

Early in December last, 1844, now nearly a year ago, we were favored by a call from Col. Pepper, for the purpose, as he said, of a friendly conversation in relation to certain alleged cases of displeasure towards us, on the part of the Morrises and their political coadjutors or copartners, styling themselves Cass-men, par excellence.

We admitted that it was highly probable such might be the result; and at any rate, we were glad to have an opportunity for a friendly discussion of the subject with him.

After some further preliminary observations of no moment at this time, Colonel Pepper proceeded to urge upon us the propriety of placing the name of Gen. Cass at the head of our paper, as the democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1848.

As the first inducement for us to do so, he said it was in contemplation to start another democratic paper here, the necessity for which would be obviated by our making the nomination suggested by him.

We at once observed to him, that if this was intended as a threat, we should totally disregard it; that should never be driven into a movement of this kind; but, if he had reasons to offer in favor of his proposition, we were ready to listen and pay all due regard to them.

He disclaimed any design of coercion, on his part, and proceeded to give his reasons in favor of the nomination of Gen. Cass at that early day. These reasons were of a sectional character. And he expressed his opinion, that if the nomination could be made as he proposed, it would settle the question of the Succession, so far as this State was concerned, at least. Col. P. then gave his reasons why we should lead off in this matter. He evidently regarded our attitude with a military eye.

We occupied, he observed, a central and commanding position, and could exercise a controlling influence. He thought this influence should be exercised at once in nominating Gen. Cass for the Presidency in 1848.

He had no doubt, he said, if this was done, that all the other democratic papers in the State would follow suit; that the people would agree to it in popular meetings, and the great object of the succession be consummated without the slightest difficulty.

We quietly listened to the Colonel, while he reiterated his arguments in a dozen different shapes, and then frankly and plainly told him we could not accede to his proposition, let the consequences to us personally, be what they might. We told him that though we would support Gen. Cass, as the democratic nominee, with as much alacrity as we would any other man, we thought his (Col. P.'s) proposition premature, imprudent and unjustifiable for several reasons.

In the first place we stated that our views of the responsibilities and duties of our position here, were widely different from those entertained and expressed by him. We did not think it right to attempt to exercise a "controlling influence" on any such subject, even were there no other objection in the way. But in addition, we declared our belief that such a nomination, at so early a day, before the inauguration of President Polk, and before the turmoil of the election just held had subsided, would be impolitic and abortive, and would be likely to do much more injury to the prospects of Gen. Cass than it could possibly do good.

By announcing him at so early a day, we should subject him to the assaults of the Whigs for nearly four years before the election, without the remotest prospect of doing any more good on our part than could be done without such an announcement of his name. We told him, that according to our views of duty, instead of attempting to dictate public sentiment, in the way he suggested, we could only properly act in a representative capacity, as it were. We said to him, that it might be very proper perhaps for himself and other friends of Gen. Cass to procure the desired nomination in as many "local" papers, and as many primary meetings of the people as possible; that we would cheerfully assist to give such expressions all the weight due to them; but that nevertheless, so far as placing Gen. Cass's name at the head of our paper was concerned, we could not accede to it until the Democratic State Convention, (to be held this winter,) should take such action as should warrant us in so doing.

We reminded the Col. of the condemnation which he and his friends had pronounced against the "Globe," for its alleged dictation in regard to Mr. Van Buren. We asked him if what was wrong in the "Globe," could be right in the State Sentinel? He could not but admit the force of this and other objections, but still he was not convinced or satisfied, and continued to press the subject, by desiring to know whether we would consider an expression by the Democratic members of the Legislature (then in session,) in favor of Gen. Cass's nomination, sufficient to warrant us in placing his name at the head of our columns? We replied in the negative; believing they had been elected by the people without reference to this subject; nevertheless, we said we should consider the action proposed highly important, whatever might be our opinion of its expediency, and would pay all due respect to it.

Col. P. then informed us that it was the intention of himself and those for whom he spoke, to obtain such an expression from the members of the legislature, and said that Gen. Drake would hand us a notice for a call of the members. He then left.

The call for a meeting of the democratic members of the Legislature, and other democrats, to make arrangements for the coming 8th of January, was soon after handed in, and was published in the Legislative Sentinel. The meeting was held—business relative to the 8th transacted—and Gen. Drake then stated to the meeting, if we recollect rightly, that it had been his intention to offer a resolution favoring the nomination of Gen. Cass as the next Presidential candidate; but as the meeting was thin, he would defer it until the adjourned meeting to be held subsequently.

The adjourned meeting was held, but the purpose of Gen. Drake having been freely spoken of in the meantime, the second meeting was much thinner than the first; Mr. Drake declined offering the resolution, and the matter died away.

Yet notwithstanding this was the result of the affair, we were by no means forgiven for being wiser than a few would-be dictators who sought to control us. Such an exposure of their weakness, only embittered them the more. From that time the fact was pronounced; and it was determined that the old "Democrat" should be revived and that the State Sentinel, for its incorrigible determination not to attempt to dictate to others, according to the wishes of the Junto, should be put down.

The real purposes of these men, it seems to us, must be apparent enough. They wished to be "A. No. 1," in bringing about this early nomination of Gen. Cass, near three months before Polk was inaugurated, for the sake of the spoils four years afterwards. Personally we cared nothing about that. But

we had a right to refuse and did refuse to become the instruments to promote their selfish designs. We had a right to refuse in behalf of the party to whose service we have devoted the best years of our lives. We had a right to refuse as true friends of Gen. Cass, who could not possibly have been benefited by the hasty action proposed by these office-sharks. We had a right to refuse on the ground of self-respect, of which we have enough, thank heaven, to restrain us from becoming the dupes and tools of men in no respect better than ourselves.

Our objection in recurring to these circumstances at this time, is to develop the causes of the existing difficulty between ourselves and the U. S. Marshal, Col. Pepper. We thought at the time, that the objections we raised to his suggestions, the reasonableness of which he was compelled to admit; and the failure of the attempt to obtain an expression from the Democratic members of the Legislature, should have induced him to await the action of the people on the subject. We were shortly undeceived, for no sooner had Pepper obtained the appointment of Marshal, and A. F. Morrison failed to get the appointment of Indianapolis Postmaster, or the nomination for Congress over Wick, than they determined at all hazards to have a newspaper at the capital which they could control and direct in such a way as would suit their own pleasure and subvert their own interests. Knowing the object of the revival of the Old Democrat to be as here stated, we were justified in assailing it as we have done. Our own motives, we knew, would in a greater or less degree, be liable to misapprehension. The Junto's Tool would of course make loud professions of democracy and purity; a strumpet introducing herself into decent society, would do no less. We have said enough to put the democracy on the alert against the intended recidiv. Time, which tests all things, will prove this also; and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing, that to prove us in the wrong, the "Democrat" and its backers must practice democracy instead of disorganization; must be governed by something like generosity, instead of the opposite spirit, which appears to have been in the ascendant with them during the past two or three years.

We know full well the difficulty of our position, and the guile and duplicity of our enemies. We know that some of them will hesitate at nothing to ensure our overthrow. But with determined spirits and clear consciences, we rely with confidence upon the righteousness of our intentions, and the integrity and strength and majesty of the PEOPLE, for a safe and sure deliverance.

WHIG HARMONY.—Col. Webb, of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, has brought a libel suit against the editor of the N. Y. Tribune, for having accused him of having been bribed by the U. S. Bank. Webb calls Greely "a rascal from principle, and a disorganizer from instinct." Then there is a pretty general quadrangular warfare between the N. Y. Express, Courier and Enquirer, Tribune, and Albany Evening Journal. As above stated, the Tribune charges the Courier with corruption; the Courier sues the Tribune; the Express charges the Tribune with "beginning his article with a lie in his mouth, and ending it with a hypocritical and seditious appeal," &c. The Tribune mounts the Express rough aloft. The Evening Journal is down upon the Courier and Enquirer, Nativism, Bank and all; and the Courier has become perfectly savage in consequence. If we had room, we would give a few extracts from these harmonious papers. We believe we shall soon have some positions which will throw McKenzies' book entirely in the shade. What a pity these Whigs will not fight for their country instead of against it.

In another column will be found the second communication signed by Wm. J. Peaslee. It purports to give a history of the disorganization which prevailed in the Legislature during the session of 1843-4. In substance, it sustains the charge we made against Mr. P. Indeed, notwithstanding the denials made in various parts of his communication, he at the close makes an open confession in the following words: "I freely acknowledge, that in my capacity as a private individual, I unwaveringly expressed the opinion that opposition to the caucus candidate was justifiable."

We may have a few more words to say on this subject hereafter.

WHIG AUTHORITY.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, in a late letter, says:—

"I met this morning with a document which shows that the Whigs in Congress, not long ago, were in the habit of assuming that all of Oregon belonged to us, and was absolutely in a condition in which it could be parcelled out into land districts. This is a report from a select committee of the House of Representatives on the relief of the States, printed March 2, 1843, and signed,

William Cost Johnson, Meredith P. Geentry, John Quincy Adams, Zadock Casey, James Cooper, Thomas F. Marshall, Calvary Morris, Jacob M. Howard, James H. Croaves.

Here are eight good Whigs and one conservative, all of whom unite in including all the lands of Oregon in their estimate of our possessions, taking the parallel of 54 degrees and 40 minutes, the northernmost line claimed by the United States."

"The N. Y. 'Evening Post' takes issue with the Charleston Mercury, in which there has recently appeared two very able articles, undertaking to show that neither by contiguity, settlement, or treaty, have we a good right to the Oregon. The Mercury says that the right of Great Britain is no better than ours, and that neither of them is good. This comes, says the Post, of relying upon the old writers upon International law, and the Mercury is promised a lengthy answer.

"The resolution which was passed in the Marion County Convention, on Saturday last, in reference to Morrison and ourselves, was offered by a friend of his. Although it was not in accordance with the feelings of a majority present, (our friends,) yet the resolution was suffered to pass, for the sake of avoiding difficulty, without a thought of the false impression it might produce at a distance.

ROBBERY.—The Greensburgh Repository gives an account of a robbery committed in that place, Mr. Farmington, of St. Omar, having had his pocket book, containing \$80, stolen from his pocket while he was abed. The Grand Jury found a bill against John P. Wood, late editor of a paper at Shelbyville, for the evidence, and Wood made tracks and escaped.

Among other buildings blown down during the late gale in the eastern States, was the new penitentiary at Albany, in progress of erection. The damage to that alone will be some \$90,000. Other buildings were also blown down, as before noticed.

The endorsement of Morrison's paper by the Whigs, reminds us of the Brazilian introduction: "This is my friend; if he steals any thing I am accountable for it."

The Whigs claim to be as democratic as Democrats themselves. When Democrats act like Whigs, they discredit their own professions, and are no better than Whigs.

There are two modes of establishing a reputation; to be praised by honest men and abused by fools.

The following excellent article on the subject of Oregon is from a Whig paper, the Cincinnati Chronicle. We are glad to see that all the Whig papers do not take the anti-republican British side of this great question. There is a small portion of this article, particularly that touching the cotton interest, which we do not assent to, in full. But we give it to our readers as it is.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON OREGON. PROSPECTS OF WAR.

We present to day a portion of the speech of Mr. Webster, in the Senate, on the Occupation of Oregon, and the Question of War. The subject, as well as the speech, are deeply interesting. Mr. Webster, as usual, speaks strongly and eloquently. Indeed, this speech, judging from this specimen, is one of the best he has made in many years. We have learned, however, to receive Mr. Webster's opinions with some grains of allowance. Perhaps this will enable us to give a more candid and critical examination to his arguments, than he is likely to permit.

1. Mr. Webster argues that Oregon will be settled, but he does not believe it will be settled under the Government of England or the United States. That it will remain under the Government of England is tolerably certain; but that any country settled by the citizens of the United States will be willing to remain separate from the Union, we do not believe. The Pacific Republic is the creature of imagination, and likely to remain so.

2. Mr. Webster is opposed to War, and so is every enlightened mind—in respect to general principles. Notwithstanding, however, the amount of eloquence spent on the subject, we think that war has oftentimes excited great virtues, and that like a sudden shock of adversity to a noble mind, it may serve to bring out the powers and talents which are latent in the soul, and corrupted in the summer of prosperity. A battle field is not more fatal, nor as much so, as many of those pestilences in morals and commerce, which often sweep over the face of society. It is more terrible, when in two short years the Bankrupt laws wiped out from the records of debt THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS of dollars, than the cost of the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812 combined! This was the cost of the LOST OF GOD.

But the battle field has its dead bodies. So has the drunkard's grave. How many thousands, and tens of thousands, and millions, year after year, have gone, as if they were carried snuffed out, to the darkness of a forgotten grave, from the face of the earth! How many thousands more die in their LISTS! How many widows and orphans, beyond those of all the soldiers on earth, have been made widows and orphans by the vice of Peace and Mammon—not those of War!

But enough; we do not write this to show war, (which we do not desire to see,) but to show that Moloch is not the only Demon who ravages the earth.

3. As to the question of whether there will be war, we can only say, that we see no cause for any; and if there be one among the Christian nations of the earth, most awful will be the responsibility of that public Minister who shall bring it into existence.

The question of the Oregon boundary is not a question whether we shall have a territory there but how much. Now, a question of quantity is never a question of anything more than pecuniary interest. And shall the two greatest nations of the world be involved in a war on a question of more, or less—not involving the integrity of either!

The actual shape of the line will take in Congress, we stated (in our opinion) a few weeks since. Constituted as the committee on Foreign Relations are, we expect to see them report in favor of, and accompanied by a Bill for the actual occupation of Oregon—that is, in the language of the Union, to extend our free Republic Institutions over that country. That England will regard this as an act of aggression, we do not doubt. But the question is, will such an act pass in the House of Representatives, we think it will; but in the Senate, we think it cannot. The reason will probably be, that the Southern States will be unwilling to see their great Cotton interest totally destroyed; for, destroyed it will be, and probably never again to so large an extent revived.

The cotton countries of Brazil, Egypt and India will all be driven into excessive production, and the ground the South thus loses cannot be recovered.

There is another great interest that will be likely to oppose war. This is the great commercial cities of the Atlantic. They cannot look with any great complacency on a war, the final effect of which will be to subject them to an invasion of steam frigates, for which Great Britain is at this moment fully prepared.

These great interests, then, united with the opposition to Mr. Polk's Administration, both in the Democratic and in the Whig parties, will probably cause the rejection in the Senate, if not in the House of Representatives, of any aggressive acts. While we believe, therefore, that the good sense of the nation represented in Congress will take care to avoid an unnecessary war, we nevertheless feel assured, that the President will relinquish none of our claims upon Oregon, and that the committee on Foreign Relations will very likely report Bills for occupation. In saying this, we beg leave to dissent from certain opinions, notions and doctrines, set forth in some of the Whig papers.

1. We regard the possession, civilization and government of a portion of the Pacific coast adjoining the United States, as necessary to carry out the great purposes of our National existence, and to perfect the ultimate regeneration of Asia and the final triumph of Christianity in all nations.

2. We do not believe that all the territory West of the Rocky Mountains is a barren, useless, and unproductive land, which may as well be delivered up to the savages and beasts as not. What was the Valley of the Ohio, when Ludlow laid out Cincinnati, and Wayne marched against the Indians, but a wilderness?

3. The doctrine of peace is no doubt the ultimate doctrine of Christianity. But it is meant to say, that Christian nations must never go to war! That there can be no just war, or, that peace is the only condition of Human Progress. This is not meant to say, this, all these dissertations about the evils of war are misplaced. The only question for discussion is, whether there be cause of war? We insist upon it, frankly and positively, that a question of unoccupied territory does not present such a case. We cannot in such a dispute maintain in the Christian world that high moral ground which is necessary to the maintenance of the integrity of Human Progress. This is the present position of affairs. What it may become in the course of time, no man can foresee. The course of History, as it is developed in the progress and results of nations, is more governed by the decrees of Providence than the will of man. A short time, especially in an age in which so much heat and violence is evolved as this, gives birth to new and strange sects, religions, and governments. The present is our day; and it becomes the Government, the people and individual actors to be guided by the great principles of Republican Liberty, of Christian Faith, and of growth in Civilization—not unmindful that prudence and moderation are great virtues.

LOUISIANA THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—Mr. Harmonson, (dem.) is elected. The majority is not yet known. His majority in East and West Baton Rouge, East and West Feliciana, and Point Coupee, is 101. The parishes across the lake will probably elect him by four or five hundred majority.

THE FLORIDA ELECTION.—Mr. Cabell, the Whig candidate, has got his certificate of election, as the law requires that the Governor shall certify within thirty days after the election who has a majority of the returned votes. Mr. C. was found to have 69 more returned votes than Mr. Brockenburgh, who, however, has a small majority of the whole vote cast in the State.

LETTER FOUND.—We picked up an open letter, the other day, in the street, directed to "C. G. Hale, Logansport, Ind.," and post-marked "Rob Roy, Oct. 19th." If it is of any use to the owner, he can obtain it on application at this office.

CURIOUS FACT IN NORWAY.—The greater part of the skins sold by the Norwegianians are obtained from the Hamburg merchants, who buy them in London from the Hudson's Bay Company; the Norwegianians convey them to Finmark, from whence they are taken to Moscow, and are there sold to the caravan traders, for the purpose of being bartered with the Chinese for tea or Kiachet!

For the State Sentinel.

Sketch of the Miami Reservation in Indiana—The Upper Wash—Canal Advantages.

DEAR CHATMAN—I had intended, ere this, to have given you a sketch of a flying visit across the Miami Reservation, made during the past month; but have been prevented until now. The importance this section of the State is about to assume in the State, so soon as the lands are surveyed, and shall have come into market, induces me to give a few of my observations to the public.

About the first of October myself and wife, with a buggy and an Indian pony left Indianapolis for Peru on the Wash and Erie Canal, taking our route through what appears upon the map as the Great Miami Reservation. Unfortunately for us, the day was rainy, which continued, at that time, for about two weeks, before to fall. We, however, pressed on, and the third morning after we left, we found ourselves entering Tipton county in the Reserve, not laid down upon the maps; but which has been nearly two years organized. Although the lands, with a small exception, have not as yet been surveyed, settlers are flocking in and making claims in all directions, and the country is very level, and being covered with heavy timber, are apparently too wet for cultivation in many parts; but experience has proved, where the lands have been cleared up, that no fears need be apprehended, on this score. The settlers are a hardy and enterprising set of pioneers, who deserve the highest praise for their industry and perseverance, and are actively engaged by the members of the National Legislature. We found amongst the female portion of the population, especially, a rare specimen of all the daring and bravery that characterized the early mothers of the West. We found one female, a young married lady, that had been in the Reserve for the past two or three years, and whose husband had been killed in the war, and who was engaged in the service of his country, and who, when my wife inquired how she endured the want of society to which she had been hitherto accustomed, replied, that she took her gun and ranged the forest for recreation. She was an excellent shot and served us up a dinner of venison, with other dainties, that would make the mouth of the veriest epicure to water. They had a delightful situation, and were engaged in clearing ground for their residence. The next or middle county of the Reserve is called Richlandville, and the Miami Chief of that name. These two counties are ten or twelve miles wide and between twenty-five and thirty in length. The balance of the Reserve, North, bordering on the Wash, is attached, or rather comprises portions of the counties of Adams and Miami. We were very much interested in the country, and the Richlandville Wild Cat river winds its way, which is situated at distances ranging from fifteen to eighteen miles from the Wash river and Wash and Erie Canal. Along this stream, and for miles on either side, is the finest timbered country I have ever seen in the West, and land which has proved to be almost unsurpassed in the country. The soil is rich and fertile, almost to the banks of the river, and many of them are from four to six feet in diameter and will make from six to eight saw logs twelve feet in length. Indeed many of these giants of the forest appeared to us capable of furnishing lumber for a respectable building from a single tree. We saw thousands of them growing up, and some of them were intermingled with the finest sugar orchards any country can boast. To give some idea of the population of these counties Richlandville gave at the last elections between four and five hundred votes.

Passing over this heavily timbered and fertile country for a distance of forty miles, we arrived at Peru on the Wash river, which is situated on the northern bank of that stream. The Wash passes through a level and fertile country, and affords a few beautiful sites for water power, which are being improved by the erection of two large merchant flouring mills and other manufacturing establishments. The town, at this time, contains some six hundred inhabitants, and must be one of the finest locations on the Wash, whenever the Miami Reservation shall be opened to the market, and a permanent settlement, will immediately follow. The fine Erie river country on the North will throw into its lap an almost boundless commerce. We tarried at this beautiful village for a day; but the weather was unfavorable for a minute survey; and we amused ourselves with a conversation with several of the Miami's, males and females, who were there for the purpose of trading. They were dressed in European and Greek Indian style, themselves and ponies being fantastically arrayed and the Indians painted in their holiday colors.

We next proceeded down the Wash river, to the city of Logansport, whose fine water power, beautiful buildings and other advantages are too well known to be described. Situated in the forks of the Wash and Erie rivers, with a river on either side, and the Canal passing through the centre, there is something truly grand and picturesque in its scenery, and it is destined to be one of the most beautiful cities in the West. The Miami Reserve also comes up to the Wash, at this place, and must give Logansport great advantages, whenever the Reserve shall be brought into market.

After a pleasant tarry of half a day at the hotel of my old friend Cyrus Vigus, one of the most accomplished landlords in the country, whom I could not pass by, on account of political differences, in consequence of many pleasant reminiscences of days long since, we proceeded on our journey.

Our next stopping place, down the river, was at Delhi, located in one of the most fertile counties on the Wash. It is a thriving village and a place of great trade. On the opposite or western side of the Wash is the village of Pittsburgh, a location unsurpassed for permanent water power by any on the Wash. The pool dam for the purpose of crossing canal boats from one side of the Wash to the other—the canal here changing sides of the Wash river—will render it, in a few years, a second Pittsburgh in the West. It is a rich and beautiful location, and the Wash will supply them with water. It is a fine location, and as low down as the upper part of Tippecanoe county; but its chief reliance is the arms of the grand prairie, watered by the Tippecanoe river and its tributaries, constituting thousands and thousands of acres now in cultivation, and having, in prospect, more cultivated country than any part of the State. The Tippecanoe is the best stream for water-power with which I am conversant. It appears to be about the size of White river at Indianapolis; but contains double the quantity of water in consequence of the rapidity of its current. It has been estimated, that from Monticello, the county seat of White county, to its mouth, the fall is more than one hundred feet, a greater descent, in the same distance, than on any other stream in the State.

We next proceeded down the river, through the Tippecanoe Battleground, to Lafayette. We tarried at this spot, near an hour for the gratification of my lady, who has given vent to her own reflections in poetry, as a contribution to the Louisville Kentucky Democrat, of which she is a regular correspondent; which I will append to your letter, to the effect, that the battle-ground is unnecessary to me, as it has been described in hundreds of ways, during the last six or seven years. The site was donated to the State by the late General Tipton, and the State of Indiana expended some seven hundred dollars for its enclosure. This was done by a common board fence around the nine acres donated. It is now in a wretched state of repair, whole panels having fallen down and been abandoned—leaving ample room, in many places, for the free passage of wagons. The common grave, where the bones of Davies, Spencer and Warrick and their gallant compatriots were collected some years since and buried, is now scarcely discernible, and could not be found by the traveller, unacquainted with the circumstance of burial. The cattle of the neighborhood have free passage over this sacred spot; no monument, but a rapidly decaying board fence, marking the battle-ground of Tippecanoe and the grave of its gallant spirits. It is not for me now to say whether this should be so, but I feel I have some interest in perpetuating the memory of the gallant spirits who perished there.

Seven miles below the battle-ground stands the city of Lafayette, the head of Steam-Boat navigation on the Wash, destined, beyond all controversy, to be the Queen city of Indiana. It now boasts of more cultivated land in its neighborhood than any city of the West, for an equal extent of country, Cincinnati not excepted. We tarried for a short time at the Lafayette House and took a general view of the city. It is literally filled with rubbish from the numerous buildings which are in a state of progress, a large amount of lumber lying among the numbers. The roof is just being placed on a row of buildings, near the river, about four hundred feet in length three stories high, which I am told is already engaged for business houses, at an annual rent of a small fortune for each year. The prosperity of this city as well as that of Terre Haute, Vincennes and many others on the Wash is closely connected with the location of some great city of the Ohio or Mississippi, that will cause a direct trade with the Wash country, and I am pleased to see that four millions of capital has been raised by a Company for making a site for a great city at the mouth of the Ohio, which has been well remarked, is the best location to command the Southern trade in the Western world. Operations are to commence at Cairo in January next. It is to be hoped that the results of the recent Convention at Memphis will eventuate in a handsome appropriation for the Wash river. Money making appears to be the great characteristic of the citizens of Lafayette. No one that I heard speak appeared to have a moment for any thing else. The splendid Seminary, now in progress, Mr. Platt now resides at Covington on the Wash, the present terminus of the Wash and Erie Canal. He is largely interested in property at Toledo and represents the business of that city as beyond all calculation—there being a great deficiency of boats, at this time, to carry on the Lake Commerce. This is also the case on the Wash and Erie Canal; but what boats there are are actively engaged. As an evidence of this, Mr. Platt arrived at Lafayette at noon on the day I saw him, and the Captain of the boat called on him to take his leave, just as we were going to supper on the same evening—having unloaded his cargo, reloaded and prepared for departure in six hours. Mr. Platt said, he had, during the last war, whilst engaged in the service of his country, on Toledo as a favorite point, having heard from the Indians that they had passed in pirogues and canoes from the waters of the Lake to those of the Wash. He was enthusiastic in his praise of our canal and of the Wash valley. He is seventy-two years old and has travelled much in the West. Pointing to the map of the Union he observed, that nature had indicated the Wash valley as the great and most direct connecting link between the East and the South. No country, of equal extent, can boast of more agricultural advantages, and the surprise is, that emigrants will pass Indiana for a more Western location. Our State indebtedness, it is true, has alarmed many on account of taxation, but a survey of the whole ground, I am inclined to believe, will ere long induce hundreds to alter their determination and make their locations in our State, and I am pleased to learn, that the early survey and sale of the Miami Reservation will take place; Gov. Whitcomb having received a letter from the Commissioner of the General Land Office stating that the survey has been ordered as soon after the 25th of the present month as practicable. Lafayette is nearer Toledo than Cincinnati, and is nearer to the mouth of the Wash than Ohio; and when the Rapids of the Erie Canal shall have been improved and the Wash and Erie Canal completed to Evansville, of which there can be no longer a doubt, and that too, at an early period, there can be no reason why Lafayette shall not outstrip even Cincinnati in commercial advantages. They will not be rivals, as there is room enough in this broad valley for hundreds of cities. A Railroad can be made on the direct routes from Indianapolis to Lafayette at a trifling expense—being a level country and only a distance of fifty-nine miles, as the State road now runs. There are now no canal-boats running on the Wash and Erie Canal, in this State for the exclusive accommodation of passengers; but the accommodations are good. The boats will be put in operation, and then the distance between Lafayette and Toledo will be accomplished in two or two and a half days.

I must bring this letter to a close by appending the effusion above alluded to, hoping that the time will soon come when the munificence of the city of Lafayette, along with other portions of Indiana, will be brought into requisition for the erection of a suitable monument on the battle-field of Tippecanoe.

Lafayette, Ind., Oct. 18, 1845.

Suggested by a visit to the Tippecanoe Battle Ground, in October 1845.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

My heart was still within me, for I stood, In trembling awe, on consecrated ground— Upon the soil made sacred by the blood Of Western chieftains, and though I found No staid marble there to proudly sound The names of those who fell, or bear a trace Of the granite, and the steel, and the sword, Like giant-sentinels, to guard the place, Wearing the bullet-scars time could not all efface.

Oh! there are times when the unfettered mind Goes out from its clay tenement, and strays, In dreams all fanciful and undefined, Amidst the mouldering records of old days. Dim forms start up before us as we raise, In fancy's light, the dark mysterious seal Of buried years; and shadows are there; we gaze Upon the earth, and hear, we feel, and see Things that no sign, no word hath power to reveal.

Thus was I spell-bound there, and fancy wrought A thrilling scene before me. It was night, And I had seen the battle, and I thought I saw A line of watch-fires, burning strangely bright, Sent up phantastic streams of fitful light, Amidst the summer leaves. Then tents arose To mark the spot, and I thought I saw, And men, unconscious of approaching foes, Wrapt in that sweet oblivion, toil-earn'd repose.

Many a one, forgetting every care, Had wandered far away, and in the trance, Was sitting idle, and I thought I saw Recounting his strange perils, and perchance, He smiles to see how dangers past enhance The tale of his adventures, and I thought I saw The wealth of thine affection in that glance At thy hero's idols, for thy days are o'er; Thou'lt never see thy home, thy bright-eyed children more.

A death-rattle rang upon the midnight air, Hark! hark! the dying and the dying yell, Told too truly that the foe was there, And froze the very life-blood where it fell. Then from the plain, thick, steam and dell Arose the sound of the unusual strife, And ere the half-awakened men could tell From whence the death-blow came, the ground was life With many a ghastly and a steam of strife.

Scarcely within the last prairie gas That grew with luxuriance round the scene, The pointed warriors firmly kept the pass, And still behind this sight but fitting screen Took fatal aim, and struck the white man down. Oh! God, there is no scene so full of dread, As such a battle in the night I view. The rallying cry, the shouts, the goads, the tread Of marching squadrons, 'er the dying air, the dead.

The sharp, shrill file-note and the clashing steel; The lightning flashes, smoke and streaming gore, As ranks advance, make ready, charge and wheel, Many of whom perished, and I thought I saw The loud command, the deep, deep, hoarse roar, As volley after volley loudly fell Its tale of blood, repelled o'er and o'er.

Along the deep ravine and secret clefts, Amidst the craggy rocks where babbling eddies dwelt, Long, long they fought and bravely, but the foe Had the advantage; where the watch-fires threw Along the broken ground, and I thought I saw Like winged lightning-shafts the bullets flew With the uttering aim, so strangely true Of savage marksmen; not a single eye, Quailed as the dreadful contest deep grew; They counted it a little thing to die; A wound, a pang, a groan, a struggle and a sigh.

At length a streak of light, all cold and gray, Slowly along the dim horizon spread; The dark, dark, low, low clouds rolled up and lay Like a strange pall upon the unshrouded dead. No dirge was sung, no word of prayer was said As weeping comrades took the mute farewell, Ere they departed hence, with steeling tread, Leaving the hastily made graves to tell, Where many a gallant soldier nobly fought and fell.

My dream departed; the blue sky above Was bending low, and I thought I saw, As if the spirit of Almighty love, Had God's omnipotence were resting there. The forest trees, and I thought I saw, As if they were, and there was no one slain On the bright pebbles or green sward to bear The record of the battle-tide, the pain, The groans, the agony, the death-woes of the slain.

The scene was sadly changed since that sad night, Then soil, grass, bramble-bush and stream were red. Now all were fresh, green, beautiful and bright; The flowers-embroidered carpet nature spread We saw enough to gaze at angels' tread. The dew drops trembled in the passing breeze And fell in fairy showers upon my head; As they were falling, I thought I saw, As though they strove with strange variety to please.

The memory of that lovely spot doth seem To tremble o'er my heart-strings with a thrill, Like some bright fragment of a broken dream. A gentle stream, now flowing in the night, Winds, like a line of sunbeams, round the hill, And ripples o'er the shining stones that pave Its border, and I thought I saw, Of music from the flowers that stoop to lave Their petals in the spray or kiss the laughing wave.

I have one token of the dreary hour That sped inside the sober tent above; It is a little faded purple flower, That grew alone upon the common grave. I love it, for it saw the old-time wave, Their gleams above it in mid-air, That stood there on the battle-field and gave Protection to the men, and bore a share Of bullet-wounds with those who nobly perished there.

Fair Indiana, thou wilt not forget It was for thee they poured life's crimson tide; It was for thee, my own bright home, they met; 'T was on thy bosom that they battled, died, And it will be thy glory and thy pride To bid the monumental marble rise, Where now their ashes slumber side by side, Beneath the flowers that lift their dewy eyes Toward the stars that beckon them to skies.

No, thou wilt not forget the saving, flame, The gleaming tomahawk and scalping knife, And thou wilt keep most sacred the name Of those who nobly perished in the strife, To thy defence, in that fell border strife, When clouds that hover o'er the now are rent, And thy broad bosom is with blessings rife; When happiness, peace, plenty and content, Make thee amidst thy sister States pre-eminent.

PITCHING INTO THEM.—The Washington Union is down upon that portion of the press which charges the government with a design to seek a war with England on the Oregon question, because it is disposed to maintain the assertion that our right to Oregon was clear and indisputable. The Union very justly inquires, in this position, *new or old?*

"Is it, as it has been freely called, a new step, or a violent step, or a reckless step, or a step of exasperation? It is none of these. This nation as a nation—this government as a government—has never known another doctrine of right in Great Britain, than that very doctrine which the President promulgated in his inaugural, and which we have endeavored, and shall endeavor, unflinchingly to sustain. We quoted this doctrine yesterday, as stated in the strongest and broadest terms by Henry Clay in 1826, when he, as Secretary of State, spoke on this subject, for the administration of Mr. Adams. This is Mr. Clay's language: "Nor is it conceivable that Great Britain has, or can, make out even a colorable title to any portion of the northwest coast." This most emphatic assertion of our rights by Mr. Clay is the more remarkable, because it was given in the same despatch in which Mr. Gallatin was instructed to compromise