

**TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.**—Communication by telegraph between England and India within eight hours and a half is one of the recent startling facts recorded in the European journals. The London *Star* says:

The result is due in no small measure to the enterprise of the Turkish Government. The Sultan proposed at an early period to construct and has at length carried out, a line from Constantinople across the Asiatic provinces of the Empire, on condition that a line to India should be completed by the English Government from Bussorah, at the head of the gulf of Kurrachee. It is this arrangement which is now in operation. The submarine line along the shores of the gulf and the coast of Beloochistan is under English arrangements and worked by English telegraphists, while from Bussorah onward the line is entirely Turkish.

The wires now stretch over the ancient Cappadocia, Pnygia and Bithynia, among those valleys which were for ages the seat of empire, even now are stirring with a new life as the civilization of the West rouses them from the torpor of centuries. Within the province where may be traced the sites of Babylon and Nineveh—and where the field of Arbela may be found, on which Alexander taught Darius that the power of the Persian had paled before the Macedonian—the Turk and Turcoman, the Arab and Armenian, the Jew and the Greek, may learn at Bagdad the last quotation of cotton in Liverpool, or of produce in Mincing Lane. The Sultan was right when he persisted in that route for the telegraph which should touch the most important points of his own dominions.

Some shorter path might have been chosen, but the telegraph is a humanizing agent, more fitted to pass from city to city and along fruitful valleys, than to become a perch for the vulture or a thing of mystery and terror to the wandering child of the desert. Even in the most populous towns of Asiatic Turkey, the long stretching wire must be a marvel impossible to comprehend. Men may know that along its slender pathway the English in India communicate with their countrymen at home, and tell them of war or peace, of the welfare of friends, and even of the price of commodities; but while thus informed of its use, the follower of the prophet can only receive the information with many exclamations and invocations, with many dubious efforts to reconcile the innovation with the teachings of his fathers and the precepts of the Koran.

A man in the finest suit of clothes is often a shabbier fellow than another dressed in rags.

Why is John Bigg larger than his father? Because he's a little bigger.

*Buy Coll*

By A. R. Phillips

THIS (Tuesday) MORNING, at 11 o'clock, I will sell, opposite Dr. Geiger's office, on Plain street,

A fine BAY COLL, two years old, well broke for the bridle and saddle. April 25 1865

**F. EUGENE DURBEC,**

Auction and Commission Merchant. Office Assembly Street, Between Plain and Washington Streets.

WILL give prompt attention to the sale and purchase of REAL ESTATE, STOCKS, BONDS and all other articles of PERSONAL PROPERTY, MERCHANDIZE or FURNITURE, at either private sale or auction. April 17 1865

For Sale,

A HOUSE and LOT, fine VEGETABLE GARDEN, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, CUPBOARD, &c.; in fact, a complete and comfortable homestead. Terms accommodating. Apply to 273 Richardson street, below State Street. April 21 1865

**OBITUARY.**

Died, in this city, on the evening of the 12th April, **MARY MORRISON**, eldest daughter of Jas. R. and M. A. Kennedy, aged thirteen years and four months.

Death is at all times a sad messenger, and we ever bow in silence and sadness at its approach; but there are seasons when it comes with a peculiar and crushing weight of sorrow. So it was in the death of this dear child. The family, driven out homeless, deprived of every comfort, and all the tender associations which the heart loves to dwell upon rudely surrendered, have now been called to give up the brightest ornament of their circle. In the midst of their desolation, the Reaper came and gathered the fairest flower in the wreath. Mamie was a child of bright promise, and many fond hopes are buried in her grave. As the eldest of a large family, many duties devolved upon her, all of which were faithfully and cheerfully performed. At school, she won the approbation and love of her teacher by her diligence and uniform good conduct, and her kind and obliging disposition, made her a favorite with all her companions. For ten weeks she was confined to a sick bed, but she bore her sufferings with great patience, and she fondly hope that she is now at rest in her Saviour's bosom. Though her earthly home was made desolate, we trust that she is now in her Father's home above—a home in whose mansions grief has no share. We are living in times of fiery trial, the future is shrouded in gloom and uncertainty, and we are daily taught the vanity of all earthly treasures. Nothing is truly ours but our dead, and we rejoice that they are free from the trials which we are called to endure. Many fond hearts weep over Mamie's early grave; but let them bow submissively, and let the language of each heart be:

"It is the Lord, enthroned in light,  
Whose claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.

Thou hast escaped a thorny scene,  
A wilderness of wee,  
Where many a blast of anguish keen  
Had taught thy tears to flow.  
Perchance some wild and withering grief  
Had severed thy summer's earliest leaf,  
In these dark bowers below,  
Or sickening thrills of hope deferred  
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred.

Thou hast escaped life's fitful sea  
Before the storm arose,  
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free  
From aught that marred repose;  
Safe from the thousand throes of pain,  
Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain  
Upon thine opening rose,  
And who can calmly think of this,  
Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss.

I culled from home's beloved bowers  
To deck thy last long sleep,  
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers  
That summer's dew's may steep  
The rose bud emblem meet was there,  
The violet blue and jasmine fair,  
That, drooping, seemed to weep;  
And now I add this lovelier spell,  
Sweets to the passing sweet, farewell.

Departed this life, in Oglethorpe, Georgia, on the 28th day of March, 1865, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age, **WILLIAM HENRY DRENNAN**, eldest son of Mr. F. M. and Mrs. Ann Delilah Drennan.

The deceased, having lived from childhood in Columbia, was too well known among his many friends as a man of pure and noble character to require an epitaph inscribed to his memory. His departure from earth when just in the prime of life, reminds those who know and loved him of the uncertain character of man's probation here. Some two years ago, he contracted a hacking cough, which terminated

in pulmonary consumption. During his protracted sickness, at one time promising to elude the grasp of the fatal destroyer, and again relapsing into a state of physical decline, he bore his sufferings with calmness and fortitude. While prostrated on his bed by disease, his thoughts were directed to the importance of seeking, through Christ, the forgiveness of sin and the consolations of a Christian's hope, and answered with spiritual blessings were his earnest appeals to a throne of grace. As days and months passed, he became conscious that his stay on earth was limited. Yet, willing to leave no remedy untried that might tend to the restoration of health, he yielded to the solicitation of friends and relatives living at a distance, and left the home of his childhood on a visit to Oglethorpe, Georgia. The hope was entertained by all that the change of climate and locality might stay the progress of the disease and rescue him from an early grave. As summer came on with its balmy breezes, he improved so much that there was a fair prospect of his partial restoration to health; but, when winter set in, his friends beheld with sorrow that the disease had taken firmer hold on his constitution. His prostrated frame now made it impossible for him to return, with the ensuing spring, to the home which he still hoped to be able to see once more. In the providence of God, at an unexpected hour, and far away from home and parents, he breathed his last, and fell asleep in Jesus. While this bereavement, at an unexpected time, saddens the hearts of the family circle at home, it must comfort them to know that all that love and affection could suggest was done to alleviate his suffering and to make his departure from earth as calm and peaceful as if a mother's hand had cooled his aching head, and a father's arm had supported him in the struggles of the dying hour.

A FRIEND.

A Card.

HEARING that my name has appeared in the Columbia papers as a deserter from Company B, 2d S. C. Cavalry, I take it upon myself to deny the charge, as I can prove satisfactorily to any one concerned that I am now acting under orders from the General commanding Department. E. P. HENDERSON, April 25 1865 Colleton District, S. C.

Commercial Bank,

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 24, 1865.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at the residence of John A. Crawford, Esq., on MONDAY next, 1st May, at 12 o'clock. EDWIN J. SCOTT. April 25 1865

The State of South Carolina.



ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GEN'L'S OFFICE, FUSTON C. H., February 23, 1865. GENERAL ORDERS NO. 8.

LIEUT. COL. JAMES M. EASON, special aid to his Excellency the Governor, is charged with the superintendence of the State Works at Greenville, S. C. As the representative of the Governor, he will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order, WM. F. FANCE, A. A. G. April 25 1865