

THE REVIEW.

CRAWFORDSVILLE

Saturday Morning, Jan. 9, 1888.

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CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.00 per annum in advance, or \$2.00 per annum in advance, or \$2.00 per annum in advance.

S. H. PAVIN, South East corner, Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent to procure advertisements.

CIRCULATION
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN
Crawfordsville.

Advertisers call up and examine our list of
SUBSCRIBERS.

PRINTER'S FESTIVAL.

We take pleasure in announcing that the printers of Crawfordsville have determined on celebrating the coming anniversary of the Birth-day of Benjamin Franklin, in a manner worthy the occasion. Franklin was born in Boston, on the 17th day of January, 1706—but the 17th coming on Sunday this year, the celebration will take place on Saturday Evening, the 16th.

Temperance Hall has been procured, and will be appropriately decorated for the occasion. A substantial Supper consisting of every luxury that the market can afford, speed with the wit, and graced with the presence of our eloquent men, will be served up on the occasion. Several distinguished guests may be expected.

The Hon. Henry S. Lane has kindly consented to deliver the address.

Tickets \$1.00, to be had until Thursday evening at T. D. Brown's Drug Store, of Geo. Snyder, Esq., at the Post Office, and at Frank M. Heaton's Book Store. A limited number of tickets will be sold, and it is earnestly requested, by the Finance Committee, that persons desiring to attend will supply themselves as soon as possible, in order that abundant preparations may be made.

A WORD TO COUNTRY POSTMASTERS.

We wish to remind these gentlemen that the law requires, that in cases where a subscriber refuses to take out his paper, or moves off, that it is his duty to immediately inform the publisher of the fact, a failing to do which makes him liable for the subscription. Some of our subscribers have left the county without paying for their papers, and in some such cases the postmasters have generously allowed persons, who were not subscribers, the privilege of reading them. In all such cases we shall hold the postmasters liable for the subscription, as it was clearly their duty to have informed us of the fact of the papers not being taken out by the proper owners.

PENMANSHIP.—Mr. Lowell Lincoln,

from the Commercial Academy of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is at present stopping in our town. As a teacher of calligraphy, he stands at the head of his profession. We are happy to learn that, independent of the schools he has opened for instruction at the College and Seminary, he will commence immediately, the teaching of a night class in Empire Block. Persons desirous of making a marked improvement in the beautiful art of penmanship, should connect themselves with this class immediately.

A WORD TO AN INDIANA COTEMPORARY.

The Crawfordsville (Ind.) Review says that the *Enquirer* is no longer a Democratic paper. That is singular, when we are supporting a Democratic President and a Democratic Administration, and agree in politics with the two Democratic Senators and a majority of the Democratic Representatives in Congress from the *Review's* own State. It also intimates that we are pursuing our present course of supporting a Democratic President and a Democratic Administration because we are a candidate for the Postoffice at this place. Now, can we not with as much, nay, more, propriety say that the writer for the *Review* is opposing President Buchanan and his Democratic Administration because he, the said writer, was an applicant for and did not get the consulate he was so anxious the President should appoint him to? We do not do so, and merely refer to it to show how frivolous such charges and insinuations are.—*Cin. Enquirer*.

We would respectfully inform our cotemporary of the *Enquirer*, that the masses of the Democratic Party in Indiana look upon their Senators and Representatives in Congress as the servants and not the masters of the people; and that they do not feel it obligatory upon them to follow all the twistings and turnings of men in public life, who are often actuated more by their own self-interest than the public welfare. They (the masses) also find it more congenial to their feelings to adhere to principle, and let professional politicians take care of themselves.

The *Enquirer*, boasts of supporting the Administration—we suppose, right or wrong. For a week or more it has been abusing Commodore Paulding roundly for capturing Fillmore Walker. It is now pretty well understood that the President will sustain Paulding. What will the *Enquirer* do? Will it 'bout ship, or continue to denounce Paulding, and with him the President? We shall see.

It is stated that the Rhode Island banks will resume the redemption of their bills at the Suffolk Bank, Boston, on or about the 11th of January.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

According to "arrangements," a Fancy Dress Ball took place at Whitlock Hall, on Wednesday night the 30th. Your reporter regrets that time will not permit him to give so extended and particular an account of this brilliant party as he would like to do. There were so many there, that it was impossible, we fear, to become acquainted with all the "Characters." We can recall the following:

Sir John Kalfast, Jesse Cumberland, Duke of York, Geo. Brown, Earl Percy, John Garvin, Arabian Astrologer, John Sweetser, John Chinaman, H. Morgan, Duke of Argyle, W. H. Morgan, Count Monte Christo, J. C. Elston, Don Fernando Miguel, Mr. Carnahan, of Lafayette, "Big Jiggs," J. B. Crawford, Cardinal Ximenes, H. S. Braden, Saint Peter, J. W. Wilson, Turkish Sultan, Milo Sumay, American Tar, Ed. Binford, United States Soldier, Tom Patterson, ditto, a good looking Stranger, Selim, E. A. Davis, Wild Irishman, T. D. Brown, Sam Slick, Ben Galley, a Revolutionary patriot, Bill Fry, a "member of the Society of Friends," Dave Hartman, Christopher Columbus, Geo. Lamb, Bartholomew Columbus, S. Hartman, Earl of Arundel, W. H. Beede.

The first lady we met wore a beautiful crown, all made of pure gold, of course, and as she had no particular country to rule over, we christened Miss Matt Elston, "Queen of the Universe." Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra, was represented by Miss Nellie Winn, and we doubt whether the *bona fide* queen were half so handsome. "Zuleika, child of gentleness," and especially of beauty, was represented by Miss Gregory, of Lafayette. The personification of the Poet's Dream was not more beautiful than its representation on Wednesday night. Beatrice, in Much ado about Nothing, was finely represented by Miss Speed. She looked for all the world like one who could say truthfully, "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me." Beatrice is a glorious dancer.

There were several allegorical representations. "Night" was represented by Mrs. Cumberland; "Morning" by Miss Mattie Vandersall; and there were several other allegorical representations by Miss Riley, Miss Patterson, and others, as to the particulars of which, not having the honor of an acquaintance with the ladies, your reporter can say nothing. "Morning," however, was bright and beautiful as Aurora herself.

Miss Mattie Binford appeared finely in the Bride of Lammermoor; "The Lady of the Lake" was finely represented by Miss Fannie Fry; Miss Helen Elston represented a Scotch lassie; Miss Jennie Ramsey represented some beautiful person or other, we forget who; and Miss Harriet Ramsey appeared finely in *propria persona*.—Miss Mate and Sue Ingersoll appeared remarkably well, we thought, though it is admitted we may be partial to them. Mrs. Sweetser, Mrs. Garvin, Mrs. Wasson, and the other married ladies were all in fine humor, and sustained their characters in the very best style.

The Fancy Dress Ball passed off most admirably, and happily to all concerned. We dare say, there never has been a more pleasant dancing party in Crawfordsville. P. S. We came very near forgetting that Sir John Kalfast wore the identical sword with which he slew the Percy!

A TEXAS TRAGEDY.

The Austin State Gazette says the following particulars came to us from Com. Canamache county:

On the 21st of November, a difficulty occurred in this county, between Arch Norbourn and Sam Housley, in which Norbourn was killed. A few days previous to the rencounter Norbourn had made an effort to commit an outrage upon Housley's wife. She succeeded in getting away from him unharmed, save the tearing of her dress, and ran to her husband, who was at work in a field, one mile distant. Housley went to Norbourn's house that evening without arms, but failed to see Arch (he shut himself up in the house). His brother, Hagan, promised Housley that Arch should meet him the next day and render satisfaction, but he failed to do so, and the next thing Housley heard of Arch, he was well supplied with weapons, and bidding him defiance. On the 21st inst., Housley and his wife were passing by Norbourn's house, Norbourn came out of the house and walked in the direction of Housley to a cow lot and stopped, pulling off his coat which exposed his weapons to full view. Housley told his wife to walk on, and he started towards him. Norbourn drew out his pistol and held it in his right hand, hacking on the fence at the same time with an ax in his left hand. Housley advanced to within six or seven paces of him, and told him to lay down his pistol, whereupon each party made ready to shoot. Housley's cap burst; Norbourn fired but missed Housley; the second barrel of Housley's gun fired and Norbourn fell to rise no more, but buck shot taking effect.

Housley is one of the first settlers of this county, and never had a difficulty in his life before.

Persons wishing to become members in the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," are hereby notified that the last opportunity will be on or before next Thursday or Friday. Call on P. M. Heaton, who will forward your names to New York in time for the drawing, which takes place January 28th.

The following is an extract from a letter sent from a minister in Illinois:

"Preschers feel these hard times sensibly. For more than two months I have not had a cent except what I received for marrying, and marriage fees are not very large in this region."

LATEST INTELLIGENCE

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

SANPE, Hook, Wednesday, Jan. 6. The steamship *Atlantic*, with dates from Liverpool to the 23d ult., four days later than previous advices, passed this point this morning.

The message of President Buchanan has been published in the London papers, and is favorably criticized.

Messrs. Klingender & Brothers, of Liverpool, have failed, with liabilities reaching about £500,000.

The steamer *Atlantide* furnishes nothing later from India.

An earthquake has occurred at Naples, causing great damage and loss of life.

SECOND DISPATCH.

The *Atlantic* arrived at her dock at two o'clock this afternoon.

The London Times indorses Mr. Buchanan's financial views, but says England should not abrogate the Central American treaty without a guarantee for the re-assertion of its important provisions. The Post characterizes the message as highly creditable to the moral and political judgment of Mr. Buchanan. The Daily News praises the foreign and financial policy, but condemns his Kansas views.

A great earthquake had occurred thro' out the Kingdom of Naples, particularly in the towns of Salerno, Portenya and Nola. Numerous villages have been half destroyed, and a dispatch says that a thousand persons were killed, but the report is supposed to be exaggerated.

FRANCE.

The extraordinary trial of Madame D. Jenposse, her two sons and her game-keeper, for the murder of M. Guillot, had terminated in the acquittal of all the prisoners. The affair was a very complicated one, and attracted great attention throughout France.

It was expected that the Bank of France would lower its rate of discount to five per cent. before the end of the year.

Further attempts to launch the Levantine were postponed until the spring tide, at the commencement of the month of January. The hydraulic power was to be more than doubled. The ship remained even and fair on the ways, and at high tide had nearly six feet of water under her.

The report of an intended alliance between the Prince of Orange and Princess Alice, of England, is said to be totally without foundation.

The East India Company have been formally notified of the Minister's intention to terminate the double government in India.

GOV. WISE ON THE NEW ENGLAND "FOREFATHERS."

Among the letters sent to the recent New England dinner in New York, is the following by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. I must, then, decline. But it is not for want of any respect or gratitude to the "Forefathers" of New England. They were solid, practical men, who looked to the real substance, and not to the shadow of things. They were men of God, whose walk and conversation were founded on the morality of the Gospel. They were persecuted and long-suffering for the cause of religious freedom. They were brave and hardy, and earnest and honest, and manly and persevering in maintaining human rights by the observance of law and order and decency in all things. If they were at all deluded and practiced any delusions, it was always in their hearts and consciences on the Lord's side. They were against the devil and all his wiles. They kept the faith and labored, and suffered, and fought for it. And they gloriously triumphed over their physical and spiritual foes, and handed down a legacy of liberty and law, worth preserving for all ages, at all hazards, by their descendants. And they were brothers of our "Forefathers" of Virginia, and in the last struggles were bound to our Fathers by more sacred ties than brother's blood.

They bound themselves and their heirs forever. Time, events, other struggles, renewed covenants, more bloodshed, greater interests, higher responsibilities, weightier trusts, brighter hopes, grander prospective scenes, greater dread of worse disasters than could once be contemplated—all, everything which has grown up, or come after, is gone, or now is, or is hereafter to be, binds us, the heirs, coheirs and descendants of the forefathers of this republic, to each other more than they were bound together.

ARE WE A NATION OF SUICIDES?—Is it a

more epidemic, incited by the reverses from which the country has suffered, that has carried off so many recently by suicide? Is suicide to be the United States what the plague is to Oriental countries? The record of a single week, in which we have not sought for such cases, but taken only those that were forced on our notice gives this frightful result.

Wrightman, editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and his companion, Elliott, took nitric acid. Dr. O. C. Prescott, formerly of Utah, took prussic acid; Miss McFarlane drowned herself at Hamilton, C. V.; Mr. Lanham, of Macdonald, took laudanum; Mr. Johnson, of Cincinnati, jumped from a ferry; Mr. Slade, of Boston, cut his throat; Mr. Lines, of Utica, died by his own hand; Mr. Robertson, of Putneyville, and Mrs. Armstrong, of Tonawanda threw themselves before the cars; Mr. Needham, of New York, took laudanum; Mr. Reed, of Worcester, Mass., died by poison, as did Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia; Mr. Rubins, of Buffalo, hung himself; Miss Frances M. Parnum, aged 21, of Wellsville, Alleghany county, drowned herself on the 14th inst., in a state of religious excitement; Burr Whitman, of Cattaraugus, shot himself on account of domestic difficulties. And how many, many others, plunged unsummoned into the unseen world, who can tell.—*Utica Herald*.

A NOVELTY.—In the Detroit papers,

the steamer *Forester* was advertised for an Excursion Trip, on New Year's evening. Such an excursion has never been known on the Detroit River before.

The vote in Oregon against slavery is five thousand and nineteen, and for the Constitution three thousand eight hundred and twenty-six.

EXCELLENT DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

The editor of the Lawrence Democrat has in his possession a copy of the Washington Union of July 20th, from the editorial columns of which he makes the following extract, in which the Union labors, and we think successfully, to prove that the Kansas constitution ought to be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection: Said the *Union* on the 20th of July:

No prudent business man confers an irrevocable power of attorney where he retains an interest. In the business of life, no intelligent man consents to be bound by a written instrument, prepared even by his trusted legal adviser, without reading and subsequent approval. The principal best knows what he wishes, and when completed, he alone can tell whether his wishes have been fully complied with. Under the Kansas law, the delegates, as agents of the people, are simply clothed with power to prepare a draft of a constitution, but they are not authorized to say that their principals shall be bound by what they do. The agent can exercise no personal views of his own, but is bound to conform to the wishes of his principal. No conscientious agent will submit his refusal, when he can do so, to his principal, or to his principal before attempting to bind him by his acts. Such an agent would naturally desire the previous approval of what he had done, if right; and if wrong, to allow the principal an opportunity of correction before becoming finally bound. If the pressure of circumstances has, in rare instances, occasioned a different precedent, it is certain that none exist in Kansas which authorize, and much less demand, that such precedents be followed.

The refusal by the convention to submit the result of their labors to the people might well raise suspicion, if not a strong presumption, that they doubted whether they had so performed their duty as to meet the will of their constituents.

If they desire to be certain that their labors conform to the wishes of the people after they shall have read the arguments for and against the parts and the aggregate of their work, and formed their opinions thereon, they will not fail to afford them the most ample opportunity to do so. During the last seventy-five years, numerous State constitutions have been framed, and with few exceptions, they have all been submitted to the people for adoption or rejection. Our National Constitution, when framed, was, through the several States, submitted to the people. So obvious was the propriety of such submission in the present case, that the President instructed the Territorial Governor to protect the people when voting for or against its adoption. Under his instructions, both Secretary Stanton and Gov. Walker have pledged such protection; and until recently, and in a few quarters, no one has questioned the propriety of such admission, while its wisdom is too apparent to be doubted where the will of the people is the acknowledged source of all power.

LITTLE ORPHAN'S GRAVE.

Simply always marks the genuine language of sorrow. It requires no pompous words to tell of withered hopes and joys that have perished in the spring-time of their existence. When love's twining tendrils have been torn away from some cherished object of affection, and the heart is left lacerated and bleeding, the stricken mourner may give expression to the pent up fountain of grief in the "restless eloquence." There is a little grave in Greenwood Cemetery, on which is placed a simple urn, with this inscription:

LITTLE ORPHAN'S GRAVE.

A rose-bush is planted by it, and keeps watch, like a guardian angel, over the cherished idol of a desolate home. Oh, what a volume of unwritten sorrow is contained in these simple words, Little Orpha, a frail, blue-eyed flower, bloomed by the way-side of life; her sweet, sunny smile lighted up her happy home—a father's pride and hope, and a mother's joy and love. Daily she grew in beauty, till the sparkling thoughts gleamed through the "windows of the soul," and shed their lustre over her radiant face; till one day Death came along, with a stealthy tread, and transplanted the fragile flower, to bloom in perennial loveliness "close by the Tree of Life," in the Paradise of God.

Weep not, sorrowing mother, for thy little Orpha is in a world where sin and sorrow never come, and where no tears shall ever dim her radiant face. Beyond the trials and temptations of this weary world, and safe from the corroding cares of life, she is a child of Paradise.

Greenwood contains the marble monument (I had like to have said mausoleum) of the princely Catlin, and the tomb of the illustrious Allen; but the studied epigraphs are colder than the chiselled marble which speaks to posterity. I gazed upon their snowy whiteness, as they glittered in the sunlight; I could not but acknowledge them beautiful; but a tear dimmed my eye as I stood by "Little Orpha's Grave."—Here was no mimicry of sorrow, no artificial grief; it was the heart's last tribute to the loved and lost. To me, it was the most interesting spot in Greenwood.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The Secretary

of the Navy has officially advised (Cyrus W. Field, that the steam frigate *Niagara* would be ordered to assist again in the effort to lay the submarine telegraph cable, and that Chief Engineer Everett would receive leave of absence, with permission to leave the United States, so that the Company can avail of his services as they may request. The *Niagara* is expected to sail in March, under command of Captain Hudson.

Madame Runkle, who lately figured at some of the New York hunger meetings having been asked who she was, gave the following reply: "I'll tell you who I am: In the parlor I am a lady; in my business I am a man; in my profession I am a hero, and in avenging an insult I am a warrior."

A large Democratic meeting has been held at Leavenworth, Kansas, at which resolutions were passed denouncing the Leecompton constitution and the attempt to put it into operation in defiance of the wishes of the people.

"BIRDS OF THE HEARTH."

Through the open door close to the door;
And the red light flickers and falls
Along the hearth, and along the floor,
And along the cottage walls.

Across the sill of the door ajar,
And the wild winds' desolate bed,
A crimson gleam of light glances far,
By the embers' light is shed.

The wind that sobbed and sighed in a dream,
From the snow-drift shivering white,
Has bent the ray, and the blanch'd gleam,
Like a saber, sweeps the night.

Beneath the eaves where fluttered the song,
And the great winds swing to the strain,
The crystal barriers glance along—
A cheery, de-frie of rain.

There hangs from the wall a fragment of thread,
When the dawn grew red in the pane,
It marked where the "Morning Glories" led,
When they beglazed the refrain:

An oak thatched a shadowy nook, to rest,
Like the clasp of an hundred years,
Bathman a billow of leaves in June,
And has blossomed full with stars.

For standing there, just under the tree,
Where the meadow-lark used to sing,
For proof of grief and the care, see the
Where the clattering stars do bring.

Above the roof it tosses its arms,
And the white storm clouds to its breast—
A giant, holding the soft strains
Of a snowy dove to rest.

Across the sill the footstep falls,
And we stand in the cottage door,
The shadows rise on the naked wall,
As the embers' light is lower.

A coffin gray, and spotted with gold,
With a mulberry leaf for bier,
And silver shroud with a silver fold,
On a shelf is lying near.

They say, when April comes to the door,
And the blue-eyed foundlings awake,
The humble thing that was dead before,
From its silken sleep shall break;

A folio flower, in duplicate done,
Like the face in the eyes of the dead,
Two leaves shall open in the sun,
With a dissyllabic life.

The HEARTS ride and broken and old,
From a gray ledge lifted, one day,
But feet that walk in their sandals,
May have worn that stone away.

Ah, feel so brave and beautiful too,
That they tread upon thorns with song:
Like June they went, and their way we knew,
For the roses followed along!

Ah, feel so fair, we fancy the moon,
May be sometimes walking the cloud,
Though it closed the gates of the azure noon,
And the moon is in her shroud!

On marble beds where violets die,
And the moss rose pillows its pride,
The marble looks like an azure sky,
Where a cloudless day has died;

The years go by, and out of the shroud,
The statue stands naked in noon;
On the feet and out of the cloud,
Of a long forgotten June!

So SORROWS of June have lightened the stone,
With the lithograph face of day,
Whose buds and blossoms of love have grown,
And drifted it away with May.

Like Hibernia, backward slowly we read,
Through the misty veil of the rain;
The eyes are dim, but the heart can heed
How the past has come again.

When Indian Summer walked in a dream,
The sunset lay red on the trees;
She went, forgetting to fold the gleam,
And she left December these.

GENERAL WALKER IN WASHINGTON

—NOT KANSAS BUT CUBA.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.

The Kansas stir has been entirely supplanted by the new trouble in which the President is so unexpectedly involved by the rash, precipitate, and unauthorized proceedings of Com. Paulding, in the arrest of Gen. Walker within the territory of Nicaragua, and the breaking up of his enterprise. This incident threatens to kindle a new discussion in the ranks of the Democrats. The flame will grow and rage more violently as the news passes southward, until, reaching the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, it will, like a prairie fire, sweep everything before it, and involve the whole South in one grand conflagration of filibuster warfare.

At the North, Walker, his character, motives, and schemes are held in little favor, and his defeat, by what many suppose will cause little grief. But in the South it is very different. The filibuster feeling is a very prevalent one among the warlike Southerners, and this feeling has received a new and powerful impulse from the failure of the South to secure Kansas as a slave State. Southern expansion is now the great idea, as essential to maintain, at least an approach to equilibrium of the North and South, to preserve the Union, and to draw the South off from the unwise policy of seeking to extend slavery into the Northern latitudes. The Democratic party throughout the Union will acquiesce in this policy.

The acquisition of Cuba or of some adjacent southern country, is the very best step to calm and extinguish the discord which has for some time disturbed the quiet of these States. It was wisely said by Mr. Buchanan, a few days ago, by a gentleman whose opinion he asked as to the best remedy for the Kansas trouble: "Change the programme, substitute Cuba for Kansas, and the Ostend Manifesto for the Leecompton Convention." The President smiled and brightened up at an idea which went home to one of his warmest feelings and aspirations. All the troubles, disagreements and misadventures that may occur to him, in an administration which begins already to be an eventful one, will be forgotten in the splendor of the realization of the aim and object of the Ostend Manifesto—the acquisition of that magnificent possession, "Cuba querida."

Two fashionable young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, met in the post-office at Syracuse, New York, on Friday, when one struck the other a powerful blow in the face. There were a number of spectators present, but the attack was so sudden that no one interfered, and the assailed went off whimpering. It was all about the love of a young man.

The stock of pork at New York on the 1st inst. was 10,568 bbls, against 13,046 bbls same time last year. The stock of beef on the 1st was 39,144 bbls, against 19,468 bbls same date last year.

FROM LA PAIS DE PARIS.

THE INDIAN MUTINIES.—THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

CALCUTTA, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1867.

I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party. On every side death stared us in the face; no human life could assert its any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that utterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly in the last few days. As a constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollection of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome by fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father should return from the plowing." She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I, myself, could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continued roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamer! it's the slogan of the Highlanders!" We're saved, we're saved! then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with rapturous fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—to the Megregor, the grandest of them all. Here's help at last." To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul that tensed in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of intense disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the Col. shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had sunk upon the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—"Will ye no believe me? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are coming! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?" At that moment we seemed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the glibroch of the Highlanders' kilt, its tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, careless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the Sappers. No; it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise success to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. A host in the residence of Lucknow but bowed it self before God. All by an simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed "Glorious Charge." To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by that well-known strain which moves every Scot to tears. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld lang syne."

THE NEW TERRITORY OF DAKOTA.

During its present session, Congress will be called on to establish a territorial government over that part of Minnesota not included within the limits of the State. The *New York Post* says:

The region called Dakota already has a population of at least four thousand enterprising people, of whom fifteen hundred are settled in the vicinity of the Red River, and the remainder about the Big Sioux. The principal settlement is at the falls of the Big Sioux, and consists of thirty houses, a steam saw-mill, and several stone buildings. At this point, such is the demand for building materials that the mill is kept running night and day, and \$20 a thousand is readily paid for sawing.

A few miles below the falls, at the head of steamboat navigation, a promising beginning has been made. Thriving settlements have already been established at convenient places above the falls, and on several branches of the Big Sioux. The soil is described as peculiarly adapted to agriculture, and capable of sustaining a dense population.

The only land properly open for settlement is that between the Big Sioux and the Minnesota Rivers, a strip of territory twenty-five miles wide and one hundred and sixty-long. The Indians, however, are desirous of selling the land between the Big Sioux and Missouri; and doubtless the Government will be ready to purchase it. The only disadvantage under which Dakota labors is the scarcity of timber. Timber is found in valleys of the rivers, and along the margin of some lakes, but only in sufficient quantities to meet the local demand. Therefore, while these places will be speedily occupied, the rich prairies will probably be neglected, until the means are provided to transport timber from localities where it is more abundant.

A father called his son into a crowd, and stage, saying—"Ben-jam-in."

OVERLORD FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO THE SOUTH OF THE AMOOR.

We had yesterday, an interview with Mr. R. M. Collins, who arrived in this city a few days ago, having traveled overland from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor River. The journey occupied exactly one year. (Twelve months ago Mr. Collins left St. Petersburg, traveled from thence to Moscow, by railroad, and from thence through Siberia, in sledges and telegraphs, to Chetah, the capital of the Trans-Baikal province, situated on the River Ingodal, one of the main sources of the Amoor, where he waited for the breaking up of the ice in the river, and then accompanied by Cossack soldiers, and by Mr. Puhlm, the Governor of the Russian-American Company at Ayan, proceeded down to the Amoor, and along that river to the Pacific. From Mr. Collins we have obtained much interesting information in relation to the vast region through which he traveled, and about which so little is known. He speaks in the highest terms of the Russian officials, with whom he had intercourse.

Amoors are everywhere highly regarded by the Russians, and are always treated with every courtesy and respect. The party of which Mr. Collins formed one, were not molested by the native tribes who inhabit a great portion of the region through which they traveled. They found it necessary, however, to be cautious in their intercourse with them. During his journey, Mr. Collins stopped for some time at Kyaakta and Miamattschin. These towns are located side by side. The former is inhabited by the Russians, and the latter by the Chinese. The boundary line of the two nations runs between. It is marked only by a board fence. They are both walled in and fortified. At the point all the legitimate trade of the two countries is carried on. To Miamattschin the Chinese convey from the interior their teas and other goods on bullocks and camels, and to Kyaakta the Russians bring their commodities, and in this way the exchange is made.

The trade which centers at this point is estimated to amount to over thirty millions of rubles per annum. While at Kyaakta Mr. Collins essayed to enter the Chinese dominions, and proceed to Pekin, which is about 850 miles to the South. He joined an Ambassador, sent out by the Russian Government to treat with the Emperor for the purchase of