O joy for love, when its priceless store  
There safe is gathered for evermore!

## OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

## (Continued.)

## SIGNAL-SHOTS.

I shall not attempt to depict my emotions at that moment; my pen is unequal to the task. Think, thou, of my situation, and fancy them if thou canst.

Behind me, a mother murdered and basely mutilated—a near relative slain in like fashion—my home—my property given to the flames. Before me a sister torn from the maternal embrace, borne ruthlessly along by savage captors—perhaps outraged by their fiendish leader. And he, too, under my eyes, the false perfidious friend—the ravisher—the murderer. Had I not one for indulging in the wildest emotions?

And wild they were—each moment becoming wilder as I gazed upon the object of my vengeance. They were fast rising beyond my control. My muscles seemed to swell with renewed rage; the blood coursed through my veins like streams of liquid fire.

I almost forgot the situation in which we were. But one thought was in my mind—vengeance. Its object was before me—unconscious of my presence as if he had been asleep—almost within reach of my hand—perfectly within range of my rifle.

I raised the piece to the level of those drooping plumes; I sighted their tips; I knew that the eyes were underneath them; my finger rested against the trigger.

In another instant, that form—in my eyes, hitherto heroic—would have lain lifeless upon the grass; but my comrades forbade the act.

With a quick instinct, Hickman grasped the lock of my gun, covering the nipple with his broad palm; while Weatherford clutched at the barrel. I was no longer master of the piece.

I was angry at the interruption, but only for an instant; a moment's reflection convinced me they had acted right. The old hunter, putting his lips close to my ear, addressed me in an earnest whisper:

"Not yit, Geordie—not yit: for your life, don't make a fuss.—'Twould be no use to kill him.—The rest o' the varmints wd be sartin to git off, an' sartin to toat the weemen along wi' 'em. We three ain't enough to stop 'em; we'd only git sculped ourselves. We must slide back for the others, an' then we'll be able to surround 'em: that's the idea—ain't it, Jim?"

Weatherford, fearing to trust his voice, nodded an affirmative.

"Come then!" added Hickman, in the same low whisper.—"We musn't lose a minute. Let's git back as rapid as possible.—Keep your backs low down—gentle, gently! and, as he continued giving these injunctions, he faced towards the ground, extended his body to its full length, and crawling off like an alligator, was soon lost behind the trunks of the trees.

# The York Herald.

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

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. I.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1859.

No. 46.

Weatherford and I soon followed in similar fashion, until safe beyond the circle of the firelight, when all three rose erect to our feet.

We stood for a moment listening backward. We were not without anxiety lest our retreat might have disturbed the camp; but no sounds reached us save those to which we had been listening—the snore of some sleeping savage, the 'crop-crop' of the browsing horse, or the stamp of a hoof upon the firm turf.

Satisfied that we had passed away unobserved, we started upon the back-track, which the hunters could not follow like a path well known to them. Dark as it was, we advanced almost in a run, and were progressing rapidly, when our speed was suddenly checked by the report of a gun.

Each halted as if shot in his tracks. Surprise it was that stopped us, for the report came not from the Indian camp, but the opposite direction—that in which our party had been left.

But it could not be one of them who had fired? They were at too great a distance—or should have been heard so distinctly. Had they advanced, tired waiting for our return? Were they still advancing? If so, the shot was most imprudent; it would be certain to put the camp on the *qui vive*.—What had they fired at? It might have been an accidental discharge—it must have been.

These conjectures were rapid as thoughts can be; we did not communicate them to one another; each had them of himself.

We had scarcely time to speak to one another, when a second shot rang in our ears. It came from the same direction as the former, appearing almost a repetition; and had there been time to re-load, we should have so deemed it.—But there had not been time, even for the most accomplished riflemen. Two guns, therefore, had been fired.

My companions were puzzled as well as myself. The thing was inexplicable under any other hypothesis than that some Indians had strayed from their camp, and were making 'signals of distress.'

We had no time to reflect.—We could now hear behind us the camp in full alarm, and we knew it was the shots that had caused it. We heard the shouts of men—the heaving and hurried tramping of horses.

Without pausing longer, we again took to the track, and hastened onward in the direction of our friends.

Farther on, we perceived some men on horseback. Two there appeared to be—though in the darkness we were not certain, as their forms were scarcely distinguishable.

They appeared to retreat as we approached, gliding off like ghosts among the trees. No doubt these were they who had fired the shots; they were just in the direction whence the reports had come, and at the proper distance.

Were they Indians or whites? Risking the chance of their being our foes, old Hickman halted them.

We paused to listen. There was no reply—not even an exclamation from either. We could hear, by the hoof-strokes of their horses, that they were hurrying off in a direction altogether different from that either of our friends or foes.

There was something mysterious in the behaviour of these two horsemen. For what purpose had they fired their guns? If to signal the camp, why had they retreated from us as we came forward? Why, moreover, had they gone off in a direction that did not lead to the camp—since its position was now known to them by the noise of the alarm they had themselves occasioned?

To me, their behaviour was inexplicable.

Hickman appeared to have found some clue to it, and the knowledge seemed to produce a singular effect upon him. He exhibited signs of astonishment, mingled with feelings of indignation.

"Devil swamp 'em! the wuthless skunks, 'it are them; an' I'm good as sure it are. I can't be mistaken in the crack o' them two guns. What say ye, Jim Weatherford? Did ye recognize 'em?"

"I war thinkin' I'd heern them

afore—somewhars, but I can't 'zactly tell whar. Stay: one on 'em's precious like the ring o' Ned Spence's rifle."

"Precious like—it are the same, an' 'tother's Bill Williams. What on airth kin the two be arter? We left 'em long wi' the rest, and hyar they are—I'm sure it's them—gallivantin' about through the woods, an' firin' off thar guns to spoil everything we've done.—They've sot the Indjuns off to a sartinty. Durn the shots! they've spoilt the hul bizness. Quick—come along hyar!"

Following the old hunter's direction, we hurried on after him.

## AN EMPTY CAMP.

We had not gone far before we were within earshot of voices, mingled with the hollow thumping of horses' hoofs.

We recognised the voices as those of our comrades, and hailed them as they came nearer, for we perceived that they were advancing towards us. They had heard the reports; and, believing them to proceed from our rifles, had fancied we were engaged with the Indians, and were now riding up to our aid.

"Hollow, boys!" shouted Hickman as they drew near, is Bill Williams an' Ned Spence among ye? Speak out if ye be."

There was no reply to this interrogatory; it was succeeded by a dead silence of some seconds' duration. Evidently the two men were not there, else they would have answered for themselves.

"Where are they? Where have they gone to?" were the inquiries that passed through the crowd.

"Ay, whar are they?" repeated Hickman. "Thar not hyar, that's plain. By the tarnation allygator! thar's some ugly game afoot atween 'em two fellers. But come, boys! we must forrad. The Indjuns is jest afore ye. Let's forrad, an' gie 'em partickler tarnation!"

And with this emphatic utterance, the old hunter dashed into the front, and led the way towards the camp of the savages.

The men followed, helter-skelter, the horses crowding upon each other's heels. No strategic method was observed; time was the important consideration; and our aim was to get up to their camp before the Indians could retreat from it. A bold charge into the midst of our enemies—a volley from our guns, with knives and pistols to close the conflict—this was the programme that had been hastily agreed upon.

We had arrived near the camp—within three hundred yards of it. There was no uncertainty as to the direction. The noises from the camp itself, which had continued ever since the first alarm, had served to guide us.

All at once these noises became hushed; no longer reached us, either the voices of men, or the hurried tramping of horses. In the direction of the camp, all was still as death.

We needed no more the guidance of sounds; we were within sight of the fires, or rather of their light, that glittered afar among the trees; with this as our beacon, we continued to advance.

We no longer rode rashly forward. The change from confused noise to perfect silence had been so sudden, so abrupt, as to have the effect of making us more cautious. The very stillness appeared ominous. We read in it a warning; it rendered us suspicious of an ambushade—the more so, that all had heard of the great talents of the 'red stick chief' for this very mode of attack. We approached, therefore, with greater prudence.

When within a hundred yards of the fires, our party halted.—Several dismounted, and advanced on foot. These glided from trunk to trunk till they had reached the edge of the opening, and then came back to report.

The camp was no longer in existence; its occupants were gone; Indians, horses, captives, plunder—all had disappeared from the ground; the fires alone remained! These bore evidence of being disturbed in the confusion of the hasty decampment. The red embers were strewn over the ground, their last flames faintly flickering away.

The scouts continued to advance among the trees, till they had made the full circuit of the opening. For a hundred yards around it,

the woods were searched with caution and care, but no enemy was found—no ambushade. We had arrived too late; our savage foes had escaped us, and carried off their captives from under our very eyes.

It was impossible to follow them in the darkness; and, with mortified spirits, we advanced into the glade, and took possession of the deserted camp—determined to remain there for the rest of the night, and renew the pursuit in the morning.

Our first care was to quench our thirst by the pond, then that of our animals. The fires were next extinguished; and a ring of sentries—consisting of nearly half the number of our party—was placed among the tree trunks that stood thickly around the opening.—The horses were stalked over the ground; and this done, the men stretched themselves along the sward, so lately occupied by the bodies of their foemen.

In this wise we awaited the dawning of day.

## A DEAD FOREST.

My comrades, wearied with the long ride, were soon in deep slumber, the sentries only remaining awake. For me was neither rest nor sleep—my misery forbade repose. Most of the night I spent in pacing to and fro around the pond, that lay darkly gleaming in the centre of the open ground.

I fancied I found relief in thus roving about—it seemed to still the agitation of my spirit—it prevented my reflections from becoming too intense.

A new regret occupied my thoughts—I regretted that I had not succeeded in my intention to fire at the chief of the murderers—I regretted I had not killed him on the spot: the monster had escaped, and my sister was now perhaps beyond the power of rescue.

I blamed the hunters for having hindered me. Had they foreseen the result, they might have acted otherwise; but it was beyond human foresight to have anticipated the alarm.

The two men who had caused it were again with us. Their conduct, so singular and mysterious, had given rise to strong suspicions of their loyalty; and their re-appearance—they had joined us while advancing towards the camp—had been hailed with an outburst of angry menace. Some even talked of shooting them out of their saddles; and this threat would most probably have been carried into effect, had the fellows not suffered a ready explanation. They alleged that they had separated from the troop before it made its last halt—that they knew nothing of the advance of the scouts, or that Indians were near—that they had got lost in the woods, and had fired their guns as signals in hopes that we might answer them. They acknowledged having met three men aloof, but they fancied them to be Indians and had kept out of their way—that afterwards seeing the party near, they had recognised and ridden up to it.

Most of the men were contented with the explanation. What motive, reasoned they, could the two have in giving an alarm to the enemy? Who could suspect them of rank treason?

Not all were satisfied. I heard old Hickman whisper some significant words to his comrade, as he glanced towards the estrays, "Keep yer eye skinned, Jim, an' watch the skuns well—thar's something 'not hulsome about 'em."

As there was no one who could openly accuse them, they were once more admitted into the ranks; and were now among those who were stretched out and sleeping.

The wretches lay close to the edge of the water. In my rounds I passed them repeatedly; and in the sombre darkness I could just distinguish their prostrate forms.—I regarded them with strange emotions, for I shared the suspicions of Hickman and Weatherford. I could scarcely doubt that those fellows had strayed off on purpose—that, actuated by some foul motive, they had fired their guns to warn the Indians of the approach of our party.

By midnight there was a moon. There was no cloud to intercept her beams; and, after rising above the tree-tops, she poured down a flood of brilliant light.

The sleepers were awakened by the sudden change. Some rose to

their feet, believing it to be day. It was only after glancing up to the heavens they became aware of their mistake.

The noise had put every one on the alert. A few talked of continuing the pursuit by the light of the moon. Such a course would have coincided with my own wishes, but the hunter-guides opposed it.—Their reasons were just. In open ground, they could have lifted the trail, but under the timber, the moon's light would not avail them.

True, they could have tracked by torchlight, but this would only be to expose us to an ambushade of the enemy. Even to advance by moonlight would be to subject ourselves to a like danger. Circumstances had changed. The savages now knew we were after them. In a night-march, the pursued have the advantage of the pursuers—even though the numbers be inferior.—The darkness gives them every facility of effecting either an attack or escape.

Thus reasoned the guides. No one made opposition to their views, and it was agreed that we should keep the ground till daylight.

It was time to change the sentinels. Those who had slept, now took post; while the relieved guard came in, and flung themselves down to snatch a few hours of rest.

Williams and Spence took their turn with the rest. They were posted on one side of the glade, and next to one another.

Hickman and Weatherford had fulfilled their tour—as they stretched themselves along the grass, I noticed that they had chosen a spot near to where the suspected men had been placed. By the moonlight, they must have had a view of the latter.

Notwithstanding their recumbent attitudes, the hunters did not appear to go to sleep. I observed them at intervals. Their heads were close together, and slightly raised above the ground, as if they were whispering to one another.

As before, I walked round and round. The moonlight enabled me to move more rapidly, and this eased my spirit. Oft-times I made the circuit of the little pond—how oft, it would be difficult to determine. My steps were [mechanical]. My thoughts had no connection with the physical exertions I was making, and I took no note of how I progressed.

After a time there came a stillness over my soul. For a short interval, both my griefs and vengeful passions seemed to have departed. I knew the cause. It was a mere psychological phenomenon—one of common occurrence. The nerves that were the organs of the peculiar emotions under which I was suffering, had grown weary, and refused any longer to vibrate.

I knew it was but a temporary calm—the lull between two billows of the storm—but during its continuance I was sensible to impressions from external objects.

I could not help noticing the singularity of the scene around me. The bright moonlight enabled me to note its features somewhat minutely.

We were inside what by back-woodsmen is technically termed a *glade*—often in their idiom a 'gloed'—a small opening in the woods without timber or underwood of any sort. This one was circular—about fifty yards in diameter—and with the peculiarity of having a pond in its midst. The pond, which was only a few yards in circumference, was also a circle, perfectly concentric with the glade itself. It was one of those singular natural basins found throughout the peninsula, and appearing as if scooped out by mechanic art. It was deeply sunk in the earth, and filled with water till within three feet of its rim. The water was cool and clear, and under the moonbeams, shone with a silvery effulgence.

Of the glade itself, nothing more—except that it was covered with sweet-smelling flowers—that, now, crushed under the hoofs of horses, and the heels of men, gave forth a double fragrance.

It was a pretty parterre, and, under happier circumstances, I should have esteemed it a picture pleasant to contemplate.

But it was not the picture that occupied my attention in that moment; rather was it the framing.

(To be continued.)

## ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN.

We have an old saying: "A woman can throw out with a teaspoon as fast as a man can put in with a shovel," and it is as true as old. True economy in housekeeping is something but few understand. There are a thousand ways a woman can waste, even if she be one of Margaret Zerne's "Betty Fush-eels," forever overlooking her domestic affairs. End pieces of bread stealthily crumbled up and given to the doves or chickens; pies, sour and mouldy, sharing the same fate; cake gingerbread, etc., suffered to stand till spoiled, and then sily thrown away—the wasteful housekeeper, no doubt, thinking herself not to blame; why should she be, indeed! if she could not get it eaten, why of course she must throw it away. Just so—if she could not get it eaten she must be excused for wasting it, but there is no necessity for throwing away anything, if the housekeeper knows well how to work up the "odds and ends."

End pieces of bread and dry hard pieces make good toast. You say that you've no milk perhaps. Very well; good toast can be made of water so that is no excuse. Put a large piece of butter in your toast kettle, dredge a little flour upon it, stirring it as the butter melts, then pour boiling water upon it, constantly till the flour has thickened up, and has boiled sufficiently. Have ready your bread nicely toasted, dip each piece into hot water in which a little salt is dissolved, then into your gravy. Let each piece remain long enough to become soft, then place in the toast dish ready for the table. From dry pieces of bread, butter, salt and water, you get a nice dish of toast.

If you are so unfortunate as to have a baking of sour bread, you find you cannot get it eaten. But few persons will eat sour bread, and many a loaf has been, and still will be, wasted by the housekeeper not knowing that, by dipping into water in which a little bread soda has been dissolved, and then browning in the oven, and making it into toast, it will be eatable. The slices being thin, the soda penetrates them and effectually destroys the sourness, and therefore makes bread sweet that was fit for nothing but the pigs and chickens.

Cake, gingerbread, doughnuts and every thing of the kind can be crumbled up and put into brown bread, thus saving them and improving the bread. If pies are watched, as they should be, and begin to show signs of growing old, by dipping them into cold water, and baking over again, they will soon be as good as new. So you can see there is no need of wasting anything, if proper means are taken not to.

A man may flatter himself that he has a very economical wife in fact a perfect model; but, alas! how few men know of the wastefulness of the household. It is the little things a woman must take care of, in order to be truly economical. Putting double the quantity of tea needed into the pot each night for supper, causes the wasting of three or four cups of strong tea. Using three times as much starch as she needs every time she starches—throwing away the surplus, of course—making up enough crust for ten pies, when she wants but six, etc., are some of the little things where women waste from carelessness, for by just noticing for a few times how much is needed, and then use that much and no more, they would soon learn to economize and would be surprised to find their tea, coffee, starch etc., lasting much longer.

Meat and even potatoes are many times wasted for want of knowledge. If you have good potatoes boil them; they are as good as baked if properly cooked. Wash them in water as hot as can be borne, and then put them as soon as washed into boiling water, over a brisk fire, so they will boil immediately and not let them soak five, ten, or fifteen minutes, as I have seen people do, and then wonder why their potatoes were so watery. When nearly done, take them out, pare them, and set them in the oven for ten minutes, if the oven is not very hot, and they will be found superior to baked ones in some respects. If any are left, set them away in the morning slice them up, put them in the frying pan with salt, butter, or pork fat, and fry them brown. They make a good breakfast.

If you have remains of beefsteak, corned beef, roasted beef, or anything of the kind, chop up, not fine, and put in when your potatoes are nearly done, and you have a better breakfast.

## BEWARE OF PARTING.

Bulwer, the novelist, writes a reflection which will appeal to the sensibilities of every man and woman:—

"There is one warning lesson in life, which few of us have not received, and no book that I can recall to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this: 'Beware of parting!' The true sadness is not in the pain of parting, it is the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view! From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping; to the cordial good-bye exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion—a chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder; in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practiced in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again you may;—will it be again in the same way? with the same sympathies? with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on its diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely! rarely! Have you not, after even a year, a month's absence, returned to the same place, found the same group re-assembled and yet sighed to yourself, 'But where is the charm that once breathed from the spot, and once smiled from the faces?' 'Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute!—Are you happy in the spot in which you tarry with the persons whose voices are melodious to your ear? beware of parting; or if part you must, say not in insolent defiance of Time and Destiny—'What matters? We shall soon meet again.' Alas! and alas! when we think of the lips which murmured 'Soon meet again,' and remember how in heart, soul and thought we stood forever divided the one from the other, when, once more face to face, we each only exclaimed—'Meet again!'"

## HINTS FOR LADIES WHO WISH FOR DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS.

Let your husband return home from his labors at night, and find the fire out, his tea and toast cold, and you in the parlour reading a novel. If he tells you he fears his expenses are getting before his income, and proposes to move into a smaller house, sit down and cry about it. Tell him you always lived in a large house before you were married, and you think it is cruel in him to disgrace you now, in the eyes of the world, by putting you in a shanty. If you ask him for money, and he says he has a note to pay on the morrow, but promises you shall have it as soon as he can spare it, tell him you never asked him for money in your life, but he had a note to pay; and if he is willing to disgrace himself by letting his wife wear her fall bonnet in December, you are sure you don't care—you will never ask him for a cent again as long as you live.

If at the end of a few months he fails in business, don't like a sensible woman, make the best of his misfortunes, or try to help him to bear his troubles by giving your sympathy, but cry as though your heart would break. Tell him, by mismanaging his business, he has brought a dreadful disgrace upon you and your family, and he cannot reasonably expect any of your, or your parents sympathy.

Hint occasionally before him, of how much higher a position you held in society before, than since your marriage.

Let him know how many dresses Mr. so and so buys for his wife, and how much better he loves her than your husband does you.

If he has business to call him out in the evening, be sure and fret when he returns, about his disliking to be at home with his family. It may have a tendency to make him like home and the society of his wife better.—You can try it.

A USFUL ART.—In a 'Catalogue' or dictionary published in the time of the Commonwealth, by William London, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (from which extracts are given in *Notes and Queries*), is the following amusing definition:—'Printing, an art invented by John Guttenberg, and being so useful, it is still much practised.'

An American journal, says:—'Strange as it may appear Barnum has made Mr. Panshown the celebrated Wesleyan preacher in England, a serious offer of £2,000 a year to accompany him to America, and give lectures under Barnum's direction and supervision. No one but Barnum would have the imprudence to make an approach to Mr. Panshown of such an unhalloved kind. Mr. Panshown's reply consisted simply in writing Acts xiii, 10.'

A young lady said in her gallant, 'please close my cloak.' 'Certainly said he, putting his arms round her, 'and the contents also.'