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THE LOVE TEST; OR, THE SEQUEL OF A PASSIONATE ATTACHMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARC FERRIER,
BY ROSE ASHLEY.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

"In that street, Duplessis, which bears at Ver-
sailles the name of the cardinal who for so
long a time held the reins for Louis XIV.,
might have been seen, one pleasant morning,
a young man whom we shall call Leopold Du-
bois, who stood lurking and watching as
closely as a sharp-shooter who aims to pick off
a sentinel. Creeping in the cover of one of
the great gates, he waited with the impatience
so natural to all young lovers, and which gen-
erally terminates by furnishing them the occa-
sion which they seek and of which they know
so well how to profit. Immediately in front of
Leopold's place of concealment might be seen
a handsome dwelling, of which the young man
never lost sight. Suddenly the door of this
dwelling opened, and a young officer in the
shiny uniform of the hussars emerged from it.
Leopold still kept snug, and suffered this cer-
emony to pass. Some few minutes after, an el-
derly man left the dwelling also. As soon as
he had disappeared, our Leopold darted for-
ward, knocked softly at the door of this same
dwelling, and giving his name to the porter, was
permitted to advance into a richly-decorated
saloon. Here he found the object which he
sought. A young and beautiful damsel was
seated near the fire. She held in her small
white hands a volume, of which she turned rather
than read the pages. On perceiving Leo-
pold she laid aside her book, leaned her elbow
upon the arm of the fauteuil, and while her
chin rested in her hand, regarded with deep in-
terest the person of her visitor.

"Ah, well, Cecile," said Leopold, in accents
of dismay.

"Well, dear Leopold," replied the young girl,
with a melancholy aspect.

"You see, Cecile, I am lost; I can hope no
longer. But, nevertheless, you still love
me?"

"Can you doubt that?" she answered, while
her eyes sank upon the ground.

"Heavens, no!" answered Leopold; "but I
must not doubt your father. True, he was not
pledged to me, but he beheld our intimacy with
seeming pleasure, and all things led me to be-
lieve that he would not object to mend his son-
in-law. Of course you know who has ar-
rived?"

By this time the young man had drawn close-
ly to Cecile, and taken one of her hands in his
own. His looks, attitude and frequent sighs,
all evinced the most devoted attachment.

"My dear Leopold, my father loves me above
all things, and is willing to bestow my hand
upon the person whom he believes by his position
and fortune capable of securing me every-
thing most likely to render me happy."

"Except love!" exclaimed the young lover.

"Yes, except love," answered Cecile, with a
sigh. "Love is the only thing which in our
youth we deem necessary for our happiness, but
our parents, with possibly more prudence and
forethought, look upon it as a frivolous and a tran-
sient passion, and—"

"Cecile, can you believe that the love which
I bear you will ever become enfeebled by time,
will ever pass away?" demanded the lover, re-
proachfully.

"Not I, Leopold; it is my father who thinks
thus. You are well aware that M. de Marsan,
a captain in the hussar regiment which forms
the new garrison at Versailles, arrived but two
days ago?"

"Yes; and I have waited patiently for your
father and him to leave you before presenting
myself. It had been impossible for me to re-
strain myself in the presence of that odious rival."

"Captain Marsan," continued Cecile, "is the
son of an old and intimate friend of my father;
he is also intimate with my brother, who, as
you doubtless know, serves also in the cavalry.
The fathers have made an engagement to unite
their children—or rather, M. de Marsan has
begged me of my father for his son. The cap-
tain pretends also to feel an ardent passion for
me."

"And your father has no objections to com-
ply with the desires of either father or son?"
responded Leopold, his face becoming pale with
rage and impatience.

"None," responded Cecile, very mournful-
ly.

"And you—yes, Cecile?"

"I—I love you only, Leopold, but have always
been taught to obey my father. It is his wish
that I should marry Captain de Marsan. With-
out saying anything of his exterior advantages,
wealth and position, he told me that a refusal
would set him at variance forever with De Mar-
san, who had been a friend during the last
thirty years; and that in many other respects
he thought Augustus de Marsan was the only
man he knew who could render me quite hap-

py. He added, that if I refused to comply with
his wishes he would never grant his consent to
my forming any other union, and, in brief, that
his disappointment would be the cause of his
own death."

The voice of Cecile trembled while she ut-
tered these words, and sobs and tears now choked
her utterance.

"Thus are you to be torn from me," cried
Leopold, passionately; "you whom I so much
love, whom I adore—for whom a hundred times
I would cast away this worthless life—for with-
out you, life itself would be impossible."

"I alone will be the victim of my duty to my
father," said the weeping Cecile. "Not to be
thought unnatural, I must submit to his com-
mands. I will obey his wishes—and yet, dear
Leopold, my heart is yours, and can be yours
only."

Leopold rose with an air of desperation. He
traversed the saloon in great agitation and with
rapid steps; then approaching the young girl,
he exclaimed, passionately—"And you will never
forget me, Cecile?"

"Never, Leopold, never!"

"Ah, how then can you obey your cruel
father?"

"I will make one more effort to induce him
to relent—but, Leopold, I candidly acknowl-
edge I see no hope of success. I know not
where or how to hope."

"I will tell you," said Leopold, in a decided
voice.

"Speak—how, my friend?"

"I will settle all these matters; I have it."
"You! What—you will seek my father?"

"No, Cecile, no; but I will seek De Mar-
san."

"What—do you propose to make me the sub-
ject of a quarrel—make me the price of blood?
—condemn me to tears and to misery whatever
may be the issue of the combat? No, no, Leo-
pold, this must never be. Take more gentle
means. See my father; tell him of your love,
say, I will even suffer that you should speak of
mine. This done, you may reach De Marsan
with more reasonable considerations."

The young lover did not seem to heed these
counsels. "He knew well," he said, "the in-
domitable temper of her father. For himself,
he felt that to live without her was impossible!
As for De Marsan, how could he ever forego
his claims? Cecile was quite too beautiful to
be renounced by any man." Such were his
opinions. His own plan seemed the best and
shortest. He had only to rid himself of an od-
ious rival or die under the strokes of a weapon
which would terminate a life which, wanting her,
must be one of wretchedness only.

"Do you then so passionately love me?" ex-
claimed the sorrowing but pleased Cecile.

"Love you! Never was there passion more
ardent than is mine. Fortune, wealth, position,
I could give all for a single moment's happi-
ness, with you certainly my own. I am young,
with the prospect of a long life before me. I
would freely give my whole life for but six
months, for three—yes, two, or even one month
if that one would secure you wholly to my-
self."

"Of what devotion would my father deprive
me?" cried Cecile. "Then," added she, "if tri-
als were to befall me, loss of father or of for-
tune—if calamity were to cast its shadow over
my name, ah, Leopold, would your love remain
the same?"

"Oh, can you doubt me, Cecile! Does not
all my misery arise from the misfortune that
you are rich, happy and honored? But for these,
De Marsan would never have sought you, and
your father would never have denied me your
affections."

"Hear me, Leopold," replied the agitated
girl. "My union with De Marsan, it is true,
has been resolved upon, but it is not yet con-
firmed; we still have time. Defer, then, your
rash scheme of vengeance, which makes me
tremble with apprehension, and let me make
another effort to soften my father to our wish-
es."

II.

Benedict.—Enough, I am engaged; I will
challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you.
By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.
—Much Ado About Nothing.

But Leopold's heart burned with more im-
patient feelings. So far from heeding the en-
trearies and counsels of his beloved, his first
act upon leaving her was to write a cartel to
his rival. Carefully sealing and addressing the
letter, he retired that night filled with thoughts
of the intended duel. These so much disturbed
his slumbers, that on entering his chamber ear-
ly the next morning, his domestic found him
already up.

"Take this letter to its address—to M. de
Marsan."

The servant read it, and answered that M. de
Marsan awaited him in the ante-chamber, beg-
ging an audience.

"Show him in," exclaimed Leopold.

The young officer entered, clothed in his
handsome uniform, and saluted Dutilleul with
the most courteous politeness.

"Sir," he began, "I have not the honor
of knowing you personally, or of being known to
you, but in the position in which we stand
towards each other, you will look upon my pre-
sent visit as a very natural occurrence."

M. Dutilleul bowed profoundly, but was silent,
and the officer continued: "My father, as
you know, is the intimate friend of M. Dubois.
I am intimate also with his son, with whom,
serving in the same regiment, I frequently meet.
My father desires me to espouse the daughter

of his old friend, and I have more than once
thanked my stars, which, in placing me in the
garrison at Versailles, appear willing to facili-
tate this union. I have seen Ma'm'selle Cecile,
and, of course, have loved her. You will read-
ily believe that it will not be difficult to do so. M.
Dubois has frankly told me of your passion for
his daughter. He tells me that she returns it,
but you will agree with me that a young fellow
in love is not apt to doubt that, with a little dil-
igence, he can make himself beloved in turn,
especially when he brings into the field youth,
wealth, excellent connections, and some phys-
ical advantages. You will therefore pardon me,
sir, that I did not despair of success, even
when I heard that you had already anticipated
me; and I resolved by all means to dispute with
you the hand of Ma'm'selle Dubois. I had al-
so, with the advantages already urged, the as-
sist of her father and the friendship of her
brother. In short, sir, I flattered myself that I
would not have found it difficult, after a time,
to win the compliance of the daughter her-
self."

"This is cool, sir!" exclaimed Leopold,
haughtily.

"That is my opinion, sir. I speak thus to
make you comprehend fully that your claims
have nothing to do with my withdrawal from
the field. I have changed my intentions, and
beg leave to renounce forever all claims to the
hand of Ma'm'selle Dubois. I have deemed it
only due to you to let you know thus much. In
me, sir, you see a rival no longer. So far as I
am concerned, you are at liberty to marry the
young lady whenever you please."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Leopold, quite over-
come by what he heard. "But do they know—
does Cecile—"

"They no nothing, sir."

"But your reasons, sir, for this renuncia-
tion?"

"Are mine only, sir, not yours; and I must
not declare them. Enough, sir, that they have
determined my course, and enable me to with-
draw any difficulty which my pretensions might
have offered to your pursuit. Of my reasons
for this step I shall give you no account; you
have no right to demand them. I am aware,
regarding her brother and sister as I do, what is
my duty to them; and I shall discharge that duty
also. Sir, I have the honor to wish you a very
good morning."

With a low bow, M. de Marsan took his de-
parture, leaving M. Dutilleul to his medita-
tions.

III.

Sharp physic is the last! * * * * *

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still.
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.
But I must let you, how my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfumers wait,
That knowing sin without, will touch the gate.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Waxy left alone, our passionate Leopold cast
his eyes over his letter of defiance which lay
still upon his bureau, and sat, striving to solve
the mystery by which he was bewildered. What
could be the secret of all this? Could it be
that Cecile had informed De Marsan of his
intended challenge? That was scarcely possi-
ble—nor was it probable that a big-whiskered
captain of hussars would withdraw from the
pursuit of such an object for fear of a fight.—
He must look for other clues. One thing was
certain—it must be an important considera-
tion which could make an ardent young man
revolt at marriage with a damsel beautiful, rich
and well connected. There was some mon-
strous mystery at the bottom! That was ob-
vious the more he thought upon the matter.—
That he should fail to pierce it did not lessen
its distressing difficulties. What could M. de
Marsan have found out? What mischief had
he discovered? An intrigue perhaps—an error—
most probably one of those criminal intrigues
which fasten with disgrace to a whole lifetime,
however long, and to the most lovely woman,
in spite of all her charms. This was a terrible
idea to be cherished by a lover! At first he re-
jected it with loathing, but it returned with re-
newed force to his reflections, and his accus-
tomed himself to its contemplation. In the midst
of these evil meditations, which had lasted more
than an hour, he was disturbed by the receipt of
a letter. It was from his beloved Cecile her-
self. Its contents ran thus:

"DEAREST LEOPOLD—Come to me; hasten!
My father has at length listened to reason.
One of two things is certain—either he has
grown cold to M. de Marsan, or at length feels
that if he truly loves his child he must not seek
to control her affections. Come to me, then,
for the moment is propitious.

"Indeed, the moment is propitious!" uttered
our Leopold, with something of a sneer upon
his lips as he read this precious little billet.

"Propitious! I can very well believe it—but
for whom? Not for me. One lover takes his
flight; it is good policy to make sure of the
other. One son-in-law off it is sure to lose
no time in getting fast hold upon another. Is
it so, Mademoiselle Cecile! Verily, it has this
complexion! Your father, you tell me, has
grown cold to De Marsan. You do not tell all
mademoiselle, although you know much more.
By this time you will know that De Marsan
himself flings your hand from him in scorn; and
better informed than I am, you know his rea-
son also for the rejection. Ah—a father who
truly loves his daughter controls not her affec-
tions! Very good. But you forget, fair lady

that you told me but yesterday that it would
cause the death of this affectionate father if
you did not espouse the son of his friend, to pa-
cify his affections, though you sacrificed your
own?"

M. Dutilleul succeeded most happily in per-
suading himself that he was betrayed and de-
ceived. He saw it as clear as the daylight
that they wished to make him their dupe among
them; and, in his suspicious eyes, the poor lit-
tle Cecile was a thousand times more to blame
than her father. Leopold was not to be duped;
he was too sagacious for such shallow plotting.
No—no! Instead of hurrying at the propiti-
ous moment to Cecile, he turned in to packing
his trunks; and while Cecile was looking for him
with all her eyes, he set off for Paris. There
he took a post-chaise for Turin, all agog to visit
an ancient uncle, for whom all of a sudden he
felt a most filial interest. We shall say noth-
ing about the events of his journey—enough
that he reached Turin in safety, and had no rea-
son to complain of his uncle's reception.

IV.

Partia.—Oh, these deliberate fools, when they do
choose.

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Nerissa.—The ancient saying is no heresy.

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Partia.—Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Merchant of Venice.

It was some three months after, when a tran-
sient disposition took our devoted lover to the
beautiful city of Tours. Strolling one day be-
neath the noble avenues of trees which line its
ancient streets, he caught a glimpse of an offi-
cer of hussars—that hateful uniform! The per-
son was approaching him. The air and min-
ner seemed familiar. As he drew nigh, the
doubts of Leopold vanished, and he recognized
that generous M. de Marsan, who, having de-
termined that the grapes were sour, so kindly
gave him notice that he might pluck and eat.
Leopold felt his kindnesses, and was free to ac-
knowledge them. The first civilities over, he
proceeded frankly, after the following fashion:
"And now, my dear De Marsan, now that I
have the pleasure of meeting you at a moment
when both of us are calm and indifferent, be
pleased to explain—"

"De Marsan!" exclaimed the hussar, while an
uncontrollable laughter shook his manly person.
"My good sir, you are quite mistaken in your
person; you see in me, not M. de Marsan, but
his friend, Capt. Dubois—Captain Dubois, sir,
Dubois!" and the laughter was resumed.

"How, sir! Ha!" exclaimed Leopold, an-
grily.

The other laughed still more; but during his
merriment, resumed—"You seek an explana-
tion, M. Dutilleul; you shall have it. You could
not, fortunately, have addressed yourself to one
more capable of giving it. I am sure I shall
be able to reveal the whole mystery to your
satisfaction. I am the brother, sir, of Cecile
Dubois. That damsel really loved you, but my
father wished to form a union between her and
my friend M. de Marsan. This desire was
mine also. My sister, however, firmly resisted
our wishes, insisting that you bore for a love
which nothing could eradicate or efface.—
Well, sir, I doubted this, and proposed to test
the strength of your passion. She consented.
My task was easy. By imposing upon you my
own person as that of De Marsan, I proved to
Cecile how little she could rely upon your sta-
bility. You know the sequel quite as well as
myself. I have but to add that M. de Marsan
himself arrived at Versailles but a few days
after your departure. Handsome, amiable and
noble, he found no difficulty in rendering him-
self pleasing to Cecile, and a month since she
became his wife. Are you now satisfied, sir?"

Leopold was very far from being satisfied,
but his case was one of those in which a man is
compelled to stomach what he cannot well di-
gest. He was angry enough to have swallowed
alive this sagacious strategist captain of
hussars, and would have fought him cheerfully
but for the additional bait by which his dis-
grace and defeat would only be rendered more
notorious. We may fancy that he soon cut
short this interview; but he left the good town
of Tours with his fine trees with all expedition,
and made a secret vow never to see Versailles
again as long as he lived. It may interest his
many friends to know that he finally settled in
Turin.—Godey's Lady's Book.

Mr. Polk has pardoned the Slave Trader,
Flowers, convicted in Boston. This is the
second case of like pardon, and there seems to
be no proper excuse for it. It is worse than
idle to be employing our government vessels
upon the sickly coast of Africa, if Mr. Polk is
going to pardon all convicted of slave trading
there. Perhaps the Post here will explain all
this. We wish to jog its memory a little, as it
remembers so well certain pardons of Governor
Young in behalf of certain Anti Renters, some
of whom we believe were conspicuous members
of the Democratic party.

MILITARY.—Gov. Greely has received a
requisition from the President, through Gen.
Brady, for one company of volunteers from this
State, to serve for one year or during the war.
It is understood that this company is raised to
relieve Capt. Wiens' company, 15th Inf't.,
now at Mackinac or Saut Ste. Marie, which has
been ordered to Mexico. Aft.

There are no two virtues so much talked of,
and so seldom seen, as things and the funds.

The election for Judges took place in New
York on the 7th inst.

Battle Scenes.

A friend has handed to us the graphic account
which we publish below of the battle of Cerro
Gordo, by a young Lieutenant of the Mounted
Rifles, a graduate of West Point, written to a
relative. It is just such bright and brave fel-
lows as the writer of this letter who set the
world agog at fighting:

"I proceed to tell you of the part I played in
the battle of Cerro Gordo. God deliver me
from ever being in such another fight! In my
last letter from Vera Cruz I stated that I had
been left behind my division (2d of General
Twiggs's) sick, but that I was about to rejoin
it at Jalapa. Who can calculate on the fu-
ture? The next news from the army was that
Santa Anna, with an army of sixteen thousand
men, was strongly entrenched in a mountain
pass between us and Jalapa, at Cerro Gordo,
the name of the principal height and key-point
of his position—a perfect Mexican Gibraltar, a
mountain height of eight hundred feet or more,
surmounted by eight pieces of cannon, (eigh-
teen and six-pounders,) which completely com-
manded the neighboring ground and approach-
es; and, furthermore, strengthened by two
battalions of stone, wood, and brush, which
completely girt about the summit upon which
we stood a small town, from which whared
proudly the flag of Mexico. By hastening on,
and travelling by night as well as day, I arrived
just as the ball opened. The peak of Orizaba
in the distance looked down upon the battle
like some huge presiding and avenging Indian
deity. The Mexicans, drawn up in columns to
the amount of six thousand on the summit, with
colors flying, wild and martial music sound-
ing, and Santa Anna, upon a milk-white steed
and surrounded by a brilliant staff, riding along
the lines encouraging his men, presented a sight
at once imposing and beautiful. It was destined
shortly to be grand and terrific. On the right
of our position (2d division of regulars, to whom
the whole honor of this great and glorious vic-
tory is due) was a second height, commanded
almost entirely by that of Cerro Gordo, and oc-
cupied by a large force of Mexicans. It was
necessary that this height should be taken pre-
paratory to the grand assault. This work was
gallantly executed by the rifles, 1st artillery,
and one company of the 7th infantry. Many
of our men, carried away by natural impetuosi-
ty, and many others misunderstanding orders,
after having driven the enemy from the first
hill, advanced even to the base of Cerro Gordo.
That night, when we rested upon the first hill,
under comparative cover of its crest, surrounded
by dead and wounded Mexicans, many a brave
comrade was missed who was expiating the sin
of having been brave even to rashness.

"I was too late to join my regiment on the
first day, but attached myself to a company of
the 7th infantry, which held an exposed situa-
tion, and had the extreme felicity of being fir-
ed at all day without the pleasure of return-
ing. That night I rejoined my company, under
Capt. Mason, and next morning the ball re-
sumed with great effect the enemy having wak-
ened us during the night only twice by pleas-
ant messengers in the shape of cannon balls.
In the morning we (the rifles) were obliged for
two mortal hours to stand an artillery fire of
ball, grape, and canister, under very imperfect
shelter, before the command forward to storm
the height was given. It was here that poor
Mason, as fine a fellow as ever lived, (and who
by the by, is doing well,) lost his leg. Lieut.
Davis was killed in the very spot where I had
been lying a few minutes before; and afterwards
when I arose to obey the order forward, a sol-
dier was discovered about six feet above me,
on the side of the hill, who had been killed so
dead by a grape shot that had passed through his
stomach that he had not apparently moved from
his recumbent posture, and had died so sudden-
ly that those around were ignorant of the fact
of his having been struck. The rifles were
ordered to take up a position in the ravine, and
to hold in check a body of Mexicans advancing
to reinforce Cerro Gordo, and the other three
regiments of the brigade to storm the height.
I myself heard only the order forward, conse-
quently went ahead with the main column, and
was fortunate enough to be among the first
over the breastworks of the enemy, whom I re-
vengeful myself upon turning upon him a six-
pounder, one of his own guns, and paying him
back with interest in his own leaden and iron
coin.

"The storming of Cerro Gordo was a magni-
ficent spectacle, as well as one of the most
brilliant, if not most brilliant feat ever accom-
plished by American arms. The mountain was
so steep, and the men so exhausted by previous
efforts, that it became a cool deliberate thing.
There was no rush; our gallant soldiers ad-
vanced calmly and slowly, amid leaden hurri-
cades which unceasingly swept over their bat-
teries in the rear played upon them; but there
was no pause, no hesitation—on they went.—
Their minds were made up to conquer or die.
When they went, gradually covering to the
summit, which blazed forth like a volcano, till
finally our deadly fire opened upon the foe, his
breastwork became *suris* also, and almost sim-
ultaneously the different regiments engaged in
the storm entered, and their standards trium-
phantly waved in place of 'La Bandera de Mex-
ico.' What a glorious feeling of elation took
possession of my soul at that moment. I can-
not describe it. Of the wounded, dead, and
dying we will not speak. I have seen Death
robed in all his ghastly terrors, and feel that I
am becoming indifferent to the sufferings of my
fellows; my profession demands it. The dry
grass upon the hill took fire at one time, and
many dead and some wounded were burnt up,
or rather roasted. Our regiment suffered ter-
ribly; the proportion of killed and wounded a-
mong the officers was more than one out of
three; eight officers being killed and wounded
where fourteen were unharmed; among the
men the proportion was one out of five. Pret-
ty hot work; such as I do not care about being
engaged in again in a hurry. At one time, I
assure you, such was the noise of balls passing
over my head that I was unconscious of any
other sound, though regiments at the time were
ruffling forth their fire. What a magnificent
and terrible scene was played in these moun-
tains, which acted like some huge sounding-
board, and prolonged and rolled away into dis-
tance the noise of the battle!

"I have only pretended to give you an account
of that portion of the battle in which I was en-
gaged. We, however, won the day.

"I go with our division, so soon as it moves,
to San Puebla, Mexico, and other sights. If
these cursed Mexicans did not shoot at one so
hard, Mexico would be a delightful country to
live in. What an L. who two weeks ago was
sleeping upon the hard rock, without shelter,
doing now? Why, luxuriating in a real bed,
with clean sheets and pillows with fringed cas-
sels! At present I board with a very pleasant

family, with whom I am on the very best of
terms. Lately, when I had a slight return of
fever, they almost killed me with kindness and
attention. From my window I regard a per-
fect wilderness of beauty—wood, mountains,
meadows, and flowers; numbers of singing birds
of beautiful plumage delight the ear and sight.
Ozala! Ozala! I exclaimed with admiration.—
You should see your family party at night.—
A jolly Spaniard plays the harp for us—the girls,
(three of them), Don Santiago, (another board-
er), and Don Diego, (that is to say myself.)—
We dance every thing—Polkas, Spanish dances,
Mexican waltzes; and the old padre, a
Franciscan monk with shaven crown, looks on
and says: "Young people, enjoy yourselves
now; when you are old confess your sins. How
pleasant this! One of the girls (Sofia, by her
name) sings well, and is now writing off for
me a Spanish song for C—"

The Indiana Volunteers.

The Fickett Guard, an American newspaper
published at Saultillo, contains the result of a
court martial in the cases of Gen. Lane and
Col. Bowles. We make no apology for giving
the proceedings in full, in justice to those offi-
cers and to the Indiana regiments:

Inquiry in the case of General Lane.

Facts.—That at the battle of Buena Vista,
on the 23d of February, Gen. Lane commanded
the 2d and 3d Regiments of Indiana Volunteers
and three pieces of artillery under the command
of Lieut. O'Brien, and that the 2d Indiana Vol-
unteers retreated from the field, without any or-
ders from Gen. Lane, on the 23d of February;
but, through the exertions of Gen. Lane and
other officers, from one hundred and fifty to two
hundred men of the 2d regiment Indiana Vol-
unteers were rallied and attached to the Mis-
sissippi regiment and the 3d Indiana Regiment,
and remained with them on the field of battle
during the remainder of the day.

Opinion.—The court are of opinion that during
the whole period of the 22d and 23d of Feb-
ruary, 1847, Brig. Gen. Lane conducted him-
self as a brave and gallant officer; and that no
charges attach to him for the retreat of the
2d Regiment Indiana Volunteers.

Inquiry in the case of Colonel Bowles.

Facts.—In reference to the first charge, it
appears from the evidence that Col. Bowles is
ignorant of the company, battalions, and brig-
ade drills, and that the manoeuvre of the even-
ing of the 22d February, indicated in the third
specification of that charge, was indicative of an
ignorance of the battalion drill.

In relation to the second charge, it appears
from the evidence before the court that Colonel
Bowles gave the order, "Cease firing and re-
treat;" that Gen. Lane was present, and that
he had no authority from Gen. Lane to give
such order.

It also appears that Col. Bowles retreated
after having given the aforesaid command; that
he did not shamefully run away from the
enemy, nor did he hide himself in any way
from the enemy or from his regiment.

It appears, too, that Col. Bowles dismounted
from his horse in rear of his regiment; but there
is no evidence to show that he did so to protect
himself from the enemy.

The court find that the fact of Col. Bowles
having given the order above mentioned did in-
duce the regiment to retreat in disorder.

Col. Bowles gave this order with the inten-
tion of making the regiment leave its position;
but the court does not find that he had been
particularly ordered to maintain and defend
it.

Opinion.—With reference to the first charge,
the court