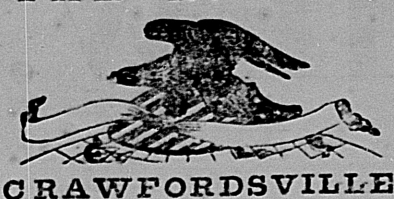


THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, Aug. 1, 1857.

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.

CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Advertisements call on and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

All kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

To Advertisers.

Every advertisement handed in for publication, should have written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes it inserted. If not so stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we have no new and the largest assortment of new and fancy goods brought to this place. We insist on these things being done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of type, etc. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.

E. W. CARR, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. S. H. PERRY, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.

V. H. PALMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The true Democrat, the man who is such from principle alone, in his retrospective glances, finds much to feel proud of in his contemplations of the past. Every measure proposed by the National Democracy, has, by the action of the assembled wisdom of the nation, been adopted as the policy of this country. The principles and policy of our time-honored political organization, have ever remained the same. Other parties, strong, powerful, ambitious and determined, have from time to time arisen against the Democracy, lances were measured, ground selected, and the din of fierce political warfare, resounded throughout the broad expanse of the country. Antagonistic political principles were fiercely contested for by the bravest until the fatal issue arrived, and men then quietly walked to the great residuum of American sovereignty, the ballot-box—and each deposited their franchise as was thought best for the success, power and glory of this confederacy. The issue thus quietly determined, every heart bowed in submission, and every citizen at once forgot the issue just made, and settled, all returned to their accustomed toils and pleasures, and all things again went on as happy as a marriage bell.

That action, such as this, has been the great glory of our forefathers, the pride of our ancestry, the means by which our unequalled form of government has been so marvelously developed, and all the grandeur of our country produced, none would be bold enough to gainsay.

Such has been the history of our country in days gone by—the days when Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Webster, Clay, and all their noble copatriots guided the helm of State, and gave character and dignity to the American government. Their actions, their principles, their motives, their lessons are recorded faithfully in American archives, ever replete with instructive information for their descendants. Their names are engraved upon every American heart.—They are household gods with all who love the Union. Fame gives to them immortality.

These noble spirits have passed from this theatre of action, and a new order of things has been initiated even before monuments have been erected to their memories. But more colossal than all the piles of marble and mortar that can be reared toward heaven to perpetuate their names and their fame are the deeds they have done. Can not we, as a people, look back to these great beacon lights, draw inspiration from the past, and hope to follow in the paths of wisdom? Is it not more desirable to listen to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," than yield quiet obedience to the ignis fatuus political tricksters of the day who would barter all our rights for a "mess of pottage," and sacrifice upon the shrine of their unhallowed ambition every right which belongs to us as a people?

The Democracy have been occasionally, by imposition, fraud, chicanery, tricks of darkest hue, borne down, but the morrow's sun arose, presenting them in an organization perfected, numbers increased, armed with a just cause, more powerful than ever. Before the enemies of our party could harmonize upon any set of national measures, "the sober, second thought of the people," changed pilots, and Democracy, pure and true to its time honored principles and "un-terrified" by the apparent success of its enemies, again assumed its natural control of the country.

Under the auspices of the past history of our political organization, the expanse of the country, the development of her resources, the advancement of her institutions and her people, have been but matters of pride and congratulation to all who live within her borders—all who in foreign climes love free institutions.

Such has been the past history of our country, as developed by the Statesmen who now have mingled their dust with the mother earth. These men were all conservative in all their political views and

tions. Though at times, in the heat of debate, bitter invectives were fiercely hurled, their cooler moments brought them to pleasant, more generous, noble personal interviews, all actuated by one noble desire to counsel for their country's good.—Well and nobly did they harmonize all discordant elements. Grateful should we be for their self-sacrificing toils.

CLAY and WEBSTER died, and in their death perished the last honorable political organization that presented a formidable front to the Democratic party. The Whig party was disbanded, and all the elements of its organization were left to repose with the ashes of those unequalled Statesmen.—Feuds had before arisen in the party these noble spirits had formed; ingratitude of professed friends looked to availability instead of principle; and "the great embodiments" were set aside for the sake of "leaves and fishes." Noble intellects, eloquence, statesmanship, service of country, were but the attributes of "old fogies," and these best of men were immolated. They died, and each wing of the factionists who had aided in the sacrifice began a struggle for the mastery of the party.

"Ned Buntline" and his prison subjects reared up the monster "Know Nothing," and when it and "Sam" became familiar with the cars of honest men—only to be disgusting—names and tactics were changed, organizations perfected the more, only to be the more hideous. The temperance men thought to yield their influence, and boldly started a moral question as their only basis of a political organization. The abolitionists, not to be outdone, originated the "League of freedom," and successful engineers on the underground railroad could not be expected to be out-generated by raw recruits from prisons, or by men of only "one idea."

The result was, all other organizations had to succumb to abolitionism, under the common appellation of Black Republicanism. The Democracy met them all combined, and put their foes to a complete rout. Not the Democracy alone, but hundreds of thousands of the Clay and Webster whigs after carefully asking themselves where they should go, pursued the bent of their conservative natures, and aided materially to our success. The fusion party is now dismembered, and many formerly enrolled under their banner, are daily falling into the steadfast Democratic column. Bitter animosities of the past were forgotten; differences in political policy were no barriers to men who loved the Union, her institutions, her welfare—men who never differed in principle, although widely differing as to the best mode of securing principles.—Shoulder to shoulder, arm in arm, they all entered enthusiastically into the last political campaign, to hurl from our shores the hydra-headed monster, religious bigotry and intolerance, persecution on account of birth of white men, negro equality, and all the other isms emblazoned upon the banners of the combined cohorts of midnight political assassins.

The triumph of political truism was perfect and complete. All the isms of the past hour are forever extinct so far as danger to our institutions may be threatened. None but extreme factionists, both North and South, exhibit dissatisfaction as to the policy of the present Administration, and all candidly admit that if Mr. Buchanan pursues the policy marked out by him, he will occupy as proud a position in American history as any of his most "illustrious predecessors."

The past is replete of instructive lessons and cause of congratulation, the present is all that we as a people could desire. From what has been and is, we may draw some inference as to the future. The few perplexing questions which for a time spread doubt and fear throughout the broad expanse of our country, are now having proper remedies applied, and the most healthy state of internal affairs will soon be exhibited. The strong arm of the government will protect the ballot-box, and enforce the laws of the country.

This done, the States protected in their rights, and the same favors extended to the emigrant into the territories, who dare complain? Well may we conclude that the present Administration is determined to make our own people conduct themselves as becomes true American citizens. Subordination once thoroughly established, who can predict the future of our country? Who eighty-one years ago could have imagined the colossal strides to greatness America has already made? Then, we were weak, feeble, impoverished. Look at our country now, and then tell us where will be the boundless dimensions, the immense power, the countless wealth, the unlimited resources of this country a century from this?

When all the success of the past, the excellence of the present, and the promise of the future, are considered, and we reflect that it is all due to the Democratic elements of the country, to the prevalence of our time honored doctrines, who can avoid praying that the same wise heads and same God-blessed principles may rule this country until the end of all mundane affairs shall be?

Some particular friends, on the streets, take pleasure in abusing us for our editorials. The last dodge made, is, that we are too cowardly to acknowledge them, or take the responsibility. If they or any of them think so, they would do well to imitate PRENTICE. We do our own work fearlessly of frowns, careless of favors, and determined to speak what we think. Those who object to our policy can look to others for favors. The Review, under our management, shall never lose its prestige.

Recent excursions have confirmed us in the opinion that Montgomery County will this year produce the largest and best crops ever witnessed by that "ancient individual," the oldest inhabitant. Nowhere have we ever seen such fields of wheat.—With fifty per cent more seeded than during any former year, in thickness upon the ground, length of straw, and fullness of grain, it could not be surpassed. It has been cut and shocked in the finest order, with only here and there a piece slightly affected with the red rust. Rye, barley, oats and grass are alike abundant and heavy. The corn, although from the lateness of spring, for a time looked very backward, under the genial glow of the refreshing showers with which we have been favored, looks far more promising than it has at this season of the year for the last five years. Potatoes and every species of vegetation, are doing equally well. The whole face of the country appears to groan with the heavy burthens, which it is bearing to the husbandman. The cry of hard times will soon be over.

F. COLLINS & Co., of this place, have their yards well supplied with the best stock of all the various qualities of Marble, and to those of our friends who may require any work in their line, we are pleased to say, that they are abundantly able to finish it in the latest and best artistic skill. They are perfect gentlemen, and will ever take pleasure in exhibiting specimens of their skill. Give them a call. Shop on Green Street, one door North of the Post Office.

Our old friend SANDFORD GREY, Esq., was engaged last week, five days, with an excellent machine, in cutting ten acres of wheat. The entire field averaged seventy-five dozens to the acre, and on one acre of it he gathered ninety dozen. He expresses a confident opinion that he will realize from it an average of fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. Can any one beat his wheat?

THE CRANE HOUSE. This excellent hotel under the efficient management of that prince of hosts, RUBEN TAYLOR is winning golden asps from all who have had the good fortune to partake of its sumptuous dinners.

A. S. HUGHES, the celebrated Daguerrean artist, is now taking Ambrotypes and Photographs in the highest style of the art. Mr. H. justly stands at the head of his profession in the State.

Mr. J. D. MASTERSON wishes the individual who borrowed his large glass cake stand to return it immediately, if they please.

FOUNTAIN COUNTY CONTESTED ELECTION CASE.

The State Sentinel of the 25th inst., says: "Judge Bryant gave his opinion in the Fountain Circuit Court on Monday last in the contested election case for Treasurer of that county, in which he decided that the Democratic candidate, James V. King, was entitled to the office, he having been elected by twenty-eight majority." This decision determines that Rice, the Republican Senator from that county, is not entitled to his seat, not having received a majority of legal votes. This decision conflicts directly with the vote of the Republican Senators last winter, who, without an examination of the case, voted that he was legally elected Senator from Fountain.

The case is one of great interest, developing unparalleled Republican frauds upon the ballot box. It is proposed to publish the evidence, with the speeches of Judge Pettit and Mr. Voorhes, and the opinion of Judge Bryant. Will Isaac A. Rice again claim his seat as Senator from Fountain, when it is clearly proven that he holds it by gross frauds?

THE TWO PARTIES IN KANSAS.

In the course of a well-written article on Kansas affairs, the Providence Post thus speaks of the state of parties in Kansas: "They," the free-State Democrats, "are rallying now, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, with pro-slavery Democrats in support of their Governor; and even the Topeka party itself finds it impossible to make headway against them. They can yell, of course, as they have constantly yelled, against bogus legislatures and bogus laws—against frauds at the ballot-boxes, and frauds everywhere—but they cannot prevent the more rational and reasonable of their own friends from joining in the movement which Gov. Walker has inaugurated. Henceforth there are to be two parties, and only two, in Kansas; The National Democratic party—composed of free-State men and pro-slavery men, who are willing that the people shall determine the character of their local institutions—and the opposition party, composed of Black Republicans from the North, who want agitation for the sake of its effects on northern elections, and pro-slavery Know-Nothings."

What eloquent words those were, uttered by Napoleon, on the eve of the battle of Jena, as he rode along the ranks: "My children, you must not fear Death.—When soldiers brave Death, they drive him into the ranks of the enemy."

Newspapers are the foliage of universal mind; they rustle with the breath of the popular will. They fade, maybe, from the public gaze, but like those leaves, they fall into thousands of hearts, and, by and by, there springs up a new growth of thought and beauty.

ARRIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICA.

QUEBEC, July 27. The steamship North America, with dates from Liverpool to the 15th inst., has arrived here. The Europa's advices reached Liverpool on the 11th inst., and the Indian and Kangaroo on the 14th inst.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The mutiny in India was spreading.—Twenty-three regiments had joined the mutineers, but they had been defeated outside of Delhi. The mutineers still held possession of that city.

Gen. Anson, the Commander-in-chief, died of Cholera. Sir Colin Campbell succeeds him.

The news from China is unimportant. Italy and Spain are tranquil.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Lindsay moved the production of Marcy's letter on privateering. Lord Palmerston replied that it was not officially in the hands of government.

The address to the Queen, praying for effectual means of suppressing the slave trade was adopted.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce gave a brilliant banquet to the officers of the Niagara.

The details of the recently discovered conspiracy at Paris, show it to be the most serious yet discovered.

Mazzini has escaped from Italy in a ship carrying the American flag.

Advices from Delhi were looked for hourly.

The loss to the Bengal army is estimated at 30,000. It is believed that the crisis has passed. The latest advices indicate a panic and desertion among the insurgents.

CHINA.

The U. S. frigate San Jacinto and an English gun boat had gone up the Canton river to attack the junks.

Poo choo-fu was quiet. The rebels had been defeated. Tea is coming down freely.

In replying to Mr. Lindsay's motion, Lord Palmerston said it was unusual for the government to produce correspondence between independent governments.

Mr. Marcy's letter to the French Government was not officially in the hands of the British Government, and consequently could not be produced.

A communication was made by the American Government, under the last Administration, to the French Government, but the present Administration had intimated that they did not wish to answer.

Lord John Russell thought that the Government ought to make a statement of the ground on which the engagement was entered into with the other power. He was afraid the consequences would prove very serious, but England was bound to them now.

Sir Charles Napier said that the engagement could not be broken, and would necessitate the blockading of every port of the enemy.

The motion was withdrawn. Col. Sisanna, the chief of the insurgents of Calabria, has been arrested.

At the latest accounts the Queen of Naples was supposed to be dying.

The Times' Paris correspondent says that the recently discovered conspiracy was the most serious of any yet known, considering the character of the conspiracy, the extent and objects proposed, which included the assassination of the Emperor and a revolution.

In the recent discovered conspiracy in France, the members of a provincial government were already named by the conspirators, and their plans were nearly perfected when discovered.

Lord Palmerston's hostility to the Suez Canal, produced considerable sensation in France. The Paris Journal comments severely upon it.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg announces that the Russians have occupied Gougany on the frontiers of Abasia.

It is rumored that the Shah of Persia has made a requisition upon General Outram for troops to enforce the evacuation of Herat, which his nephews disapproving of the terms of the treaty, have refused to give up.

Dates from Melbourne to April 20th have been received. The O'Shoughnessy ministry has resigned. There was a spirited speculation in grain in the Melbourne market.

Advices from Calcutta to June 7th state that the defection is entirely confined to the native troops, who have been disarmed at most of the stations in Punjab.

The latest advices from Delhi state that the heights around the town were in the possession of the Government troops, who had attacked and drove the rebels within the walls, capturing twenty-six guns. The Bombay and Madras troops continued firmly loyal.

The steamship Erin, from Bombay, with China mails, was wrecked on the coast of Ceylon, on June 6th. The passengers, mails and specie were saved. The cargo valued at a million dollars, and the vessel, was lost.

KENTUCKY.—The fight in the Ashland District waxed warm. A discussion took place at Flat Rock recently, between Hanson, the Plug Ugly candidate, and James B. Clay, the Democratic nominee. A correspondent of the State Flag, thus speaks of Mr. Clay's speech and prospects:

"Mr. Clay arose and with all the fire of one confident of victory made a most effective and thrilling reply, carrying conviction with every sentence he uttered; and such was the discomfort of his opponent that he arose every few minutes and looked to see if his time had not expired; but for one hour and a half Clay lashed him and his party with the fury of a whirlwind. Never was mortal man more completely routed."

The hand-writing is upon the wall; the Democrats are up and a doing, and expect to keep a doing, until the day set apart for Clay to redeem the Ashland District."

A Nebraska editor curiously announces his plans and purposes for celebrating the Fourth of July, as follows:

"We shall luxuriate over our dinner until about four o'clock, when we shall go and swim for half an hour, 'teter' for half an hour, and then pitch cents till dark. In the evening we shall go a courting."

Speaking of a Roman sunset, Chateaubriand said, it seemed as if all the purple of Rome's Consuls and Caesars were spread out under the last footsteps of the God of Day.

ARREST OF COUNTERFEITERS—INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN CENTRAL INDIANA—A CINCINNATI POLICEMAN AMONG THE HOBIERS.

About a month ago a number of merchants and other citizens of Indianapolis and vicinity, notified J. L. Ruffin, Chief of the Cincinnati Police Department, that their section of country was flooded with counterfeit money. They also alleged that merchants and other citizens of high social standing in various parts of Indiana, were strongly suspected of being a part of an organized gang of counterfeiters, and requested Mr. Ruffin to send out a skillful and reliable officer to ferret out the facts, they volunteering to meet all the expenses and pay adequately for time and services rendered.

Mr. Ruffin immediately detailed Wm. Reany, of the River Police, and dispatched him, with the requisite instructions, to push the matter to a conclusion.

Yesterday morning a brief note was received by the Chief, from Mr. Reany, stating that he had finally succeeded in developing some astounding facts which had led to the arrest of twelve or thirteen of the 'most respectable citizens' of Rush, Decatur and Bartholomew counties, upon whose persons and premises he had found large amounts of counterfeit bank bills of various denominations. He also furnished the names of several parties now in custody, but which we are requested not to publish.

During the current week the denouncement will probably be made. The people of that section of country are represented to be in a state of deep excitement.—Cincinnati Commercial.

FRIEND RUFFIN, could you not detail Mr. Reany to our city? Some of the 'respectables,' 'Shanghies,' what they are pleased to be called, should be looked after by the police of a sister state, as our police here is of no account to protect the innocent.

THE MORMON LEADERS.

Both Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are New Yorkers. Brigham lived near the line dividing Ontario and Monroe counties, in the town of Victor, at the time he became a Mormon. He had always manifested a proclivity to religious fanaticism, or rather, he was a lazy rascal, good for nothing except to howl at a camp-meeting. He lived in a log shanty, with a dilapidated, patient-suffering wife, surrounded by a host of tow-headed children. Occasionally he made up a lot of axe-helve and traded them off for sugar and tea; in other fits of industry he would do a day's work in the hay field for a neighbor, or pound potatoes in his own little patch, or pound clothes for his wife on a washing day. But his special mission was to go to camp-meetings and revivals, where he managed to get his daily bread out of the more wealthy brethren, in consideration of the union with which he shouted "gallo-rah!"

On such occasions Brigham took no thought of the morrow, but cheerfully putting on his old wool hat, he would leave his family without flour in the barrel or wood at the door, and telling his wife that the "Lord would provide," he would put off for a week's absence. Poor Mrs. Brigham managed along by borrowing from her neighbors with small hope of repaying, chopped the wood herself, and with an old sun-bonet—Navarro style—went to the spring after water, thoroughly convinced that her lot was not of the easiest and that her husband was, to use a western expression, an "ornary cuss," in which sentiment all who knew him joined. People were getting very tired of Brigham when Mormonism turned up. He was just the man for the religion, and the religion seemed expressly adapted to him. He became an exhorter, held neighborhood meetings, ranted and howled his doctrines into the minds of others, as weak as himself, and finally went west with the rest of them; where he has developed his powers until the poor, miserable rustic loafer is Governor of a territory, and chief prophet of a great religious sect.

He has just the mixture of shrewdness and folly which is required for success in a fraudulent quackery. A wiser man could not hold his place. A man must be half fool and half knave to be a successful quack.

Herber C. Kimball was a man of more respectability. He was born fanatic, and if he were not a Mormon would be something else just like it. In his church—he was a Baptist originally—he was one of those pestilent fellows who want resolutions passed at church meetings withholding fellowship from somebody else and insist on having a political codicil added to the Bible. We believe he had some property.—He has much more talent than Brigham Young, but is inferior to him in the elements of quackery. He has very respectable relatives now living in the part of Monroe county from which he started.—Buffalo Com. Adv.

PADDY IN AMERICA.

Strike out what the Irishman has done for America, and the country would be set back fifty years in the path of progress.—Corn would grow where the Erie canal bears the freight of millions of fertile acres; the lumbering stage coach would take the place of flying trains on ten thousand miles of railroad; a million spindles now running would never have been built; fifty thousand Americans, now relieved of the drudgery of cotton mills, and engaged in more profitable employments, would still be confined. Hundreds of millions of dollars could not purchase from the American people the property and the advantages that have absolutely been bestowed upon them by Irish labor; and they can hardly get a meal of victuals without it to-day. Irish labor is in the corn-field and the cotton-mill. It digs all our cellars, and carries all the bricks. It mans half our marine. It fills the ranks of our army. It mows our door-yards and digs our gardens. It waits on the tables at hotels. It washes our linens. In other words, it is an essential element in American thrift and progress; and we would not lose it for a month without recurrence of chaos. If Americans carry the brains of enterprise, the Irishmen carry the hands.—Springfield Rep.

His own Doctor.—During the last illness of Dr. Chirac, the celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, recovering from which, he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients. "Why was I not called in before?" said he. "It is too late; has the gentleman been dead?" His attendants answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man," answered Chirac; "he will not live six hours;" and his prediction was verified.

'Bad Taste.'—Pretty young girls kissing widowers children.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE SABBATH.

The Rev. Dr. Stevens closes his eloquent sermon on "The Lord's Day, its obligations and blessings," with the following beautiful extract from Hamilton's "Hore of Vin-dia Sabbaica":

"O Sabbath! Needed for a world of innocence—without thee, what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, He had never given us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee, as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over nations' achieved work—marching down ward in the tract of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guiding flame, intervening with all thy light the beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected by the dew and imbedded by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rung of the Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it not rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation-day of martyrs, the feast-day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Churches of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labor's only rest! Nothing has such a hoard of antiquity on it! Nothing contains in it such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness! The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection! The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality! The ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven with the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

LOLA MONTEZ IN HER ORIGINAL CHARACTER.

Lola is playing an engagement at Buffalo. On her passage from Rochester, she insisted on smoking in the baggage car. While thus cosily throwing off from her lips the curling smoke, she was discovered by the conductor, and informed that passengers were not permitted to ride in the baggage car. She paid no attention to the intimation, but continued to smoke as if no one had addressed her. Assistant Superintendent Collamer was at the station, and was informed what Lola was doing. He said she must do as other passengers did, and that she could not be permitted to ride in the baggage car. The conductor called upon her, and politely told her that she must take a seat in one of the cars designed for passengers. Lola drew herself up into an attitude of defiance and told the conductor that she had travelled all over the world, and had always rode where she had a mind to, and proposed to do so in this case.

The conductor further expostulated with her and assured her that he was but executing the orders of the Superintendent and the rules of the Company. Lola replied that she had horse-clipped bigger men than he. This settled the matter.—The conductor withdrew, and Lola was not again disturbed. She rode to Buffalo in the baggage car, and had no occasion to use the whip. The railroad men did not care to further disturb the tigress.

THE REVOLT IN BRITISH INDIA OF THE NATIVE TROOPS—PARTICULARS OF THE MASSACRE.

The Bengal (East India) correspondent of the New York Times writes an interesting letter to that journal respecting the late revolt, from which we make the following extract. He says:

The massacre at Meerut occurred on Sunday, the 10th ult. On Saturday, the 9th, there was a brigade parade at the station, and eighty-five men of the Third Native Cavalry, who had refused to load and fire the new cartridges, were ironed on the parade-ground, in the presence of the troops, and then marched to jail and locked up. The officers on the station had, up to this time, entertained no suspicion of an open revolt. But on Sunday evening, the 10th ult., the Third Cavalry rushed from their lines armed and furious, followed by the Twentieth Native Infantry, who fired their muskets, and called upon the Eleventh Native Infantry to come and join them. They immediately answered by rushing out from their lines fully armed. The English officers expostulated with the men, but were instantly shot down. The mutineers were now joined by the bazar and town rabble, and in one body, they rushed upon the jail, liberated their eighty-five comrades, and at the same time set free about twelve hundred other prisoners, who had been confined for various offences. The frantic rebels now turned upon the English residents of the station, with the ferocity of tigers; and before the European troops could be assembled one-half of the bungalows, the public buildings, and the private residence of Meerut were in flames, and the wives and children of the English residents were flying in terror before the blood-thirsty Sepoys. The scene is described as horrible in the extreme, exhibiting the worst features of Asiatic barbarity. Every English officer that was discovered was instantly shot at by the Sepoys. The defenceless women and innocent children were not only butchered, in attempting to escape from the burning dwellings, but their bodies were horribly mutilated and cut in pieces on the highway by these Hindoo savages. At last the European troops on the station, consisting of the Sixtieth Regiment of Rifles and Sixth Regiment of Dragon Guards, were drawn up to oppose the mutineers.—After two volleys from the Rifles, the rebels turned and fled. The Dragons pursued them out of Meerut, and for several miles along the road to Delhi—cutting down numbers of them with their sabers.

Owing to a confusion caused by the darkness of the night, the pursuit was abandoned, and to this fact is attributed the appearance of the mutineers before Delhi.

They reached that city, which is only about thirty-five miles from Meerut, early on Monday morning and were joined by three native regiments stationed there, (the Thirtieth, Fifty-fourth, and Seventy-fourth N. I.) The entrance of Delhi was for a time defended by the officers of the Fifty-fourth N. I., but that regiment soon fraternized with the rebels, and their officers were immediately slaughtered. During the day all the Europeans in the city were butchered by the Sepoys, except some ten or twelve, who succeeded in escaping to neighboring stations. Many of them were surprised and massacred at a dinner party in the fort; others were massacred at church, in their dwellings and in the public streets. All the savage atrocities at Meerut were repeated, with tenfold madness, on the Christian women and children in Delhi. The mutineers plundered the Bank of Delhi of fifty lacs of rupees (\$2,500,000.) They proclaimed a son of the late Mogul Emperor King, and at last accounts, were in full possession of the captured city.

An act of heroism by a young English officer, during the sack of the city, is reported, and is worth communicating. When the powder magazines and arsenal fell into the hands of the rebels, Lieutenant G. D. Willoughby, of the artillery, gaining access to the stores of powder, set fire to them, destroying in the ruin with himself more than one thousand of the insurgents, who were crowded into the arsenal at the moment.

The Governor-General at Calcutta is fully aroused by the impending crisis. The Commander-in-Chief, General Anson, who, unfortunately, thinks more of the game of cricket than the games of war, has been summoned from his retreat in the hills, to look after the condition of the army. Scindia, the young Maharajah of Gwalior, adjoining Delhi, has offered his troops, including his own body-guard, to the government; and the Rajah of Jhind, to whom the rebel King of Delhi sent messengers, invoking aid against the English, not only took the messengers to pieces, but has also offered the services of his troops to the government.

The cavalry of the Rajah of Burford and the troops of the Rajah of Putealla have also been tendered to the Governor-General. These, with the English regiments in the Northern hills, are now closing around the doomed city, and it will not be long ere the blood of the murdered Europeans will be terribly avenged!

There is much alarm felt at Calcutta in consequence of this mutiny, as it is impossible to tell where it may break out next, or what form it will next assume. The Queen's Regiment of Fifty-third Foot has been placed in garrison at Fort William, Calcutta, and European regiments are posted at the Mint, Treasury, and all the Government offices. The regiment of native troops (Sepoys), lately in the garrison, have been turned out of the Fort and encamped in the esplanade under their guns, their arms having been taken away from them.

(From Bayard Taylor's Correspondence in the N. Y. Tribune.)

LICENTIOUSNESS OF STOCKHOLM.

Stockholm has been called the most licentious city in Europe, and I have no doubt, with the most perfect justice. Vienna may surpass it in the amount of conjugal infidelity, but certainly not in general licentiousness. Very nearly half the registered births are illegitimate, to say nothing of the illegitimate children born on wedding lock. Of the servant-girls, shop-girls and seamstresses in the city, it is very safe to say that scarcely one out of a hundred is chaste, while, as rakish young Swedes have coolly informed me, a large proportion of girls of respectable parentage, belonging to the middle class, are not much better.—The men, of course, are much worse than the women, and even in Paris one sees fewer physical signs of excessive debauchery. Here, the number of broken-down young men, and bleary-eyed, hoarse sinners is astonishing. I have never been in any place where licentiousness was so open and avowed—and yet where the slang of a sham morality was so prevalent. There are no houses of prostitution in Stockholm, and the city would be scandalized at the idea of allowing such a thing. A few years ago two were established, and the fact was no sooner known than a virtuous mob arose and violently pulled them down!

It is but fair to say that the Swedes account for the