

Marriage
David C. Presley

Literature.

FOR THE MOTHER'S SAKE.

A young man, who had left his home in Maine ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and, though nursed by devoted care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "stop," said an aged woman who was present: "Let me kiss him for his mother!"

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Ere ye lay him with the dead,
Far away from home, another
Sorrow may kiss him in her stead.
How that mother's lip would kiss him
Till her heart should nearly break!
How in days to come she'll miss him!
Let me kiss him for his sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Let me kiss the wandering boy!
It may be there is no other
Left behind to give her joy.
When the news of woe the morrow
Burns her bosom like a coal,
She may feel this kiss of sorrow
Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Heroes ye, who by his side
Waited on him as a brother
"Till the Northern stranger died,—
Heeding not the foul infection,
Breathing in the fever-breath,—
Let me, of my own election,
Give the mother's kiss in death,

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"
Loving thought and loving deed!
Seek not tear or sigh to smother,
Gentle matrons, while ye read,
Thank the God who made you human,
Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
Honor ye the Christian woman
Bending o'er another's dead.

T. McK.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

We noticed that few of the men were Seminoles. Indians there were, but these were of dark complexion—nearly black. They were of the tribe of Yamassees—a race enslaved by the Seminoles, and long ingrafted into their nation. But most of those we saw were black negroes, zamboos and mulattoes—descendants of Spanish maroons, or 'runaways' from the American plantations. There were many of the latter, for I could hear English spoken among them. No doubt, there were some of my own slaves mixing with the motley crew, though none of these came near, and I could only note the faces of those who stood over me.

In about half an hour the diggers had finished their work, and our stakes were now drawn, and we were dragged forward to the spot where they had been engaged. As soon as I was raised up, I bent my eyes upon the camp, but my sister was no longer there. Viola too was gone. They had been taken, either inside the tents, or back among the bushes. I was glad they were not there,—they would be spared the pang of a horrid spectacle,—though it was not likely that from such motive the monster had removed them.

Two dark holes yawned before us, deeply dug into the earth.—They were not graves; or if so, it was intended our bodies should be placed vertically in them. But if their shape was peculiar, so too was the purpose for which they were made. It was soon explained. We were conducted to the edge of the cavities, seized by the shoulders, and plunged in, each into the one that was nearest. They proved just deep enough to bring our throats on a level with the surface, as we stood erect. The loose earth was now shoveled in, and kneaded firmly around us. More was added, until our shoulders were covered up, and only our heads appeared above ground.

The position was ludicrous enough, and we might have laughed at it, but that we knew we were in our graves. The fiendish spectators regarded us with yells of laughter. "What next? Was this to be the end of their proceedings?—Were we to be thus left to perish miserably and by inches?—Hunger and thirst would in time terminate our existence, but oh, how many hours was our anguish to last! Whole days of misery we must endure before the spark of life should forsake us—whole days of horror and—Ha! they have not yet done with us!"

No—a death like that we had been fancying appeared too easy to the monster who directed them. The resources of his hatred were far from being exhausted—he had still other and far keener pangs in store for us. "Carajo! it is good!" cried he, as he stood admiring the work done. "Better than tie to tree—good fix, eh? No fear 'scape—currai, no. Bring fire!"

Our terror had reached its highest. It rose no higher when we saw fagots brought forward, and built in a ring around our heads; it rose no higher than we saw the torch applied and the dry wood catching the flame; it rose no higher as the blaze grew red and redder, and we felt its angry glow upon our skulls, soon to be calcined like the sticks themselves.

No—we could suffer no more. Our agony had reached the acme of endurance, and we longed for death to relieve us. If another pang had been possible, we might have suffered it on hearing those cries from the opposite side of the camp. Even in that dread hour, we could recognise the voices of my sister and Viola. The unmerciful monster had brought them back to witness the execution.—We saw them not; but their wild plaints proved that they were spectators of the scene.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire, and nearer licked the flames—my hair crisped and singed at the fiery contact. Objects swam dizzily before my eyes—the trees tottered and reeled—the earth went round with a whirling motion.

My skull ached as if it would soon split open—my brain was drying up—my senses were forsaking me!

Was I enduring the torments so the future world? Were those its fiends that grinned and gibbered around me?

See! they scatter and fall back! Some one approaches, who can command them. Pluto himself?—No, it is a woman. A woman here? It is Prosperine!

If a woman, surely she will have mercy upon me!

Vain hope! there is no mercy in hell. Oh, my brain! horror, horror. There are women—there are women—they look not fiends; no, they are angels. Would they were angels of mercy!

But they are, see! one inter-feres with the fire. With her foot, she dashes it back, scattering the fagots in furious haste. Who is she?

If I were alive, I should call her Haj-Ewa; but dead, it must be her spirit below.

Not the Yamassees, who stood awe-bound and trembling in the presence of the mighty sorceress. 'And you, black runaways and renegades, who have no god, and fear not Wykome, dare to rebulit the fire—dare to lift one fagot—and you shall take the place of your captives. A greater than you yellow monster your chief will soon be on the ground. Ho! yonder the Rising Sun! He comes! he comes!' As she ceased speaking, the hoof-strokes of a horse echoed through the glade, and a hundred voices simultaneously raised the shout: 'Oceola! Oceola!' That cry was grateful to my ears. Though already rescued, I had begun to fear it might prove only a short reprieve. Our delivery from death, was still far from certain; our advocates were but weak women; the mulatto king, backed by his ferocious followers, would scarcely have yielded to their demands. Alike disregarded would have been their threats and entreaties. The fires would have been rekindled, and the execution carried on to its end.

In all probability, this would have been the event, had not Oceola in good time arrived upon the ground.

His appearance, and the sound of his voice, at once reassured me. Under his protection, we had nothing more to fear, and a soft voice whispered in my ear that he came as our deliverer.

His errand was soon made manifest. He drew his horse, and halted near the middle of the camp, directly in front of us. I saw him dismount from his fine black horse—like himself, splendidly caparisoned. Handing the reins to a bystander, he came walking towards us. His port was superb; his costume brilliantly picturesque; and once more I beheld those three ostrich plumes—the real ones—that had so often mocked in my suspicious fancy.

When near the spot, he stooped, and gazed inquiringly towards us. He might have smiled at our absurd situation, but his countenance betrayed no signs of levity; on the contrary, it was serious and sympathetic. I fancied it was sad.

For some moments, he stood in a fixed attitude, without saying a word. His eyes wandered from one to the other—my fellow-victim and myself—as if endeavoring to distinguish us. No easy task. Smoke, sweat, and ashes must have rendered us extremely alike, and both difficult of identification.

At this moment, Maumee glided up to him, and whispered a word in his ear; then returning again, she knelt over me, and chafed my temples with her soft hands.

With the exception of the young chief himself, no one heard what his sister had said. Upon him her words appeared to produce an instantaneous effect. A change passed over his countenance; the look of sadness gave place to one of furious wrath; and turning suddenly to the yellow king, he hissed out the word 'Fieud!' For some seconds, he spoke no more; but stood glaring upon the mulatto, as though he would annihilate him by his look.

The latter quailed under the conquering glance, and trembled like a leaf, but made no answer. 'Fiend and villain!' continued Oceola, without changing either tone or attitude, 'is this the way you have carried out my orders? Are these the captives I commanded you to take? Vile runaway of a slave! who authorised you to inflict the fiery torture?—Who taught you? Not the Seminole, whose name you have adopted and disgraced. By the spirit of Wykome! but that I have sworn never to torture a foe, I should place you where these now stand, and burn your body to ashes. From my sight, begone! No; stay where you are. On second thoughts, I may need you.'

And with this odd ending to his speech, the young chief turned upon his heel, and came walking towards us.

I had not time to recover from this third surprise, when still a fourth was before me. The men of the camp—both negroes and Yamassees—appeared terrified at this puny attack, and scattering off, hid themselves in the bushes.—They yelled loudly enough, and some fired their guns as the retreated, but like the attacking party, their shots appeared to be discharged into the air!

Mystery of mysteries! what could it mean? I was about to inquire once more, when I observed that my companion was occupied with his own affairs, and evidently did not desire to be disturbed. I saw that he was looking to his rifle, as if examining the sights.

Glancing back into the glade, I perceived that Ringgold had advanced close to where my sister was seated, and was just halting in front of the group. I heard him address her by name, and pronounce some phrase of congratulation. He appeared about to dismount, with the design of approaching her on foot, while his men, still upon horseback, were galloping through the camp, huzzing fiercely, and firing their pistols in the air.

'His hour is come,' muttered Oceola, as he glided past me—'a fate deserved and long delayed; it has come at last;' and with these words, he stepped forth into the open ground.

I saw him raise his piece to the level with his mazzle pointed towards Ringgold, and the instant after, the report rang over the camp. The shrill Ca-ha-queeze pealed from his lips as the planter's horse sprang forward with an empty saddle, and the rider himself was seen struggling upon the grass.

His followers uttered a terrified cry; and with fear and astonishment depicted in their looks, galloped back into the bushes—without even waiting to exchange a word with their leader, or a shot with the man who had wounded him.

To be concluded in our next.

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penetrated the apartment I say, thank you, that I had been looking for a round table all night, lookin' for a corner, don't you observe.

THE SINGING STUDENT BOY.

Many years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town singing. He was a stout, plainly dressed boy, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. His voice was most musical, and the songs he sang were in beautiful words, and about sacred things. Every time he finished a song, he stepped to a house, and gave a gentle tap. When it was opened, he said in gentle tones: 'Please give a poor student boy a morsel of bread?'

'Begone with thee! thou beggar's child,' was the rough reply that met his ear, as the poor child shrank from the steps.

Thus driven from door to door he sang his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart was sad. Scarcely able to stand, he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his noble forehead with his hand, he said: 'I must go home to my father's house' and be content to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me. I have trodden out of its path by aiming higher.'

Just at that moment Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs and seen him driven from a neighbor's door, felt her heart yearn with pity towards the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned to the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly melodies to his ear, said: 'Come in, poor boy, and refresh yourself at my table!'

'Happy little singer! How he enjoyed that delicious meal. And when the good dame and her husband told him to make their house his home, his heart melted. With eyes half blinded with tears, he looked in the face of his friend, and said:—'I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you, sir, for a father, and you, sweet Ursula, for a mother. My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier than I can express.'

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

Not a thousand miles from here lives one James P—, or as he is familiarly known among his host of friends, Jim. Now the aforesaid Jim is an eccentric character in every sense of the word, yet moreover, generous, noble hearted and possessed of more genuine courage than usually falls to the lot of man. The following is, as nearly as we can give it, a relation of a night's adventure.

One morning we met him in a street, looking rather melancholy, when he said; 'Yesterday I felt a little bad, and mark you, I went and took a small drink, and that not improving my feeling I took another, don't you observe; and finally got a little tight. In the evening I went into the country with a friend, mark you, and thinking I would cool off, I took several more drinks, when I got there, don't you observe, yet strange to say, the more I drank the tighter I got, until, mark you I was totally unconscious when I went to bed.'

During the night I woke up, don't you observe, and I could not imagine where the d—! I was, mark you. The room was dark as Egypt. I heard a clock strike in some part of the house, mark you, I became anxious to learn my whereabouts don't you observe.

Finally I determined to explore the room, don't you observe, and for that purpose rose from bed mark you, and after stumbling over about half a dozen chairs, don't you observe I came to a table. Now mark you, I reflected that the generality of apartments are a perfect or an oblong square don't you observe, and moreover that the generality of tables are square, and I deduced from this, mark you, that by feeling along the table until I came to a corner I could get off at right angles and reach a corner of the room, and by that guide by the wall to a door or a window, don't you observe. Following out this idea, mark you, I began carefully to feel along the edge of the aforesaid table, and finally gaining confidence I went a little faster; the idea struck me that it was a d—d long table, that I could not get to a corner, don't you observe yet I persevered, and finally day broke, and when sufficient light

COST OF MACHINE-REAPING.

From the London Economist.

Every reliable estimate of the cost of executing by the aid of machinery the operations of husbandry which have hitherto been performed by manual labor has great interest to the farmer. While manual labor is becoming dearer and scarcer, machinery is being improved, simplified and rendered available to the farmer. Reaping and mowing machines have been so much reduced in price since their first introduction, that the only question with a farmer now is, whether or not he can save money or time or both, by reaping his corn by the aid of machinery rather than by trusting entirely to manual labor.

Mr. J. Shaw, of Whiterrigg Ayton, Berwickshire, in the letter to the North British Agriculturist, gives an account of the actual cost of reaping the whole of his corn crop—wheat, barley, oats and beans—to the extent of 278 acres this harvest, with one of Burgess and Key's reaping machines. The crops are said to be fair average ones, some of the wheat being very heavy. The Scotch farmers have been able to use the machine for all their crops: the long drought, which diminished the bulk, rendered all their crops very suitable for machinery. In England a large proportion of our crops could not have been touched by a reaping machine, so generally have they been laid.

This is Mr. Shaw's account: Wages of a man and boy with the machine for 17 days, at 4s 2d. per day, £ 10 10 Wages of children making bands, equal to 147 days at 6d. per day, 3 13 6 Wages of women sheafing, cutting corners, &c. equal to 173 days at 3s 2d 19 Wages of men binding, &c. equal to 126 days at 3s 2d. 19 19 0

Rations to men and women (including supper allowance) 316 at 9d. and rations to children, (breakfast and dinner) 164 at 9d., 15 15 Renewal of knives, bolts, &c. wear of machine, oil, at 6d. per acre, 6 19 0 For 278 acres, 75 16 10 Or 5s 5½d per acre. This does not include the hire of the horses which are not otherwise employed at this season, but it includes the wages of the driver and other farm servants employed, at the same rate as those hired specially for the harvest.

At the ordinary rate paid in the district for hands reaping, where "shearers" as they are called, are paid by the day, "allowing each shearer to have cut down the maximum extent of half an acre per day, with a binder for every four shearers, the amount would have stood thus: For shearing one acre, 2 women at 3s. 6 0 Half of time of one man binding, 1 7 Rations, 2½ at 9d., 1 10½

Per acre, 9 5½ Or for the whole 278 acres £131 9s 5d. This account shows a difference in cost of 4s per acre on 278 acres, or a total of £55 12s 7d in favor of reaping by machinery. Perhaps something should be deducted from this apparent saving for the use of the horses in working the reaping machine. Still there is an ample money gain from using the reaping machine. And beyond this, there is a saving of time, which, in a season like the present when all the crops get ripe together, is of fully as much importance as the money saving.

A RICH CORN BREAD.—Takes two quarts corn meal, one quart wheat flour, a little salt, and four eggs; and sour buttermilk enough to form a stiff batter; mix well; then add two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Stir it well and pour it into greased pans, so that it will be about two inches thick when baked. Bake in a hot oven till done—say about half an hour.

MINCE PIE, SALT BEEF.—Boil the beef till very tender, take from the bone, and chop fine; then to every pound of meat, add one pound and a half of apples, pared and cored, Chop both together until the apples are fine, then to every five pounds of the mixture, add two teaspoonfuls of black pepper, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, half a pound of raisins, one cup of vinegar, one of molasses, one of dried blackberries, stewed, and one pint of sweet cream.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Halve the pumpkin, take out the seeds, wash it clean, and cut it into small pieces. These are to be stewed gently until soft, then drained, and strained through a sieve. To one quart of the pulp, add three pints cream or milk, six beaten eggs, together with sugar, mace, nutmeg, and ginger, to the taste. When the ingredients are well mixed, pour them upon pie-plates, having a bottom crust, and bake forty minutes in a hot oven.

INDIAN TOAST.—Place two quarts of milk over the fire. When it boils, add a spoonful of flour to thicken, a teaspoonful of salt, a small lump of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Have ready in a deep dish six or eight slices of light Indian bread toasted. Pour the mixture over them. Serve hot.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tide-ry.