THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY BENJAMIN BANNAN, OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, IN THE BOROUGH OF POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

VOLUME 9. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1836. NO. 25.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines, will be inserted three times for one dollar—twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion.

☞ All letters, &c. addressed to the Editor on business connected with the establishment, must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

AGENTS FOR THE MINER'S JOURNAL.

Philad'a... Jonathan Coffee, Merchants Coffee House
Reading............Samuel Ritter, P. M.

A LIST of wholesale dealers & retailers of foreign merchandise within the county of Schuylkill, together with the different classes under which they have been placed by the Associate Judges and Commissioners of said county. Those marked with a (*) have paid their License.

SEVENTH CLASS.

Joseph Kerr	Pottsville
Samuel Thompson	do
Ball & Lewis	do
James Silliman, Jr.	do
N. Nathans & Co.	do
Miller & Haggerty & Co.	do
John T Hazzard	do
T. & J. Beatty	do
Gains Moore	do
Samuel Hartz & Co.	do
Pollock & Weaver	do
John C. Ernst	do
Joseph White & Son	Manheim township

EIGHTH CLASS.

A. A. Gile	Pottsville
J. G. Hehr	do
David Watkins	do
Joseph Dorflinger	do
John Clayton	do
John K. Feltnagle	do
Adam Eyler	do
Jacob Kimmel	do
John Kantner	do
Stephen Taylor	do
James Gillingham	do
Charles W. Clemens	do
Joseph Whitfield	do
John Martin	do
Moses Strouse	do
E. & E. Hammer	Orwigsburg
Joseph Hammer	do
Jacob Huntzinger, Jr.	do
Leib & Christ	do
*Schall & Raush	do
John Snyder	Wayne
Jacob Kaercher	do
Caleb Wheelar	Pinegrove
Paul Barr	do
William Graeff	do
Paul Brand	do
George N. Eckert	do
Daniel Yost, Jr.	East Brunswick
William J. Moyer	do
Isaac Myers	West Brunswick
Samuel Depui	do
Joseph Metz	do
George Koehler	Upper Mahantango
George Maurer	do
*John Wiest	do
Jacob Kauffman	Lower Mahantango
Samuel Berks	do
Samuel Boyer	Schuylkill
George Day	do
William Taggert	do
Albert H. Duel	do
Charles Cox	do
Samuel Oswald	West Penn
Moritz Foreider	do
Jacob Stein	Barry
Augustus Hoff & Co.	West Norwegian
Anthony Stineberger	do
Samuel Heilner	do
Abraham Trout	do
Strob & Reifsnyder	do
William Payne	do
Slaughter Harris	do
Hodson, West & Co.	East Norwegian
Edward Hughes	do
John T. Hull	do
Heilner & Seligman	do
D. B. Haas & Co.	do
Abraham Ritter	do
Turner, Whitney & Co.	do
Daniel Saylor	Manheim
Dr. Stineberger	do
William Huntzinger	do
Joseph Streeper	do
Samuel Bowen	do
D. & H. Krebs	do
Samuel P. Horning	do
Lebbeus Chapman	do
John Pott	do
John C. Offerman	do

JOSEPH OTTINGER, Treasurer of the county of Schuylkill.

Treasury Office, Orwigsburg, April 23, 1836. 24-3

☞ Persons on the above List are requested to call after the first day of May, and take out their licenses.

PUBLIC SALE.

PURSUANT to an Order of the Orphans' Court of Schuylkill County, on Monday the 9th day of May next, at 5 o'clock P. M. Charles Ellet, Administrator of the estate of Jeremiah J. Foster, late of Port Carbon, deceased, will expose to sale by Public Vendue, at the public house of Wm. Mortimer, in the borough of Pottsville, a certain Messuage, tenement and lot of ground, situate in Lawton's Addition to Port Carbon, Schuylkill county, containing in breadth sixty-two feet and in length or depth one hundred and fifty feet, being lot No. 93, in Lawton's Addition to Port Carbon, excepting the Stone and Fossil Coal that may be on the premises, late the estate of said deceased.

CHARLES ELLET, Administrator.

By order of the Court,
JOS. MORGAN, Clerk, O. C.

Orwigsburg, March 30th, 1836. 22-4

Battalion Orders.

THE enrolled inhabitants of the County of Schuylkill composing the 30th Regiment P. M. will take notice that they are required to parade in Battalion as follows:

1st Battalion will parade at McKeansburg, on Tuesday the 17th day of May next.

2d Battalion will parade at Pottsville on Wednesday the 18th day of May next.

The Battalions respectively will be formed at 10 o'clock, A. M

First Troop Schuylkill County Cavalry and National Light Infantry will Parade with the 2d Battalion. By order of the Colonel.

EDWARD YORKE FARQUHAR, Adjutant 30th Regiment, P. M.

April 16 22-5

Co-Partnership.

AGREEABLY to the act entitled 'An Act relative to limited partnerships,' the undersigned have entered into a co-partnership under the name or firm of Alfred Lawton. John Ely, jr. is the special partner, and Alfred Lawton is the general partner—the sum of sixteen hundred dollars has been paid by the special partner to the general partner. The co-partnership to exist for the term of five years, from the 1st day of April, 1836, and to expire on the 1st day of April 1841.

ALFRED LAWTON,
JOHN ELY, Jr.

Pottsville April 9, 1836. 21 6

SAMUEL D. LEIB

INFORMS the citizens of Pottsville and vicinity, that he has commenced the Hatting Business, 2nd door above Samuel Hartz's Store, immediately opposite Jacob Kline's Tavern, where he intends to carry on the business in all its various branches—and pledges himself that all the Hats manufactured by him shall be of the very best quality, and therefore solicits a share of public patronage, which he will endeavor to merit by strict attention to business.

A supply of Silk Hats, Caps, &c. constantly kept on hand, and for sale cheap for cash.

mar 26 19-tf

Ten Dollars Reward.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, in the borough of Pottsville, on Sunday last, a bound Apprentice to the Shoemaking business, named

ROBERT MEYERS,

about fifteen years of age; had on a Gray Roundabout and Pantaloons and a Fur Cap. Any person delivering the said Apprentice to the subscriber, shall be entitled to the above Reward.

ABRAHAM MIESSE.

April 23 23-3

Forty Dollars Reward!

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Sunday the 17th of April inst. two indented Apprentices to the Boat Building business. One named

WILLIAM M'KINNEY,

aged about 17 years, small size, curly hair of a black colour, has lost the nail off of one of his thumbs—had on when he went away a new Fur Hat, Blue Cloth Double-breasted Roundabout and Blue Cloth Pantaloons. The other named

PETER FOY,

aged about 17 years, small size, slim face and dark hair, and dressed the same as the other.

They each carried with them a bundle of clothing, some of which are tarred from caulking boats, and were seen on the road towards Harrisburg, and will probably go to Pittsburg.

Forty Dollars will be given for apprehending and confining them in any Jail in this State, or twenty dollars for either by informing the subscriber thereof.

JOSEPH SHELLY.

Pottsville, Schuylkill Co. Pa. April 23 23 3

Intelligencer, Harrisburg; and Statesman, Pittsburg, will each give the above three insertions, mark price at bottom and charge this office.

TAILORING.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Shop into Norwegian Street, a few doors below Centre St. adjoining Mr. Thomas Beatty's Dwelling house, where he will be happy to see his friends generally. He also informs them that he has just received the Spring Fashions from New York and Philadelphia, which will enable him to make up all clothing entrusted to him in the most fashionable manner, and from the workmen he has employed, he is enabled to make them in the best manner and at the shortest notice.

WILLIAM HARDY.

April 23 23-3

NOTICE.

ENCOURAGED by some friends of Music, the subscriber has concluded to give instructions on the Forte Piano and Violin here at Pottsville, as he has done for two years past at New Berlin, Milton and Pinegrove. By means of a method peculiar to himself and easily comprehended by the youngest pupil as well by good conduct and proper attention to the improvement of his scholars, he flatters himself that he will be able in a short time to gain the confidence of his worthy patrons.

For 4 Lessons per week or 50 per quarter, 7 dollars will be considered a reasonable compensation.

The subscriber is also competent and capable of tuning Piano Forte's and offers his services. He lives at Mr. Linzenmoyer, 3d street.

PHILIP JACOB DEININGER,
Teacher of Piano Forte, Violin and Organist from Germany.

Pottsville, April 23 23-3

Mr. Deininger has good certificates from Milton, New Berlin and Pinegrove for good moral character, teaching and tuning Piano Forte's, and we have found his conduct during three months entirely worthy of those good certificates.

J. SEITZINGER,
MRS. MARY NELIGH.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned from trespassing on the property of the subscriber, situated on the Mount Carbon Rail Road, in Norwegian township, known by the name of the Seventy-five Acre Tract. A penalty of Fifty Dollars will be inflicted on any person or persons found cutting or carrying away Timber, or otherwise trespassing on said property.

ROB. WOODSIDE,
Agent of N. E. Thouron.

Pottsville, april 9 21 tf

To Housekeepers.

FRESH IMPORTED TEAS.

MILLER & HAGGERTY have just received an assortment of the choicest quality Teas, which they will sell, wholesale or retail, at reduced prices, consisting of

Imperial, Gunpowder, Extra Superior Young Hyson, Curious Young Hyson, Fair Quality Young Hyson Teas, at 62½ cents per lb., Souchong, Pecco Souchong, Pouchong in ½ and ¼ papers, very superior, a few Boxes of the celebrated (Rose) Black Tea, at 75 cents per lb. also Bakers No. 1 Chocolate, Sweet Chocolate and prepared Cocoa, &c. &c.

April 23, 1836 23-tf

New Goods.

N. Nathans & Co.

WILL open this day a splendid assortment of fashionable Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of

London prints
Crape lastings
Canton cords
Fancy pantaloon stuffs
Marseilles vestings
Mixed, striped and printed cassimeres
Cloths and cambrics
Bleached and unbleached shirtings
Do do sheetings, &c. &c.

Also—Fresh Groceries, Cheese and Fruit
Soda, water and sugar crackers
Brown Sugars, loaf and lump do
Currants, Raisins, etc. etc. etc.

April 23 23

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

MORE STANZAS BY JAMES NACK.

There is a sweetness and delicacy of expression, in the following little poem, which forcibly reminds us of Prior. We shall be always happy to hear from our friend Nack.

MARY'S BEE.

As Mary, with her lip of roses,
Was tripping o'er the flow'ry mead,
A foolish, little bee supposes
The rosy lip, a rose indeed;
And so, astonish'd at the bliss,
He steals the honey of her kiss.

He wantons there a moment, lightly—
He sports away on careless wing—
But ah, why swells that wound unsightly?
The rascal he has left a sting!
She runs to me with weeping eyes—
Sweet images of April skies!

"Be this," said I, "to heedless misses
A warning, they should bear in mind;
For oft a lover steals their kisses,
Then flies, and leaves a sting behind."
"This may be wisdom, to be sure,"
Said Mary; "but I want a cure."

What could I do? to ease the swelling
My lips and hers delighted meet;
And, trust me, from that lovely dwelling,
I found the very poison sweet!
Fond boy! unconscious of its smart,
I suck'd the poison to my heart!

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a curious world we're in,
Men are sleeping, eating, drinking,
Just as they have always been,—
Beaus are strutting, dandies quizzing,
Misses toiling night and day,
Boys are sporting, girls are frizzing,
Grandmas fidgeting away.

Tom is crying, Mary singing,
Jack is laughing merrily,
Dust is flying, tea-bells ringing,
These have music sure for me,
Peasants toiling, rich men riding,
Starting with a lordly phiz,
Rogues through every crowd are gliding,
Zounds! how queer a world it is.

Marrying some, in marriage given,
All but me are feasting, living,
Would that wives were to be sold!
Others have their dears in plenty,
And their bosoms heave with love,
I've had chances, nineteen, twenty—
but I dare not one improve.

Brokers shaving, sheriffs dunning,
Politicians pull your sleeve,
Printers scolding, wits are punning,
Jail birds begging for reprieve,
Preachers warning, idiots ranting,
Bacchus too, hath devotees,
Yonder wretch your wife's gallanting,
What a deuced fool he is.

Lawyers spouting, clients listening,
Doctors prating of their skill,
Patients groaning, school-boys whistling,
Striving an old time to kill,
Pedagogues of science telling,
Milliners of pretty things—
Lovers stroll with bosoms swelling,
Listening while the night-bird sings.

Clouds are lowering, tempests howling,
Friends suspecting, foes are glad,
Children screaming, mistress scowling,
Merry bosoms now are sad,
Presto! they are gone forever,
All is gay as it has been,
Sunbeams shine, the girls—oh never!
What a curious world we're in.

From the Baltimore Athenæum & Visiter.

ARM FOR THE TEXIAN BATTLE.

Arm for the Texian battle,
Sons of the brave and free!
Away and win a soldier's grave,
Or a glorious victory.
Cries of your murdered brothers
On the red Alamo slain,
Are pealing in your hearts for aid,
And shall they call in vain?
Then arm for the Texian battle,
Sons of the brave and free,
Away and win a soldier's grave,
Or a glorious victory.

In the ranks of Freedom's fight,
The soldier's post should be,
Where men who burst oppression's chains
Are battling to be free.
His bright plume waving high
In the thick of the conflict's strife;
His frown should quell the tyrant's rage
And the sabre drink his life.
Then arm for the Texian battle,
Sons of the brave and free!
Away and win a soldier's grave
Or a glorious victory!

Say, how should the soldier die?
On the pillow's soft repose?
Oh! no—with its bright shield 'neath his head
In the battle's glorious close;
The tyrant's flag at his feet—
The skies with *Victory* riven—
He smiles adieu to his comrades brave
And his spirit soars to heaven.
Then, arm for the Texian battle!
Sons of the brave and free,
Away and win a soldier's grave
Or a glorious victory! C. S.

From the American Monthly Magazine for March.

THE LAST OF THE IRON HEARTS.

By the Author of "Tales of the Northwest."

It is an ungrateful task to write an Indian tale as it should be written; and, what is more, the man is not an American who can do it; or, if he be, he has not yet made his appearance in print. So the brave and unfortunate race, so deeply wronged by our fathers and ourselves, pass away, and no data are left to posterity by which to understand their character, save the dull records of incompetent or one-sided chroniclers, and the vague speculations of hasty travellers, most of whom are, about as much entitled to credit as Captain Hall. We are not going into a dissertation, but beg leave to assure our readers that the Indian is not the ferocious brute of Hubbard and Mather, or the brilliant, romantic, half-French, half-Celtic Mohegan and Yemassee created by Symmes and Cooper. How can men, however talented, describe what they never saw?

A plum-pudding cannot be made without plums, or a story, now-a-days, without a sprinkling of what fools call love, and wise men folly. Our tale, therefore, shall have a little of the fashionable spice.

Once upon a time there lived, among Yanktons of the far North-west, an amazon, who, whatever mischief was done by her eyes, certainly inflicted literal wounds with her hands.—Such things have been before; we read of Clorinda, Camilla, and Marphisa in ancient days, and are assured by Tyrone Power that the modern Irish women assist their husbands in *faction fights*, each armed with a stone tied up in the foot of a stocking. How much more likely, then, that such characters should sometimes be found among a people to whom refinement is utterly unknown, with whom animal bravery is the highest mortal attribute, and whose first-lisped sounds are war and battle. The Penthiselea in question was the daughter of a tremendous warrior, who never had fewer than three scalps drying in the smoke of his lodge at a time, and she had stood side by side in fight with her father, and loaded one of his two guns, before she was fifteen years old.—Before; on the same occasion she right valiantly knocked two wounded men in the head with her own (alas! not *fair*) hands, after the fray was over. From that time she renounced the avocations, and sometimes the garb, of her sex. She rocked no cradle, her back bore no burthen, her hand planted no corn, dressed no robe, and wrought no moccasin. She reined no steed, wielded the lance, and drew the bow instead.—She accompanied war and hunting parties, and sat in the councils of men; and in both situations her merit was cordially acknowledged. For all this she was especially qualified. The daughter of a giant, she exceeded the stature of her sex; trained to incessant exercise, she was quite equal to the fatigues of war. In council, taciturnity is the prime merit of an Indian who has nothing to say, and strange as it may seem, she was made to hold her peace.

The main spring of this woman's character was ambition. Conscious of powers inferior to those of few men, she saw herself doomed to be an Indian wife; that is, an inferior being, a mere drudge, a bearer of burthens, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, the slave of an inferior, and a victim of his caprice. The proud and haughty soul she inherited from her father revolted at a lot so abject, and she possessed the only qualities which could raise her above it, namely, physical strength and determined courage, active and passive.

The Fleet-Foot (we will not inflict on our readers the sesquipedalian torture of an Indian name) and the admiration of its men. For envy, petty malice, and calumny, she cared nothing. She heard her name the subject of rude praise, her deeds the themes of rude song, her wisdom the admiration of the old, and her beauty the discourse of the young. She was eminently beautiful; that is, if a form cast in a gigantic mould of perfect symmetry and very regular and very dark features, can be said to make a woman so. Before she was twenty she was wooed by one half of the males of the tribe who had any pretentions to rank among its men, but to none of them would she incline her ear gravely or seriously. To have married would have been to lose her rank, to become the Paria we have described an Indian wife to be. Therefore she scoffed at their proposals and returned their presents. If they came to whine their love-sick ditties before the door, she broke their heads with their own three-holed flutes, and if they persisted, she shot their dogs and horses. Nevertheless; so much was she annoyed, that she was obliged to find an expedient to prevent the nuisance at once and for ever.

Her tribe have a ceremony, or rather had it (for it has for many years been obsolete,) of particular interest and importance to its females. It was a dance of virgins. After appropriate religious rites and dances, the unmarried women advanced, one at a time, in the centre of the assembled multitude, and challenged each and all who knew any thing about her person to declare it. Were it his betrothed, any one having such knowledge was held bound in honour to proclaim it without reservation. It may therefore be supposed that many took no part in the rite, and its manifest inconveniences have caused it to be discontinued.

The Fleet Foot stepped into the circle, drew up her commanding form to its full height, and with mingled pride and dignity addressed the crowd. "I have been for these six years," she said, "a woman set apart from women. In plain and forest, in peace and war, in village and camp, my intercourse has been wholly with men. The clear river is ruffled by the least breath; the snow is sullied by the pressure of the lightest foot. Let him breathe on the stream of my life, and trample on the snow of my character who can!"

There was a breathless silence, but no one spoke.

She then commanded her medicine-bag to be brought forward. This is a collection of charms, amulets, &c., to which great reverence is paid by its owner. Each Indian has his own, and you may swear him upon it more safely that you can most whites on the Evangelist. Putting her hand on this shrine of savage superstition, our Thalestris spoke again.

"I have now done what would have secured any maiden a hunter and a warrior. No dirt has been thrown; no bird has uplifted a single note of shame. And now, with my hand on this medicine bag, I declare, Oh Yanktons, that no man shall ever call me wife, but he who shall be proclaimed the best and bravest warrior of the tribe at its council fire, & who can make me cast down my eyes at the Ordeal of Maidens. I have spoken."

A deep roar of approbation went up as the martial maid retired from a purgation not less terrible than the trial by fire of old. Each warrior of repute now bethought him how he should gain the name of the best of his band. The young performed prodigies. Those who slept in the shade of former laurels, aroused to fresh and more terrible action. Never before was the wail of Pawnee, Chippeway, and Assiniboin widows heard so far and so widely. Nevertheless no Yankton obtained the envied distinction. As it could only be given by general suffrage, it was impossible that it could ever be won by any individual of a tribe of emulous and brave men. The stratagem of the Fleet Foot was completely successful.

A year passed, and the emulation the Minerva of the tribe had excited, gave rise to a savage order of chivalry, in comparison with whose reckless contempt of death the frantic valor of the Crusades, and the desperation of the assassins became reason and common sense. Twelve warriors, approved the boldest and best of their race associated themselves for the avowed object of winning the Fleet Foot and the dangerous title she had proposed as the price of her hand. Their reputation being equal, or nearly so, and the competition being narrowed down to themselves, it was only with each other they could strive. We must describe the rite of initiation into the order, and its rules in detail.

After fasting and praying three days and nights the band came forth, before day, and performed a solemn dance around a lofty pole. Mahtoe, or the Grizzly Bear, the most distinguished, was then stripped to the waist and painted black.—Two oaken skewers, each half an inch thick, were next forcibly thrust through the muscular parts of his arms. Two strong cords were then attached to the skewers, and the ends were drawn tight to the top of the pole. At sunrise the initiate began to dance around the pole, with half his weight on his lacerated arms, and chaunting his former exploits. This agonising torture he continued to inflict on himself till sunset, without wincing, when he was released, and the next morning another took his place. Let not the reader think that we exaggerate the Indian capacity to endure privation and pain. Such a scene as we have described we have witnessed, and have diminished rather than added to its horrors.

The rules of the "Iron Hearted" were, never when on any military enterprise, to turn one inch out of the direct line of march that led to its accomplishment for any danger whatever; until one or more was killed. If opposed by a superior force, they were to cut their way through; if they came to a precipice, one at least, was bound to walk over it, and the order of precedence was to be settled by emulation.

The dress of the Yankton brave is singularly picturesque. A tunic and a pair of leggins, snow white, and ornamented and fringed in wild profusion, a pair of moccasins and a buffalo robe, covered with hieroglyphics representing the wearer's exploits, are the main article.—For every wound received or given, a slender painted stick is thrust into the hair. For a scalp taken or an enemy slain, a pair of skunk skins are appended to the heels, and a tuft of swan's down and a war eagle's feather placed on the summit of the head. Hang round the warrior's neck a necklace of grizzly bear's claws, to denote that he has killed such an animal, mount him on a fine horse, with two or three scalps dangling from the bridle rein, set him careering over the prairie with lance and shield, with his eagle's feathers streaming in the wind, and you have a Yankton desperado in full costume. None of the Metamoras of the stage, but an arm to do, a heart to dare, and a tongue to speak common sense, like any other person. Each of the Iron Hearted were entitled to wear all these decorations.

Strange as it may seem, their band of brotherhood [illegible] were not exempt. [illegible] leaped over a bluff, three were [illegible] Pawnees, two perished in the flames of the burning prairie, a seventh walked under the ice of the Missouri, and four more died in battle and lost their scalps. Not one was known to violate his desperate pledge. And now Mahtoe alone remained, after having braved as many and as great perils as any of his defunct comrades, acknowledged the bravest and best of the Yanktons.

With no objection on the part of the Fleet Foot, her father offered the last of the Iron Hearted his daughter's hand in full council.—The stoic of the prairie, after a decorous pause of about an hour, in order to make up his mind, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and replied, that "All the use he had for a wife was, to do the work of his lodge and take care of his children; for which the purposed lady was no way qualified. He had never, he said, the least idea of espousing the Fleet Foot—he had three wives already, quite enough for one man. His motive for joining the devoted band had been, that it made his heart sick to have it doubted that he was the bravest man on the earth. That doubt was now removed, and with much gratitude he declined the favor intended him."

The Fleet Foot went to war no more. Stung with a slight she could not avenge, she put herself under the tuition of an eminent sorceress, for of such professions there is no lack in an Indian tribe. When she thought she had made such progress in necromancy as did credit to her application, she cast a spell on Mahtoe. She drew a picture of him in the sand, and with many a magic ceremony effaced the feet to destroy his swiftness, the arms to prostrate his strength, the eyes to blear his vision, and devoted him to the blade of the slaughterer by driving a knife into his bosom to the haft.—Having charitably informed him of her affectionate proceeding, she went into the woods and hanged herself, according to the judicious custom of squaws when slighted or jealous.

The heart of Mahtoe iron to every thing beside, was wax to superstition. Apprehension of evil had the effect evil itself could not have produced. He became a changed man, and a settled melancholy constantly rested on his features. His gun missed fire, the Buffalo carried off his arrows and lived, his huntings were unsuccessful, his canoe was upset, his corn was blighted in the milk, and his children died. In short, he considered himself a man bewitched, no uncommon thing among Indians, and gave himself up to despair.

Two years after, he went to the Mandan villages on the Missouri, with a small party of his people. While there, a war party of forty Pawnees, who were lurking about the vicinity, heard of their arrival. Presuming on the forbearance of the Mandans, with whom they were at peace, the Pawnees entered the village, and attacked the visiters. For once they reckoned amiss. The Mandans and their guests set upon them together and compelled them to a flight of several miles, killing some and wounding all. Not a man escaped wholly unhurt. Indeed, so hard were the Pawnees pressed, that they were obliged to throw away their clothes, and even their weapons, to make better speed.

The old spirit of Mahtoe revived in the excitement of the chase. One Pawnee, who appeared to be a chief, made almost superhuman efforts to check the pursuit, frequently turning and bearing back the foremost of his hunters. Mahtoe met him. The chief discharged his gun unavailingly, being brought down in the very act by a bullet which broke his thigh. As the Yankton ran in to finish him, the wounded man drew a reserved pistol and shot him through the body.

His slayer was instantly scalped by the comrades of the slain Yankton, who then passed in hot pursuit. When, after an absence of three hours, they returned, they witnessed another example of the fortitude of their race. The Pawnee had recovered from his swoon, and was quietly engaged, though blind and powerless, in smoking his pipe. They sacrificed him to the manes of their dead.

So died, on the field of battle, his nursery and his dwelling place, with his war cry on his lips, one who, fierce and pitiless to foes, was yet a good son, brother, husband, father, and friend, according to his knowledge of his social duties—the Last of the Iron Hearted.

An auctioneer was busy in crying some goods from his stand, as a drunken wag passed by—"I say Mister, may I bid what I please?" said the latter.—'Certainly,' replied the salesman.—'Then,' rejoined the other, 'I bid you a very good morning.'

'O mother,' said a very little child, Mr. S. does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her, and he hugs her.'

'Why, Edward,' exclaimed his mother, 'your aunt dont suffer that, does she?'

'Suffer it,' replied the child, 'yes mother, she loves it.'

Sunday Evening Reading.

FIRST STEPS.

The anxiety of accumulating something for their children—if not enough for their entire support, at least enough to set them well afloat in life—is very common among parents. This is injudicious, and arises from parental weakness. Educate your children well, and you have done enough for them; teach them to depend on their own strength—and this can only be done by putting them upon their own resources—in no other way can they acquire strength. In truth, setting a young man afloat on the wealth accumulated by his father, is like tying bladders under the arms of a swimmer, or rather one that cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders, and his sole dependence, and then where is he? Teach him while young to swim a little with his own strength, and then he will be prepared to enter the stream of life; and take care of himself without any extraneous helps. Under such circumstances, he will be likely to buffet the waves with far more success.

PASSIONATE TEMPER.

The indulgence of a passionate temper, is, perhaps, one of the most unhappy of human vices; because there are but few others which so perpetually prey upon the peace and serenity of the mind. This strong, sturdy enemy to human enjoyment, in the vast majority of cases, is left to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until the ascendency is complete. It progresses in its dominion step by step, every indulgence adds to its power, and every acquisition of power increases its thirst for its indulgence. Yet it cannot be controlled and brought into perfect subjection. He who is not master of himself, no matter what else he is master of, is a slave—and whatever efforts can be adduced by the consideration of liberty, peace, happiness and comparative exemption from [illegible] made to guard ourselves in this particular. Never indulge in passion until you have considered the end.

CONSCIENCE IS THE MIND.

When God sent the blessed Jesus into the world to perfect all righteousness, and to teach the world his father's will, it was said and done, "I will give my laws in your heart, and in your minds will I write them;" that is, you shall be governed by the law of natural and essential equity and reason, by that law which is put into every man's nature; and besides this, whatever else shall be superinduced, shall be written in your minds by the spirit, who shall write all the laws of christianity in the tables of your consciences. He shall make you to understand them, to perceive their relish, to remember them because you love them, and because you need them, and cannot be happy without them; he shall call them to your mind, and inspire new arguments and inducements to their observation, and make it all as natural to us, as what we were born with.

LOOK TO THE END.

Consider well the end in every thing you do—the end!—not the immediate results—the momentary gratification—the apparent gain or advantages for the time—but the end of all your course of conduct. Look on into the future until you clearly see it—and not imagine the consequences are to terminate in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even an age. The end—the end is far beyond, in eternity. Few, indeed, are the faults or follies of men which meet with no retribution here—suffering comes with every vice, as its inseparable companion. But the end, I repeat, is not now—and it is the end I pray you to consider.

PIOUS WOMEN.

They are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue, by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or collar; the poet does not celebrate them, the novelist does not dictate to them—but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and above all, they possess His favour whom to know is life eternal!

EDUCATION.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It shortens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

BEAUTY OF RELIGION.

Religion is every thing to woman. Nothing is more disgusting than a syllable of disrespect uttered against institutions which are the stay and staff of woman. A woman never appears so lovely as when she is at her prayers. A mother's word, a mother's prayers have more sway over the son than all the homilies of the pulpit. The simplest phrases from her, will draw a tear that no eloquence can bring forth.

CANDOUR.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves. Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

RELIGIOUS [illegible].

That age of the church which was most [illegible] in nice questions, was most barren [illegible] for it makes people think religion to be only a matter of wit in tying and untying of knots.