

Hillsdale Standard

Vol. VI.

HILLSDALE, TUESDAY DECEMBER 2, 1851.

No. 273.

HILLSDALE STANDARD.
Published every Tuesday, at Hillsdale Mich.,
by H. B. ROWLAND.

Office in Underwood's Block—3d Story.

TERMS.
If paid in Advance, \$5. 10 copies \$10. 20 copies \$20. The money must accompany the order for clubs. Postage Free within this county.

CLUB TERMS.
4 copies to one address \$5. 10 copies \$10. 20 copies \$20. The money must accompany the order for clubs. Postage Free within this county.

GO AHEAD.
Go ahead—and do not tarry,
Nought is gained by standing still,
What though you at times miscarry?

Let not fear your bosom fill,
Search the cause of your errors,
Gather wisdom from the past,
To the wind give idle toms—
And you get ahead at last!

Go ahead—in useful doing,
Let your motto be—'I'll try';
He who ever is despairing,
Bankrupt heart and hope is nigh.

What though wealth and you are strangers?
Oward, upward be your aim;
And those rest, or faced dangers,
Soon you'll put to flight or shame!

To ahead—the world reforming,
In civil, moral freedom's name,
All those forts and outposts stoning,
Which your enemies may claim,
Yield no subwork, take no quarter,
Compromise no cherished right,
Freedom's treasure never barter,
But stand for them with your might!

Go ahead—then don't defer it,
Life's short span soon fits away,
If you'd find aught of merit,
You must ply your task to day,
Set the ball in instant motion,
To keep it going strain each nerve,
Nor doubt ultimate promotion,
Will yield the laurels you deserve!

[From The Flag of our Union.]
KATHLEEN DELCROIX:
OR,
THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

A few years ago there stood a small log cabin on the bank of the Memphaw River, a tributary of the Missouri. It was the residence of Delcroix, a noted backwoodsman of the great west. Those of his craft who knew him were in the habit of calling him "the red-skin hunter."

The hunter—whose name was Gravier—and who had wandered far from his country, approaching the unknown cabin, curious to learn who dwelt there, and doubtful as to what kind of reception he should meet with; but it was near dark, he was tired and hungry, and back woodsmen do not generally stand much upon ceremony.

In answer to the loud knock of Gravier, a tall and athletic man of about forty years of age made his appearance. He was Delcroix, the backwoodsman, whose tout ensemble was anything but prepossessing. His head was covered by coon-skin cap, which had seen much hard service in every contingency of a changing climate. The hair, which hung from beneath this venerable head fixture, was long, and slightly sprinkled with gray. The face was disfigured by several scars, giving evidence of wounds which must have been very deep and dangerous.

These marks, as the reader will perceive, did not add to the personal beauty of Delcroix, but gave to his features a stern and threatening aspect. The forehead was lofty, and bore no more signs of care than might be expected for a man of his years. The eyes were the most remarkable features of his face; they were small, deep-set, piercing, evasive, and nothing appeared to escape their surveillance.

Delcroix's external man is easily described. He was dressed in true hunter style—buckskin hunting shirt, Indian leggings, moccasins, &c. The backwoodsman fixed his penetrating gaze upon Gravier.

"I am tired and hungry," said the latter, coming at length to the point.

"Come in, rest yourself, and eat," answered Delcroix.

Gravier thanked the old Indian, and followed him into the cabin. A good fire was blazing upon a rude stone hearth. Beside it, sat a young man of about twenty years, who had engaged, it would seem, in casting bullets; for there was a vessel of molten lead upon the fire, and a pair of moulds, and a score of balls upon the hearth-stone.

in safety," added Gravier, musingly.

"The fact of the case, is, stranger. I am prey well known in these parts, and the red-skins, and my rifle about as well as they know anything. Perhaps you are not aware that my name is Delcroix."

"Not the Delcroix so famous among trappers and hunters, Indians and backwoodsmen generally?" exclaimed Gravier, in astonishment.

"The same," replied Delcroix, coolly; "and when I first came to live here, I was just under to give out word among the red skins, that I would let them alone, if they would me and mine. I was never very celebrated for making pictures, but I managed to draw some characters upon a piece of birch bark, which the copper-skinned seemed to understand very well. I drew a cabin like this we are in, and a tall Indian standing in it. A little in the background, I drew a picture of myself with my well known rifle to my shoulder, aiming right at the intruder's head. I am on a great artist, but that picture was worth a great deal to me, in the long run, and no doubt saved me much trouble."

"I have always heard that you were a dead shot, and much dreaded by the Indians," said Gravier, and stole a side glance at Kathleen.

"It is that reputation, probably, that I owe my life. No other man would have lived here so long. I dare say, 'the fact is the red skins are awfully afraid of long tom.'"

"That's your rifle," added Gravier. "I have heard of it."

"There it is, hanging upon these hooks stranger. There is nothing extraordinary in the looks of it, but it has been a good friend to me first and last."

Gravier eyed the piece with a great deal of curiosity. It was a large heavy barrel, with a full length stock, calculated for real service. Long tom, as its name indicated, was of unusual length, and carried a ball of large size.

"It is a cast steel barrel," added Delcroix, with a touch of pride, "and will last as long as I shall, in all human probability. Examining it, you must know, was quiet a boy then, and the barrel near the lock. Whenever you find that imprint, stranger, you will find a good piece. The M. B. never fails."

"Right!" exclaimed Gravier. "That shooting-stick in the corner bears the same imprint, and I am not afraid to shoot with any man but Delcroix."

"Thank you for the compliment, stranger,—if you have no objections, we will have a shot at sound to-morrow."

"That is the favor I was going to ask," said Gravier, with a smile, and looked again at Kathleen, who was now seated at the table.

"I dare say more than one red-skin has gone to his account by the agency of long tom," he added.

"It is true," replied Delcroix. "One little adventure which I had, and which long tom acted a part, I will relate. It was soon after I came here. All had gone on very peaceably, but one of my best neighbors had visited me. Kate—my wife—her name was Kathleen, but I always called her Kate, began to look cheerful and happy once more, and the children were not afraid to play out of doors, and were into the woods a little. For John, you must know, was quiet a boy then, and he was out on a hunt, a Pawnee woman came to my cabin. She was fine looking for an Indian, and my wife, partly through natural kindness, and partly through fear, treated her to the best in the house. The squaw seemed grateful, and came again the next day, and was used kindly as in the first instance, but she soon went away in the night, and seemed to have something weighing heavily on her mind. To make a long story short, she appeared the third time, and was still kindly received. But the Pawnee woman acted more strangely than before—was silent and mysterious. At length, just as she was about to leave, she went up close to my wife, and looked steadily at her (Kate was a good looking woman, though I say it and I was her husband) and with her hands put the hair back from her forehead; then she shook her head, sighed, and looked at Kathleen there, who looks just as her mother did at last."

Here Gravier ventured to look at Kathleen, who was seated at the table, and Kathleen blushed.

Delcroix went on.

"My white sister," said the Pawnee woman at last, "must die. A black cloud hangs over the wigwam of the great hunter."

"Kate fell on her knees, and wet the hands of the Pawnee woman with her tears; but all she could learn was, that the danger would come between that time and another sun. Though true to her instincts as a woman, yet she fell bound to respect, in some measure, the secrets of her people, and look to her own safety; for betraying the life of her tribe, or relations, might cost her life."

"The white woman has been kind to the red and the latter has told the former that the sky is dark, and a storm is approaching," she said; "and when people see a tempest in the skies, they seek some place of shelter. The sun shall not set again, till the dark clouds shall have come and gone. By dark clouds, the Pawnee meant the war-paint on the faces of the braves. The woman departed, and left Kate with a heavy heart; for I was away, and there was nobody but John to look to for assistance."

Here Gravier looked at the young man in a hardy looking lad, well worthy, in point of personal strength, of his father's fame.

"Kate called the boy in, and with pale features, told him what had passed, keeping her courage up, as well as she could, in order to set a good example."

"I wish father was here, with long tom," said John.

"So do I," replied his mother; "but we shall not know when to expect him. What do we do?"

"I am a pretty good marksman," replied John, "and if father does not return, I shall do my best to defend you. But one thing I must not forget to do, which is to set the heap of wood and brush on fire, which he told me to, in case anything unusual happened."

"He said nothing to me about it," answered his mother.

"That is because he did not wish you to think there was any danger near," added John.

"This was true. I had instructed John privately, to set fire to a large pile of brush and wood, which I had purposely made, when anything unusual took place, requiring my presence."

ward as fast as possible; but when they reached the bank of the Missouri, the Indians were in the middle of the river—three in number. The moment they broke cover, and stood at the water's edge, the Indians drove and swam under water some distance; but the first one that showed his head above the surface was a work for long tom. He sprang half his length out of the water, floundered about a moment, and then on with evident difficulty. Gravier fired upon another, but apparently with less effect.

"It is too far," said Delcroix; "but he has got something he cannot very well carry off. If he lives, he won't be likely to forget long tom."

The wounded savage reached the shore, and was assisted up the bank by his more fortunate companions.

"They have baffled us," said the backwoodsman. "It won't be safe to follow them any farther. We had better return to the cabin; for we shall be likely to have warm work there before many days."

"I shall not desert you," replied Gravier. "If there is fighting to be done, I claim my share of the danger, for I am not averse to a brush now and then with the natural lord of the soil, especially when there is a fair woman to defend."

"Thank you, answered Delcroix. "You are a true backwoodsman at heart. I knew you was of the right sort, the moment I put my eye on you."

The hunters reached the cabin before dark, but the accident, Gravier dreamed again that night, of Indian maraud and Kathleen Delcroix. It is true, that he had known her but a day, yet he had conceived for her a genuine affection, which he felt assured, time and circumstances could never estrange, or render less ardent. Sometimes he was ready to congratulate himself that he had it in his power to do her a service, and that the late occurrence had furnished an adequate excuse for him to linger near her; but when he reflected on the dangers to which she might be exposed, he was ready to reproach himself for the unworthy thought, as it then appeared to be.

But how was it with the fair daughter of the hunter of the backwoods? Looked she on the handsome stranger with interest? Had her heart not faster when she heard the sound of his footsteps, or his voice?

Judging by her humility and her blushes, she was by no means indifferent to the merits and personal comeliness of Gravier; and we are to believe that her respect for him increased, when she saw him really and anxiously to try, to be one of her defenders from savage cruelty.

Though reticent and shamed at first, Kathleen was soon able to converse with him with tolerable ease and assurance, upon subjects especially interesting to them at that crisis; and she was inwardly pleased to find him a man of learning and feeling, differing from all those who had, to her knowledge, been her father's friends and guests.

Gravier suggested to Delcroix the propriety of abandoning the cabin, and setting out for Fort Leavenworth, without delay; but was assured that such a step would be attended with more danger than remaining where they were; for there was no prospect of relief during the night, and the hunters were not prepared to leave their designs. This certainly looked reasonable for the cabin would be fortified in such a manner as to enable them to make a stout defence, for it was built of the heavy logs of the largest sized cotton-woods.

"We must make ourselves as strong as we can here," said Delcroix, "for we shall be asked to fight, or to-morrow night, and shall have a hard battle to fight; but it will be very strange if they do not have the worst of it in the end."

"How many do you suppose there may be, who have such an inveterate feeling of hostility against you?" asked Gravier.

"Only the relatives of the one I shot, as I have told you, I shall have but little peace all they are dead. You know the old proverb: 'They have been with you, and you have not been with them.'"

"During the day, the cabin was put into as good a condition of defence as possible. The guns were put in regular order, and loaded with unusual care, while all other available weapons were placed where they could be used in case they should be wanted.

The feelings of Kathleen—a young girl, who though reared in the backwoods, possessed all the refined sensibilities of the more favored of our sex—cannot be analyzed. She did not fear for herself alone. She confessed feelings more enabling to such a step, and she was particularly anxious to see the safety of her father, whose locks were sprinkled with gray, her natural protector and her best friend; for her brother the companion and friend of her childhood, destined to be her counsellor, when the first should be no more; for the generous stranger about to peril his life in her defence.

Kathleen possessed much of her father's firmness of character, and the circumstances and associations which had surrounded her from childhood, and developed an energy and self reliance not found in young women moving in the more fashionable circles of life; consequently, in hours of danger, her deportment was more calm and dignified, than could possibly have been expected, had she been reared in a different manner.

This was so apparent, that it did not escape the observation of Gravier; and his respect for her character increased. Though her face was pale, and her expression grave and evasive, she was not seen to weep in prospect of the danger so near imminent; though her heart was full of pent up emotions.

From a small aperture in the cabin, she watched the sun go down, and saw its last red rays falling across the grave of her mother. The light of the setting sun, and the daughter, that moment, we will leave to the kind reader to imagine. If her heart ever wished to discharge its load of anxiety and sorrow, it was undoubtedly at that crisis of her life.

The sun-light faded from her mother's grave and soft and pensive twilight prevailed. An ominous stillness seemed to pervade the air. The winds were hushed, and the vesper song of the birds had ceased. With the gloom of night, came a gloom of the spirit, which disclosed danger, captivity, tortures, and death. All felt an oppression of soul which they strove in vain to dispel, by a forced air of cheerfulness.

It was one of those nights whose very darkness has something mournful in it, aside from everything else that might serve to depress the spirits.

"It is a black looking night," remarked Gravier. "What time will the moon rise?"

"About twelve when it is up, for I don't like this murky darkness."

"About two is the hour for Indian maraud," added the former.

"I know it; but we may, in this case, expect them at any hour. They may avail themselves of this pitchy darkness. I think we shall hear from them soon; but they may delay the hour of vengeance for a week to come in order to tell us into a forced security, which would prove fatal to us. Cunning fellows are the Pawnees."

At the usual hour of retiring, the fire and lights were extinguished, that all might appear to be going on as usual at the cabin, and that they might ascertain their eyes to the deep darkness without, so that an enemy might not be allowed to take them together by surprise.

We will not attempt to describe with what intense anxiety the little party waited for the rising of the moon, as it would be an event greatly in their favor, providing the memoir of stars were delayed so long.

The hour of midnight came at last, and the moon came up, shedding a soft light upon forest and prairie. It seemed to Kathleen, like a signal of hope. The heavy moments rolled on, and a clock came.

"Now keep a sharp look out," said Delcroix, "as he grasped long tom more tightly. 'If they mean to do anything to-night, they will be here soon!'"

"I think I saw a figure," said Kathleen, who had been watching for any approaches towards the rear of the cabin.

"Well, keep your eyes on it, girl, and try and make out what it is. Tell me when it comes near, and I will be right near," replied her father, in a low firm voice.

In a moment, Gravier was at the side of Kathleen. "Where did you see the figure, Miss Delcroix?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Directly in the range of that cotton-wood, straight before us. Now it seems his body; and now a portion of his head is visible. So! he approaches cautiously. My father's rifle could reach him now," she answered, in a voice somewhat agitated.

And then she added:

TO BE CONTINUED.

They might ascertain their eyes to the deep darkness without, so that an enemy might not be allowed to take them together by surprise.

We will not attempt to describe with what intense anxiety the little party waited for the rising of the moon, as it would be an event greatly in their favor, providing the memoir of stars were delayed so long.

The hour of midnight came at last, and the moon came up, shedding a soft light upon forest and prairie. It seemed to Kathleen, like a signal of hope. The heavy moments rolled on, and a clock came.

"Now keep a sharp look out," said Delcroix, "as he grasped long tom more tightly. 'If they mean to do anything to-night, they will be here soon!'"

"I think I saw a figure," said Kathleen, who had been watching for any approaches towards the rear of the cabin.

"Well, keep your eyes on it, girl, and try and make out what it is. Tell me when it comes near, and I will be right near," replied her father, in a low firm voice.

In a moment, Gravier was at the side of Kathleen. "Where did you see the figure, Miss Delcroix?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Directly in the range of that cotton-wood, straight before us. Now it seems his body; and now a portion of his head is visible. So! he approaches cautiously. My father's rifle could reach him now," she answered, in a voice somewhat agitated.

And then she added:

TO BE CONTINUED.

[From the New York Tribune.]
AWFUL CALAMITY!
FORTY-FIVE CHILDREN KILLED
A HUNDRED WOUNDED.

Shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the City was agitated by the report of a most dreadful catastrophe at Ward School No. 26, in Greenwich-street, near Jefferson Market.

It was reported, not half the truth was told; it was reported down town that the stairs of the school-house had given way and that a dozen children were killed. This was enough to startle all the residents of the City who were away from home, and all sorts of vehicles were at once summoned to convey them to the scene of the disaster.

Before we go farther let us briefly state the nature and extent of the disaster.

One of our reports writes it as follows: "The cause of this fearful catastrophe we give as truly as could be ascertained on the spot, and the great excitement and dense crowd that for hours pervaded the 15th Ward Police Station, where most of the mangled and dead were taken to be recognized by their heart-broken parents. The building where the catastrophe happened is four stories high, the basement, which is on a level with the street is paved with flag-stones, and is the play-ground of the scholars. The Primary Department occupies the second and third stories, and the front served as a lecture room and was used at the examination of the school."

It appears that about 2 o'clock one of the teachers, Miss Harrison, was taken with a fainting fit, and a cry for water was instantly made near her. This cry was mistaken for that of fire, and the whole room was instantly alive with the cry of "fire fire!" The children all rose on mass and rushed for the door. The alarm was given to the other rooms of the school, and his assistants who occupied the third floor, and it was generally believed by all that the building was on fire and accordingly all rushed for the doors of their respective rooms. Mr. McNally immediately placed himself in front of the door of his own room, and forbade any of his scholars to leave, and we hear that one of the other teachers did the same. The children of the other departments rushed out of the doors of their respective rooms, and down the stairs, which were built in a spiral form, and commencing on the ground floor was carried up to the fourth story. The banister of this stair gave way about thirty feet above the ground floor and precipitated hundreds of the children to the flagging of the first floor killing and maiming a large number. The news of the dreadful calamity spread like the wind through the neighborhood, and hundreds of parents and friends rushed to the school-house to hear the tidings of the safety or loss of their little ones. The crowd was so dense in a very short time, that it was with great difficulty that the Police, headed by Capt. Lovett and his assistants, Capt. Taft and Soabring, could remove the wounded and dying and dead from the building. Many of these were recognized by their parents and friends and taken to their homes the names of such we could not ascertain, but we append the names of those who were removed to the Fifth Ward Police Station, and thence to the residence of their afflicted parents.

TY FOUR or FORTY-FIVE. The number positively known to be wounded is more than SIXTY.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.
The excitement (says another Report) continued until a late hour last night, and great crowds of individuals were gathered round the School-House and Police Station. The latest accounts we could learn were, that at the time Miss Harrison, the principal teacher in the Female Department, was struck with paralysis she made a moaning noise, and her features became disorted. This was at 2 o'clock, and the children in the class where she was teaching immediately became alarmed, and made a loud screech, which attracted the attention of the whole of the school. A rush was immediately made by the children of the department to the doors, and they commenced to descend the circular stone steps at a rapid rate. The cry of fire was now raised, and Miss Whitney, the Principal of the Primary School, which was on the second floor, opened the door to see what was the matter; she was immediately forced down to the bottom of the steps by the rush of the children, and had scarcely been there two seconds before the railing by the side of the steps began to give way.

After Miss Whitney had been forced from the Primary School, the children took the alarm, and forced their way from the school rooms. Now a scene of the most horrible description presented itself, the railing having given way, commencing at the upright post at the bottom of the staircase, the force which came against it made it break from its fastenings from step to step, until the whole length was broken en masse half way up the staircase. The pressure from behind still forced the children forward, and they began to fall down the pit between the circular stone steps. Many of them struck their heads against the rough corners of the steps as they fell, and in about two minutes, the children were lying at the bottom, one on top of the other, to the height of from twelve to fourteen feet, in one confused mass.

During the time that the children were falling, information of fire had been carried to the Police Station, and the fire bell was rung, which aroused the Fire Department and ladders were soon placed at the windows of the Primary Department. Miss Clinton at this time was told by one of the men on the ladder that the school was on fire, and she then passed a large number of the smallest children through the window, and in doing so injured herself seriously in the shoulder.

The Police officers and others by this time had forced their way through the crowd of children at the front door of the school, and they say that danger and death was the dreadful position of hundreds of poor children. The excitement being still great, they commenced removing the children one by one from their position, and soon the awful part of the catastrophe manifested itself. Many children were injured very badly, but were alive and numbers of others were taken from the mass quite dead; some from the effects of the fall, and others from the effects of "red-hot iron" immediately after being rescued. The bodies were taken to the Police Station, and the news spread like wild fire throughout the whole neighborhood. Thousands of persons rushed to the spot, and mothers and fathers, frantic with grief, ran wildly to place to find their children. One poor woman went into the Station House and found two of her children dead, and her cries and lamentations were the most pitiable that human ears have ever listened to. One after another ran to the Police Station, and found the bodies of their dead children, and by about 7 o'clock, 23 of them were recognized and taken to the home of their disconsolate parents, and shortly after, the other four were also conveyed away, making the whole number killed 42!

The school house is a large four story building; the ground floor being unoccupied, and in the second story are the Primary Schools; the third story the Female Department and the fourth story the Male Department. There were in attendance at the time of the sad occurrence, 1,851 scholars, beside teachers, viz: 763 in the Primary School 305 in the Female Department, and 550 in the male, and the rush of more than one half this number of children at a moment, and the force with which they pressed against the railing was the cause of its giving way. The Principal of the Male Department, Mr. McNally, kept his boys mostly in school by putting his back against the door, and preventing their rushing out, otherwise the loss of life would have been much greater. The numbers killed belonging to the different departments, according to the latest and most accurate statements there are 24 of the scholars of the Primary School; 5 of the scholars of the Female Department; and 3 of those of the Male Department, who it is supposed forced their way down before the teachers had time to prevent their leaving the room.

The number of those known to be injured is about 23 or 24, among whom are several teachers, one of whom, Miss Smith, has a leg broken. Miss Harrison, who first was struck, and whose physical condition gave the first cause of alarm, was laboring under the effects of paralysis during the whole of last evening, and among the killed is Miss Brownell, a teacher in the primary department, but this last report is not vouched for.

During the height of the excitement, there were more than five thousand people collected in the vicinity, all actuated by the most painful apprehensions in regard to the result.

The Chief of Police, the Mayor, the Recorder, several Aldermen, the Chief Engineer, the Police Captains, the Justice and all the prominent officers and citizens in that part of the town, were on hand at the earliest moment.

Up to the closing of the doors the school house a dense crowd was gathered around the entrance, and when all was over there, they went to the Station-House, where they lingered to the last moment, discussing the dreadful affair, and sympathizing with the distressed relatives.

We heard many stories of narrow and singular escapes, but we have not space to recount them. Some leaped from the lower windows, others were taken out on the ladders, others escaped by the back stairs.

An important meeting of the officers and teachers of the School was held last night, of which one of our reporters furnishes the following account:

Last night's meeting of the Ward officers of the Common Schools, and the male and female teachers was held in the school-room of the Female Department, for the purpose of taking into consideration the circumstances relating to the fatal accident which had that afternoon buried forty-five poor children into another world. Mr. John McLeane, Commissioner, was called to the Chair, and Mr. George P. Nelson, Trustee, was appointed Secretary.

Mr. John W. Lawson, one of the Trustees, said on the opening of the proceedings, it was his opinion that it would be better to take the statements of the teachers separately, and hear those belonging to the Primary Department, as it was from these that the greatest number were

But we need not dwell upon these painful scenes. They continued up to a late hour of the night, until the fate of all had been ascertained.

The result of this awful catastrophe, as nearly as we can ascertain, is as follows:

The number of children KILLED is FORTY-FIVE.

TO BE CONTINUED.