

The Cass County Republican.

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By John Letts. Directly opposite the Passenger Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

From the Michigan Journal of Education.

"I talk with my fingers."

At the recent Press Convention, held in Ann Arbor, one of the editors being called upon for a speech, quaintly accused his lack of oratorical power by the above pithy saying:

"I talk with my fingers," quoth one of the men whose hand wields the press, whose tongue is the pen.

"I talk with my fingers"—'twas an eloquent word, Whose echo the heart of humanity heard.

Who talks with his tongue, prints his thoughts on a breath,

Which is vocal a moment then hushes in death: How true or how eloquent, how witty or brave, The air is its winding sheet, the ear is its grave.

Who talks with his pen, speaks a visible word, And his deathless voice, through the ages is heard, His tones undecayed o'er the continent's reach, And an antidote world may list to his speech.

He needs no proud form, no high public halls, No echoing tales, nor yet compassing walls; In the homes of the people, or simple or sage, He builds his fit forum, the fair printed page.

To the freest of quill, to the world's embryo, To the haunts of pleasure, to the field of toil, To the artisan's bench, to the halls of state, To cheer on the patriot, to urge the debate.

To the parlor of pride, to the palace of power, To the maiden's chamber, to the poet's bower, To the regal houses where monarchs dwell, To the beggar's hovel, to the convict's cell.

To the schools of childhood, to the haunts of age, The printer still sendeth his eloquent page: No distance can silence, no sepulchre urn Impaired thought dies, and its words thus burn.

The spoken word dies; but he hath good that To speak well and wisely, whose word is a deed: Let him ponder full long o'er he moves that wiled Press.

Whose issues through ages may wither or bless.

The types are but key-boards—the vibrating string Along the far ages doth echoing ring. Then thoughtfully, prayerfully, strike the high strain: Be God and humanity still the refrain.

The Border Heroine.

A THRILLING STORY OF ARKANSAS LIFE.

Some years ago, before the State of Arkansas was so densely populated as now, and when the mail from Little Rock to the western borders was carried on horseback, there lived a few miles above Horse Head, a stout pioneer named Jacob Barnap. His wife, Polly and one child—a girl—only nine years old—made up his family. His chief business was hunting, and his unerring rifle never failed to supply his board, and something over. His nearest neighbor was twenty miles off, so he was little troubled with paying visitors.

It was in early spring that Jacob started with a load of furs and skins. He left Polly in charge of the premises, and left with her, too, a light rifle and brace of pistols. She knew how to use that rifle, for never was she happier than when her husband patted her on the shoulder, and said,—"Nobby done; Polly, my dear! I could not have made a better shot myself." And he often had occasion to say this, and with truth, too.

Jacob Barnap had been gone four days when, towards evening, a horseman rode up to the hunter's door. He was a small muscular man, some forty years of age, and seemed inured to all sorts of hardships. As he sprang from his saddle Polly made her appearance.

"Ah, Polly—once more here," the new comer said, as he drew a pair of well-filled saddle bags from the back of his beast.

"Yes, and I am glad to see you, Morton. Jacob has been gone for four days, and the time is growing heavy."

"Down the river with a load of skins and furs."

"Oh—ah—yes. Well—you shall have the company of Lant Morton for one night—at least: so for the next twelve hours you'll feel safe."

"Oh, I feel safe enough," returned the woman quickly, "only lonesome."

"Well, then, for this evening you shan't be lonesome."

This speaking, Morton threw his saddle and saddle-bags into the cabin and then led his horse around to a shed, where he made the animal fast and fed him. After this he returned to the dwelling and entered and was soon after discussing the events of the times over an ample supper. His hostess told him all that had transpired in her neighborhood since his last visit, and her visitor gave her the news from the eastern valley.

Lant Morton had been the mail carrier on the route for several years, and not once had he passed through without spending a night at Jacob Barnap's. In fact he was about the only visitor at the hunter's cabin, and though the intervals between his visits were long, yet he seemed almost a fixture of the place. Polly Barnap, still in the bloom of young womanhood—knew his generous, noble character, and she felt at home in his presence.

"Those are heavy bags for this route," said the carrier, as he put away his pipe and prepared to retire, "and," he added in an under tone, "they contain some valuable letters—some fat ones—going to the fort."

"Is it known on the route that your load is so valuable?" asked Polly.

"I think not, though it may be. Still, I am well armed, and I fancy that it would be a tough job for any one to take old Lant."

"A man was robbed on the creek a few days ago."

"And the robbers have fled," added Morton carelessly, as he drew his mail bags after him.

There were three apartments in the lower cabin—the main room where the family lived—then a small pantry and provision room in one corner, and a bedroom in the corner opposite. Be-

neath was a deep cellar where the provisions were kept in the summer, and where they could be equally well kept in the winter, for frost never entered the deep hole the hunter had dug. Besides these was the loft, with a tightly boarded floor, which was reached by a ladder from the pantry, and in this latter place the mail carrier slept. He had dragged the mail bags up after him, not feeling disposed to leave so precious a charge beyond his immediate reach.

Morton went to bed at nine o'clock, as he was tired and sleepy from his hard ride. Polly had work to do, having neglected it while talking with her guest, so when she had seen him safely at rest, in the loft, she drew her basket up to the table, where the candle was, and went to work on some clothes for her child, who was sleeping very soundly in the bedroom in the corner.

The old German clock which hung upon the wall, with its great weight and winding strings all exposed, had just struck ten ere Polly arose from her work. She had just pushed her basket beneath the table, and had taken up the candle when the front door was opened, and two men entered. They were in their stockings, their shoes having been left outside so as not to make any noise.

"—sh!" uttered the foremost of the intruders. "Speak but one word above a whisper and you die on the instant!" Polly recovered from her quick terror, and gazed up. She saw two stout, wicked looking men, one of whom presented a cocked pistol towards her. With that quickness of perception natural to her, she knew that the pistol would not be fired if she held her peace, as that would make a greater noise than she could. And further—she recognized in the foremost of the men, a notorious villain, who bore the name of Dick Gallus. She had never seen him before, but the minute descriptions her husband had given her of the man, led her at once to know him—and positively, too; for one big scar on his left cheek was marked enough.

"What seek ye gentlemen?" asked Polly Barnap, without betraying the least fear.

"We have come to see Morton, the mail-carrier," returned Gallus, in a coarse whisper. Where is he? Don't speak too loud."

"He is long since asleep. Would it not do as well to see him in the morning? I can find you room for lodging."

The fair hostess said this for the purpose of gaining time. She knew very well that these men had come to rob the carrier, and she was equally sure that they would murder him if they could, and, in all probability, put her out of the way as well. They had evidently heard of the valuable load he carried, and meant to carry it in his stead. In short, she not only knew the character of the bold ruffians, but she also knew their business. Their very warning and threat to her being positive proof.

"Never mind his being asleep. Show us where he is at once," roughly replied Gallus, in answer to Polly's last remark.

"But I can call him, good sirs," reasoned the brave woman, calmly, though there was alarm in her soul.

"Call him? Call!" growled the villain, with a fierce oath. "You call him and you'll be called to another world. Show us the way."

The mild eye that could aim an unerring bullet at the forest beast did not betray the thoughts of that woman's soul, nor did a look tell her meaning. She was pale, but she did not tremble.

"This way gentlemen," she whispered. And as she spoke she turned towards the door which was situated directly between the doors of the little bedroom and the pantry. She did not open it until both of the men had got up close behind her.

"Don't you hear him breathe?" she whispered.

"Yes," returned both villains; and the did hear a breathing, but it was of the child close at hand.

As they thus answered her, she threw the door wide open—it opened inward. The men saw a dark void, but they pressed forward. In another instant Polly Barnap leaped back—Gallus was upon the threshold, and his companion close on his heels. With all her power the noble woman threw herself against the rear man, and in the next moment both the robbers lay sprawling on the cellar floor.

This had been the door opening into the deep excavation, and the only means of egress was by a perpendicular ladder. If this could have been moved, Polly would have pulled it up immediately, but it was spiked to its place, and she must let it remain. To close the door would be useless, for she had no ready means of fastening it. So she did what she had resolved on from the first; she sprang to the fire-place and caught her trusty rifle from its hook, and, having cocked it, she drew towards the open door. She heard the curses of the villains as they searched for the ladder, and she soon knew that one of them had found it.

"Back!" she cried, as she saw a hand appear above the threshold. The candle on the table threw a dim light upon the spot.

She saw the robber raise a pistol: there was but one alternative. She could not die. She had a husband—a child—and she had set herself to save the carrier. With these thoughts flashing through her mind she drew the trigger.

The sharp report went running through the house, and the echo was a deep and gurgling groan from the bottom of the cellar.

Ere the second robber could show himself, Morton came in the room, with a pistol in each hand.

"What is it?" he cried.

"There! there!" gasped Polly, pointing to the open doorway, where a savage looking face had just presented itself.

Lant Morton had long enough been used to danger not to waste time in conjecture when a moment may be life and death. He turned—he saw the face—and quick as thought he covered the mark and fired.

"Are there any more?" he asked, cocking his other pistol.

"No, I shot one." And as Polly spoke she sank into a chair, and leaning her head upon the table.

"What! you hurt?" the carrier exclaimed, springing to her side.

"No—no!" she faintly replied. "Only weak. I shall be better in a little while. Look to the cellar."

"How many were they?"

"Only two. I am certain that I killed one."

Trip Lightly over Trouble.

Trip lightly over trouble,

Trip lightly over wrong;

We only make grief jobs

By dwelling on it long.

Why clasp wo'e hand so tightly?

Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?

Why cling to forms unfaithful?

Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,

Though this day may be dark,

The sun may shine to-morrow,

And gaily sing the lark;

Fair hope has not departed,

Though roses may have fled:

Then never be down-hearted,

But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,

Stand not to rail at doom;

We've pearls to string of gladness,

On this side of the tomb;

White stars are nightly shining,

And heaven is o'erhead,

Encourage not repining,

But look for joy instead.

Description of an Indian Battle.

A correspondent, writing to the *Minneapolis* from Shakopee, Minn., under date of May 29th says:

"This is truly a great country, where one can get up by sunrise, take his wife and family in a buggy, ride a mile or so in the fresh morning air, see such a scene as an Indian fight from such a view as we had, be treated to a Chippewa barbecue and return to breakfast at a reasonable hour without costing the first red cent, though several red skins had to pay dearly for the entertainment."

When the fight first commenced opposite Major Murphy, his wife, daughter and two lady visitors arose and stepped upon the river's brink and watched the whole affair quite unconcernedly, although at one time the rifle balls whizzed and sang past them, striking in close proximity. Before the battle ended a very large portion of the population of men, women and children of the city, were gathered around the dead, dying and wounded warriors who the Sioux had brought over the river, and from their elevated position could see, with the naked eye, every movement of the combatants, and with the aid of telescopes counted the number of Chippewas which collected on the opposite bluffs where the Sioux had driven them.

The ground from the river to the bluffs, (about three-fourths of a mile,) is level, grassy plain, with a few large elm trees near the north bank; while the south bank on which we stood, is high, overlooking the whole scene as perfectly as one could sit in the boxes of a theatre and observe the play upon the stage. Only think what a sight we had, of Indians stripped to the breech-cloth, running, skulking, crawling, shooting, tomahawking, scalping, mutilating—the squaws carrying the wounded, shouting and encouraging their braves, who were yelling, fighting, bleeding, dying, crossing and re-crossing the river, the retreat of the Chippewas to the opposite hills, gathering under the trees, where all their gestures and actions were clearly visible through the telescope; while among us and at our feet, were ladies and Chippewa scalps, horses and carriages and Chippewa hands, children and strips of Chippewa skin, barking dogs, moaning squaws, dying warriors, bleeding braves, crying children, yelling combatants, neighing horses, cackling hens, whistling bullets, cracking rifles, puffing steamboats, smoking Dutchmen, mixed up with the different languages, including the silvery tone of beautiful women; the whole concluding with the building of a fire, appearance of the headless trunk of a Chippewa, a very extensive retrograde movement on the part of the ladies and children, the contention of those who advocate or objected to the consumption of the barbarous act, the roaring of the flames, the broiling of the carcasses, the rising of the incense, and the general leaving in disgust, or lingering for curiosity of the crowd—and all this adjoining a city of a thousand inhabitants."

ANECDOTE OF HAYLOCK.—During his stay in England, the narrator went one evening to the house of the colonel, in compliance with an invitation. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Haylock turned suddenly round to her husband and said, "By the way, my dear, where is Harry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen during the whole afternoon. The colonel started to his feet: "Well poor fellow, he's standing on London bridge, and in this cold too. I told him to wait for me there at twelve o'clock to-day; and in the pressure of business at—, I quite forgot the appointment." The father and son were to have met at seven o'clock in the evening. Yet the father seemed to have no doubts that Harry would not move from his post until he appeared. The colonel at once rose, ordered a cab to be called, and as he went forth to deliver his son from his weary watch on London bridge, he turned to excuse himself to his visitor, saying: "You see sir, that is the discipline of a soldier's family." In the course of an hour the colonel returned with poor Harry, who, although he appeared somewhat affected by the cold watch, and glad to see the fire in the comfortable parlor at home, seemed to have passed through the little afternoon's experience with the greatest good humor, and the feeling that all was right.—*Hartpool Mercury.*

Never do that in prosperity whereof you may repent in adversity.

Fizzlers, Fizzling, Fizzled.

The present "democratic" Administration is a complete fizzle, politically and personally. Mr. Buchanan enjoyed the reputation of having some executive ability. In less than a year he completely fizzled that idea out of the public mind.

Gen. Cass, a proverbial fizzle, in the conduct of the Kansas and foreign diplomacy of the nation, has fizzled himself out of what little public esteem he retained when he entered upon the duties of Secretary of State.

Secretary Cobb has fizzled the National treasury of \$18,000,000 of surplus on hand when he resumed office; he has fizzled away \$20,000,000 of treasury notes besides, now asks for another loan of \$15,000,000 to fizzle upon pet schemes and party favorites, and has so managed so as to fizzle away over \$135,000,000 in two years, or about twice as much as the last two years of Mr. Fillmore's Administration.

Secretary Floyd, who went into the war office with moderate integrity, has fizzled that all away, in the Willet's Point, Snelling, and similar official speculations, besides having fizzled away in two years, some \$11,000,000 more than even his Pierce predecessors did in the same time.

Secretary Toucey, too, who was supposed to be proof against contaminating influences, has fizzled into, or been fizzled by, the fizzling influences around him, to the tune of \$100,000 in a single transaction.

Secretaries Brown and Thomson and Attorney Black have also fizzled out what little reputation they took into their departments, in the swindles perpetrated upon the treasury in the Land, Indian and Legal departments of the Administration.

Then, to divert public attention from Administration aggressions upon Kansas, Buchanan attempted a Utah War, sent our army into winter quarters in Rocky Mountains, at a cost of some \$25,000,000, and exhausted a vast amount of patriotism to get up and keep up that War, but Quixotically fizzled out from an absolute want of any "cause of action."

Fizzling in Utah having exhausted the pretence for further extraordinary expenditure, we are next invited to "prepare for war with England." Piles upon piles of patriotic sound and fury is exhausted, in Congress and out of it, gun-boats, war steamers and fortifications are demanded, when, lo! just as Congress had been wrought up to and kept up that War, but Quixotically fizzled out from an absolute want of any "cause of action."

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