



THE Splendid Steamboat MONROE, Capt. S. F. Arwood, will make her regular weekly trips between Detroit, Toledo, Maumee City and Buffalo, as follows: Leaves Buffalo for the above and intermediate ports (weather permitting) on Tuesday of each week. On her downward trip leaves Detroit every Friday morning, Maumee City and Toledo on the afternoon of the same day, touching at the intermediate ports as above.

AGENTS TREAT & CARTER, Buffalo. SCOTT & CARTER, Cleveland. MEAD, KELLOGG, & Co. Detroit. FORSYTH & DANIELS, Toledo. FORSYTH & HAZARD Maumee City.

200 Bushels of dried Apples, and 25 bushels dried Peaches, on hand for sale by A. J. HACKLEY.

MORE SHOES!!—2000 pairs Shoes, all kinds and sizes, received and for sale low for cash, by A. CARY, July 21.

NEW FIRM, NEW STORE & NEW GOODS. THE subscribers would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Maumee City and vicinity, that they have removed to their new store on Erie street, where they are now receiving a large and well selected stock of Goods from Boston and elsewhere, which will be sold as low as they can be purchased in this city, for Cash or country produce. G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20, 1838.

CHAMPAIGN wine by ALLEN & GIBBONS, July 7, 14tf

A LARGE assortment of Crockery, Glass, and China ware, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

CANE and wood seat rocking chairs, and cane seat chairs, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

PAINTS, Oils and Dye stuffs, a general assortment, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

BROWN and white sugar, loaf do. by the barrel or pound, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

TEA and Coffee in any quantity, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

BOOTS and Shoes, a general assortment by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

PICKLED Lobsters, Tomato Ketchup, assorted Pickles in Jars, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

CITRON dried Currants and Tapioca, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

CLEVELAND crackers by the barrel, ALLEN & GIBBONS, July 7, 14tf

RECTIFIED whiskey by the barrel, ALLEN & GIBBONS, July 7, 14tf

CARPENTERS and Joiners Tools, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

SHELLED corn by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

JUST received, a large supply of Sperm Oil and Candles, on consignment, at No. Commercial buildings, by L. BEEBEE, June 23.

100 boxes raisins, a great proportion of them in the bunch, put up in quarter boxes, on consignment, by L. BEEBEE, June 23.

POSITIVELY THE LAST CALL!! ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Smith & Crowell, or to me individually, will please take notice, that if their accounts are not settled forthwith, they may look for them at a Justice's Office. I hope a word to the wise will be sufficient. T. W. CROWELL, July 21.

DRY and ground white lead, oil, turpentine, &c., by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

BOSTON Crackers, Herring, Raisins, &c. &c., by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

READY MADE CLOTHING, Satinets, Broadcloths, &c., by T. W. CROWELL, July 21.

SPERM Oil and Candles, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

EXTRA Superfine London Cloths.—Blue, black, green, rich silk velvets; serge, and black twilled cambet for gentlemen's summer wear. Just received at No. 1, Commercial buildings. E. FAIRMAN, Agent, July 21.

HOTEL TO LET. TO RENT and immediate possession given, the new and commodious MIAMI HOTEL, situated in the lower ward of Maumee City. This house is at the corner of Detroit street and Michigan avenue, a few rods only from the main steamboat landing, and close by the Ferry, at which the travel between Michigan and the eastern states crosses the Maumee river.

This Hotel is of three stories, with basement rooms, fronting eighty feet on Detroit street, and ninety feet on the avenue, and its position on the bank of the river, gives it a conspicuous and pleasant appearance. Several steamboats from Buffalo, and other lake ports, every day arrive at and depart from this point. For its command of respectable business both in summer and winter, there is probably no hotel better situated than this.

To a good tenant who would furnish it respectably, it would be let for a term of years at a moderate rent. In the same Building there is a large and well finished store, also to be rented. It is one of the best situations for a large variety Store adapted to country trade in this region.

Also to let for the present season, or term of years, a Warehouse and Wharf, near the Miami Hotel. Apply to the subscriber near the premises. J. W. SCOTT, Maumee City, Aug. 4, 1838.

MAUMEE CITY EXPRESS.

Volume II.—No. 24. MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1838. Whole No. 76.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.—Harrington & Hunter, respectfully announce to the public, that they have recently opened a splendid selection of Groceries and Provisions, corner of Jackson and Wayne sts. Hotel Buildings, where almost every article in their line can be furnished at reduced prices for cash.

N. B. Persons desirous to contract for large supplies, will find it to their advantage to give us a call. Liberal advances on Consignments to us.

Refer to *Tufts & Parks*, Cleveland—*J. Smith*, Newark—*McElvain & Hunter*, Columbus.

Maumee City, Ohio, May 24th, 1838.

ASTRAL LAMPS—A new, cheap and beautiful article, for sale by W. WISWELL & Co. Commercial Buildings, June 9.

DANIEL F. COOK Attorney and Counsellor at Law, office over Justice Conant's Detroit street. Maumee City, Sept. 1. 22tf

JEFFERSON HOUSE. ERIC STREET, MAUMEE CITY, OHIO. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has leased this eligible establishment, and put it in complete order for the reception of boarders, travellers and visitors. It is a beautiful situation, in the most pleasant part of said city, and the subscriber flatters himself that his attention to the accommodation and comforts of his guests will ensure to him a liberal share of public patronage.

The furniture of the House is new, and the apartments are in good order. The stable is large and commodious, and will be attended by careful servants.

ROBERT GOWER, april 21. 55tf

BUTTER.—100 Firkins of good BUTTER for sale by A. J. HACKLEY, June 9. 45

WHISKEY—40 Barrels of Whiskey a superior article. Just received by A. J. HACKLEY.

COCOA and Chocolate, by G. & W. RICHARDSON, June 20.

MORE NEW GOODS. BOYNTON & GANNETT are now opening a superior lot of water-proof boots selected expressly for this market.

Also, mens' stout shoes and brogans; Womens' leather shoes and booties; do kid slippers and walking shoes; Misses do, do do Leather do do do Womens' lined & bound India rubber shoes Boys' and youths' boots; do shoes and brogans; Childrens' morocco shoes. Also An assortment of school books, blank books and stationery.

They have also just received an addition to their stock of Groceries; and a further supply of

Cooking and box Stoves; Hollow ware; 20,000 lbs assorted Iron; Cast Steel; German Steel; Sweed's Steel, and 5,000 pounds assorted Nails.

The above, with their former stock, makes their assortment as good, or better, than any other in this city; and they feel assured they can sell as low as the lowest, and they intend to do so for prompt pay—such as cash, or country produce, &c. &c.

Remember we want 200,000 Pipe Staves. Maumee City, Dec. 8, 1837. 36tf

N. RATHBUN. BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has resumed the Profession of the Law, has opened an office, opposite the brick store of Smith & Crowell, on Wolcott street, in Maumee city, where he intends to practice as an Attorney, Counsellor, and Solicitor, in all the courts of Law and Equity in the state of Ohio.

His Justice Office is kept in the same building, and is open at all proper hours. Acknowledgements of all kind of instruments taken, and all kinds of conveyancing, done here with neatness and despatch. Oct. 7. 27tf

WANTED.—An apprentice to the Chair making business, also, a quantity of umber, by J. CREED, Feb. 24. 47tf

BEANS.—A quantity of Beans just received and for sale, at the Warehouse of J. WOLCOTT, & Co.

FOR twenty-five cents you can buy a bottle of *Balm of Hoarhound*, which has been ascertained to have cured more diseases of the lungs than all the other patent medicines now in use. For sale by C. C. Bristol, Buffalo, and O. WILLIAMS & Co. Maumee city.

We are acquainted with the preparation of *Sarsaparilla*, manufactured by C. C. Bristol, and having made use of it more or less, in our practice, believe it to contain the active principle of *Sarsaparilla* in a highly concentrated form, and as a preparation, we esteem it as the best we have ever met with.

J. Trowbridge, M. D. C. Chapin, M. D. Charles Winne, M. D. Moses Bristol, M. D. Josiah Barnes, M. D. J. E. Marshall, M. D. J. E. Hawley, M. D. A. S. Sprague, M. D. A. Miller, M. D. F. L. Harris, M. D. Buffalo, Aug. 12.

For sale in Maumee City by June 9. O. WILLIAMS & Co.

MUTUAL INSURANCE. AN assessment of 2 of one per cent has been declared by the directors of the Portage Co. Mutual Insurance company on all premium notes dated prior to April 19, 1838, on Nos. 1 to 1834 inclusive. Payments of the same to be made on or before the 1st day of Sept. next at the office or to any agents of the company. E. N. SILL, Sec'y. Wm. Kingsbury, Ag't Maumee City. 14-3f

READY MADE CLOTHING.—Large and general assortment, superfine fims and common for summer, fall and winter wear. Commercial buildings. E. FAIRMAN, ug 4, 1838. 18

MISCELLANEOUS. THE CHIPPEWA CHIEF.

Upon one of those numerous rivers that empty into Saginaw bay, about twenty miles from its mouth, is an open prairie of two or three thousand acres, which, from its beauty and natural advantages, had been chosen for the council ground of the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabit the southern shore of lake Huron. In the year 1815, there might have been counted some hundred lodges, built after the peculiar fashion of the Chippewas for a temporary residence. They had (as was their custom) assembled there to celebrate their religious festivities, consult upon the affairs of the tribe, and barter their furs and skins for the commodities of the traders.

The precise hour at which my story commences, is towards the close of a beautiful day in the month of May, when the inhabitants of the tents, which were pitched near the bank of the river and extended nearly the whole distance of the opening, were preparing for one of their religious dances. Some few of the females were engaged in building a slight fence around a beautiful green spot, on which the dance was to be held; while the old men were to be seen reclining carelessly in the rear of the tents, smoking their large stone pipes, and relating their remarkable feats in the chase.

The young and active were engaged in games and sports, which seemed to be the very summit of their wishes. The air was filled at intervals with the shouts of some victorious wrestling party, and the joyous mirth of the successful performers of the cross bow. At evening the youths suspended their sports, and repaired to the tents, to bedeck themselves in their finery for the coming dance. There was one amongst them, whose ornaments plainly indicated that he had been more successful in his hunting excursions than his comrades; he was covered with a profusion of the precious wampum; his European hat was encircled with a band of silver, several inches in width, and around his neck was hung a string of gorgettes, which nearly reached to the ground. His scarlet leggings were of the finest texture, and were fastened below his knees with straps of curiously wrought bead work, in which was represented an eagle in the act of pouncing upon his prey. The eagle was also engraved upon his silver ornaments; which was meant to represent, that the young Indian was proud to call that noble bird his Totin or Protecting Spirit. This youth was called Nawawgo. He was descended from a powerful and noble family, the head of which had in his day led his young men in many a successful battle against the Sioux, who were the original possessors of the very hills on which his offspring now hunted with impunity.

Nawawgo having been chosen by the tribe for chief, was to be admitted as an assistant in the ceremonies, and allowed to partake of the fire water, on the evening of the dance for the first time. As the youths are never admitted, until the old and wise men think them fit, it is considered as a desired event. The young Indian never aspires to the felicity of matrimony or inebriation, until he has been pronounced a skillful warrior and successful hunter; but when he attains these necessary qualifications, he is allowed to choose for himself a wife, to perform in the wabenoos, and if destined to be a chief, is vested with the power of his office. Thus was Nawawgo situated. His former companions, whose less successful exploits in the chase had precluded them from partaking of the inspiring waters, felt a degree of envy towards the young chief, which wanted only an opportunity to be openly manifested. They watched eagerly to detect him in some deviation from the strict rules of the ceremonies, which would have been viewed as a stain upon the brilliancy of his *debut*. He was dancing by the side of a person, apparently a few years older than himself, who had not as yet been admitted to partake in the ceremonies of the wabeno; or, in other words, was not possessed of the qualifications which would entitle him to be dubbed a man. Nawawgo could count nearly double the game as fallen under his hand, which was sufficient to make Pabawmoh (the name of the other) hate him, and to be particularly anxious to wound his elated feelings. Presently, in the evolutions of the dance, Nawawgo made a miss-step, and fell upon his knees. Pabawmoh was the first to raise a laugh, which was loudly echoed by all the *envious crowd*.

"There," said he, pointing at the prostrate chief, "there is a man; he has been made a chief this night, and now he is on his knees, in the act of acknowledging that he scalped the bear that his betters shot, and skinned the beaver caught in his neighbor's trap!"

A crowd had gathered round Pabawmoh, eager to catch some remark that they might retail to the prejudice of the young chief. But he had also heard the insulting language, and was approaching the spot where the other stood. He spoke not, but deliberately drawing his knife, dashed through the crowd that separated them, and plunged it in the breast of Pabawmoh, which brought him to the ground never again to rise. Then shouting the war whoop of his father, and flourishing the reeking knife in the air, he demanded if there were any others present, who doubted his honor or his courage. The youths felt terrified from the spot, and alarmed the friends of Pabawmoh, who repaired to the place, where they found the young chief standing over the corpse. They dared not approach him, but remained at a respectful distance until the arrival of his mother, who prevailed upon him to surrender the body into the hands of his relatives, and accompany her to his tent. On his arrival he delivered into her hands the blood-stained knife without a remark, and after lighting his pipe and inhaling its fumes for a few minutes, fell asleep with as much apparent tranquility as if he had been slaughtering a buck instead of a human being.

The next morning, with the rising of the sun, the deceased was buried with the usual ceremonies. Nawawgo himself furnished the gun that was placed beside him in the coffin; and from the general appearance, no person would have been led to believe that revenge was meditated by any present. A close observer, however, might have detected the father of Pabawmoh casting occasionally a side glance at the young chief, and at the same time grasping the handle of his scalping knife.

At noon of the same day, the different bands departed for their planting grounds. The large birch bark canoes were loaded with the

furniture of the tents, and rowed by the females and children; while the hunters were supplied with light canoes, with no other loading than their fishing spears and guns. Nawawgo and his band lived on the shore of the lake, while the friends of Pabawmoh lived several miles further up the river than the council ground.

Some three weeks after their return to their residences, the friends of the young chief sent a deputation to the father of Pabawmoh, to treat for a settlement; he stripped himself of his wealth, to which were added several presents from the traders and important contributions from his relatives, all of which was offered the old man as a remuneration for the loss he had sustained in the death of his son. Contrary to their expectation, the old man was inexorable, and the agents were obliged to return to Nawawgo, with the unwelcome tidings that nothing but his blood would cancel the debt. He received the news with apparent satisfaction; he replied, that it was well he killed! he killed Pabawmoh because he would have tarnished his name; but in punishing him he had injured others, and he was now willing to show the world that the relation of Tecumseh was not afraid of death.

The next morning, the young chief, unquestioned and unattended, launched his small hunting canoe, and started for the wigwam of his mortal enemy; he proceeded until he arrived at a bend in the river, near where stood the tent of Sigenock, the father of Pabawmoh. Here he secreted his canoe, and completed his journey on foot. On arriving at the tent, he pushed aside the blanket that covered the entrance, and at another step stood before the astonished inmates. The characteristic *hugh!* as an expression of surprise, was all the welcome he received. Unbidden he seated himself upon a bear-skin, took his ornamental pipe from its otter-skin case, and after filling it presented it to his enemy. The proffered pipe was silently declined; he replaced it in its case, tore asunder the broach which fastened the bosom of his shirt, and took from thence a knife, which he presented to Sigenock who readily accepted it.

Nawawgo, in a clear and undaunted voice, then said: "I come not to sue for pardon; the descendant of Tecumseh cares not for a life that is forfeited; I offered the pipe of peace, that my enemy might take it if he chose—but I also offered the knife, that he might take his revenge. I have given you the self-same knife that drank the blood of Pabawmoh, and it may now spill mine. I give myself into your hands until the going down of the sun, and if I am not previously started upon the road to the happy hunting ground, I shall then return to the wigwam of my friends, and never after hold myself amenable for the death of Pabawmoh."

The inmates of the wigwam had remained in perfect silence from the time of Nawawgo's unexpected arrival. The old man now took from his tobacco pouch a quill from the wing of an eagle, which had been dyed in blood; he handed it to his son, and after whispering a few words in his ear, the young Indian led the tent. The females and children also withdrew to an adjoining tent. After an absence of half an hour, the young Indian returned, in company with four others, all of them near relatives of the family. They were each provided with blood-stained eagle quills, which on entering the tent they threw spitefully at Nawawgo, which indicated that his Totin should not protect him. The young chief, as if in anticipation of what would be required of him, seated himself near the centre of the tent. His enemies formed in a circle round him, and after they had silently smoked their pipes for some time as if in deliberation of the steps they were about to take, the old man produced the drum and rattle box used at their war dances, and they soon commenced dancing in a circle round their victim. The female relatives of Pabawmoh were all collected in the adjoining tent, where they were singing the praises and bewailing the loss of the departed. The young chief undaunted, surrounded by his executioners, who were flourishing their knives over his head and shouting their terrible war whoop. They continued their dance until the sun had fairly disappeared. Nawawgo arose; at which the dancers redoubled their yells. He pointed significantly to the west, and with all eyes now in that direction, he shouted his well known whoop of defiance, and sprung from the door of the tent. His movement was so sudden and unexpected, that the person who stood immediately between him and the door was forced to the ground, Nawawgo had nearly escaped uninjured, but the prostrate Indian had succeeded in catching him by the foot, and held him until forced by the rush from behind to relinquish his hold. Although severely wounded, he succeeded in reaching his canoe, closely pursued by his enemies, who were now frantic with rage at the prospect of his escape. The old Indian, followed by one of the others leaped into the river in pursuit; but the whirling eddies soon dashed them ashore, while the canoe was forced swiftly down the stream. The young chief reached his wigwam in safety, and soon recovered from his wounds; and for twelve years after lived on good terms with the friends of Pabawmoh, who up to that time were never known to advert to any of the circumstances, as the debt was now considered canceled.

A trivial dispute, however, was sufficient to awake the revengeful disposition of one of them, even after so long a period had elapsed.

In the spring of 1827, the tribe was again assembled at the council grounds, and as usual were indulging in a pow-wow. Nawawgo accompanied by the Indian who twelve years previous had been engaged to carry the quill of invitation to his execution, had started for the settlement to purchase rum. On the way a dispute arose between them, which originated in a difference of opinion in regard to the most approved manner of hunting the elk. Nawawgo had called the other a child in the art, which was received as an insult that merited revenge. While returning, Nawawgo fell asleep in the canoe, which was landed by the other some distance from the tents. Previous to his leaving him, he raised his knife three times to strike the deadly blow of revenge, and his courage as often failed him. He finally proceeded to the tents, and on entering, he found his mother surrounded by a number of aged females, who were chanting or howling a dirge to the memory of Pabawmoh. No sooner was he put in mind of his original intention to the chief, than he returned, with the intention of avenging the death of his brother,

and at the same time to redress the insult he conceived he had himself sustained. He carefully approached the canoe, and finding his victim still asleep he plunged the knife into his side in three several places—then, coward-like fled.

But Nawawgo had recognized him. I visited the chief the next morning, for the purpose of ascertaining who his murderer was. When I entered his tent he lay upon his left side, and his wife was bathing his wounds with the juice of some medicine herbs that he had himself prescribed. Knowing their belief that a wounded person has it in his power to tell whether he is to revive, I asked him the question, although from the state of his wounds, I thought it impossible. His answer was, that the Great Spirit did not make Nawawgo to be murdered by a cowardly assassin. I then asked him, who stabbed him? to which he made no reply. I told him, that as the council ground was now the property of the United States, while they remained there they were amenable to the laws, and that the criminal should be punished.

The eyes of the wounded brave flashed fire, and he made an effort to rise, as he said:—"Does the White Man think the son of Tecumseh a squaw, that he has not courage—or a child, that he has not strength, to punish a coward?"

I had touched a tender chord of the brave's pride; and in his agitation, the blood was gurgling from his wounds at every breath. I desisted, and returned home.

The summer passed off, and Nawawgo was again recovered from his wounds. Nothing had as yet transpired to lead to any suspicion of the person that stabbed him. In September, the Commissioners appointed for the purpose, had caused the tribes to assemble, for the receiving of their annuities from government. The day previous to the distributing of the presents, the chiefs and head men were in council upon a green near the bank of the river. Each had spoken, and the council were about to dissolve, as Nawawgo rose for the second time.

He commenced his harangue by saying—"My friends, our public business is at an end, and I hope satisfactorily settled. But I have a private wrong, which must be settled ere we leave this ground. There is a person present who stabbed Nawawgo in his sleep!" He paused. All eyes wandered from one to the other, but found no resting place. He stepped across the circle, put his left hand upon the shoulder of the criminal, while in his right he grasped the handle of his knife. "Will you," said he to the terror-stricken coward, "acknowledge that you stole upon a man in his sleep, whom you dare not face when expected?" He paused for a reply. Receiving none he buried his knife to the hilt in the breast of the criminal, who dropped lifeless at his feet.

The assembled chiefs looked on in silent amazement, while Nawawgo walked to his canoe, pushed off, and paddled for his tent on the opposite side of the river. Curiosity led many as well as others, to be present at the burial. As many as five hundred Indians (men, women and children) had gathered round the grave, expecting to hear the friends of the deceased pledge themselves, over his dead body, to revenge his death. The rude coffin was placed near the grave which had been prepared for it, and a venerable old Indian was preparing to make some remarks (as is customary) when a small canoe was seen to push off from the opposite shore, with a single person in it. All eyes were now turned in the direction of the canoe. As it reached the shore, Nawawgo jumped upon the land, brandishing in each hand a knife, and ran directly for the coffin. The astonished multitude opened to the right and left, while the air was filled with the shrieks of the women, and the cries of the children. He stepped on the lid of the coffin, where he stood some time in silence, and a death-like stillness soon reigned throughout the multitude.

Nawawgo, after shouting the terrific war-whoop of his father as a challenge, demanded—"Is there a friend or relative of this coward who wishes for revenge. There," said he still holding a knife in each hand, "is the knife that killed him; and if there is a brave present who dares to use it, let him come forward! I killed him and his brother before him; but neither of them was asleep. For the death of the first I was sorry, and gave myself up, a willing victim, to be punished as Indian law directs. But if revenge is taken for this dog, (stamping upon the lid of the coffin) Nawawgo must be met in deadly combat!"

He again asked, if there was any person present that dare fight him? but receiving no answer, he denounced them all squaws, and walked moodily to his canoe in which he embarked, and was soon lost from their view, by a bend in the river. The dead was then buried without any further molestation.

Immediately after, the head man of the band in which the deceased belonged, made application to the civil authority for aid to punish Nawawgo. To gratify them, a process was issued on their promising to assist in taking him. Nawawgo was advised of the steps that were taken for his capture, and sent the officer word that he would never be taken alive, by white men or Indians. The officer, however, accompanied by four or five Indians, started for the residence of the chief. But believing in the old adage, that discretion was the better part of valor, they went within two miles of his tent, and returned with a report, that Nawawgo was not to be found.

He still lives; and is the most noble, honest and hospitable Indian of his tribe. S.

ANECDOTE.—The celebrated Dr. Jardine lived next house to a painter, and their families were on the most intimate terms. The grounds of the artist being beautifully laid out, he proposed that a door should be made in the garden wall, that the Doctor's family might walk over them at pleasure, which was done. Dr. J.'s servants, however, abused this privilege, and made the painter considerable trouble, whereupon he sent word that he should be compelled to close the door unless the servants kept off his premises.—This message provoked the Doctor, who returned for answer that his friend "might do what he pleased with the door, so that he did not point it!" The artist immediately retorted "that he had received the insolent message but did not care a straw about it, for he could take any thing from the Doctor but his physic!"

POLITICAL.

Let not the people be deceived with the false cry of "Bank Reform." The design of the Corruptionists is not to reform the banks, but to destroy them. The administration has staked its existence upon the success of the Sub-Treasury scheme, they are bringing that question openly to the polls, and every election which shall go in their favor, will be claimed as an approval of the measure, by the people. Let not the people be deceived. The sub-Treasury scheme is one of the most despotic measures of modern times. This sub-Treasury scheme is neither more nor less than a "Sub-Treasury despotism;" its establishment would be but the creation of a great monied oligarchy; it would confer a power capable of controlling or breaking down every local bank in the country. The President, instead of being the chief magistrate of a free people, would reign, as the money king of the nation, producing distress, and granting favors where he listed. He would control, as with a rod of iron all the banks, and unless they yielded an obsequious servility, he would crush them and stand triumphant on their ruins. Let the people, then, be awake and enquiring, and not be deceived with false clamors.—*Ravenna Star*.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA. A letter from St. Petersburg, dated June 23, says—"We learn from Peking, where a mission from the Greek Church of Russia has existed from the time of Peter the Great, that upwards of 300,000 Chinese have embraced Christianity, and there is every reason to believe the persecution of Christians was on the point of ceasing. The Emperor himself is said to have studied Christianity, and to hold it in respect, while at his accession to the throne Christian blood was frequently made to flow. The rigorous laws against Christians now exist only on paper, and their execution is intrusted to such Mandarins alone as are favorable to the Christians. The law of 1836, although in terms applying to all Christians, was directed solely against the English, of whose political influence the Emperor began to be afraid. There are in China several vicars, whose chiefs are to be found at Peking, Nankin and Macao."

It is all a joke, and we cannot persuade ourselves that it is any thing else than a mere joke, the running of *Wilkes Shaming* by the Tories for Governor. Only think of it, in October 1837, the Tories were beat, 6000 votes; in November, 8000 votes; in October 1837, a greater number; every State in the Union that held an election since, with a few exceptions, has given a majority for the Whigs, and now think of running a Leatherwood lawyer, in opposition to old Farmer Vance, for Governor. Why it's all a joke—a mere farce. The old Farmer will distance him so far, that he will never be thought of again, and as the last tory candidate, Mr. Baldwin, will be forgotten, and suffered to remain in a state of "retirecy" the balance of his life.—*Zanesville Rep.*

The Globe, has ceased its abuse of Mr. Bidle and the banks, for awhile, and opened its battery upon the officers of the Navy, and abuses them, along with "inkers and coblers," in its usual beautiful and chaste style.—*Id.*

The Globe newspaper, at Washington, has made a most wanton and dastardly attack upon our gallant Navy. It has excited no small degree of indignation in the bosom of all who respect this arm of national defence. Destruction of every great national interest and establishment, seems to be the object of the present locofoco administration. They would break up the tariff; they have put a stop to internal improvements, they have ruined the currency, they have sunk our brave officers and soldiers in the swamps of Florida, and now they would dishonor and destroy our navy. Truly are they destructive.—*Mount Vernon Watchman*.

In reference to the statements repeated so often by Wilson Shannon, that "the Banks have forty millions of dollars of government funds locked up in their vaults," the editor of the Journal and Register proves by public documents that the amount due them March 25, 1833, was but \$5,000,000 almost every cent of which has been amply secured and will be paid in October.

Is the "native born" ignorant, or does he willfully misstate? It is not a little curious to note how extremely anxious the Locos are for the funds of the Government deposited in banks, while they seem to manifest little or no concern for the thousands upon thousands which have been lost by their two egged sub-Treasurers. The reason is, we suppose, that the latter are regarded as the legitimate "spoils of victory."—*Id.*

Duncan's howl has been heard in old Knox, but it has frightened no one. Our western pioneers and hunters are not afraid of *warmins*. The only question among them has been whether the squeal was the howl of a wolf, the screech of a wild cat, or the growl of a hyena; different opinions were entertained and disputes were likely to arise, when an older hunter settled the matter by saying that it partook of them all. The conclusion, therefore is, that Duncan is a mongrel sent forth by the Fox to frighten the "natives." The jackass in the lion's skin was not a "patching" to him.—*Id.*

WHO ARE FOR SPECIE PAYMENTS?—The Whig press of Ohio have received the news of the resumption of specie payments by the banks of this State, with the liveliest feelings of pleasure. They were opposed to the suspension—they resisted the measure which caused the suspension—it is natural and consistent that they should rejoice at the termination of the evil. It is not so with the Locofoco papers. The banks have not received an approving word from them—they have manifested no pleasure at the resumption—they continue to denounce the Banks—and worse than all they are at work to destroy the confidence of the People in the ability of the Banks to sustain themselves in their efforts to resume! This also is natural. The Locofocos precipitated the suspension—they were the authors of the mischievous measures which led to the degrading of the currency—and they rejoice with ill-concealed malignity and triumph at the failure of the banks!

Who, then, are for specie payments? A pure, unadulterated Loco Foco Convention was lately held in Trumbull Co., Ohio. Present twenty of Amos Kendall's Postmasters.

BACKING OUT.—The ex-Secretary of the Navy, Mahlon Dickerson, though so reluctant to give up his friends of the White House, says in his apologetic epistle: "No principle of Democracy is involved in the 'Sub-Treasury question,' and that a Sub-Treasury bill will never be carried 'by denouncing the republicans opposed to it as conservatives, whigs or federalists.'"