

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VII.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 48

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1846.

[From the Baltimore Patriot.  
To the River Susquehanna.

When late I stood upon thy shore  
Of sands, that shine like sprinkled frost,  
A gleam of visions came once more,  
I deemed forever, ever lost.

No breeze on thy noiseless tide,  
Blue where the crystal waters flow,  
And she whose eyes were by my side,  
Revealed their blue deep below.

The beauteous stars about faint pale,  
O'er the blue celestial stream  
The moonlight hung a silvery veil,  
Like twilight of a summer dream.

Afar and vague the fairy shafts  
Stole silently within the maze,  
To land their freight below the cliffs,  
And vanished in the gleaming haze.

I'pon thy banks on either side,  
Till mountains rising from their source,  
Like muffled sentries, seem'd to guide  
The waters in their onward course.

And sometimes o'er thy level face  
Dark and long dipping arches span,  
Where rocks have sought a gathering place,  
And clear makes clamor unto man.

To thee, sweet river, then I deem'd  
How like of life the winding stream,  
As the mysterious moonlight gleam,  
So life is lit by fancy's gleam.

And in life's mirror two twin eyes,  
Two fragments stars of saintly light,  
Are quivering in unclouded skies,  
And shine to the ideal sight.

I'pon thy shores there awful stands  
A monitor like misty air,  
And warns from evil, and commands  
The erring to beware, beware!

And vessels there forever run,  
Eternal, bubble-like, sublime  
And bear their burden thought upon  
The shifting, sandy shores of time.

And sometimes o'er thy gliding waves  
A glossy bridge, disease extends,  
Where loud and wild delirium raves,  
And pain with wild confusion blends.

Flow on sweet river, by the home  
Of her who dwelleth by thy side;  
How hours, thy waters, float a foam,  
Together may their currents glide.

Group.—We do not know who said this, but it sounds like somebody, and we should like very well to have said it first ourselves. But as that is not possible, we do the next thing by giving it a circulation:

AMER.—It is a passion fitter for flies and insects, than for persons professing nobleness and humanity. It is troublesome not only to those that suffer, but to those that behold it.

Think of that, whenever the infernal fiend of disquietude would escape from your eye and your tongue, to your own vexation and to the annoyance of all around; and leave anger to the wasp.

PLEASANT.—A story is told in the Cincinnati Enquirer of a Scotchman who during one of the first time, and was consequently a little uneasy in his boots. During the course he succeeded in dropping his napkin, bread and fork upon the floor, and as he made a dive for them, his coat collar capsize his soup-plate and gave him a warm shower bath. While in this agreeable situation, his host called out: "Mr. Campbell, where is Mr. Campbell?" A half smothered voice issuing from under the table, replied, "I wish he was in it—!"

A PERTINENT REPLY.—It is stated that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic being about to emigrate, was arrested and brought before his majesty.

"Well my friend," said the King, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?"

"Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is."

He was allowed to emigrate.

STEAMBOAT FERRY.—It is the intention of the Directors of the Harrisburg, Bridge Company, to ply a steam ferry boat between the borough and that part of the bridge remaining, for the accommodation of the public. The citizens on both sides of the river are much incomed for want of a speedy and safe conveyance.

LOUISIANA.—The Committee on Federal Relations in the Louisiana Legislature have reported a series of resolutions, declaring on title to the whole of Oregon clear and unquestionable, and in favor of giving Great Britain immediate notice of a cessation of joint occupancy by the two Governments.

A FOOT RACE was run at Savannah lately by Jackson and Gilderoleve. The latter, after running seven miles in forty-two minutes, gave out for the contest to Jackson, who continued the race and won the purse, \$300, with great ease, accomplishing the ten miles in 58 minutes and nine seconds.

POTATOES.—The Bangor Whig says that so many potatoes were carefully saved last fall, and have been husbanded with so much care during the winter, that the supply of them this spring will be very fair. The price here now is 50 cents per bushel.

O Ys! O Ys!! O Ys!!!—Cried an Irishman on the street, a few days since, ringing a bell. "Lost betwixt twelve o'clock and Mr. McKinney's store, on Market street, a large brass key. I'll not be afther tellin' ye what key it was; but it was the key of the Bank, sure."

## Parson Simon Suggs the Shifty Man.

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER, ESQ.

[In the "Spirit of the Times" of a recent date, we gave the first of a series of sketches of one Captain Suggs, late captain of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, from "The East Alabamian." It will be recollected that Simon, then a boy, was caught by his father—a hard-shell Baptist preacher, in the act of playing "old sledge" with a negro boy, named Bill for which the old man, with a handful of hickory sticks, threatened to take the bark off of both of them, and marched them off to "the Mulberry"—the scene of all formal punishment administered during work hours in the field. It is at "the Mulberry" that present sketch opens.]

It must be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment, Simon's mind was either inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was ptomically expressing his irreverent sentiments towards his father. Far from it. The movements of his limbs and features were the mere workings of habit—the self-grinding of the corporeal machine—for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon's person was thus, on its own account, "making game" of old Jedediah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about in that chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case—much after the manner in which puss, when Betty, armed with the broom, and hotly seeking vengeance for the pantry robbed or defiled, has closed upon her the garret doors and window, attempts all sorts of impossible exits, to come down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted defenceless. Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this conclusion, and "the Mulberry" about the same time, he stood with a dogged look, awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was seizing up Bill—a process which though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if to learn the precise fashion of his father's knot; and when at last was strung up to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon's eye followed every movement of his father's arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body quivered and "wriggled" in involuntary sympathy.

"It's the devil—it's hell," said Simon to himself "to take such a whollop" as that. Why, the old man looks like he wants to get up the holler, if he could, rot his picture! It's wuth, at least, fifty cents—je-em-ny-how that hurt!—yes, it's wuth three-quarters of a dollar, to take that for lickin'! Wonder if I'm "predestinated," as old Jedediah says, to get the feller to? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he'd bust right open, the durned old deeg-face! If I twan't for Ben Bunchin' him I b'lieve I'd give the old dog a tussel when he comes for my turn. It couldn't make the thing no wuss, if it didn't make it no better. 'Drot it! what do boys have daddies for, any how? 'Taint for nuthin' but just to beat 'em and work 'em. There's some use in mammy-ism—I ken poke my finger right in the old 'oman's eye, and keep it thar, and if I say it ain't thar, she'll say 'taint thar, too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If I twan't so far, I'd holler for her, any how. How she would cling to the old fellow's coat tail!

Mr. Jedediah Suggs let down Bill, and undid him. Approaching Simon, whose coat was off. "Come Simon, son," said he, "cross them hands; I'm gwine to correct you."

"It ain't no use, daddy," said Simon. "Why so, Simon?"

"Just because it aint. I'm gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself, I'm gwine to make my livin' by it. So what's the use of beatin' me about it?"

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this display of Simon's viciousness.

"Simon," said he "you're a poor ignunt creature. You don't know nothin', and you've never been no whars. If I was to turn you off, you'd starve in a week."

"I wish you'd try me," said Simon, "and just see. I'd win more money in a week than you can make in year. There ain't nobody round here kin make seed corn off o' me at cards. I'm rale smart," he added with great emphasis.

"Simon! Simon! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters, and horse racers, go to hell? You crack-brained creature! You don't know you know that them that play cards always lose their money, and—"

"Who wins it all then, Daddy?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you impudent, slack-jawed dog. Your daddy's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you're a-pickin' up his words that way. I know'd a young man once, when I lived in Oglethorpe, as went down to Augusty and sold a hundred dollars worth of cotton for his daddy, and some of them gamblers got him to drinkin' and the very first night he was with 'em they got every cent of his money."

"They couldn't get my money in a week," said Simon. "Any body can get these here green fellow's money; them's the sort I'm a-gwine to watch for myself. Here's what kin fix the papers just about as nice as any body."

"Well, it's no use to argify about the matter," said old Jedediah; "what's the scripture? 'He that begeth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow.' Hence Simon, you're a poor, miserable fool—so, cross your hands!"

"You'd jist as well not, daddy. I tell you I'm gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what's the use o' bangin' a feller about, if I'm as smart as any of 'em, and Bob Smith

says them Augusta fellers can't make rent of o' me."

The reverend Mr. Suggs had once in his life gone to Augusty; an extent of travel which in those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbors was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popular inference, that no man could visit the city of Augusty without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untravelled neighbors, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs, then very naturally, felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen any collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village—an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith—should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or any thing else appertaining to or in any way connected with the *ultima Thule* of backwoods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs—the one was, that a man who had never been at Augusty, could not know any thing about the city, or any place or thing else; the other, that one who had been there must, of necessity, be not only well-informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly *au fait* upon all subjects whatsoever. It was therefore in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

"Bob Smith says—does he? And who's Bob Smith? Much does Bob Smith know about Augusty? He's been thar, I reckon—Slipped off early one mornin', when nobody 'nother' notice, and got back afore night! It's only a hundred and fifty mile. Oh, yes, Bob Smith knows all about it! I don't know nothin' about it! I ain't never been to Augusty—I couldn't find the road thar, I reckon—ha! ha! Bob Smith—! The eternal sink! if he was only to see one o' them fine gentlemen in Augusty, with his fine broad-cloth and bell crown hat, and shoe-boots a shinin' like silver, he'd take to the woods and kill himself a runnin'!" Bob Smith! that's what all your devilment comes from, Simon."

"Bob Smith's as good as any body else, I judge, and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut jack," continued Simon, "and that's more nor some people can do, if they have been to Augusty."

"I kin too. I don't know it by that name; but if it's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob Smith kin do it, it's reasonable to a pose that old Jedediah Suggs won't be bothered bad. Is it any way similar to the rule of three, Simon?"

"Pretty much, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a pack from his pocket to explain. "Now, daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is what we call the Jacks. Well, now, the idee is, if you'll take the deck and mix 'em all up together, I'll take off a parcel from the top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix 'em just," said old Jedediah. "Yes."

"And you go to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the Senior Suggs, examining the cards.

"Mor like nor cow-peas," said Simon.

"It can't be done, Simon," observed the old man, with great solemnity.

"Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I."

"It's agin water, Simon; thar ain't a man in Augusty, nor on top of the yearth that kin do it!"

"Daddy," said our hero, "et you'll bet me—"

"What?" thundered old Mr. Suggs, "Bet. Did you say?" and he came down with a score across Simon's shoulders—"me Jedediah Suggs, that's been in the Lord's service these twenty years—me, bet, you nasty, sassy, triflin', ugly—"

"I didn't go to say that, daddy warn't what I meant, adzactly. I meant to say—that if you'd let me off from this here maulin, you owe me, and give me 'Bunch,' of I cut Jack, I'd give you all this silver, if I didn't—that's all. To be sure, I allers knowed you wouldn't bet."

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver which his son handed him, in an old leather pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony called "Bunch," which he had bought for his "old woman's" Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fever corner, the first and only—time she had ever mounted him. As he weighed the pouch of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavored to analyze the character of the transaction proposed by Simon. "It sartainly can't be nothin' but given, no way it kin be twisted," he murmured to himself. "I know he can't do it, so there's no risk. What makes bettin'?" The risk. It's a one-sided business, and I'll jist let him give me all his money, that'll put all his wild epornal notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You might as well, for the whippin' won't do you no good, and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him, but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy's in a close place, about payin' for his land; and this here money—it's jist eleven dollars, lackin' of twenty-five cents—will help out mightily. But mind, Simon, ef any thing's said about this, hereafter, remember you give me the money."

"Very well, daddy, and ef the thing works up instad o' down, I'll pose we'll say you give me Bunch—eh!"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how you come by Bunch; the thing's agin water, and can't be done. What old Jedediah Suggs knows, he knows as good as anybody. Give me them fixments, Simon."

Our hero handed the cards to his father, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of mixing. He then sat down and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive

and quiet jumped from his hands, of obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the pack. Occasionally, a sprightly knave would interpose against another, or pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up, and then skip away. But Elder Jedediah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead, ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden an idea quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man.—He chuckled audibly. "The devil had suggested to Mr. S. an *improvisu* "stock," which would place the chances of Simon—already sufficiently slim in the old man's opinion—without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to call out all the *picture cards*—so as to be certain to include the *Jack*—and place them at the bottom; with the evident intention of keeping Simon's fingers above these when he could cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father's shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled, as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

"Now, daddy," said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, "nary one of us aint got to look at the cards, while I'm cuttin'; if we do it'll spile the conjuration."

"Very well."

"And another thing—you've got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy—will you?"

"To be sure—to be sure," said Mr. Suggs; "fire away."

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the deck. Old Mr. Suggs looked in Simon's eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might have detected suspicious working about the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

"Wake snakes! day's a breaker! Rise Jack!" said Simon, cutting half dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of Hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps with uplited eyes and hands!

"Merciful master!" he exclaimed, "ef the boy haint well, how in the round creation of the—! Ben did you ever? To be sure and sartin, sartin has power on this yearth!" and Mr. Suggs groaned in heavy bitterness.

"You never seed nothin' like that in Augusty, did ye, daddy?" asked Simon with a malicious wink at Ben.

"Simon how did you do it?" queried the old man, without noticing his son's question.

"Do it, daddy? Do it? 'Taint nothin'. I done it jist as easy as shootin'."

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of elder Jedediah Suggs, cannot after the lapse of time which has intervened, be authoritatively ascertained. It is certain, however, that he requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact that, in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the State of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable pony, "Bunch."

"Jist so, daddy; jist so; I'll witness that. But it minds me mightily of the way mammy give old Trullier the side of bacon, last week. She a sweepin up the bath; the meat on the table—old Trullier jumps up, gethers the bacon and dars, mammy arter him with the broom stick as far as the door—but seem't the dog had got the start; she shakes the stick at him, and hollers—'you sassy sig-sukkin'!' ro-gish, gnatty, flop-eared vermint, take it along, take it along! I only wish it was full of a spite and ox-vornit and blue vitrol, so as I could cut your intrils into chilints! That's about the way you give Bunch to Simon."

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but the one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon?

He went home at night, hurried and fed Bunch; whispered confidentially in his ear, that he was the "fastest piece of hoss-flesh, accordin' to size, that ever shaded the yearth"; and then busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

EXCELLENT.—A well known racy sitting in Drury Lane theatre, beside a very pretty girl, was very rude with her. "The girl, however, appeared as if she did not of would not hear him; but as he became more bold and impudent, she at last turned round and said, with a rugged and angry countenance—

"Be pleased to let me alone."

"To which the surprised and confounded freebooter could only answer—

"Nay, do not test me."

"Be not afraid," replied the girl, with a smile, "I am a Jewess!"

PARCITITORS, Very.—When you stand on a precipice with a young lady, says the Albany Knickerbocker, always remember and put your arm around her waist, to prevent her becoming dizzy. Ladies who have tried it say there is no antidote in the world at all comparable with it. Indeed, a young lady of our acquaintance says, that under such circumstances she could look down Niagara for hours, and not experience the first disagreeable sensation whatever!

WANTED to Know.—A prisoner in England when called upon by the Alderman for his defence, said—"I've ordered a lawyer for to-morrow, and I hope your lordship will be so good as to put it off till he comes."

"Why what can the lawyer say about it?" asked his worship.

"That's what I want to know, please your worship," replied the prisoner.

## MAHTOE AND MARMAL.

BY D. M. ELLWOOD.

The town of Norfolk, Conn., was first purchased of the natives about the year 1640, only twenty years after the landing of the pilgrims at plymouth rock. It was at that time inhabited by a branch of the Mohegan tribe, who, at the settlement of the town, returned again to the main body, in what is now the eastern part of the State. There was one little Indian girl left behind. This was done at the urgent request of one of the settlers, named Marvin, who, having but one child, a son, deserved to adopt the girl, and rear her as his own. She consented to remain, with them, and saw her friends and family departed for the home of their fathers without apparent grief, though after they were gone she went away by herself and wept. It was not strange, for Mahtoe was young, a mere child indeed, only seven years old, and almost a stranger to her newly found friends. But she soon became quite reconciled to her mode of life; and when she had learned the language of the English, none ever appeared happier or more amiable than the little Indian girl. She speedily grew to be a favorite with the whole company of settlers, and was welcomed to their dwelling with the greatest cordiality.

Ten years passed away, and still Mahtoe remained in the family of Mr. Marvin. But what a change had those ten years wrought in her! Instead of the slender girl, she was now the well-informed woman. Tall, but splendidly proportioned, she was active as the deer, and almost as coy and timid. She seemed to lose many of the characteristics of her race, or rather they had been greatly modified, by her continued intercourse with a civilized people. For she had been instructed during those ten years in the knowledge, and with the same care and labor, that the children of the English enjoyed. She loved and respected her friends and benefactors, and their manners and mode of life had been gradually adopted as her own; so that by the time she was seventeen, there was scarcely a more ladylike personage in the whole settlement than was Mahtoe, the Indian girl. Oh! it would have charmed you to observe the bright hopes of youth speaking out through her brighter eyes—to hear her sweet voice break forth in the rude music of the times—and to watch her as she tripped gaily over the soft grass, now bounding like the panther, now climbing rocks that the wild goat would almost fear to tread, now paddling the frail canoe along the beautiful little river that watered the village.

I have said Mahtoe was coy—so she was, whenever any of the young men of the town were by. But with George Marvin, her brother by adoption, she was, of course, perfectly familiar. As she had learned to call him, so she seemed to consider him her brother; and never were brother and sister more affectionate than were they, though the wide world were looked over to find them. Affectionate! They little thought how deep were sources of time, it broke upon them in an instant.

At Unguova, few miles to the northeast of the settlement, resided another branch of the same tribe to which those who had left Norwalk belonged. It chanced, one day in September, when Mahtoe, as I have said before, was seventeen, that a young Indian from Unguova saw her as she was sitting on a tall hill, that rises abruptly on the eastern side of the river. It was then covered with some noble forest trees, but now bears only a short row of stunted poplars. She was employed in weaving a little basket for her needle-work, for she had not yet forgotten the rude acquirements of her younger years, nor the language which was her own; but amid all the accomplishments of civilized life, she still retained an affection for many of her old customs and pastimes. The view from the position which she occupied, was beautiful. To the west, the valley of Norfolk, with its winding stream, the meadows, its trees, whose foliage glowed with all the tints of the rainbow—to the east, the forest all untouched, just as it came from the Almighty's hand—the long, blue island beyond—all these were before her eye, and their surpassing beauty was fully appreciated. And as Mahtoe gazed on the face of Nature, so rich, so calculated to inspire one with emotions of admiration, of love, and benevolence, the pure spirit within her manifested through her eyes its happiness, and her face was radiant with a quiet joy. The young hunter saw her and admired. I will not say he loved, for love is a plant of slower growth, but he was struck with her beauty, and stood and viewed her, unobserved himself, till Mahtoe, having finished her work, arose to return home. He then placed himself directly before her, and addressed her in her tongue.

"Will not the maiden stay awhile, that Tontawea may feast his eyes on her beauty? I'll make glad his heart to look on so fair a creature."

"It is time for Mahtoe to return," replied she; "see, the hill is already between the sun and the river, and the tree shadows are long. My brother awaits me at home."

"But Tontawea loves the maiden. He would make her his wife. He will hunt for her all thaday. She shall never want."

Her face grew pale at his words; and, though she knew not why, her heart sickened at the bare thought of becoming his wife. But she said, firmly,

"I cannot be. The youth is a stranger, and seek in vain for Mahtoe's heart. But he is welcome to our tent; will heeat with us to-night?"

"and she stepped aside to pass by him, and lead the way home. Without further parley, the young hunter grasped her in his sinewy arms, and bore her away in the opposite direction. She screamed for help, but it was too far from the settlement, and no one heard her cry. Tontawea carried her in his arms awhile, and then setting her on her feet, compelled her to walk by his side, holding her tightly by the hand till they arrived at Unguova."

When Mahtoe returned not home at sunset, George, who was always uneasy, if she were long absent from his sight, walked out to meet her. Though he knew not where she had been

during the afternoon, he chanced to go directly to the spot from which she had been so rudely carried away. As he came to the tree under whose shade she had been sitting, and saw the basket she had made, which had fallen from her hand in her struggles to escape, he knew not what to make of it. He looked about and saw the trail of heavy feet, but they were not hers. He called her, and searched all around, but she neither answered nor came. He returned to the village—but no one had seen her, or could tell anything concerning her. This certainly began to look alarming, for the sun had sometime been down, and it was already growing dark. Mahtoe had never stayed so long away; and why did she leave her basket on the hill? There must have been violence; but who would injure Mahtoe? The affair was incomprehensible.

All that night and the next day was the search for the lost maiden continued, but nothing was discovered that afforded any clue to the mystery of her absence. Unfortunately, no one had seen her when carried away by the stranger youth, and the idea of violence from any of her own people was not for a moment entertained. So they sought in the forest and the river, climbed the hills, and crossed the valleys of the whole region above, and at last they gave her up as dead.

In the meantime, the poor girl was exposed to a severe trial, from which she came out most gloriously. Her captor, on the day after he had taken her to his tent, finding entirely useless, boldly threatened her with death, if she longer refused to yield to his brutal purposes. Death or dishonor, which did the high-minded Mahtoe prefer? I need not tell. Both were sufficiently terrible to a young and happy thing-like her, but death was nothing, in comparison with the eternal stings of conscience, and a fame sullied among men. Still there was one hope of escape from both, and it was not forgotten, for a Tontawea approached the unhappy victim of his passion, she snatched suddenly his tomahawk, and as the sag at bay tuns to his pursuer, so with the unwearied strength and courage of desperation, with a single blow she felled her persecutor to the earth. It was a bold deed; and she knew it so, for if discovered by any of his people before she could make her escape good, the most fearful torments were her portion. She was discovered; for she had hardly sprang across the door of the tent, and was flying across the plain, when a stout warrior entered, and on seeing what had been done, started immediately on pursuit. And he overtook her and brought her back to the village, and called out the tribe to witness the death of the ill-fated young man, who was then ebbing out his life.

Mahtoe must die to-morrow; the relatives of the deceased demand blood for blood. There will be solemn dance, a funeral game, and then the blazing faggots—the greedy flames will dry up the sources of life, and the fair maid will go to the land of spirits. And there will be savage triumph and rejoicing over her sufferings, and feasting and revelry will conclude the scene. But the girl is firm for the spirit of twenty ancient chiefs nerves her heart, and she will rise early on the morrow to see the sun for the last time, as it peeps above the horizon.

It is midnight, and Mahtoe sleeps; not a muscle moves—not a sound do these sweet lips utter. "The slumber is quite peaceful, but all is undisturbed within. A few bear skins spread on the ground form her only couch, but in her infancy she often rested on such a one." At the door of the tent lies a stalwart Indian, the same who had pursued her when she attempted to escape. Why does he sleep so soundly? Has he unwittingly partaken of some drug which deadens his senses and causes him to slumber at his enemy's post? It must be, for he has not the door of the tent open; a girlish form steps over his huge body, and gliding to the side of Mahtoe, whispers softly in her ear. She starts up but does not cry out, for Indian blood runs in her veins, and Indian cunning and caution prevail now. The two, the girl and the woman, for Mahtoe's character has grown with the occasion, and she has laid aside the girlish character forever—the two approach the door, step lightly over the guard who is still wrapped in his dreams, the door closes after them, and they are gone amid the darkness of the night.

Well done, Mahtoe, bravely, nobly done, my little Marmal, and rich shall be thy reward. Fly swiftly, and pause not for weariness, for a long and toilsome journey is before you. Let not the howling of the wolf for the cry of the panther terrify you, for you leave worse enemies behind. The night is dark, and your path rough and difficult; but yonder brightest star shall be your guide, and shall cheer you on till the morning dawns.

It did cheer them on, and when the sun burst forth in the morning, the ten miles that separated Unguova from the settlement at Norwalk had been passed, and the fugitives stood panting at Mr. Marvin's door. Mahtoe was soon locked in the arms of her brother George, but she never called him brother after that. The little Marmal, who had so generously saved her could not, of course, return to her tribe, but she was soon far happier than she could have ever been with them, for with Mahtoe for a teacher, a new and bright light beamed in upon her spirit. And she profited well by the lessons she had received, and became as great a favorite in the settlement as Mahtoe herself, and like her, soon had a home of her own, being married to a young man of the place, who was envied by all who seeking a wife. Some of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of the town still boast their descent from one or the other of those two Indian girls.

How to CLEAN KID-GLOVES.—Take a piece of flannel, moisten it with a little milk, rub it on a cake of soap hard soap, and then apply it to the soiled part of the glove. As soon as you have removed the dirt, rub the kid with dry piece of flannel. Care must be taken not to make the glove too wet. In these hard times, people must scour up, and make every thing go as far as they can.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—For the benefit of the ladies, we select the following simple prescription for removing fruit stains and iron mould from linen, and cotton:—Moisten the part stained with cold water, then hold it over the smoke of burning brimstone, and the stain will disappear.