The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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Original Poetry.

ANGRY WORDS

Is that breast with passion stirred?
Hark! Is that an angry word,
Coming forth with power to blast
Every thought of friendship past,
Swiftly coming to destroy
Brightest hopes of future joy?
Madman! think—awhile refrain,
Words of wrath are winged with pain.
What advantage does it bring
To change friendship's crystal spring,
Where in light divine arrayed,
Viewless cherubs ever played;
To a dark and stagnant pool,
Where exulting demons rule?
What advantage to corrode,
And to darken hearts that glowed,
With affection's hallowed flame,
Monster, hide your brow with shame.
With infatuation dire
By your words of bitter ire
You would have affection's spring,
Fanned by a foul demon's wing;
You would sink a poisoned dart,
Deep into a faithful heart.
Quickly if you can regain,
Friendship treated with disdain,
Quickly ere too late recall,
Your envenomed words of gall.
Who can say he ever heard,
Good come from an angry word:
Angry words soon lead to hate,
Angry words exasperate.
If in anger we correct,
We lose friendship and respect,
Speak unkindly to the weak,
Bitter tears may stain their cheek;
Chide with angry words the strong,
They defy and still go wrong.
If we meet a faithless friend
Angry words the breach extend;
If he still err, words of wrath
Drive him farther from his path.
Angry words disturb the mind,
Leave dark remorse and pain behind.
Anger is a venomed thing,
Deadlier than a serpent's sting;
Anger in a moment can,
To a friend convert a man.
Would you tread the path of life
Free from discord, free from strife
Would the flame of friendship glow
Would you cheer the child of woe
Would you break affliction's rod
Would you win a soul to God
Would you live in bonds of love,
As pure spirits live above?
Never speak with angry frown,
Never cast the erring down,
Never let your anger rule,
Anger indicates a fool.
Swayed by anger man, a slave
Passes joyless to the grave.

Silver Lake, Pa. J. F. S.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST DUEL.

'Father, Mr. C—— was talking to-day about old college times, when he and you were students together at M—— University, in the North, and in the course of his conversation, spoke of a duel which you and a friend of yours fought while there. How was it? What was the cause? Tell me, won't you?'

'Well, my boy, it was one of those affairs of honor, as they are now called, which I thought a brave and chivalrous thing to enter into, and for which I am now heartily ashamed. However, I will relate it to you, and bid you be careful lest you fall into as dire a calamity as I, from the impulse of my over-quick temper and revengeful spirit, became entangled. Mother, do you wish to hear it?' This was addressed to my wife, a clear, blue-eyed dame, now looking with eyes of strange alarm on me and her boy, this having been the first time she had ever, during the course of our married life,—even dreamed of such an adventure of her husband's.

'Oh! yes. I should like to know something of that myself.

'Well, then, here it is. Twenty years ago saw me a member of the Freshmen class at M—— University, a careless, reckless, fearless boy of sixteen. My father, God bless him! presented me, when I left his roof-tree in Florida, in order to amuse myself, in my leisure hours, fearing I might over-work myself if I had no inducement otherwise, with a fine fight rifle, a suit of Indian-dressed deer-skin, powder and bullet pouch, and, to crown all, a large, magificently-made dog, which he had brought home with him from Ireland, whither he had been a year or two before. This hound was of a mouse-color, with a fine fox nose, long slim legs, and stood nearly four feet high. His eyes were never still, always watching some object, even at his meals; and to his general reputation among the fellows, he could out-run, out-scent, out-bay any dog within a hundred miles of M——. Satan was the name he bore at home, and for old remembrances this diabolical name followed him wherever he went. Among the members of the unacknowledged secret and sporting club to which I belonged, yclept 'The Provisional government,' was George E—, a rather fast and unscrupulous sportsman, whose whole time was spent, instead of at his books as it should have been, coursing the woods, and dealing destruction upon all game, of whatever quality, that crossed his hunting path. To him as a leader, I could have bowed in submissive homage; but as a shot, with rifle or pistol, I acknowledged no superior at that time, for I was therein a perfect marksman. Strange feats I could tell you, as to my aim and general prowess, but they have no connection with the present relation.

'One saturday morning, George came to me and said: 'Well, Jim, there has has been a fine fall of snow last evening, and the rabbits and squirrels will be plentiful this morning: shall we try the woods?'

'I gave him no answer for a moment, and he resumed; 'If you do not wish to go, I will take Satan and go alone.'

'Now Satan had great difficulty in distinguishing between us, as to who was his master: George assuming as much control over him as I did myself, and the dog would follow him with as little persuasion as he wo'd me.

'Well, George, wait a moment till I dress myself and I will accompany you.'

'I went to my room, equipped, and started out, rifle on shoulder, for the piney woods.

'I forgot to tell you in my preamble that George's father was one of the Professors in the University, and that in college honor, George out ranked me. The house he lived in was situated within the college-grounds, and immediately behind the boundary of the same, the woods commenced thick and uncleared. It was in the season when the farmers gathered, in buckets and pails, the sap of the sugar-maple, and boiled the saccharine juice until the consistent sugar was obtained. It was a favorite amusement of ours to go to the sugar-camps far away in the woods, and sit around the big fires, and listen to the jokes of the boilers, and taste the steaming syrup. It had been our customs every day to go at the evening gleaming, and stay till late at night, smoking our short pipes, and drinking our 'Old Rye' out of a leaf noggin; and we never thought ourselves far from home, until we had left the sugar boilings four or five miles behind.

'Distant about four miles from our domicil was the largest and most complete sugar-camp in the country. Toward this we now bent our steps. Satan coursed on before, racing here and there, sometimes starting a deer or rabbit, which we endeavored to kill and bag with varied seccess, while on he went, yelling and scouting, as if all were but play to him. Leisurely we followed, often excited by the break of a deer across our path, but never varying from our accustomed track, save to pick up our game. About noon we reached the camp, and around the fire made in the snow, and composed of combustible materials of every description, we found our old cronies, the sugar-boilers, and were heartily welcomed, as just 'in pudding time.'—There in the snow, some half-dozen yards from the fire, they were sitting on branches and logs, eating their noon-day meal. We were, of course, invited to partake, and quickly disposing of our rifles, accoutrements, and game, fell to work in right hungry and masterly style, and did our duty, with the best among them, our long march having sharpened our already gnawing appetites. Satan received as much of welcome as his masters, and was regaled with his share, never scrupling to take his bit from one more than the other. Conversation now turned upon the state of the woods, and the quantity of game, where it was best found, and in the greatest quantity. This camp was honored with the cognomen of 'The Eagle's Nest,' it being the top-most eyre in a long range of hills, which stretched to the eastward from us, far as the eye could reach, and on various occasions the great bald eagles, the illustrious emblems of the liberty of our country, had made it a consecrated spot whereon to build their enormous nests. Still on the height in the fissures, betwixt too great rocks, could be found mosses and twigs, remnants of the last resting place of these gigantic birds. Many a shot had George and I had at one of those feathered aristocrats, from the very spot on which we now stood, and although marksmen of superior ability, yet neither had been able to oblige one of them to stoop from his flight. We were told that game had been seen that very morning, making a range toward another highland, some five miles distant, and that, without doubt, we should find straggling parties of deer between our present stand and the 'Toad Hollow,' another valley between the hills, far away to the east. We soon finished our chat, and started on the trail, Satan as usual leading the way. After a few hundred yards had been passed, and Satan had been lost sight of for some time, we were astonished by hearing far ahead the loud baying of the dog, yelling in such a manner that we were convinced that game must have been started, and that of a superior quality to that we had been in the habit of following. On we went, fast as we could clear a track through the under-brush, stealing along stilly and slily, for fear of rousing some hidden partridge or timid rabbit, before we were near enough to draw the bead on them. On, however we went, swiftly and surely,—nearing faster and faster the hound's cry, and the yell ringing clearer and shriller through the frozen air, vibrated against the hill-side, and echoed far away. Just as we reached within a few feet of our canine friend, who seemed to be perfectly motionless, save as to baying, we distinctly heard a rustling in the bushes, and saw the fiery eyes, and black shaggy nozzle of a young black bear. Frightened I admit I was, and sprang back a few feet upon the first sight, but the manly courage of George re-assured me, and I retraced my steps. He very coolly raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as near as I could judge, from the direction of his aim, he pointed directly between the beast's eyes, and pulled the trigger. I at the same moment stilled the dog, and waited to see the effects of the shot, intending my bullet to hit, if his proved ineffectual or insufficient. But 'man proposes,' etc.; before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder the bear had disappeared, and, his tramp as he crunched the dead branches under the snow, could be distinctly heard fast receding from his former hiding-place, while the baying of the dog, in full chase, reverberated through the gorges as if miles away.—Off we started, the dog still leading the way, and on we travelled, till night brought us to a stand still, wearied, hungry, and unsuccessful. Satan was where we knew not;—still ringing at intervals far off to the north, could be heard his yell, growing fainter and fainter as we listened. I put my dog-call to my mouth, and blew the usual blast for him to return, but he came not. Cold, wet, and chilled, we turned us back, resolving in our minds to sleep at the camp all night, and go home in the morning. In an hour we had reached the high ground, and could see plainly the red light of the sugar-fire, looming up clearly and plainly in the frosty air, coloring the fleeting snow-clouds with a yellow glare. Trudging along with as much celerity as possible, we made from the woods, striking a direct track to the clearing, which, after having fallen in the snow a hundred times, and almost barely escaping rolling down the innumerable precipices, we were obliged to pass we reached, after the boilers had devoured their supper. No supper! This was a new inducement for anger, and our feelings at our poor success were not the most gracious and enviable. We concluded to return home,—supperless and tired as we were, and waited only for the rising of the moon to start. During our detention here, who should come stalking into our midst, with his ears scratched, his hide barked, his hair discolored and bloody, but our infernal friend, Master Satan. By all appearances he had indiscreetly introduced himself to our other black friend, the bear, and some not over-amicable personal personal endearments had been exchanged between them, from the effects of which Satan had hurriedly returned to us in the unseemly plight he now presented. One ear lopped rather heavily to one side, scratched and bleeding, the flesh almost cut through, while the other still retained the old, fashioned foppish erectness, customary to his aristocratic lineage. His tail, carried on ordinary occasions stretched out while running to its straightest tension, or curled gracefully over his sleek and shining back, was now dropped to the ground, and hung, as if in shame,—between his legs. Varous were the speculations of the assembled group, as to the final destination of our wounded but still untamed adversary, and many were the places named as the final retreat and cover of the foe.—These conjectures, although they inspired us with the hope of once again meeting with the brute, and exchanging compliments with him were little adapted to cool our feverish blood, now aggrevated by the taunts of some of the bye-standers, and by a raging appetite and by depressing weariness. The moon having now attained a height at which it cast her rays over the tree-tops, and lit up the forest with her silvery beams, simultaneously we both arose, determined to make home before we starved to death, or became too fretful to be agreeable.

'Tramp, tramp!—crunch, crunch!—we paced it over the now crispy snow, which during the day, had thawed slightly, and now, since night set in, had frozen, till a crust covered the whole expanse of ground, breaking creakingly underneath our feet. On we walked, unconscious of the presence of each other, busied only with our melancholy tho'ts and desiring neither to converse nor listen to conversation. The moon shone clearly above us, and every object was as distinct to the eye as it would have been at noon-day.—George was walking a rod or two behind me and at intervals he would increase the distance, as he lagged behind, to five or six.—Satan walked silently, majestically, and as if tired, in George's rear, and like a well-bred hound as he was, followed in the steps of his master. Thus we strode along, until within a hundred rods of the house, and then by some unaccountable circumstance,—Satan intruded his nose and then a good part of his body, between the legs of the already irritated George, and naturally enough, down came the butt of the rifle upon his devoted head.—My attention was attracted toward the now picturesque group, from hearing the long,—loud yell of pain which Satan uttered at the rebuke, thereby frightening me, and disturbing the stillness of the night. I turned to see the cause, and heard George curse the dog,—threatening to shoot him if again so awkward. He was now some distance behind me, and picking up a piece of the frozen crust, I demanded why he struck the hound, and threatened to shoot him if he did so again, at the same moment throwing the ice at his head, which unfortunately struck him. He bowed his head when he felt the blow, but the next moment I saw him bring his rifle hurriedly to his shoulder and draw the hammer back. I sprang for a stump near by, but before I reached it, I felt in my right side a sharp, cutting pain, as if a red-hot iron was scorching my vitals. Down I fell, full length on the snow, and for a moment all was dark and bloody before my eyes. I now felt the warm blood oozing out gush by gush from the wound made by the ball. At that moment no thought of death or dying crossed my mind: all my energies, all my thoughts, all my mind, were bent on the means to avenge myself. I had no faults at that time: all I seemed to remember was the cowardly advantage taken of me by *my friend* George.—*Avenge it! avenge it!* seemed searing my brain: these words seemed burning into my life-blood, seemed cutting my every nerve and urging me to action. Presently this blinding fit passed off, but the desire for revenge still hung round me with fearful tenaciousness. Satan, nearly wild with excitement, always jumping in advance at the report of the rifles, was flying hither and thither around me,—smelling at my side, and rubbing his cold nose against my face, appearing to know and understand the hurt I had sustained, and seemingly endeavoring to evince the most perfect disapproval of the act. I had fallen near the stump, behind which I had at first endeavored to find shelter; and raising myself to my feet, although the effort cost me the most intense pain, I staggered on to an immense decaying log near by, falling upon it as soon as having reached it. Down behind this I lay for a few seconds, in the most feeble state, my whole system racked with the most excrutiating anguish; and, with a powerful of the will, at length raised myself to my knees, and levelled my rifle across the log. I now looked around for George. For a few moments every object, snow, trees, stumps, and sky, all seemed revolving about me, and I supposed myself drowning, or rather swimming in an ice-ocean. The moon still shone brightly, and the woods were clearer than before to my excited fancies. I looked, after the dizziness had passed, for several seconds for George uselessly, but when I become more composed, still in great agony from the effect of my wound, I just saw his shadow on the snow, a hundred yards from my position, and there I determined to wait his first motion and then send a bullet through his heart or head. While waiting thus I debated whether to aim for the breast or eyes. My determination was at last formed, and I mentally concluded to direct my rifle at his head and kill him dead, so dead in fact, that he never could explain the cause or manner. Thus I lay deliberately plotting a murder, the fear of God, or what should come after, never once entering my mind. Thus I reasoned; he had shot me in a moment of passion, he should therefore be subjected to all the after consequences which necessarily follow such an act. The ball had entered my right side, glanced off against my lowest rib, and cut through my liver, I was convinced, and now, upon reflection, I stood a fair, almost certain chance of going upon the long, unceasing journey upon which I had now fully resolved he should bear me company, ay, and lead the way, too. God only knows from whom I inherited such fiendish passions, such damning hate and bitter animosity toward any one who had injured me but these thoughts all coursed through my brain, and instead of stilling the fever which was now fast heating my blood and aggrevating my bitter passions seemed further irritating all the worse feelings more and more. It seemed an age I waited, but firm to death, I neither spoke nor cried, although my sufferings were indiscribable.—At length I saw the upper part of George's body bent around the stump, and then I drew back the hammer of the rifle, and drawing the butt to my shoulder as best I could in my uneasy position, I prepared to aim. Up he rose quick and suddenly, and the moment he did so, my finger drew back the trigger and sent the ball whizzing toward his head. This last effort cost me all my strength, and falling back on the snow, my ears, heart and every soul were pierced through and through by the most horrid scream of pain I ever heard, and then all sense vanished from my mind, all light from my eyes, all feeling from my body, and I seemed as dead. I had fainted.

* * * *

'One morning I awoke, as from a horrid dream, and remembering nothing of the occurrences before narrated, I attempted to raise my hand to my head, which was now aching badly, when I discovered I possessed not the least power of motion and could speak no word above a whisper. I made a slight ejaculation, and before the word was concluded, George was standing beside my bed, tears running down his cheeks, and his eyes almost starting from his head. 'God be thanked, Jim, you are yourself again,' said he as soon as he discovered I was sensible of his presence, which I could only assure him of by a ghastly smile, being too weak to speak a word.

"Do you know how long you have been sick?" he asked.

'I replied with my eyes in the negative, and he continued:

"You have been subjected to all this pain and trouble by my infernal hot temper, and it is now six weeks agone since I drew the bead on you. Your shot struck me on the collar-bone and slivered it as if it had been paper. I fell on the snow, and after lying for a short time, I crawled down to the house and alarmed the inmates by my tale. Satan had been before me; he had yelled, and barked, and scratched at the doors until he gained admission, and then had set up the most dismal howling, running back and forth from the room to the outer door, to the astonishment and surprise of all. They had heard the shots, and supposed them to be the mere annunciators of our near approach, it having been our custom to fire just before reaching the house, you know, and they thought no more of it, until our long delay frightened them, and they were just coming to look for us as I gained the doorway. They immediately sought after you, and when found you were brought here, fainting and perfectly insensible. The doctor was instantly sent for, the bullet extracted, and morning discovered you perfectly prostrated with a violent brain fever. Don't touch your head, it has been shaved and now has no hair on it longer than a pin. You must be very quiet and make no exertion to move, the doctor says, and you will soon be up and around. Satan has entirely recovered, and 'Here, Satan, come and see your master,' he called the dog, who had been lying watching us during the whole conversation, seemingly understanding the whole, and as much interested as either of us. With a leap like a deer he sprang with his fore-paws upon the bed and saluted me with a joyful cry, as he saw I recognized and took notice of him, and then, in fond submission, commenced to lick my face and hands.

He seemed almost crazy with delight, and George was obliged to drag him forcibly away from me, in order to keep him from smothering me, in his joy.

"Can you ever, will you forgive, my hasty act of hateful passion?' said George, the tears streaming from his eyes afresh and falling upon my hand, which he had now imprisoned between his own; 'God knows I did not know what I was doing when I pulled the trigger of my rifle, and I have repented in bitterness of the act night and day, and prayed and cursed myself for this devil's work. Jim, I will watch you, stay near you, be your friend, any thing for you, if you will but say you forgive me.'

'I could not speak, the big tears of pity and affection for him who had always been my friend, were filling my eyes and wetting my pillow, and my feelings of remorse for the part I had enacted in this nearly fatal drama, were choking me, and the thoughts of all the kind and loving instances of friendship George had always shown me were exciting my brain and heart in such a manner that it was providential I did not relapse, nearly driven, as I was, raving mad again, and no word could I have spoken to soothe his anguish had his life been at stake. I tried to say, 'Yes, George, I do forgive you, indeed I do,' but the words stuck in my throat, and my only reply was a faint pressure of his hands, of which he easily interpreted the meaning. Just then the doctor entered the room, and to my enfeebled ideas at the time, rather rudely reproached George for so exciting me, as weak as I at the time was and just sane. This was the last time we ever spoke of the matter, by mutual agreement.—Six months I lay, however, between life and death, George my only attendant, (for he would permit no one to wait upon me but himself, and I desired no better nurse,) always near me. Gradually my strength returned, and then he strove to entertain me by reading to me from my favorite authors, or else communicating to me the news, gathered purposely, of all the village. Slowly but surely I progressed toward health, and at last was permitted to leave my room. My first essay was by riding with George, who drove me with care and anxiety far over to the 'Eagle's-Nest.' We were better friends than ever, adversity had drawn a band around our hearts which no misfortune could sever; and at this late day George C—— is the most esteemed and dearest, nearest, and most confidential friend your father possesses, as you well know. I learned from others part of what I have told you, (for he never spoke of his attention,) that George, as soon as his broken bone had been re-set, immediately commenced to nurse me, and had absolutely watched at my bed-side day and night, until my final recovery. I have often laughed and joked with him upon our many old tramps together, but we never have adverted, or even hinted, to the bear-hunt at the 'Eagle's-Nest,' or our unfortunate return. He begged me to give him Satan when I left M——, and I could do no less than comply with his wish; and long the old dog, for he is now dead, although but a short time since, lived with him, tracking the deer till they were all exterminated, and then degrading himself and canine family by hunting the timid rabbits from the woods and precipices. The 'Eagle's-Nest' is now a cleared farm, and the spot is sown yearly with wheat or other grain, in which we foolish boys disgraced our humanity and indicated our precocious sense of honor, by fighting our 'first duel.'' D.

The Rivals, or the Chief's Daughter.

A curious story is related of the "fierce wars and faithful loves" of the Indians. It is connected with one of the immense mounds which give so striking a peculiarity to the scenery of the praries. "A few years since, at the base of this mound, a chief resided, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she had rejected.

Among the rejected suitors, one alone so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he manifested no desire for open violence.—Both these young men were brave, both skilful in the use of weapons, which far away in the buffalo plains had sometimes been used in battle, but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into a habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.

The happy couple were in the habit of meeting at the top of the mound—Young Eagle armed with a revolver he had received from a white. "One summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is naked rock, which for thirty feet or more is almost perpendicular.—Just on the edge of this precipice is a foot-path, and by it a large flat sandstone rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming.

In a few minutes the bushes rustled near him, and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life. Pinioned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle, a death-wrestle, followed, in which each was thoroughly maddened. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instatly grasping his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right—the one his knife, the other his revolver. In the struggle, the handle of the knife of Wolf had been turned in the girdle, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself the revolver was at his breast, and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet af bullet into the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and this not satisfying his revenge, he ran round and down the side of the mound, and tore off the scalp of his foe.

There had been no witness of the combat, for the young girl did not arrive till its termination, when her lover was scalping his victim. His life was therefore in imminent danger from the justice of the tribe, and he knew that his only chance was to stand upon his defence. His chance arose from the custom of the Indians, that if the murderer escaped the blow of the avenger of blood—the nearest relative of the victim—the family were at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their kinsman. "The Young Eagle at once took the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that he was himself concealed; no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire—and he had two devoted and skilful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the praries. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife, and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection, and her husbands danger, she watched, and warned, and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could suggest, and which could be safely practised.

The brother of the Wolf prouled about night and day. In the daytime, to ascend the mound far enough for action would be to place himself, helpless and without care, within the range of the young warrior's rifle; and at night he could not even put his foot upon its base without the baying of the hound giving its master warning. He at length hit upon a stratagem; and by careful observation of his young wife, who was frequently going and coming, that she might supply her husband, succeeded in imitating her dress, walk, and manner so completely that he hoped to deceive both dog and man. His scheme was skilfully executed. The dog wagged his tail, and his master spoke to the avenger as his wife when there were only a few feet between them; but suddenly the gallant hound, discovering his mistake, throw himself with a yell upon the throat of the enemy, and bore him to the ground. The Young Eagle now deprived him of his weapons, and pinioned his arms; but the next moment, from an impulse of generosity, he set him free, and sent him home armed as usual.

This was the turning point of the savage drama. The shedder of blood surrendered himself to the justice of the tribe to offer a ransom, or, if that was rejected, to lay down his life without resistance. "At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space with hundreds to witness the scene around.—The Eagle, all, unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife, with which he was to be slain if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes, of old men, were dim with tears.—Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the skin Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad, rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more; and last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth nor in heaven a stain of the blood should remain, and that everywhere, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and plied them high before the father of the slain. He considered them a moment of silence, and then turned his eye to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face without a word. He had stretched his hand towards the knife when he met that look. He paused, his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and then a tear was in his eye. "Father" said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said: "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle; and he shall be in the place of my son."

A Looking-Glass.

FOR BENNETT OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

From the New York Herald, Nov. 24, 1855.

The same thing will occur on a grander scale, should Mr. Seward ever succeed in becoming President or placing a creature of his own in the Presidential chair. Disunion would of course follow, and the South would at once require, for its own safety and the preservation of its property, to make war upon the North. Slave property would not be worth holding on the northern frontier of the Southern Republic without some provison for the re-capture of runaway slaves, which the South could not extort from the North except at the close of a successful war. But, besides the South, the West would in all probability fall away. Divergent and hostile interests would spring up between Wisconsin and New York: Ohio would refuse to be governed by Massachusetts, and would in virtue of its superior population insist upon the Northern Republic, which the smaller States would refuse to concede.

From the New York Herald, December 24, 1855.—Bennett's picture of the success of Fremont:

If the last two years have not been enough to show how utterly demoralizing and paralytic are the results of domestic agitation on the subject of slavery—if they have not served to exhibit by their influence, that the government has been weakened—how it has been disgraced—how it has been made the plaything of foreign diplomacy—how it has alike distracted our councils of legislation, weakened the executive arm, introduced into our entire political system the elements of anarchy—how it has arrayed section, against section, impaired the public confidence, and caused distrust and suspicion by one department against another—if these fruits are not enough to teach the people the folly and madness of further agitations, and of the great necessity of returning to the Federal Constitution as the guide of their actions, then experience is thrown away and national morality and wisdom are utterly dethroned.

From the New York Herald, November 18, 1855.—Bennett rebuking and impaling Bennett:

THE SEWARD POLICY—IT MAKES TWO PARTIES AND TWO GOVERNMENTS.—The distinctive Seward Abolition party is essentially disunion. It is based only on principles whose tendency is and whose effect must be, the destruction of the Government and all its interests—its commerce, its railroads, its manufactures, its mechanic arts, its telegraphs, its moral power, and, above all, its position before the world as the representative of liberal ideas and popular rights. These are the sacrifices required of the American people to give effect to the Utopian policy of Mr. Seward—to his mad crusade against the Constitution, with a view of effecting his anti-slavery purposes.

The question comes home to existing party subdivisions of peculiar force: *Can a citizen of the United States—an American—occupy any other ground than that of hostility to the Seward movement and do his duty to his country?* That movement looks to a dissolution of the Union. Those, then, who regard facts and not forms, must see that in reality there can be but two parties in this country—those who support the government, and those who seek its overthrow. The Black Republicans occupy one of these extremes: the hards, the softs, the Americans, the Whigs, in truth occupy the other. If they do not—if individuals of either party make the Republican tenets an article of their creed, they, in fact, are Abolitionists.

There are, in fact, but two parties—those who, with the Black Republicans, attack directly or indirectly, on the question of slavery, the federal constitution, and those who sustain that compact. All intermediate ground is a compromise between right and wrong—a compromise which cannot be sustained, and which must be surrendered as the contest advances. The constitution is the only basis—the terminus of all ethical and all just political deductions from the premises.

We have to come to that point in our domestic affairs when it is necessary, and absolutely necessary, to know alike our friends and our enemies. Parties are to be known by these designations as much as in time of war. On the side of the government is united the representatives of all our material wealth and all our productive industry, whose tenures are found in order, and the faithful discharge of public duties. We have also enlisted against the agitators the patriotism of the country—a patriotism that achieved its independence, and that now as vigilantly guards its honor as in the day of the Revolution."

If ever that hardened wretch has felt an emotion of shame,—if ever he has felt a sensation of humilation, will he not feel it now, when he sees his own opinions, like Actæon, dog's tearing him to pieces, and rending him away from the only part of his experience which preserved him from universal detestation and scorn?