

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, April 26, 1856.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

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For President in 1856, JESSE D. BRIGHT.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic National Convention.

Democratic Nominations.

For Governor, ASHBL P. WILLARD, of White.

For Lieut. Governor, ABBEY A. HAMMOND, of Vigo.

For Secretary of State, DANIEL McCLELL, of Morgan.

For Auditor of State, JOHN W. DODD, of Grant.

For Treasurer of State, AQUILA JONES, of Bartholomew.

For Attorney General, JOSEPH E. McDONALD, of Montgomery.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction, WILLIAM C. LARRABEE, of Putnam.

For Clerk of Supreme Court, WILLIAM B. BEACH, of Boone.

For Reporter of Decisions of Supreme Court, GORDON TANNER, of Jackson.

FUSION PLATFORM.

"Abolitionists to rule America."

"Let the Union slide!"

Watchword for the Campaign:

"Put none but NIGGERS on guard to-night."—FRED. DOUGLASS.

Old Liners—Attention!

The Democracy of Montgomery county will meet in convention on the second Saturday in May, to appoint delegates to the Congressional Convention to be held at Lafayette on the 27th of May next.

GOV. WRIGHT,

and other distinguished speakers will be present and address the meeting. Come one! Come all!

THE CRAWFORDSVILLE GUARDS.

The organization of this fine company of Infantry is now fully perfected. The following is a list of the officers: Captain, Lew Wallace; 1st Lieutenant, William C. Vance; 2d Lieutenant, Carr Wilson; 3d Lieutenant, Jas. B. Crawford; Ensign, C. H. Bowen. The Company have adopted the regular United States uniform, with the exception that the material will be finer and more costly. Messrs. Hannah & Cassell have taken the contract to furnish the entire uniforms, and will have them completed by the 15th of next month. A splendid stand of arms numbering some sixty muskets have been received and are now at the armory of the Company. The first drill took place on last Tuesday night and will be continued every three nights in the week. From the spirit manifested by the members of the Company to acquire a thorough knowledge of military tactics, we have no doubt but they will acquire themselves with the highest credit on the occasion of their first dress parade. In order to defray incidental expenses and fit up the armory, a grand military ball is contemplated. The Company intend holding a military encampment in the fall.

The Abolition Convention, on last Saturday, proved a complete fizzle, there not being ten persons present from the country. Among the claps-traps resorted to to get a crowd, was hiring the Crawfordville Brass Band to play in front of the Court House, and the presenting of an African flag to a resident of Ripley township. Fisher Doherty and James Wilson have been trying to get rid of this symbol of Ethiopia for the last six months and no doubt feel greatly relieved now that they have succeeded. The Nigger party is sinking lower and lower, and in a few months there will be none so poor to do it reverence. Alas! poor Cuffy.

Nigger-Worship in Milwaukee.—At the recent election in Milwaukee the "Republican" and Know-Nothings ran Jesse Epps, a "big buck nigger," for Mayor. He received their entire vote—one hundred and fifty-three, all told.

Since the opening of the Green street Theater, pea-nuts have considerably advanced.

For the Review.

Ed. REVIEW:—I went into the Court House, last Saturday, and found a number of Republicans (as they style themselves) assembled, and engaged in the silly business of presenting a flag to Ripley township, for what reason I did not learn. Our old friend, Johnny Beard, as usual, occupied a prominent position among them. James Wilson made a few remarks, which were not well heard. Col. Lane was then called for, and came forward, evidently embarrassed; he made some very proper remarks about the evils of intemperance and slavery, and that they were charged with being Black Republicans, &c. To the latter he replied, that he thought it better to be that than no-Republicans, and I thought there was some force in the conclusion, but was surprised that he did not claim a higher standing for his party. He next told us, that he was no abolitionist, and appeared from his manner, to believe what he said, but I must say, that he is in a very fair way to become one if he continues to advocate and vote for their principles. We were next told by the Col. that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was a very wicked act, and gave as a reason, that it opened a gap through which slavery might get into Kansas, a thing about as likely to occur, as the fulfillment of the lady's imaginary dream, about the burning of her child, should she ever have one; or the story is the Col's. own, and will be recollected. Now the Col. knows that slave holders seldom move, and that eight-tenths of the voters who go to new countries, as well from slave as free States, are opposed to slavery, and that when that question is presented, they will most certainly vote it out. The Col. wants the Missouri Compromise re-instated, and I would like he had told us for what purpose, surely not for the restriction of slavery, for if I know anything about that Compromise slavery was allowed in certain localities. But further, suppose Congress in these Republican times, should in their superior wisdom come to the conclusion that the people of Kansas do not understand their own interest, and refuse to admit them with slavery, will the Col. contend that after their admission, they cannot turn round if a majority should wish to do so, and amend their Constitution, and so have the matter their own way at last.

On the subject of Know Nothingism, and prohibition, the Col. certainly—eaved. The amount of his talk was, that he favored a wholesome temperance law, and a residence of five years for foreigners before being allowed to vote.

I have the highest regard for Col. Lane, as a gentleman, and have some knowledge of his former teachings on the subject of slavery, which I shall leave for his party to reconcile with his present position.

W.

A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.—The following beautiful hymn was written by Longfellow, and sung at the ordination of Mr. Frothingham as Pastor of the Unitarian Society at Portland, Maine.

There is something in it of most exquisite grace; there is about it the sweetness of the rose of Sharon; it is worthy to be sung beneath the white banner on which is written "Peace on earth and good will to men."

But we are afraid it would hardly do to sing it, when Mr. Beecher shall counsel more Missionaries with Sharpe's rifles, "to go forth" into Kansas; for

He "to the young man said," yet one thing more: If thou wilt perfect be, Buy thou a "Sharpe," and join the rifle corps. To make young Kansas free!

There is "A power more potent far Than arsenals and forts."

to set up and maintain upon the green sod of Kansas the altar of Liberty, red with no sacrifices, but garnished round with golden grain, heaped up with the ripened fruits of free hands, and hallowed with the songs of peace.

But to the hymn: Christ to the young man said "yet one thing more: If thou wilt perfect be, Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor, And come and follow me."

Within this temple Christ again, unseen, The sacred words hath said, And his invisible hands to-day have been Laid on a young man's head.

And ever more beside him on his way, The unseen Christ shall move, That he may lean upon his arm and say, "Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

To make the scene more fair; Beside him in the dark Gethsemane Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless source of rest, Like the beloved John, To lay his head upon the Savior's breast, And thus to journey on.

Is there not, indeed, melody in the thought and harmony in the numbers?

The Chicago Tribune, speaking of the grand military encampment to be held in that city in June, learns that the programme for the encampment is being completed as fast as possible, and that all the military companies of that city are engaged in the undertaking. The necessary funds are nearly all subscribed, and nothing now exists, so far as we know, to prevent the encampment from taking place.

Victor Hugo, has with great justice, named the press the formidable locomotive of universal thought.

Cincinnati has a city debt of \$3,450,000.

THEATRICAL.

We are happy to chronicle such a marked event in our dramatic annals as the opening of the Green Street Theatre—situated near Mr. Purcell's cigar shop—under the auspices of Mr. R. A. Adams as lessee and sole proprietor.

Mr. Adams has recently returned from quite an extensive tour through Yonkersville, Bristol Ridge, Jimtown and several other metropolitan cities, in each of which he has culled—regardless of expense—the most celebrated stars in the profession, conspicuous among whom is that universal favorite and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Pierce, late of Yankee Robinson's "big show," also, Mr. Bryan, late of Theatre Royal Lagoda. We have not as yet a personal acquaintance with the ladies of this talented company, and of course feel rather delicate about criticising them too closely at present; but we cannot forbear saying that three prettier ladies than the elder Miss Maddern's are seldom to be seen, and it is certainly worth the price of the ticket to gain one glance from the mild blue eyes of Miss Amelia.

The performance on Wednesday evening opened with the Grand Overture to the *Caliph di Bagdad*.

The Orchestra under the direction and leadership of Mr. Maddern, was very efficient. The gentleman who played the Barzoon started a little out of time but soon recovered himself and sustained his *Rôle* with ability during the remainder of the evening.

The overture completed, the curtain rose and discovered to the expectant audience the immense stage with its gorgeous scenery, splendidly illuminated by six tall candles, which a supernumerary had snuffed during the rendering of the overture.

The first performance was "A Kiss in the Dark," in which "Miss Lizzie," Yankee Bierce and Mr. Bryan sustained the principal characters. Yankee Bierce performed his part with such marked ability that he never failed when he chose to improvise one well-timed superlative, to bring down the house. Miss Lizzie made an admirable Mrs. Pettibone, and we certainly envied the young friend who was permitted to bestow the "kiss in the dark." The farce concluded, the Orchestra performed Mendelssohn's grand Symphony in C Minor.

This performance was not quite as well done as the overture, owing, doubtless, to the preponderance of the stringed instruments over the Reed.

Next appeared Miss Amelia in a Song, which was vociferously applauded. We have already remarked that Miss Amelia is a lady of rare personal charms, and it is enough for us to say that her talents as a vocalist are fully equal to her beauty.

The Sax Horn trio was creditably performed, but we do not consider the ability of ladies to play such decidedly masculine instruments as adding to their accomplishments.

The Duet by the Mademoiselles Amelia and Lizzie was very much admired and loudly encored. The Bold Sogor Boy with Drum accompaniment, by little Miss Emma, was a novel performance and very well done. She will at no distant day, without doubt, be able to sustain the difficult role of Maria in the Daughter of the Regiment.

The Red, White and Blue, by Miss Lizzie, was admirably well done, and received as it richly deserved, the repeated encores of an appreciative audience. The Horn-pipe was a gem of itself. Miss L. sustained the character of the Sailor Boy to perfection, going through all the motions of heaving the anchor, hauling taut the main brace, and slushing down the mast with a grace and ease which many an old Salt might envy. She certainly makes the prettiest sailor we have seen in many a day, and we doubt not that many of her auditors would willingly ship with her on a voyage of matrimony.

The less we say about the performance of Yankee Bierce, in Yankee Courtship, the better. The Green Street Theatre, with a select audience, is not the place for any such clownish antics. Suffice it to say that he murdered Dr. Valentine and disgusted his audience in the closing scene. We hope Yankee Courtship or its equivalent will not again be included in the performances at the Green Street Theatre.

The fancy dance, by Miss Lizzie was certainly the climax of the evenings performance. Words can convey no idea of the mastery manner in which she threw about her lower extremities, or the inimitable grace of her postures. The audience became wild with excitement, many gentlemen rising to their feet, instinctively cast their hats upon the stage. Some apparently lost to everything save the grace and beauty of the performer, gazed with a fixed but vacant stare on the fair Danesque, while others shouted with paroxysms of delight.

Our friend, Mr. J. A. Gilkey, who occupied a front seat in one of the parquette boxes seemed perfectly transported with delight. He was very fortunate in possessing a powerful opera glass, which he has since informed us he used with marked success.

As the Danesque was about making her bow to the vast and tumultuous assembly of admirers, Mr. Gilkey rose to his feet, and with a low bow to the fair *Debutante*, tossed to her feet a magnificent bouquet to which was appended an envelope containing a copy of his vaudeictory address delivered before his infant school at Alamo.

We understand, that after the performance, Mr. G., generously invited the whole dramatic corps to partake of a sumptuous repast of pea-nuts and spruce beer, which, with characteristic liberality he had ordered at the magnificent saloon of our distinguished caterer, Charley Hartings;

but owing to the fatiguing nature of the performance, the invitation was most respectfully declined.

We await with great anxiety the announcement of the programmes for the next evening's performance.

We are glad to see the name of T. B. WARD on the ticket nominated by the democracy of Lafayette. He is the candidate for City Clerk. Whether this office, in the Star City, be especially profitable we do not know, but we do happen to know that T. B. Ward is a young man of much more than ordinary talent, and a sound democrat. For some four years he was a student in Wabash College, and his efforts before the public were all characterized by brilliant thought, and a practicalness more than usually exhibited by under-graduates. He also stood high in the estimation of the Faculty, as a scholar. He graduated at Miami University, receiving the highest honors of his class. We trust "Tom" will be elected by "an overwhelming majority."

THE WAR IN OREGON.—In Oregon and Washington Territories the Indians were continuing their depredations at last accounts, and the war was carried on with renewed vigor. From present appearances it will likely be some time before the refractory red men can be subdued in those quarters.

No party has been more successful than the Democratic party that has had but one name from the origin of the Government to the present day.

It is a perfect sight to witness the rush of customers at Campbell & Co's.—Load after load of goods are daily added to their already immense stock. Their increased trade has rendered it necessary to add another building, reaching through to the alley in the rear.

Masterdon, has now on hands a fine selection of children's toys.

We understand that Mr. James Wilson, the celebrated aspirant for Congress, has kindly consented to attend the Theater on next Wednesday night. He will occupy a private box in the dress circle with his confidential friend and adviser Mr. Gilkey.

An old German lady, arrived at Chicago a few days since from Albany New York, with the following singular baggage: One bed, a box, three dogs, a cat, a black hen, a bucket containing five kittens and a pup with its eyes not open.

Our citizens will be pleased to learn that Mr. Marks has made such arrangements as will enable him to supply them at all hours during the coming season with the best quality of fresh meats packed in ice, of which he has laid in a large quantity. He has purchased and is now fattening a large number of fine bees which he will slaughter during the coming season.—Those who appreciate good beef should give him a call.

Hartung's Saloon is now in full operation. All kinds of refreshments kept constantly on hand.

Louis Napoleon is forty-eight years old. Eugene is only thirty.

A son, aged six years, of Horace Melendy, of York township, Indiana, died on the 20th ult., from the effects of a bite of a rabid dog. The famous madstone of Bloomington, Ind., was sent for and applied and other curatives tried, but all were of no avail.

The following lines are appended to an obituary notice in the New York Sun:

He loved his parents dear— All we now can do for him is to shed a tear.

There was one thing they could and should have done viz: refrained from writing those two lines. The death was something to be mourned, but the poetry is something to be abominated.

The French Government have become greatly alarmed at the cattle murrain which was said to be spreading all over the continent.

A HAPPY FAMILY.—The New Haven Register says that a farmer in that vicinity found in an old hollow stump, a few days since, five snakes, three squirrels and a coon—driven to herd together by the hard winter. They had "fused" to keep warm—just as the opposition to the Democratic party are doing. It has also been "a hard winter" for such politicians, and a common misery has driven them all into the same burrow.

A PASSENGER LINE OF BALLOONS.—An enthusiastic aeronaut proposes to the people of California to run a line of balloons between San Francisco and St. Louis, to depend upon the great current of the upper or return trades for its propulsion. He says: "Thirty miles an hour without delay from break or gauge—no fear of collision and no possibility of running off the track—will bring a balloon in two days from the shores of the Sacramento to the foot of the Alleghenies, and freight and passengers fresh and healthy almost at the very threshold of their own homes."

The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Vernon, who asked him how he accounted for the fact, that in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is all over the world the source of friendship."

No rain had fallen at Racine, Wisconsin, for 106 days, according to the Democrat.

The Magical Isle in the River of Time.

There's magical isle in the river of time, Where softest echoes are straying, And the air is as sweet as a musical chime, Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime, When June with the roses is staying.

'Tis there memory dwells with her pale golden hair, And music forever is flowing, While the low murmured tones that come trembling through, Sadly trouble the heart and yet sweeten it too— As south winds o'er waters when blowing.

There are shadowy hills in the fairy like isle, Where pictures of beauty are gleaming, Yet the light of their eyes and their sweet sunny smile,

Only flash around the heart with a wildering wile, And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this Isle is the Beautiful past, And we bury our treasures all there, There are beacons of beauty, too lovely to last, There are bosoms of snow, with the dust of their tears cast,

There are tresses, and ringlets of hair, There are fragments of song, only memory sings, And the word of a dear mother's prayer.

There's a long long unwept, and a late without strings, There are flowers all withered and letters and rings, Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

Even the dead, the bright beautiful dead there arise, With their soft-flowing ringlets of gold; Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,

The unbroken signet of silence now lies, They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night hands are beckoning us, there, And with joy that is almost a pain, We delight to turn back, and in wandering there, Through the shadowy halls of this island so fair, We behold our lost treasure again.

Oh, this beautiful isle with its phantom like show, Its vista unendingly bright, And the river of time in its turbulent flow, Is oft-soothed by the voices we heard long ago, When the years were a dream of delight.

The communication signed Montgomery, is unavoidably crowded out this week. It will appear in our next issue.

Just because there is some excitement in Rathway about mill-dams, the Jersey City Telegraph must go off in the following wicked strain.

"D—m.—The people of Rathway are still in a great state of excitement in regard to the d—m question. The Chancellor has enjoined the measures taken for the removal of the d—m from the creek, and nothing but d—m is in the mouth of the citizens. Rathway is a d—m troubled village and d—m is all the people think about.—The place has been d—m'd long enough—may it soon be relieved from the incubus."

TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.—A German who lives in Cincinnati, obtained a warrant against an old woman on a charge of witchcraft. Two cows had recently died for him, and he believed this old woman had bewitched them. The case was tried a few days since, and after a careful hearing and full examination of the testimony, the Justice came to the conclusion that the charge was not sustained.

At a DISCOUNT.—The St. Louis News says:

"A lot of the famous Sharpe's rifles were brought to Independence last Thursday from Kansas, by their owners, and sold at auction for what they would fetch, and the proceeds invested in provisions, which the rifle sellers took back with them to their homes. The address rifles brought from \$12 to \$16 a piece—a fact which shows that the Kansas rifle market is glutted. A Sharpe's rifle costs, at the manufactory, in the East, \$25; so that on those sold at Independence, there was a clear loss of \$9 to \$15."

We see from a late exchange that the ladies of Aurora, Illinois, have passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don't get married this year somebody will be to blame."

The editor of the New York Dutchman, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, said he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession going down his throat!

James M. Davidson, a Scott elector in Tennessee in 1852, has written and published a powerful letter in condemnation of Know-Nothingism.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends," used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order by a message politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl. "If you please Mr. B—, mamma sends her compliments, and would be most obliged if you would begin to be funny."

It is said that the fashion for hoop dresses has subsided in Paris since the "King of Algiers" was born.

Barnum was in court again on Monday at New York, and said to the judge, "I believe I have been squeezed perfectly dry. If you doubt it I hope you will give the machine another turn, so as to save labor to our successors."

Lager beer has been adopted by the upper ten of New York, and bids fair to supersede all other fashionable beverages. The New York Mirror says, that during the first and second acts of Don Giovanni at the Academy of Music the other night, not less than three hundred and sixty glasses of lager beer were drank in the saloon.

Louis Napoleon, it is said, will soon pay a visit to the Island of Corsica, with the object of regenerating the place, and leaving behind monuments that will honor his name.

OPINIONS OF THE CZAR ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

The St. Petersburg correspondence of the Paris Constitutionnel, writing on the 11th of March, says:

"The Emperor and Empress appear to be well satisfied with the progress of affairs. A courier arrived this morning from Count Orloff, the bearer, it is said, of very favorable accounts from Paris; and during the reception the Empress was so cheerful and animated as to excite the notice of the persons invited; and the Emperor conversed with different groups, to whom he declared that peace appeared to him to be more and more certain, and that he could now occupy himself with important works at home and with useful modifications in his Empire. To one of the groups, composed of members of the corps diplomatique, the Emperor said, 'The war has only been an accident, or rather a misunderstanding. It will not have changed, in any way the good personal relations between the Russian and the French who have some remarkable points of resemblance. They have certainly fought too long, but it has always been with courtesy and humanity. The Russian prisoners have been treated by the French, not as enemies, but as brothers, and I have been anxious to proper treatment should be shown to the prisoners whom the fortune of war has thrown into our hands. When peace shall have been signed—and everything leads me to believe that it is about to be so—France and Russia may hold out the hand to each other—may esteem and love each other as in the past; for although the struggle has been carried on in all honor and without hatred.' The Emperor Alexander also spoke in the most affectionate manner of Napoleon III and did full justice to the acts of his Government, and to his love of peace, which, he added, 'is as sincere as my own.'"

"GORGEOUS HOME."—This, says the Albany Journal is the word now in Sebastopol.

Batteries are mute. The white flag takes the place of the Regimental Ensign. Ships at the wharves of Kamiesch and Balaklava are busy taking in their living, particolored cargoes. Peace is signed, and the Troops are going home.

The Journal gives a map of the moods and destinations of the actors who have figured in the great Drama of the Crimea:

"The Russians, most of them, set out on a long and toilsome journey over the Steppes, towards Moscow. But the Officers are proud of their successful defence, and the Men happy in approaching Freedom, for every Sufferer is emancipated, who has fought the battles of the Czar. The Frenchmen, singing and swearing, embark for Marseilles or Algeria; some destined for cannonments and some for the Invalides; except the envied Conscrip of 1848, who have leave to return to their homes. It is eight years since they left them, beardless boys of sixteen and upwards, and now they get, back bronzed veterans, with crutches and Crimean stories enough to last their lifetime. The Englishmen, for Spithead and Calcutta, grumbling and muttering. The War has given them hard fare and scanty rations, and the Peace has snatched out of reach the laurels they were just hoping to grasp at last. The Sardinians set sail for Genoa, the only combatants that have had plenty of food, plenty of pay, plenty of clothing and plenty of glory, to satisfy themselves and astonish their countrymen. The Turks, glad to get rid of being bombarded and bayoneted, at nothing a day, by their enemies, leave for Constantinople—where they will be kicked and cuffed, on the same terms, by their friends. The slow German Legion, which has just got itself into marching order, now that the war is over, will be sent out to the Cape of Good Hope, to smoke in quiet meditation on memories of the Rhine, and occasionally win such renown as can be got out of a Caffre or an elephant."

But another Army, three hundred thousand strong, stays in the Crimea. Some wrapped hastily in bloody flags, and blankets; some stripped and mutilated, they are laid down to sleep under the guns of Sebastopol, until the last War is ended, and the last Peace proclaimed. Then they, too, will go home."

BOUNTY LANDS.

Z. B. Mayo, Esq., of Syracuse, De Kalb county, publishes the following correspondence:

Dear Sir—Robert Mitchell, a soldier in the war of 1814, died in this county in December last, the day after his death, his warrant for 120 acres of land was received. The question then was, did the land warrant belong to the widow of the deceased, or to the heirs of the deceased? I addressed a letter to the Hon. S. A. Douglas stating the facts, herewith I send you the answer from the Pension Office at Washington with a request that you will publish the same in your paper for the benefit of your readers. Yours truly,

Z. B. Mayo.

Pension Office, March 22, 1856.

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of the letter of Z. B. Mayo, Esq., to you with your note endorsed, and in reply would state:

From the letter it would seem that the warrant, although it was not received until after the soldier's death, was actually issued before. If so, it became vested and formed a part of his estate. This office, therefore, has no power to divest it from those interested in the estate and give entirely to the widow.

If however the warrant was not issued from this office until after the soldier's death it was a nullity, and therefore may be returned, and on proper application by the widow a new warrant issued to her in its stead.

Mr. Mayo's letter is herewith returned. With much respect, your ob'dt servant, I. Minor, Commissioner.

THE MONSTER STEAMSHIP.—The immense steamship now in course of construction at London is intended for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, and her first trip will be made to Portland. She is 680 feet long, and will carry 600 first-class passengers, 1,800 second-class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. She registers 23,000 tons, with capacity for coal, in addition, of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. She will have seven masts and ten boilers. In addition to an ample complement of boats, she will carry no less than eight small screw-steamer, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel, with which she can land and embark both passengers and cargo.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.

Two of the greatest guns of the New Hampshire bar, Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett, had been battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before those interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about four o'clock, an old man placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money—the lawyers who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State Prison. Mr. Bartlett, the younger gun, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney general examined two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.