

THE LORD'S PRAYER.
Our Father—
By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption;

Miscellaneous Literature.

From Chambers's Journal
OCEOLA:
A ROMANCE—BY CAPT. M. REID.
CHAPTER III.

THE TWO JAKES.

Every plantation has its 'bad fellow'—often more than one, but always one who holds pre-eminence in evil. 'Yellow Jake' was the fiend of ours.

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negroes of pure African blood with features perfectly regular, and such a one was Black Jake.

There was one who thought him handsome—handsomer than his yellow namesake. This was the quadroon Viola, the belle of the plantation.

Yellow Jake was our woodman; Black Jake, the currier of the horses, the driver of 'white massa's' barouche.

The story of the two Jakes—their loves and their jealousies—is but a common affair in the petite politique of plantation-life.

The first of these events was as follows: Yellow Jake, burning with jealousy at the success of his rival, had grown spiteful with Viola.

It was the first time that Yellow Jake had received chastisement, though not the first time he had deserved it.

The castigation did not cure him of his propensity to evil. An event occurred shortly after, that proved he was vindictive.

It was strangled, as proved in the sequel. Yellow Jake had done it, and Black Jake had seen him.

A third event followed close upon the heels of this—a quarrel between negro and mulatto that came to blows.

The conflict did not end in mere blows. Yellow Jake, with an instinct derived from his Spanish paternity, drew his knife, and inflicted a severe wound upon his unarmed antagonist.

This time his punishment was more severe. I was myself enraged, for Black Jake was my 'body-guard' and favourite.

CHAPTER IV. THE HOMOOCK.

Just outside the orangery was one of those singular formations—peculiar, I believe, to Florida.

A circular basin, like a vast sugar-pau, opens into the earth, to the depth of many feet, and having a diameter of forty yards or more.

Such natural reservoirs, although occurring in the midst of level plains, are always partially surrounded by eminences—knolls, and detached masses of tectaceous rocks; all of which are covered by an evergreen thicket of native trees.

One of these, then, was situated just outside the orangery; with groups of tectaceous rocks forming a half-circle around its edge; and draped with the dark foliage of evergreen trees, of the species already mentioned.

The tank was in reality a natural fishpond; and, moreover, it was used as the family bathing-place—for, under the hot sun of Florida, the bath is a necessity as well as luxury.

From the house, it was approached by a sanded walk that led across the orangery, and some large stone flags enabled the bath to descend conveniently into the water.

Outside the homooock extended the fields under cultivation, until bounded in the distance by tall forests of cypress and white cedar—a sort of impenetrable morass that covered the country for miles beyond.

On one side of the plantation-fields was a wide plain, covered with grassy turf, and without enclosure of any kind. This was the savanna, a natural meadow where the horses and cattle of the plantation were freely pastured.

I was just of that age to be enamored of the chase. Like most youth of the southern states who have little else to do, hunting was my chief occupation; and I was passionately fond of it.

A hunter is behind them? Old Hickman? Ringgold? Who? I gazed eagerly, sweeping my eyes along the edge of the timber, but for a while saw no one.

A lynx or a bear may have started them? If so, they will not go far: I shall have a chance with my greyhounds yet. Perhaps?

One morning, as usual, I repaired to my stand in the covert. I climbed upon a rock, whose flat top afforded footing both to myself and my dogs.

On this particular morning I had arrived before sunrise. The horses were still in their stables, and the cattle in the enclosure.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Since a very large number of our countrymen and countrywomen desire to live as people in Good Society live, an effort to form their manners after the models exhibited therein, it is of some importance to have it understood, what Good Society really is, and how life is conducted in its charmed circles.

There is a streak of porcelain running through the common clay of human nature. That is to say, there is a certain number of people in every community who possess, in a high degree, intelligence and good nature, and along with these qualities that resolution and industry which give them a competent share of property.

The savanna was a free range, and all who chose might hunt or pasture upon it. It was a tract of common ground, belonging to no one of the plantations—government land not yet purchased.

Certainly Ringgold had been there! or old Hickman, the alligator hunter, who lived upon the skirt of our plantation? or it might be an Indian from the other side of the river!

With such conjectures did I account for the absence of the game. I felt chagrin. I should not be able to keep my promise; there would be no venison for dinner.

To procure it, I must needs try some other mode than coursing. I had my rifle with me; I could try a 'still-hunt' in the woods. Better still, I should go in the direction of old Hickman's cabin; he might help me in my dilemma.

The sun was just showing his disc above the horizon; his rays were tinging the tops of the distant cypresses, whose light-green leaves shone with the hues of gold.

I gave one more glance over the savanna, before descending from my elevated position; in that glance I saw what caused me to change my resolution, and remain upon the rock.

A herd of deer was trooping out from the edge of the cypress woods—at that corner where the rail-fence separated the savanna from the cultivated fields.

I bent my eyes towards the point whence, as I supposed, they had issued from the fields. I knew there was a gap near the corner, with movable bars. I could see it from where I stood, but I now perceived that the bars were in their places!

The deer could not have been in the fields then! It was not likely they had leaped either the bars or the fence. It was a high rail-fence, with 'stakes and riders.' The bars were as high as the fence. The deer must have come out of the woods!

This observation was instantly followed by another. The animals were running rapidly, as if alarmed by the presence of some enemy.

A hunter is behind them? Old Hickman? Ringgold? Who? I gazed eagerly, sweeping my eyes along the edge of the timber, but for a while saw no one.

My reflections were brought to a sudden termination, on perceiving what had caused the stampede of the deer. It was neither bear nor lynx, but a human being.

A man was just emerging from the dark shadow of the cypresses. The sun as yet only touched the tops of the trees; but there was light enough below to enable me to make out the figure of a man—still more to recognise the individual. It was neither Ringgold nor Hickman, nor yet an Indian.

WHERE TO SPEND SABBATH DAYS.

In his Journal of Health, for August, Dr. Hall evinces himself equally as well qualified, in some cases, at least, to prescribe for the cure of morals as for maladies.

Heard him:—'Many a man has confessed before the galleys, that his downward progress began with mis-spent Sabbaths. Upon investigation, it will be often found the first steps taken, were in what many call 'innocent recreations,' taking a drive, wandering in the fields, loitering by the river side, or visiting neighbors.

Good Society differs from the imitation article chiefly in the fact, that it is not an imitation. If it dresses itself well, and adorns its abode, and behaves itself with decorum and grace, it does so, not because these things are customary and expected, but because it respects itself, and because it loves what is cleanly, orderly and beautiful.

Good Society is the politeness that does not lie; because its members really want to please, and are naturally disposed to take people at their best, and to comport themselves as to call forth from each individual those feelings which are worthy of him.

There is one characteristic of Good Society which is well worth noting, and that is its demeanor towards persons of another sex. In a woman Good Society recognizes an equal human being.

The question how long can a person exist without sleep is often asked then answered, and the difficulties and inhumanity of answering the question by experiment would seem to leave it ever unsolved. A recent communication to a British Society whose fields of operation are in Asia, would seem to answer the inquiry.

DEATH FROM WANT OF SLEEP.

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The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks: What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power.

Be CAREFUL.—Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehension; it is the final result that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

The world for sale!—hang on the sign, Call every traveller here to me.

It is a glorious thing to see: Ah, it has cheated me so sore! It is not what it seems to be: For Sale! It shall be mine no more: Come, turn it o'er and view it well; I would not have you purchase dear, 'Tis going—going! I must sell!

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell: I know its power, alas, too well! 'Tis going! Love, and I must part! Must part! What can I more with Love? All over the enchantment's reign! Who'll buy the priceless dying dove, An hour of bliss—an age of Pain?

Random Readings. A LONG COURTESY.—A lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship, 'Charles, I am going out to town to-morrow.' 'Where? I don't know.' 'When are you coming back?' 'Never.' 'What are you going for?' 'I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without loss to yourself.' 'You are very welcome to it, I am sure, but what is it?' 'A husband!'

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