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A failure to notify of a desire to discontinue, is understood as wishing to continue the subscription, and the paper will be sent accordingly, but all orders to discontinue, when arrears are paid, will be faithfully attended to.

Law of Newspapers.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible for their bills and order their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the papers sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

How to stop a paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the post master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher under his frank, [as he is authorized to do] of your wish to discontinue.

Business Directory.
SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Division, No. 432.—Stated meetings every Tuesday evening at the Division Rooms in the Old Northern Exchange.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Section, No. 102.—meets every Thursday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

I. O. O. F.
Croghan Lodge, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows Hall, in Merchants' building, every Saturday evening.

ROBERTS, HUBBARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Copper, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware,
AND DEALERS IN
Stoves, Wool, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags,
Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c. Also,
ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS.

Fense's Brick Bank, No. 1.
Fremont, Sandusky Co., Ohio. 32
1849.] C. E. McCULLOCH. [1849.
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
FREMONT, OHIO.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Solicitor
in Chancery, will attend to professional business in
Sandusky and adjoining counties.

JOHN L. GREENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Prosecuting Attorney
for Sandusky county, Ohio, will attend to all pro-
fessional business entrusted to his care, with promptness
and fidelity.

CHESTER EDGERTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office—At the Court House.
Fremont, Sandusky Co., O. No. 1.

B. J. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., O.
WILL give his undivided attention to professional
business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.
Fremont, Feb. 27, '49.

PIERRE BEAUGRAND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services
to the citizens of Fremont, and vicinity.
Office—One door south of McCulloch's Drug store.

LA Q. RAWSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., O.
May 26, 1849. 14

PORTAGE COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Company,
R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.
FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., OHIO.

BELL & SHEETS,
Physicians and Surgeons,
FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO.
OFFICE—Second Story of Knapp's Building,
July 7, 1849. 21

Post-Office Hours.
The regular Post-Office hours, until further notice,
will be as follows:—
From 7 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 8 P. M.
Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 4 to 5 P. M.
W. M. STARK, P. M.

NEW ARRANGEMENT
DRS. SHEETS & BELL,
HAVING entered into a partnership in the Drug Store
owned by Dr. Sheets, in Tyler's Building, where
they now offer a full assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Paints,
and a great variety of fancy articles, such as cologne,
hair oil, indelible ink, pen-writers, combs, brushes of all
kinds, with a full assortment of
PATENT MEDICINES,
for every disease that afflicts mankind; which we offer
at very low prices for Cash, Beer-wax, Ginseng, Sassafras
Bark from the root and Paper Wax. Low Prices, and
Ready Pay in something.

Dr. SHEETS & BELL.
Fremont, July 14, 1849. 21

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
P. MAXWELL,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he confines his
business in the second story of Knapp's building,
opposite Berger's old stand, where he will be happy to
wait on his old customers and all who need any thing in
his line. If you want your garments made on a trot, and
after the latest fashion—call on MAXWELL.

N. B. Particular attention paid to Cutting and warranted
to fit if properly made on. April 28, '49.

New and Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, has opened a BOOT and SHOE
shop on
Main street, two doors north of the Post Office,
in Lower Sandusky, and is now manufacturing to order
every thing in the above line with neatness and dispatch.
His materials are of the best quality, his workmen are ex-
perienced, and all work is WARRANTED.

He intends to supply this market with beautiful and
fashionable
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS,
Men's, Boys', and Children's Boots Shoes and Brogans,
Cowhide and Kipskin, as well as pumps, slippers, &c.
Also, Ladies' and Misses' slippers, Baskins, Gaiters &c.,
all done up in neat and fashionable style, and delivered
with promptness and dispatch. The subscriber requests
a liberal share of the public patronage, and is determined
to merit the same.
GEORGE WIGSTEIN.
June 23, '49. 18-611

Poetry.

THE CHURCH-YARD STILE.

BY ELIZA COOK.
I left thee young and gay, Mary,
When last the thorn was white;
I went upon my way, Mary,
And all the world seemed bright;
For though my love had never been told,
Yet, just as I was thy form,
Beside me in the midnight watch,
Above me in the storm.

Miscellaneous.

The Empty Cradle.

"The mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers that she most did love,
She knew she'd find them all again
In the flowers of light above."

The Cup of Life.

Life is truly mingled cup, consisting of sweet and
bitter. It is a changeable day, consisting of mist and
shades. Every day brings some cup of pleasure to slake
the thirsty soul; but it is not unmingled—for every day
also brings its sorrows. Every day brings some good,
and every day brings some evil. There is no day so
dark as not to be cheered by the light of hope, and yet
its light perpetually gleams upon the hour of mental
darkness and sorrow, as the sun often looks through the
overhanging cloud, and mingles its beams with drops of
the falling shower. Such is life, and we must make the
most of it, so it is. To be elated with its pleasures and
prospects, so as not to think of its sorrows, will lead to
disappointment; for they will find us out. To brood
over its ills, to the neglect of the good we may enjoy,
is unwise.

The voice of Wisdom and Age.

In my apprehension, the best way to be useful and
happy in this life is to cultivate domestic affections—to
love home, and at the same time to be temperate and just—to
pursue lawful business, whatever it may be, with dili-
gence, firmness, and integrity of purpose; and in the
perfect belief that honesty is equally binding in the dis-
charge of public as of private trusts; for when public
morals are destroyed, public liberty cannot survive.

Where is God?

A bishop once said to the young de Chateaufort,—"If
you will tell me where God is I will give you an orange."
This was the child's answer. The poet beautifully answers
the question—"Where is God?"

How Big Joe Logston Used Up Two Indians.

In the heroic age of Kentucky, when every adult
male within her borders was a hunter and Indian-
killer by profession, big Joe Logston, the hero of
the following adventure, and of many an exploit
equally perilous and successful, was a resident—of
the term can apply to a man of his Arab-like green-
ness—that section of the State now known as Har-
bottle county. It is said of him, in western phrase, that
he could "cut-run, out-jump, out-hop, throw down,
drag out, and whip any man in the country." The
rough woodsman's habits would not have gained
him much esteem in polished society; but he was
such a man as Richard the lion-hearted loved to
look upon—of mighty thews and sinews; and in
frontier settlements, where savages and beasts of
prey were to be contended with the use and value
of a Samson, like Joe Logston, are self-evident.

In the fall of 1760, a year memorable in the his-
tory of Indian warfare, the Shawnees, the fiercest
tribe in Northern Kentucky, suddenly fell upon the
Green River settlements in great force. Numbers
of the whites, including many women and children,
were killed or made prisoners. The remnant that
escaped, among whom was our friend Logston,
sought protection within a rude fort, which formed
the strong hold of the infant colony.

Garrison life was something new to Joe. He
had arrived at the age of 30 without having been
housed, as far as he could remember, for three con-
secutive days. It may be supposed, therefore, that
by the time he had been cooped up in the block-
house, a week, he became as restless and rantak-
ing as a caged tiger. He tried to organize a party
to hunt up the stray tittle of the settlement; but
his companions, knowing the danger better than he
or fearing it more, refused to accompany him.

At length, being tired under cover, he resolved to
set forth alone. Sallying out one fine morning, he
mounted his horse, and, in defiance of warning and
remonstrance rode into the forest in quest of adven-
tures. His ostensible object was to search for the
cattle which had been scattered by the Indians,
and after traveling all day without seeing any signs
of them or Indians, Joe concluded to return to the
fort. Riding along a path which ran in that direc-
tion, he came to a grape vine loaded with ripe clus-
ters. This was a welcome sight to a hungry and
thirsty ranger, and Joe fell to in earnest. While
he was thus engaged, with the rein thrown care-
lessly on the neck of his nag, and not dreaming of
danger two guns cracked from the opposite sides
of the bridge path. The bullet from one passed
through the fleshy part of his breast, grazing the
bone, and a shower of buckshot from the other,
struck his horse behind the saddle. He had barely
time to slip his feet out of the stirrups before the
animal sunk in its tracks. The backwoodsman
fell with his steed, but was on his feet, rifle in hand
in a moment. He might have escaped by flight,
for so great was his speed of foot that the most ag-
ile runner of the Shawnees would have been no
match for him. He had never retired from a battle
ground without leaving his mark, and he was re-
solved not to retreat now before he had reciprocated
compliments with his unknown friends in the
bushes. He was not kept long in suspense. In
less than half a minute after the report of the guns,
an athletic Indian bounded into the path, tomahawk
in hand. Joe instantly covered him with his
rifle, and stood ready to put the sixteenth part of
a pound of lead through his heart the moment he
should approach near enough for a sure shot. The
redskin as soon as he divined Joe's kind intentions
in his behalf, jumped behind two saplings which af-
forded the nearest cover; but as neither of them
was large enough to shield his body, and they were
some distance apart, he endeavored to distract the
aim of his enemy by hopping quickly from one to
the other.

Joe, who knew that he had two enemies on the
ground, kept a sharp lookout for the other even
while his whole attention seemed to be devoted to
the artful dodger behind the saplings. Presently
he espied redskin number two loading his gun at
the back of a tree. The whole of the tree was not
quite large enough to hide him, and in the act of
shoving down his bullet, he exposed his posterior
extremity and portion of one hip. Joe in the twink-
ling of an eye, wheeled and gave him a shot—with
what effect he had no time to see, for at the mo-
ment the charge led the barrel, the first Indian,
who was a giant in bulk and stature, rushed upon
him with uplifted tomahawk. At the distance of
about fifteen feet from his enemy, the brawny
savage halted and hurled his tomahawk with all his
force. It was truly aimed, but the frontiersman,
who had a quick eye, dodged the missile as it came.
The steel blade, instead of cleaving his forehead,
whirled hissing by, and struck quivering in the
trunk of a tree about ten yards behind him.

Joe now eluded his rifle and dashed at the In-
dian, intending to brain him with his butt. But
the activity of the red giant was equal to his appar-
ent strength. He sprang into the brush, and doubled
hither and thither with such fox-like cunning, that
for ten minutes his white antagonist was unable to
approach within striking distance. At last, how-
ever, Joe, thinking he had a fair chance, swung his
gun high in the air, and made a sweeping full
charge at the Indian's head. The bullet might have
killed a buffalo, and had it taken effect on the skull
for which it was intended, would have crushed it
like a gourd; but the wily redskin glided like a
shadow from under the descending weapon, with-
out striking among the bushes, bounded from the woods
man's grasp far out of reach. The hands of both
were now weaponless, and the Indian, observing
that Joe was bleeding freely from the breast, rushed
at him, and seizing his throat, endeavored to
strangle him.

This was decidedly a false move on the part of
the savage. Logston was the strongest man of
the two, and the most expert wrestler west of the
Alleghanies. Scarce had the fingers of the Shaw-
nee began to take liberties with Joe's windpipe,
when he was hurled over the woodsman's hip, and
fell with tremendous force upon his back. But
although Joe could throw his tawny enemy he could
not hold him down. The Indian being naked and
his skin well oiled, he slipped from the white-man's
hold like an eel, and was sometimes the first to rise.

After throwing him five or six times, Joe found
from the loss of blood and incessant muscular ex-
ertion, his strength was fast departing, and that he
must either change his tactics or lose his scalp.—
Once more he pitched the Indian over; but this
time instead of attempting to hold the greasy rascal,
he leaped up instantly, and as the other at-
tempted to follow the example, struck him right
and left on the head with his fists, and kept up the

discipline until the Indian fell apparently insensi-
ble. Joe instantly jumped upon him, and thinking
he could despatch him by choking, grasped his
neck with his left hand, keeping the right free for
contingencies. He soon found, however, that the
Indian had been playing possum, and was very far
from being dead as he appeared to be. Thinking
he felt the Shawnee's right arm moving, Joe cast
his eye down, and discovered him gently and stealth-
ily engaged in working out of its sheath a knife
which was attached to his belt and lay partly un-
der him. The knife was short, and driven so far
into the scabbard that it was necessary to force it
up by pressure against the point. This the Indian
was carrying into effect and so successfully that had
not Logston discovered the maneuver, the steel and
his best blood would have made speedy acquaint-
ance. Joe watched the progress of the work with
a keen eye, and soon as the Indian had worked the
handle of the knife above the top of the sheath he
grasped it. The blade glistened a moment in the
air, and sunk to the hilt in the breast of the pros-
trate Shawnee, who, throwing up both his arms,
with a wild yell, and expired.

The victor sprang lightly from the body of his
foe, and proceeded to look for the dead man's com-
panion, whom he had shot behind the tree. He
found the crippled Indian, who had been hit in the
spine, with his broken back propped against a piece
of fallen timber, trying to raise his rifle to shoot him;
but whenever he attempted to "draw a bead" on
the woodsman he would fall forward, and was com-
pelled to push against the gun until he had again
brought his fractured spine to a perpendicular.—
Joe seeing (as he expressed it) that "the varmint
was safe," and concluding he had fought enough
for healthy exercise that day, made for the fort,
which he reached at night fall, covered with dirt
and gore, sans horse, sans gun, sans everything, ex-
cept the story of his days adventure, at which his
comrades winked and shrugged their shoulders, in
token of disbelief. He told them to go to the ground
where he "fit the Injuns," and judge for them-
selves.

Next morning a company was made up to pro-
ceed to the spot. When they approached it, nothing
was to be seen except the dead horse, and they
were about to return in the full conviction that
Joe's story was a hoax, when a trail leading into a
thicket was observed by one of the party. The
leaves appeared to have been disturbed, as if some-
thing heavy had been dragged over them; and on
following the trail they found the big Indian lying
beside a log, covered up with leaves and brush.
From this point another trail led into the woods, and
pursuing it for a hundred yards or so, they came
upon the body of the other Shawnee lying on his
back, with his own knife sticking up to the hilt in
his breast, evidently to show that he had killed
himself, and not died by the hand of an enemy.—
They had a long hunt for the knife with which
Logston had killed the big Indian, and found it at
last sticking deep into the ground, having apparently
been forced below the surface by a man's hand or
heel. This had been done by the wounded In-
dian, and the almost superhuman efforts he must
have made before he accomplished so much in his
maimed condition, may serve to show, among thou-
sands of other instances, what the red man is capa-
ble of in the greatest extremities.

The proofs of his powers and skill as an Indian
fighter made quite a "lion" of our hero. He was
the acknowledged "cock of the walk," on the fron-
tier, from that time until 1805, when he was killed
at the head of a company of "regulators," while in
pursuit of a gang of white outlaws who had stolen
several horses from the settlement in which he re-
sided.

Bonaparte's Opinion of Christ.

The glare of Napoleon's military glory has hitherto
prevented the world's doing justice to his in-
tellectual greatness. Let any one who would get a
glimpse of what this wonderful man accomplished
with his pen amid all the din and wild uproar of
war and the cares of government, read Allston's
recent history of modern Europe. The efforts of
his pen, if published, would perhaps scarcely fall
short of the voluminous labors of Scott.

The remarks which follow show not only singu-
lar sagacity, but a rare comprehensiveness of intel-
lect.—

A foreign journal lately published a conversation
related by count de Montolbon, the faithful friend
of the Emperor Napoleon.
"I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that
Jesus was not a man! The religion of Christ is a
mystery which subsists by its own force, and pro-
ceeds from a mind which is not a human mind.—
We find in it a marked individuality, which origi-
nated a train of words and actions unknown before
Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He
exhibited in himself a perfect example of his pre-
cepts. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are
miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him.
In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for
salvation, and Jesus came into the world to reveal
the mysteries of Heaven, and the laws of the spirit."
"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself
founded empires, but upon what foundations did
we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force!
Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and at
this hour millions would die for him.

"It was not a day nor a battle, that achieved the
triumph of the Christian religion in this world. No,
it was a long war—a contest for three centu-
ries—began by the Apostles, then continued by the
flood of Christian generations. In this war, if all
the kings and potentates of the earth were on one
side—on the other, I see no army but a mysteri-
ous force, some men scattered here and there in all
parts of the world, and who have no other rallying
point than a common faith in the mysteries of the
Cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given
back to the earth, to become food for the worm.—
Such is the fate of him who has been called the
Great Napoleon! What an abyss between my
deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ,
which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which
is extending over the world! Call you this dying?
Is it not living rather? The death of Christ is the
death of God!"

Napoleon stopped at the last words, but General
Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added:—
"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God,
I did wrong to appoint you a General."

FEMALE SOCIETY.—He who speaks lightly of
female society is a numskull or a knave! the former
not having sense enough to discern its benefits, and
the latter having the restraint it lays on his vices.

Fannon's Mare.

The exploits of Fannon, the famous tory partisan
of North Carolina, would make a body of facts more
interesting than any tale or fiction. He was a reck-
less fellow, bloody-minded as the hounds of Hayti,
and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner or ev-
en a better man. He called her the Red Doe,
from her resemblance in color to a deer. She
was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile
as a lamb—and her owner valued her. I dare say
above king or country, or the life of his fellow
man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the
quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council
of partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful
brute was by his side ever ready to bear him
whithersoever he would. But Fannon lost his
mare.

Down on the east of Little River, the partisan
and some four or five of his followers, one day cap-
tured a man by the name of Hunter, a Whig from
the country about Salisbury, N. C. This was
sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man
he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man
of the times; but what could he do, alone
and defenceless, with a dozen better enemies? It
was a case of complete desperation. The rope
was ready, and a strong oak tree threw out conven-
ient branches. Fannon told him he might pray for
his time was come. The poor man knelt down,
and seemed absorbed in his last petition to the
throne of mercy. Fannon stood by and the trusty
mare among them with the reins on her neck.—
They began to be impatient for the victim to close
his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered
that there was more of earth than heaven in
Hunter's thoughts: for he soon sprang on Fannon's
mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck,
pressed his heels in her flanks and darted away
like the wind.

The tory rifles were leveled in a moment—
"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon—"save my
mare! The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back
save one that told with unerring aim, which tore
and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled
in his saddle and fell sick at heart but hope was
before him, and death behind, and he nerved him-
self for the race. On he sped—through woods
and ravines and brambles, did that powerful mare
carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were
in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of
blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to
Little River—there was no ford; the bank was
high, and a deep place in the stream before him.—
But the fca came; he drew the rein, and clapped
his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged
recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the
spray as she rose, paved the yielding wave arched
her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed
down stream, in hope of evading her pursuers; and
she reared and dashed through the flashing waters
of the shoal, like lightning in a storm cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushed down
the bank with all the rough energy that the loss of
his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare
to its opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of
perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on
the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over
the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift
as an arrow—the admirable mare.

On and on did the noble brute bear her master's
foeman, the pursuers were left hopelessly behind.
Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury,
had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after
lingering some time with the effects of his wound
and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant
mare, that had done him such good service he kept
and cherished till she died of old age.

A Death Bed Scene.

Our Louisville friends no doubt remember Mr. F.
C. German, one of the Ethiopian Serenaders. The
Philadelphia Times has the following notice of his
death:—
A friend who was with him in his last moments,
states that when Mr. Carles, Jr. asked if he should
read some good work—"read over Shakspeare," said
he—"read me Shakspeare." Mr. C. urged him now
to think of another world, and as he left the room
said, "Frank, there is yet time."

German said nothing for some moments. Death
was rapidly approaching. He folded his hands
across his breast. "Time," said he, at length—"
There is yet time!" Then lifting his hands, as in
prayer, he commenced to recite the little verse em-
ployed by children on going to sleep, viz:—
'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to God my soul to keep.'

Here he paused and murmured: 'Time—there is
yet time,' and continued to recite:
'And if I die before I wake,
I pray to God.'

Here he was rapidly sinking! He gasped 'I pray
to God'—"ah—time—time—time!"
and as the last word died away on his lips, his spirit
left his body, we trust for a happier place!

Swedish Laws on Intoxication.

In Sweden, where intoxication has been a great
vice among the people, brutalizing and debasing
them, rigid measures have been adopted to reform
the evil practice. Whoever is seen drunk, is fined
for the first offence, three dollars; for the second,
third and fourth times, a larger sum, and is also
deprived of the privilege of voting at elections, and
of being appointed a representative. He is, besides,
publicly exposed in the parish church on the fol-
lowing Sunday. If the same individual is found
committing the same offence the fifth time he is
shut up in a house of correction and condemned to
six months' hard labor; if he is again guilty, to 12
months' punishment of a similar description. If
the offence has been committed in public, such as
at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and
if the offender has made his appearance at a church,
the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is
convicted of having induced another to intoxicate
himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is dou-
bled if the person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who
falls into this offence loses his benefice; if he is a
layman of any considerable post, his labors are sus-
pended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunken-
ness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime;
and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignomini-
ously, and deprived of the prayers of the church.
It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell,
any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, ser-
vants, apprentices, or private soldiers. [Phil. Ledger.

PRAIRIE LIFE—A TALE OF REVENGE.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting, and
an act of revenge said to have taken place many
long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party
of four who had been roving many years in the
west, all strangers to each other, were accidentally
thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene
ensued. The youngest was delicately made, with
long, light hair and blue eyes; his exposure had
given him a rich brown complexion. He was of
the medium stature, and made for strength and
activity. There was a dark void over his features,
which told that with him the light of hope had gone
out. He was traveling on a mule, with his rifle in
his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he
overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder,
and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet and
had a deep wide scar on his cheek. As day was
drawing to a close they proposed to camp, and
brought up at the head of the fork of the Pawnee.
Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen
recoiling among them with a rifle in his hand; and
having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly,
he came moodily into the camp, and after looking
sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Cheek,
to 'come to the ground.' He was a stout muscular
man, much older than the other two, with a deep,
habitual scowl, long black, matted hair, and very
unprepossessing features. Some common place re-
marks were made, but no questions were asked by
either party.

It was near twilight when the young man who
had gathered some buffalo clips to make a fire to
cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching
on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly
on to the camp, and casting a look at the three,
said, "Look ye for Indians;" then glancing at the
deer skin dress of the trio, he observed, "old features
—some time out, eh?" The man was about fifty
years old, and his gray hairs contrasted strangely
with his dark bronzed features, upon which scars of
misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only
half-clad by the skins he wore; and as he dismount-
ed Scar Cheek asked, "where from?" "From the
Kaw," (Kansas) he replied, throwing down a bun-
dle of other skins. After unsaddling and staking
out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and
taking his rifle, looked at the priming and shaking
the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains
to it; then placing a piece of this dry skin over it,
to keep it from the damp he shut the pan. The
group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to
notice them; while Scar Cheek became interested
and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked to-
wards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the
pistols in his belt as if they incumbered him. The
young and the stout man with a scowl exchanged
glances but no words passed. So far no question
had been asked as to who the other was; what lit-
tle conversation passed was very laconic, and not a
smile had wreathed the lip of any of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence, each man
seemed to be wrapped in his own thoughts. It was
agreed that the watch should be equally divided
among the four, each man standing guard for two
hours, the old trapper taking the first watch, the
young man next, and Scar Cheek and he with the
scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that
barren wild waste of prairie not a sound was heard
as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The
old trapper paced up and down, ran his eyes around
the wild waste before him, and then would stop and
mutter to himself, "It cannot be he," he said half
aloud, "but the time and the Scar may have disguis-
ed him. That boy, too—it's strange I feel drawn
towards him; then that villain with his scowl, and the
muscles of the old trapper's face worked convul-
sively, which, the moon-beams playing upon,
disclosed traces of a by-gone refinement. The
trapper approached noiselessly, the sleeping man,
and kneeling down scanned them deeply. Walk-
ing off he muttered to himself again, "It shall be,"
and then judging by the stars that his watch was
nearly up, he approached the young man and woke
him, pressing his finger on the lip to command sil-
ence at the time, and motioned him to follow.—
They walked off some distance, when the trapper
taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his
face to the moon-light, and after gazing at it wis-
tfully, whispered in his ear, "see you Perry Ward?"

The young man started wildly, but the trapper
prevented his reply by saying "enough, enough."
He then told him that he was his uncle, and that
the man with the Scar was the murderer of his fa-
ther; and that he with the scowl had convicted him
(the trapper) of forgery by his false oath. The
blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his
eyes glared and dilated in their sockets. He
squeezed his uncle's hand, and then with a mean-
ing glance as he looked to his rifle, moved towards
the camp. "No, no," said the old trapper, "not in
cold blood; give them a chance." They cautiously
returned to the camp and found both the men in a
deep sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them.
Scar Cheek was breathing hard, when he suddenly
cried out 'I didn't murder Perry Ward!' "Liar!" said
the trapper in a voice of thunder, and the two started
to their feet. "Red skins about?" asked the trapper
in a voice. "No! worse than red-skins," said the
trapper. "Harry Ward is about!" and seizing his knife
he plunged it in Scar Cheek's heart. "Then take
that," said he with the scowl, and raising his rifle,
the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and a
wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer
of his uncle and with his knife gave him several fa-
tal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one; how-
ever, and the young man had also received several
bad cuts, when his adversary fell from loss of blood
and soon expired. Thus ended this strange meet-
ing, and thus were father and uncle revenged.

The Power of Earnestness.

I have felt twice in my life very extraordinary
impressions after sermons, and that from men least
calculated to affect me. A man of great powers,
but so dissipated on every thing that he knew not-
ing—a frivolous futile babbling, whom I was ready
almost to despise—surprised and chained me in
my own church at Lewes, that I was thunder-
struck: he felt the subject strongly himself; and in
spite of all my prejudices against him, and my real
knowledge of his character, he made me feel it as
I scarcely have ever done before or since. In an-
other instance, I had to do with a very different
character; he was a simple but weak man; I pleased
him, however, to shoot an arrow by his hand in
my heart; I had been some time in a dry fruit-
less frame; he was persuading myself that all was
going on well; he said one day at Lewes, with an
indefinable simplicity, that "men might cheer them-
selves in the morning, and they might pass on to-
rably well perhaps without God at noon; but the
cool of the day was coming, when God would come
down to talk with them." It was a message from
God to me. I felt as though God had descended
into the church, and was about to call me to my ac-
count! In the former instance I was more aston-
ished, than affected religiously; but in this I was
unpeakenly moved. [Cecil.

Cassius M. Clay has now entirely recovered from
the wounds he received in his last fight.