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From the Autobiography of J. B. Fuller.

THE TWO SPIES.

As early as the year 1790 the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneer of the North western Territory. There nature was in her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowing prairies. Then the forest had not heard the sound of the woodman's axe, nor the plow of the husbandman opened the bosom of the earth. Then those beautiful prairies waved their golden bloom to the God of Nature; and among the most luxurant of these were those which lay along the Hockhocking Valley, and especially that portion of it on which the town of Lancaster now stands. This place, for its beauty, its richness of soil, and picturesque scenery, was selected for the location of an Indian village. This afforded a suitable place for the gambol of the Indian sportsmen, as well as a central spot for concentrating the Indian warriors.

Here the tribes of the North and West met to counsel, and led forth the war-path in different directions. Upon one of these occasions, when the war spirit moved mightily among the sons of Nature, and the tomahawk leaped in its scabbard, and the spirits of their friends, who had died in the field of battle, visited the warrior in his night visions and called loudly for revenge, it was ascertained at the garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, that the Indians were gathering in great numbers for the purpose of striking the blow on some post of the frontiers. To meet this crisis two of the most skilled and indefatigable spies were despatched to watch their movements and report.

M'Cleland and White, two spirits that never quailed at danger; and as unconquerable as the Lybian lion, in the month of October, and on one of the balmy days of Indian summer, took leave of their fellows and moved on through the thick plum and hazel bushes with the noiseless tread of panthers, armed with their unerring rifles. They continued their march, skirting the prairies, till they reached that most remarkable prominence, now known by the name of Mount Pleasant, the western termination of which is a perpendicular cliff of rocks of some hundreds of feet high, and whose summit, from a western view, towers to the clouds and overlooks the plains below.—When this point was gained, our hardy spies held a position from which they could see every movement of the Indians below in the valley.

Every day added a new accession of warriors to the company. They witnessed their exercises of horse racing, running foot races, jumping, throwing the tomahawk and dancing; the old sachems looking on with their Indian Indifference, the squaws engaged in their usual druggery, and the children engaged in their playful gambols. The arrival of a new warrior was greeted with terrible shouts, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, were driven back in the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberations and echoes as if ten thousand fiends were gathered at a universal levee. Such yells would have struck terror to the hearts of those unaccustomed to Indian revelry.

To our spies this was but martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strung their veteran courage. From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and were well practised in all the subtility, craft and cunning of Indian warfare, as well as the ferocity and blood-thirsty nature of these savage warriors. They were, therefore, not likely to be ensnared by their cunning, nor without a desperate conflict, to fall victims to their scalping-knives or tomahawks. On several occasions small parties left the prairie and ascended the mount from the eastern side. On these occasions the spies would hide in the deep fissures of the rocks on the west side, and again leave their hiding places, when their uninvited and unwelcome visitors had disappeared.

For food they depended on jerked venison and corn bread, with which their knapsacks were well stored. They dare not kindle a fire, and the report of one of their rifles would have brought upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water which still stood in the hollows of some of the rocks; but in a short time this store was exhausted; and M'Cleland and White must abandon their enterprise or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous enterprise, M'Cleland, being the oldest, resolved to make this attempt; and with his trusty rifle in his hand, and their two canteens strung across his shoulders, he descended by a circuitous route, to the prairies, skirting the hill on the north, and under cover of the hazal thickets, he reached the river, and turning a bold point of the hill, he found a beautiful spring within a few feet of the river, now known by the name of Cold Spring, on the farm of D. Talmadge, Esq. He filled his canteens, and returned safely to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was performed alternately.

On one of these occasions after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light sounds of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and upon turning around he saw two squaws a few feet off him. Upon turning the jut of the hill, the eldest squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camp or town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner as, if possible, to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a lion, and grasping the throat of each he sprang into the river. He thrust the head of the eldest under the water. Whilst making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted him, and during the short struggle with this young athletic, to his astonishment, she addressed him in his own language, tho' in almost inarticulate sounds.

Releasing his hold, she informed him that she had been a prisoner for ten years, and was taken from below Wheeling, and that the Indians had killed all the family, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but he succeeded on the second night, in making his escape.—During this narative, White had drowned the elder squaw, and had let her float off with the current, where it would not probably be found out soon. He now directed the girl to follow him, and with his usual speed and energy pushed for the mount. They had scarcely gone half way when they heard the alarm cry some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed some party of Indians returning from hunting struck the river just as the body of the squaw floated past.—White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where M'Cleland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians.

The prairie parties of warriors were seen immediately to strike off in every direction, and White and the girl had scarcely arrived before a party of twenty warriors had reached the eastern acclivity of the mount and were cautiously and carefully keeping under cover. Soon the spies saw their swarthy foes as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, till their position was surrounded, except on the west perpendicular side, and all hopes of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition nothing was left but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians and tell them she had been taken prisoner. She said, 'No, death to me, in the presence of my own people, is a thousand times sweeter than captivity and slavery. Furnish me with a gun, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die. This place I will leave not. Here my bones shall lie, bleached with yours, and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my few relations.'

Remonstrance prove fruitless.

The two spies quickly matured the plan of defence, and vigorously commenced the attack, from the front, where, from the very small back-bone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, and without any covert. Beyond this neck, the warriors availed themselves of the rocks and trees in advancing, but in passing from one to the other they must be exposed for a short time, and a moment's exposure of their swarthy forms was enough for the unerring rifles of the spies. The Indians being entirely ignorant of how many were in ambuscade, were the more cautious how they advanced.

After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The arch foe now made evident preperations to attack them on the flank, which could be most successfully done by reaching an isolated rock lying on one of the ravines on the sourthern hill side.—This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point blank shot of the rifle without the posibility of escape. Our brave spies saw the utter hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but a brave companion, and unerring shot. This they had not, but the brave never despair. With this impending fate resting upon them, they continued calm and calculating, and as unwearied as the strongest desire of life, and the resistance of a numerous foe could produce.

Soon M'Cleland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a covert so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it, and all hope of life then was gone. He felt that all depended on one single advantageous shot; and although but an inch or two of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at the distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all, coolly raised his rifle to his face, and shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do the deed. He touched the trigger, the hammer came down, but in place of striking fire, it broke the flint into many pieces; and although he felt that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure.

Casting his eyes toward the fearful point, suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap; and with the agility of a panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock, he gave a yell, and his dark body fell and rolled down the steep into the valley below. He had evidently received a death wound from some unknown hand. A hundred voices re-echoed from below the terrible shout. It was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being disappointed for a time, of the most important movement. A few minutes proved that the advantage gained would be of short duration; for already the spies caught a glimpse of a tall swarthy warrior cautiously advancing to the covert so recently occupied by his fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was renewed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence, and in a short time M'Cleland saw a warrior making preperations to leap to the fatal rock. The leap was made, and the Indian turning a somerset, his corpse rolled down the hill towards his former companion. Again an unknown hand had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of their assailants, and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe with drew to a short distance, to devise a new mode of attack. This respite came most seasonably to our spies, who had kept their ground, and bravely maintained the unequal fight from nearly the middle of the day.

Now for the first time was the girl missing, and the spies thought that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight, but they were not long left to conjecture. The girl emerging from behind a rock and coming towards them with a rifle in her hand. During the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some distance before the rest, and while some of them changed thier position, she resolved at once, live or die, to possess herself of his gun and ammunition, and crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place, and succeeded in her enterprise. Her keen and watchful eye had already noticed the fatal rock, and here was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors fell, the last being the most interpid and blood-thirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and her sisters, and took her and her brother prisoners.

Now in the west arose dark clouds, which soon overspread the whole heavens, and the elements were rent with the peals of thunder. Darkness, deep and gloomy, shrowded the whole heavens; this darkness greatly embarrassed the spies in their contemplated night escape, supposing they might readily loose their way, and accidentally fall on their enemy, but a short consultation decided the plan; it was agreed that the girl should go foremost, from her intimate knowledge of the localities, and another might be gained in case they should fall in with any of the parties of the outposts.

From her knowledge of the language she might deceive the sentinels, as the sequal proved, for scar cely had they descended a hundred yards when a low whist from the girl warned them of their danger. The spies sunk silently on the ground, where, by previous arrangement, they were to remain till the signal was given by the girl to move on. Her absence, for the space of a quarter of an hour, began to excite the most serious apprehensions. Again she appeared, and told them she had succeed in removing two sentinels to a short distance, who were directly on their route. The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies' rifles was heard by the girl, who stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian camps, and their lives depended on the most profound silence and implicilty following her footsteps. A moment afterward, the girl was accosted by a squaw, from an opening in her wigwam; she replied in the Indian language, and, without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the spies that the village was cleared, and that they had passed the greatest danger. She knew that every leading pass was guarded safely by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the centre of the village, as the least hazardous, and the sequel proved the correctness of her judgment. They now steered a course for the Ohio river, and after three days travel arrived safe at the blockhouse. Their escape and adventure prevented the Indians from their contemplated attack; and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Corneal Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare, and as the renowned spy of Captain Kenton's Bloody Kentuckians.

Who are the Happiest.

'What troubles you, William?' said Mrs. Aiken, in a tone of concern to her husband, who sat moody and silent with his eyes now fixed upon the floor, and following the plainly clad children as they sported, full of health and spirits, around the room.

It was evening, and Mr. Aiken a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, had a little while before returned from his daily labor.

'Is anything wrong with you, William?'

'Nothing more than usual,' was replied—'There's always something wrong—the fact is, I'm out of heart.'

'William!'

Mrs. Aiken came and stood beside her husband, and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

The evil spirit of envy and discontent was in the poor man's heart—this his wife understood right well. She had often before seen him in this frame of mind.

'I'm as good as Freeman, am I not?,

'Yes, and a great deal better, I hope,' she replied.

'And yet he is rolling in wealth, while I, though compelled to toil early and late, can scarcely keep soul and body together.'

'Hush! William! don't talk so. It does no good. We have a comfortable home, with food and raiment—let us therewith be contented and thankful.'

'Thankful for this mean hut! Thankful for hard labor, poor fare and coarse clothing?'

'None are so happy as those who have the plainest food. Do you ever go to bed hungry, William?'

'No, of course not.'

'Do you or your children shiver in the winter for lack of warm clothing?'

'No, but——'

'William, do not look past our real comforts in envy of the blessings God had given to others.'

'Give me plenty of money, and I'll find a way largely to increase the bounds of enjoyment.'

'The largest amount of happiness, I believe, is never to be found in that external condition which God had given to others.'

'Then every man would willingly remain poor?'

'I did not say that, William?' said Mrs. Aiken; 'I think every man should seek to better his worldly affairs—yet be contented with their lot at all times, for, only in contentment is there happiness, and that is a blessing the poor may share equal with the rich. Indeed I believe the poor have this blessing in large store. You, for instance, are a happier man than Mr Freeman.'

'I'm not sure of that.'

'I am, then. Look at his face. Doesn't that tell the story? Would you exchange with him in every respect?'

'No, not in every respect. I would like to have his money.'

'Ah, William, William!' Mrs. Aiken shook her head. 'You are giving place in your heart for the entrance of bad spirits. Try to enjoy, fully, what you have, and you will be a far happier man than Mr. Freeman. You can sleep sound at night?'

'I know. A man that works as hard as I do can't help sleeping soundly.'

'Then labor is a blessing, if nothing else. I took home to-day a couple of aprons made for Mrs. Freeman. She looked pale and troubled, and I asked her if she was not well?'

'Not very,' she replied. 'I've lost so much rest of late that I am nearly worn out.'

'I did not ask her why this was so; but after remaining in silence for a few moments, she said—

'Mr. Freeman has got himself so excited about business, that he sleeps scarcely three hours in twenty-four; he cares neither for eating or drinking; and, if I did not watch him, he would scarcely appear in decent apparel. Hardly a day passes that something does not go wrong. Workingmen fail in their contracts, prices fall below what he expected them to be, agents prove unfaithful: in fact, a hundred things occur to interfere with his expectations, and to cloud his mind with disappointment. We were far happier when we were poor, Mrs. Aiken. There was a time when we enjoyed life. I had fewer wants then than I ever expect to have on this side of the grave.'

Just then a cry was heard in the street. 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' The startling sound arose clear and shrill upon the air.

Aiken spring to the window and threw it open, then suddenly dropping it he hurriedly left the house. It was an hour ere he returned. Meanwhile the fire burned furiously, and from her window where she sat safe from harm Mrs. Aiken saw the large factory — a new one, which the rich man had just erected—entirely consumed. Story after story was successively wrapped in flames until at length, over five thousand dollars worth of property lay a heap of black and smouldering ruins.

Wet to the skin and covered with cinders was Mr. Aiken, when he returned to his humble abode, after having worked manfully in his efforts to rescue a portion of his neighbors' property from destruction.

'Poor Freeman! I pity him from my very heart!' was his generous sympathizing exclamation, as soon as he met his wife.

'He is insured, is he not?' enquired Mrs Aiken.

'Partly—but then a full insurance would be a poor compensation for such a loss.—In less than a week this new factory, with all its peafect and new machinery, would have been in operation. The price of goods is now high, and Mr. Freeman would have cleared a handsome sum of money on the first season's produce of his mill. I never saw a man so much disturbed.'

'Poor man! His sleep will not be sound as yours to night, William.'

'Indeed it will not.'

'Nor rich as he is, will he be as happy as you to-morrow.'

'If I was rich as he is,' said Aiken, 'I would rather be thankful for the wealth still left in my possession,'

Mrs. Aiken shook her head.

'No, William, the same spirit that makes you restless and discontented now, would be with you, no matter how greatly improved might be your external condition.

Mr. Freeman was once as poor, as you are. Do you think him happier for his riches. Does he enjoy life more? Has wealth brought a greater freedom from care? Has it made his sleep sweeter?—Far, very far from it. Riches have but increased the sources of discontent.

'This is not a necessary consequence.—If Mr. Freeman turns an evident blessing into a curse, that is a defect in his particular case.'

'And few, in this fallen and evil world are free from this same defect, William. If wealth were sought from unselfish ends, then it might make its possessors happy. But, how few so seek for riches. It is here, believe me that the evil lies.'

Mrs. Aikens spoke earnestly, and something of the truth that was in her mind shed its beams upon the mind of her husband.

'You remember,' said she smiling, the anecdote of the rich man in New York, who asked a person who gave utterance to words of envy towards himself—would you, said he, take all the care and anixety attendant upon the management of my large estate and extensive business operations, merely for your board and clothing?'

'No, indeed I would not,' was the quick answer.

'I get no more,' said the wealthy man gravely.

'And it was the truth William. They who get so rich in this world, pass up through incessant toil and anxiety! and while they seem to enjoy but very little. They get only their victuals and clothes. I have worked for many rich ladies, and I do not remember one who appeared to be happier than I am. And I am mistaken if your experience is not very like my own.'

A few days after this time, Aiken came home from his work towards evening.—As he entered the room where his wife and children sat, the former looked up to him with a cheerful smile of welcome, and the latter gathered around him filling his ears with the music of their happy voices. The father drew an arm around one and another, and as he sat in the midst, his heart swelled in his bosom and warmed with a glow of cheerful happiness.

Soon the evening meal was served—servedby the hand of his wife—the good angel of his happy home. William Aiken as he looked around upon his smiling children, and their true-hearted and even tempered mother, felt that he had many blessings for which he should be thankful.

'I saw something a little while ago that I shall not soon forget.'

'I had occasion to call at the house of Mr. Eldred, on some business as I came home this evening. Mr. Eldred is rich and I have often envied him; but I shall do so no more. I found him in his sitting room alone walking the floor, with a troubled look on his face. I mentioned my business, when he said abruptly and rudely—

'I've no time to think of that now!'

'As I was turning away a door of the room opened, and Mrs. Eldred and two children entered.'

'I wish you would send those children up to the nursery,' he exclaimed in a half angry tone.

'The look cast upon the father by those two innocent children, as their mother pushed them from the room, I shall not soon forget. I remembered as I left the house, that there had been a large failure in Market street, and Mr. Eldred was a loser by some ten thousand dollars less than a twentieth part of what he is worth; I am happier than he is to night, Mary.'

'And happpier you may be, William,' returned his wife, 'if you but stoop to the humblest flowers that spring up along your path, and like the bee, take the honey they contain. God knows what in external things is best for us, and he will make either poverty or riches, which ever comes, a blessing, if we are humble patient and contented.'

Like unto a fruitful vine is Mrs Frazer, of Stark county, Ohio; she has presented her husband with six children within a year, having achieved triplets twice.

Gibbon truly says that the best and most important part of every man's education, is that which he gives himself.

Rich--Very.

The Monmouth Democrat tells the following decidedly interesting yarn. As we never knew friend Yard to tell what was not so, of course it is true.

'We learn from a private source that a singular wedding cameoff at Hightstown, last week. A blooming young damsel had no less than five suitors for her hand, to each of whom she engaged herself to marry on a certain day. The time fixed upon came round, and all of the lads were on hand, and the magistrate who was to perform the ceremony was present. The maiden had not made up her mind fully as to who should be made her happy lord, when the magistrate requested *the* couple to stand up. As if driven to desperation, she bounced on her feet, gave one of the 'boys' a nudge with her foot, and before the others had recovered from their astonishment the knot was tied. The scene that ensued is said to have been peculiarly interesting. One or two boo-hoo'd like whipped school boys, while the others swore, and raved, like fiends.'

New Reading.

A Scotchman, who had a high opinion of his ability in clearing knotty points in Scripture, told his son to read while he would explain the difficult passages.—Sawney, in course of readings, fell in with an account of finishing the tabernacle, & lining it with "badger skins," Sawney read it *beggar skins*. "Now, stop a wee bit, Sawney," said the old man," while I expound that very important passage. You'll not fail to remark. Sawney, how wonderfully we are favored in this enlightened age. We' a' our polectical and a' our relcegious rights well secured; and we can sit ourselves doom under our ain fig tree, and none to molest or make us affrade; while it appears that in you times, no sooner dib a poor devil become a beggar, than snip, off went his skin, to line their blamed tabernacles with.'

Warm weather is favorable for some folks. Mrs. Pickings, who keeps boarders, says that folks don't eat more than half as much in 'mild spells,' as when the mercury takes a seat on zero, and remains a day or so. One potato, a little beef and less pudding, does in muggy times for dinner, per boarder; but when the atmosphere rides it on a northwester, the 'feed' is increased three fold. Hence Mrs. Pickings' weakens for mild spells.

It is a singular fact, that schoolboys are never sick in vacation. Can Dr. Francis account for this singular phenomenon? Perhaps it proves that there is no medicine like fun, and that as the rising generation can be 'up to devilry,' they will never be down with the measles.

Always trust a pretty girl. Beauty is sacred. If she cheats you it will be a pretty cheat. The chances are, however, that she won't. Beauty and goodness mingle as naturally as sin, brimstone and monsters with huge teeth. If you disbelieve, then to the proof.

The Dutchman says that, to undertake to reason a girl out of love is as absurd as it would be to extinguish Vesuvius with a two cent syringe. The only thing that will break a love fit is hard work and boiled pork.

A man who went up in a balloon from Madrid a short time since, came down two hours after frozen to death.

HEAVY SHEEP.—A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer says he had heard much of the great weight to which sheep are sometimes fed in England, and his belief was really staggered by some of the reports; but he saw in one butcher's shop, four sheep, which had been raised and fed in Gloucestershire, whose weight when slaughtered and dressed for sale as mutton was 250, 245, 216, and 197 pounds respectively. A shoulder, cut fairly from the largest, weighed 45½ lbs. Two Lincolnshire sheep in the same shop weighed 216 and 201 pounds respectively.

A Doubtful Bank.

The Virginia papers utter a warning against the reception of the notes of the 'Trans-Alleghany Bank,' a sort of independent institution that has sprung up in that State, and which seems to possess an immense fecundity in the way of issuing notes, without offering any facilities for their redemption. Messrs. Selden, Withers & Co., of Washington, are charged with the paternity of the concern, though they now deny having any interest in it. The Richmond banks have refused to receive its notes on deposit, and we think the public will do well not to receive them in any way.