

THE REVIEW.

CIRCULATION 2,000

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railway.

Trains arrive at and leave Crawfordville daily as follows:

Express	Leave	Arrive
Express	7:30 A. M.	12:40 P. M.
Mixed	11:00 A. M.	5:00 P. M.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad.

GOING NORTH.

Express	Leave	Arrive
Express	7:30 A. M.	12:40 P. M.
Mixed	11:00 A. M.	5:00 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Express	Leave	Arrive
Express	7:30 A. M.	12:40 P. M.
Mixed	11:00 A. M.	5:00 P. M.

Arrivals and Departures of Mail and Post Office at Crawfordville.

DAILY—Goes South.

Train	Arrives	Departs
North	7:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
South	7:45 P. M.	8:00 P. M.

ALBANY, by back arriving Tuesday.

Train	Arrives	Departs
South	7:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
North	7:45 P. M.	8:00 P. M.

NEW YORK, by back arriving Tuesday.

Train	Arrives	Departs
South	7:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
North	7:45 P. M.	8:00 P. M.

INDIANAPOLIS, by back arriving Wednesday.

Train	Arrives	Departs
South	7:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
North	7:45 P. M.	8:00 P. M.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:

Each square, (9 lines or less) first insertion	1.00
Each additional insertion, of each square	.25

For six weeks or less	1.00
For three months	2.50
For six months	4.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00
For one year	7.00

camp, and sought him on the field of battle, which presented a most horrible spectacle. Delton and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking on the blighted hopes of his Emperor and mourning the sad fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier who, covered with blood, and endeavoring to extricate himself from a heap of carnage that surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, "Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succor?"

It was Koblinki. Davoust immediately recognized him, and leaping from his horse, gently raised him in arms, cheered his drooping spirits and dispatched a messenger for the surgeon general. On his arrival with his assistants, he examined the wounds and a glance with the Marshal, told more eloquently than words could convey, how slight were the hopes entertained for the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

"It is a soldier's fate," said Davoust with emotion. "Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost."

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude. The Prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement, and having recommended him to the care of a few who he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the Emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal Generals of the army, and having received instructions to the future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the two first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to inquire after the state of Koblinki, returned and informed him that he still survived, and with proper care might recover. The Marshal was overjoyed at this intelligence, but he was perplexed as to the best means of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear, and already filled to excess. A sudden thought started in his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eight regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of old grenadiers of the first battalion:

"Grenadiers," said he, "my Aide-de-camp, Colonel Koblinki, was yesterday severely wounded while showing you an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?"

"No, no! Long live the Pole!" cried the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the Marshal.

"Listen, then," said Davoust. "Are there among this company, which I have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I shall impose?"

At this invitation a grenadier stepping from the ranks, exclaimed, briskly, "Here." He was immediately followed by a dozen others, all the company did the same.

The Marshal, addressing the man who had first spoken, demanded his name.

"Joseph Trigaud."

"Well, Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my Aide-de-camp. Thou and thy comrades shall be answerable for him. Soldiers, guard him as you would your colors!"

"Yes, yes! Vive l'Empereur! We are responsible!" cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid and carried to the center of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the meantime, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced at first in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the cold, a frightful aspect of disorganization and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amid the immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, they repulsed Koblinki in the center, they repulsed him with the bayonet the dragons of Milforditch, or returned the unexpected attack of Platon with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive, but always calm, silent and steady.

By these means their numbers had gradually diminished, and when on the 30th of October, they reached the Viazna, out of the entire company of grenadiers, not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men abandoned and left to themselves, preserved amid the general discontent, the moral force which conquers even events. It was their honor and not their lives that they sought to defend.

It was sufficient for them that one of the most illustrious Marshals of the Emperor had said to them, "To your honor and bravery I confide my Aide-de-camp, you are to restore him to me." These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privation and even death.

After three weeks of continual hardship, the few men who remained of the heroic and devoted company scouted with disdain, and looked upon as an affront, the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who, seeing himself the cause of so many sacrifices and sufferings, had besought them to relieve themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

"Thou art but a coward," said he to Trigaud, "who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head."

"Colonel," said Trigaud with stoical indifference, "you may charge me with such if you please, but I laugh at it. Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the Marshal, and he ever requires that his order should be obeyed."

"If you had killed me yesterday in the snow, when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere to day have suffered no more."

"The Cossacks would have disinterred and buried you alive," replied Trigaud, who during the previous night had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. "These exerts of candles would rejoice to have your skin, but they must take mine first—it is ready for them. Oh the savages!"

"You are but a coward," repeated the Pole in a feverish transport which shook the litter on which he lay.

"Be calm, be calm, my Colonel, you know that the carbines of the Marshal have been now taught the necessity of obedience. Why then do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things? However, it is all equal to me, I shall not reply to you."

He who had thus spoken nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavoring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were within twenty-four hours changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice, and owing to that circumstance but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank. Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours repose, he found that but four of his companions survived, the others having perished from the stupifying effects of the frost, a miniature of what the great army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the day closed, they distinguished, on the edge of the gloomy horizon, a line of houses, the route of which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army that had preceded them. It was Smolensk, the land of promise—where the things looked forward to as great luxuries might be procured—a fire, shelter, and a little bread. A cry of joy escaped the five brave men who still supported the litter of Koblinki. Three, however, fell to rise no more when within sight of the town, a fourth soon after shared the same fate, and but one grenadier—Trigaud—was left to brave the elements with the now inanimate body of the Pole. Not being able to carry him he slowly dragged him along, and at length perceived some men at a distance, whom he called to his assistance. They soon came to his aid, and he reached Smolensk in a few hours, after twenty-two days of fighting, fatigue and misery. He entered, it is true, the only survivor of his company, but he cared not, since he had redeemed the promise he made to the Prince d'Eckmuhl.

The next day Trigaud learned that the Marshal had arrived but a few days previously, and was then in town, which presented the appearance of one vast hospital, protected by sentries, and extending to the suburbs. The skeletons of horses which had been converted into food were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as fire-wood by the frozen and famishing soldiers. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that Prince d'Eckmuhl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinki and laid it on some straw in the doorway. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard at an outer room, enveloped in the ragged remains of a cuirassier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the Marshal.

"What seek you of him?" asked the officer without changing his posture.

"I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Mordoravitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me."

"The Prince is at this moment in council; you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded."

"Certainly," said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness, "but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty-eight regiment of the line, Fryant's Division, First Corps, to whom he intrusted the care of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Koblinki, have fulfilled his orders, and that the company are awaiting the honor of passing under his inspection."

At the name of Koblinki, Davoust, who had entered and heard the latter part of the conversation, but who had not recognized in the worn and emaciated being before him the one noble-looking grenadier, advanced and demanded of him, "Where is my aide-de-camp?"

"He is here, at the door."

"And thy company," said Davoust, hastily.

At these words Trigaud took the posture of a soldier without arms,

placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied in a grave voice, "All present, my Marshal!"

"I have demanded where are the company of the Forty-Eight," repeated the Prince in a tone of impatience.

"I have replied, Here!" and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

"But thy comrades—where are they?"

"Ah, that is different, my Marshal. You ask where I have left my comrades? That is your question—is it not?"

Davoust made a sign in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground.

"Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss close by; the remainder are under the snow. All!"

"All, without exception," replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The Prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, seizing the arm of Trigaud convulsively, he repeated in an agitated tone—"All say you."

"Yes, all except me, I am the last."

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinki lay, while Trigaud raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed: "He is here alive, it was I who brought him!"

A Balloon Fish—Huge Piscatorial Pirate—The Hundred Feet of Serpent—A Marine Wonder.

The monsters of the air, forest and sea have been illustrated by such great authorities as Buffon, Cuvier and Agassiz. They have classified species, determined the purpose, characteristics and propensities of the lesser life, and have even gone so far as to express the belief that all monsters of the past and present are known to the naturalist. The fallacy of this confidence is not only evident in the discovery of the fossil remains of the great dinosaurs by Professor Waterhouse Hawkins, but also in the appearance of a vast sea-serpent in American waters, off Cape Hatteras on the 12th instant.

The schooner Saladin sailed from Jamestown, with a cargo of copper bound for New York. On the 10th and 11th instant she had heavy weather; but as the morning of the 12th dawned there were only light airs and a swelling sea. About six o'clock the Captain was on deck alone, his hands being below safely quartered in their bunks enjoying those visions that hover over heavy eyelids. The Saladin was now steering northwest, going along at an easy pace, about four knots an hour. Murky and foggy drapery obscured the brightness of the sky. As the Captain scanned the horizon he desisted what he considered to be a wreck on the starboard beam, about five miles distant bearing east-northeast. He immediately put down his helm and turned the Saladin's head to seaward, hoping to overhaul the object and render what assistance might be necessary. The Captain inserted his head into the cabin and called: "All hands on deck!" In a moment the crew was upon its higher plane rubbing grating eyelids and curious between hope and fear.

The Saladin had few provisions on board, but was only seventy-five miles from Hampton Roads, bearing south-southeast, and the Captain, unlike the Bombay's Captain, thought of performing an office of humanity and save those who might be clinging to an ugly wreck. Progress was made toward the point of interest for a few minutes when it was plainly