

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

OSCEOLA AND THE INDIAN SLAVE.

THE tall green trees of a hundred ages hung over the waters of the Chatahuche, and bathed their pendent branches in the cooling river. The graceful acacia reared its handsome trunk high above the clumpy mulberries and the light maples snaking over them its light green and airy foliage, as if to fan and shade them from the ardent beams of the sun. The bank of the broad stream were covered with clumps of shrubs and masses of herbaceous plants, which are tended and nursed in the conservatories of Europe, but spring in indigenous profusion by this wild and distant river, which the shallow of the white Man had not yet navigated, nor the great eye of his cupidly scanned. The Chatahuche is one of the great arterial rivers of South Georgia, which after flowing through that territory, drains the swamps of Florida, and then pours its tributary waters into the basin of the Mexican Gulf. The vegetation by this stream is rank and luxuriant, for an almost tropical position, and the nature of its climate and soil, conduce to develop a fertility as profuse as it is beautiful. The grand old trees that stood like sentinels on the rich alluvial borders of the Chatahuche, and twined their long dark limbs over its glittering face, were reflected in the depths of its transparent bosom; and the flowers—the wild dahlias, the rhododendrons, the lovely wisteria, and the ground vine—hung their blossoms and foliage over its margin. There was a sublime aspect of repose pervading the primeval scene, as the sun rose over the tallest clumps of the forest, and threw his broken beams in golden patches upon the river and the forest-ground beneath. The wild beasts, afraid to disturb the peace of nature's day, had retired to their lairs; the birds, beautiful but dumb, perched upon the shaded boughs, or hopped from twig to twig, as if listening to the holy silence that lay, like the prestige of the primeval Sabbath, upon the uncultured, unexplored wild. The zephyr laden with perfume from the prairies, came sighing amongst the leaves of the pine and acacia, and stirred them with the motion of his wings; and the trembling coy plants shook pearly dew-drops on his path, as if whispering a benediction of peace. It was a silent and a lovely scene, although peopled with all the creatures of its clime save one; but that one, the first and superior element of creation, was not there and the clear Chatahuche, and the luxuriant verdure that surrounded it, were to the world a valueless *terra incognita*.

The great element of human interest, which gives interest to everything with which it is associated, is humanity, so that the banks of the Chatahuche were scarcely worth dwelling on, even in thought, had it not been for the sake of one human being. The bosky underwood that grew on either side of the broad deer path, which led from the forest to the banks of the river, was suddenly stirred by some unusual agency, and a woman emerged from the obscurity of the wood, and gazed wildly and timorously around her; a woman whose torn garments had been woven in the looms of the East, and whose beautiful and graceful, though weary form, had never been subjected to the labor of the fields, suddenly stood among the grandeur and gloom of this primeval landscape. Long black tresses hung over her swan-like neck, as if to veil it from the sun, which had already tinged it with a faint shade of brown; her little feet were torn and bloody, her raiment was hanging in shreds, rent by the gorse and honey locust. Her face was as beautiful and full of grief as that of the mother of Niobe. Her large black eyes, soft and glowing with sentiment as those of an Ethiopian beauty, seemed begging protection from the caverned rocks that reared their dark forms around her. Timid, brave, shrinking from the faintest sound, yet eager to explore the most hidden recesses of this dark chamber of nature, the young maiden moved about with trembling steps, and gazed about with anxious eyes. In some eastern court, with a tura on her brow, and Cashmeran robes upon her lovely form, that maiden would have commanded the homage of a regal throne. The proud lineaments of her Caucasian origin were softened by one tinge of Ethiopic descent. The spirit and energy of her Saxon fathers shone from her intellectual brow and firm mouth. The sorrow and sadness of her maternal line were visible in the drooping eyes and richly-blooded cheeks. Poor child! she was a slave—a fugitive slave.

Sophia was the property of Abel Randolph, a rich and Christian Planter of Georgia. He had purchased her; he had given another Christian planter money for her, and had led the girl away to his estate; and the law—human republican law—had ratified the deed of transfer, and had declared Sophia to be the property of Abel Randolph. Mysterious are thy ways, however, oh God! Deep in the unseen chambers of the poor slave's nature thou hadst planted a soul, pure and noble as ever dwelt in the fairest, whitest bosom. Abel Randolph had only bought the semblance of Sophia; her spirit was free and pure, and that indignant spirit had led her alone into the limitless wilderness of nature, rather than become a thing as mean as the freeman Abel Randolph. Day and night had she toiled on through bush and swamp, and lonely place, scarce hope before her, and with savage bloodhounds and still more savage men in her rear.

Weary and faint, the exhausted fugitive at last sat her down upon the river's bank, and gazed with an irresolute, half-wishful eye upon the placid and inviting waters that kissed her hot and lacerated feet. Suddenly she bent her head, however, and a shudder passed over her as she listened to the faint howl of her canine pursuers, as it came from the recesses of the wood, and the low but unmistakable cheers of men, which mingled with their baying. Sophia rose to her bleeding feet, which had borne her so far and long, and she looked furtively around her. She had reached the last point in her flight from a bondage worse than death, and resolved that she should not be captured. She was about to spring into the river, when the wild but measured cadence of a boat song was wafted to her ear. It was a song of savage men—of dwellers in the woods and wilds, who knew no laws save those invisible innate laws of association that are more powerful than statutes, and who acknowledge no superiority save that of physical force. The light tiny bark came sweeping along to the vigorous stroke of the paddles. In the prow stood a man erect as the poplar, and solemn as the great sachem of the Seminoles. His robes were of the finest, whitest skins of the mountain-goat, fringed with the black hair of his enemies. Around his neck hung many color-ettes of the claws of the grizzly bear, which showed his boldness and prowess in the chase; and on his head-dress was a profusion of eagle's plumes, and two horns of the moose, which demonstrated that he was a great and honored chief. In his hand he held a long spear ornamented with red bark, and on his shoulder hung a red shield; while knife, tomahawk, bow, quiver full of arrows, gave him an athletic and warlike appearance. Redbird, the great chief of the Seminoles, was hated and feared by the white men who dwelt on the frontiers, because they said he had no pity. He was cruel and vindictive, and often gave the roof of the settlers to the flames, and their flesh to the wolves. He even took the scalps of women, as the settlers on Flint River declared; but, nevertheless, the Seminoles loved him, and sang his praises in their wigwams. From the deep recesses of the forest came the loud baying of the sleuth-hound, from the transparent bosom of the river came the song of the savage—whither shall the poor fragile slave-girl fly from them? shall she choose one of them or death? Nearer and nearer came the white man on her path: nearer and nearer the canoe of Redbird the savage. As the latter appeared in view, the poor fugitive, whose terror had fled before hope, uttered a scream and stretched out her arms in an imploring attitude. The white men in the settlements might write Redbird down a savage and implacable man if they would, but he saw the maiden, and understood the mute but eloquent appeal. In a moment the bark had touched the bank—the redman lifted the fainting maiden into the canoe—and the Indian chief had but passed the spot by a few hundred yards, when the baffled rangers and their yelling dogs emerged from the forest. The disappointed slave hunters gazed upon the bounding skiff, and cursed the redmen in their hearts, who had so fortuitously robbed them of their prey.

The savage, cruel Redbird did not scourge nor scalp the humble slave; he did not even insult her as Abel Randolph, Esq., had done. He looked upon her weak and weary form, and his heart melted with pity. He laid her down upon the softest buffalo skin that lay in his wigwam, and covered her with his richest robes, and the slave girl became the wife of a great Indian chief; and her daughter, the Whitefawn, was so fair and beautiful that she won the heart of the noble Osceola, and became the queen of his wigwam. The slave Sophia never sighed for the plantation of civilization, for in the village of her warrior husband all that she could love dwelt, and she was no slave, but a free woman and a queen.

The white men have often made treaties with the Indians, and have sworn most solemn oaths to preserve them inviolate, yet strange to tell, they have broken them all. The only treaty that the white man promised to keep and did keep was not ratified by an oath. The Indian, who never breaks his word, still credulously accepts the promises of the paleface, and meets him again and again in council and treaty. Three Commissioners from the government of Georgia entered the village of Redbird one morning, and the great council of the nation was forthwith convened. The sage chiefs sat solemn and silent beside the white men, and around the high council of honor were ranged the most distinguished braves and chiefs of the Redbird tribe of the Seminoles. It was a territorial treaty which brought them together—an attempt at dispossession, of a character with those too numerous and successful efforts which disgrace the annals of the United States, had brought the white men to the land of the Seminoles.

When the council was concluded, the commissioners were consigned to the hospitality of the most distinguished chiefs, and Abel Randolph and his nephew, who formed part of the commission, were led to the wigwams of Redbird and Osceola. If Sophia in her youth had been beautiful, her daughter the Whitefawn of the Seminoles, was lovelier still. Her father's red blood mantled through her transparent, fair skin, and her round and elastic form was as full and free as that of the Medecine Venus. As we have said, her mother had been treated as a wife and not as a slave by Redbird; and Osceola also regarded his lovely Whitefawn with as much care and respect. When the white men had sat down upon the mat and began to eat, the now aged slave and her daughter brought lights to their husbands, who had

primed their pipes with knick-knack. Suddenly the guests exchanged glances with one another, and a gleam of joyful, half-savage intelligence overspread their faces. Abel Randolph had discovered in these two Indian wives his slaves, and his distantly soul was already plotting their abduction. The law, the atrocious law of Georgia, written a half century before, rose up like an ogre to claim from Redbird and Osceola their wives as slaves. They ate of the redman's venison, and they drank from his gourd; and with profound professions of friendship upon their lips, that grey-haired senator and his chivalric nephew took leave of the village of the Seminoles.

Simple people believe that truth is sacred, be it spoken to saint or savage. The legislators of America deny this theory in practice. They have created a dual faith—two-fold as Janus. They adopt, in its worst form, the treachery of the redskin but they scorn to emulate his virtue of truthfulness. Eighteen years had passed since that poor fugitive girl had fled from the cruelty of this law-maker of a free state. The years of her bondage were but a dream, for she had lived as a queen amongst her husband's people, and the very tongue that she had spoken in her slavery had almost ceased to be remembered. Yet, tenacious as the grave, that slaveholder of Georgia clung to her and the child of her bosom as his property. The Whitefawn of the Seminoles, the daughter of Redbird the wife of Osceola, she who had been born in the broad free prairie, who had been rocked to sleep by the free wind, as she hung in her Indian cradle upon the limb of the pine, she who had been almost worshipped by the squaws of her tribe was, in the criminal ideal of a white man, called a slave, and that white man fortified his claim to her by the opinion of his forefathers, which had been embodied and adopted as law.

The noblest warriors and chiefs of the Seminoles escorted the commissioners and the soldiers who accompanied them through their territory, but when they had reached the hunting grounds of the Cherokees they waved their hands gracefully in farewell; and Redbird and Osceola were the warmest and most graceful in their greetings.

The white and red men parted, but not forever. The stars were looking down upon the village of the Seminoles that night with the saddest expression of sadness, as a band of white men, headed by Abel Randolph, stole stealthily towards the wigwam of Osceola. The stars have looked upon many sad and sorrowful deeds during their silent midnight watches, and they have marked high heroic glories also upon the brows of unseen, unknown men and women; but they never looked upon deed of deeper infamy or treachery than was that which was being enacted by Abel Randolph under the name of law. If the stars had been the dark eyes of Redbird or those of Osceola, that band would not have approached the wigwam so safely and without challenge; but the chiefs and warriors had gone to hunt the buffalo when they bade the white men farewell, and they would not return perhaps for two of three days. Whitefawn and her mother were seized by the relentless robbers, and spite of tears, and grief, and indignation, were borne away as quietly as possible, as the property of the white man.

'And why does not Whitefawn meet me?' cried Osceola, as he bore home from the chase the choicest part of a young buffalo, rolled in its rare white skin. 'And why is my wigwam empty?' he cried, as he gazed wildly round him and did not discover his darling wife. The tale of robbery and abduction was soon told; and Osceola and Redbird, with a hundred warriors at their back, were soon upon the broad trail of Abel Randolph and his band. A day of pursuit brought the burning, injured redskins to the bivouac of the whites. In a low, crumpling log shanty, which some trapper had built upon the banks of a creek, in which to stow his skins during the hunting season, Abel Randolph had placed the wretched Sophia and Whitefawn, and seated round a fire of logs, the escort and their leader were eating and drinking triumphantly. As the tinclat surrounded the browsing deer, so did the hundred redskins noiselessly encircle the soldiers, and then, like two spirits of the forest, Redbird and Osceola glided into the midst of the astonished band.

For a short space the two tall and beautiful chiefs only gazed scornfully upon their treacherous foes, and then Redbird exclaimed, at the same time confronting Abel Randolph, 'Let the wolf of the palefaces restore to my wigwam its queen.'

Osceola's words were few and pointed; he only said, 'Osceola has come for his wife.'

Villany was seldom destitute of hardihood, and it was not likely Abel Randolph, who had been the senator of a slave state, was to be destitute of this element of a robber. He rose to his feet and confronted the Indians, as his men followed his example and took to their arms, and then calmly replied, 'I do not know the queen of Redbird's wigwam; nor the wife of Osceola. I never saw them. I saw my slaves hidden like rabbits in the wigwams of the Seminoles, and I took them away. I have spoken.'

A low and expressive 'Huh!' burst from the lips of the Indians, but still they did not move.

'There are thirteen warriors of the palefaces with rifles in their hands,' said Osceola, calmly, 'and they are in the woods with two women of the Seminoles; while a hundred bows are bent around them, and a hundred tomahawks are unsling and ready to the redskins hands. The redskins say, that the women shall go home again, and sing in the wig-

wam of their husbands. Will the palefaces let them go in peace?' he asked significantly.

'No, never,' cried Abel Randolph, aiming a blow at the head of the athletic young Indian; which, with the speed of lightning, he parried and returned, braining the slaveholder where he stood.

The wild fierce sounds of war instantly rose on the stillness of the forest like the sounds of fiendish jubilee; and when it died away, the Indians with their wives were on the march, with twelve scalps torn from the heads of the white soldiers and Abel Randolph hung upon their warpole. The nephew of the planter alone escaped to tell the tale, and to rouse to bloody vengeance the chivalry of his state.

Dark and direful was the war of extermination which followed this terrible night. The soldiers of the model republic, led on by the man whom millions would not invest with presidential honors, hunted with the bloodhounds of Cuba the noble and invincible Seminoles.

Redbird fell, defending his wife, beneath the bullet of a Georgian rifleman, whose wife longed and sighed for his return from the war; and Sophia lay down beside the corpse of her murdered daughter, in a swamp which was still sacred to liberty, and there she died free.

Osceola was now alone. His heart was dead; his wife, his people were gone, and yet he scorned to yield. He was now thin and emaciated, and his feet were heavy as he dragged them along on the war-path, but still he had no selfish love of life or peace, and he scorned to yield.

But treachery did what arms could not do. The myrmidons of the United States promised peace to the broken remnant of the Seminoles, if Osceola would submit to the domination of the whitemen, and, like a true patriot, the redskin gave himself up for his country. They murdered him, and they broke their word. They rendered Florida a silent, depopulated wilderness, and they blotted the name of Seminole from living story; but the causes and issue of this dreadful tale of slavery shall bring the blush into the cheek of America, while history records the foul stain on her memory.

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TONICS OF THE MIND.

There are times when we, all of us, feel weak and languid, mentally;—when our minds have got into a state of general debility, analogous to that of the body, when a physician sends us to Tonbridge, or Matlock, or Baden Baden, to take exercise and drink the waters; or, if our business and finances forbid such expensive restoratives, he orders us steel wine, and quinine, and gentian, and other things in the pharmacopœia which give tone to the physical system.

To those who are labouring under this functional derangement of the moral health, we would willingly offer a few words of advice. Among these we do not include such as, like the young gentlemen of France described by the little prince, are

—'As sad as night,
Only for wontonness.'

They, like a few ladies of our acquaintance, who have 'a very bad headache,' whenever they are required to do something they do not like, will be cured by the turning of a straw, by the next gale in the wind. Nor do we include among our patients those whose moral disorder is chronic, or those who have positive structural disease; they are beyond our skill, and we refer them to that Higher Power which alone can minister to a 'mind diseased.' The mere sham cases of illness, and the very grave and dangerous ones, are alike, beside our present purpose.

As there are various sorts of tonics for the body, each suited to different constitutions, so there are various kinds of tonics for the mind. It is a homely but true proverb that 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison;' and in like manner, that course of mental treatment which would strengthen one man, and brace him up to a point of energetic virtue, and wholesome activity, would be much too severe and stimulating to another, and would prostrate, or over-excite him with feverish inability. But to all persons suffering from temporary mental debility, these words may be addressed with safety. In the first place, 'Remember that your condition is by no means singular: every one is subject to these things, occasionally.' It is surprising how much less an evil appears when we know that it is just what every body experiences, and that it is inevitable. What man has borne man may bear. Still, as the German philosopher declares, 'in every sorrow there is something new,' and it is this newness; this strangeness, which makes every sufferer feel as if he were alone in his misery; until his own reason, or the kind sympathy of others, remind him that his is the common lot. Without giving our assent to Rochefoucault's celebrated maxim that we derive a secret pleasure from the sufferings of others, (at least, not in Rochefoucault's own sense), yet we feel it is a sort of satisfaction, when utterly prostrated in spirit, to remember that your strongest-minded, toughest-hearted fellows, those who seem as if they did not know the meaning of the word *melancholy*, and think you must be ill-tempered when you are only heart-sick, and out of cash when you are merely out of sorts, that they too, have their moments of depression, when 'all the uses of this world' seem to them also, as to us, 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Yes; a wise providence has ordained this peculiarity in the heart of man, that its sorrows are lessened and its joys are increased by a consciousness that they are shared by others.

When the languid and enfeebled mind has