

The Indianola Bulletin.

VOL. 1.

Devoted to Commerce, Agriculture and the Dissemination of General Information.

NO. 23.

BROWN & BRADY,

MONTEREY.

By CHARLES FRANCIS DUFFMAN.
We have not many—no! Who would prefer the iron dust that day
To many a gallant spirit won?
Give half his years if he could have
Himself back at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, insulled
In deadly drifts of smoke,
Whose roar like thunder quells,
Would never consider that it would

Have dying about at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
The iron dust from its whirling way.

Where fall the dead, the living sleep,
Still clinging to the guns which swept
The sanguine streets of Monterey.

For himself recollecting
When striking where he stood,
We evenged his flanking batteries,
And braving full their murderous fire.

Stunned home the town of Monterey.

Our banners on those terraced waves,
And there our evenging banners fly!

And every bosom along the grave
Bears green the memory of the brave.

We fought and fell at Monterey.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long-renowned rest, more glowering than a present glory. It was beautiful truly; the air like a sweet odor, was to the sense; what soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept, baling over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance, the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in numerous binding and massive clasps, which would now be considered an invaluable black-letter; and he observed with the interest that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The same have you in the keeping?" said his elder visitor, a man whose brown traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

"The dear Madonna bless you! Enclosed his other visitor, a young girl, with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

"And now," said the merchant, for truly was the elder visitor, "that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied: "I am of England, a soldier, albeit, of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hardly responded the merchant. "Of England! of heretic England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny my homely country, replied the soldier mildly, but with determination.

"But I shall incur the church's censure for harboring thee!" exclaimed the merchant; "thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!"

"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; "you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not trouble you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon you in the time of your own need."

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and besides, England was once the brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might recapture herself again, but I fear me she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care, know you not that your land stands under interdict, and that, as a true son of the holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee!"

"Even so," replied the soldier; "but there are many that think the king's grace fairly dealt by."

"The shepherd knew best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant hastily; "but you are the king's soldier; you took his pay and eat his bread, and therefore ought to hope the best for him and so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father might receive him again into the fold; but now I bethink me, thou art wert reading, what were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded; he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolutions, replied, "In the dim of the battle this book was my breastplate, and mine—upon my house and home! But thou shalt go forth! I will not harm thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! Away from him!"

The soldier sat and沉思, watching the dying light of the sun as he passed mentally on to shine in other lands. "One day rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus

gued a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far-off home," said the Italian girl. "How I wish that all I love had but one home; it is a grief to have so many homes!"

"There is such a home," replied the soldier.

"Ah!" replied Emilia, "but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer."

The soldier smiled, and sighed.

"You guess why I am here to-night," said the Italian girl. "I know it well enough to tell you to seek your own land and home; and therefore you smile, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave this bright sun."

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable church?"

Emilia crossed herself: "No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is no money; my father could not deny me when I begged it from him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us."

"Never!" exclaimed the soldier earnestly. "Never! And you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—those are but poor things to thank them with!"

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs, and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them!

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the frank gift, and then with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footstep till they were lost to sight, listened to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

"Thou art sad, dear daughter," said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once contrarious expanse through the city of London to Westminster—"thou art sad, dear daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the maiden, "I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—"

"The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—"

"Nay, I mean it not."

"I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England."

"Hush! Dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude?"

"They are running madly to some revelry."

"Let us leave their path, then," said the girl; "it suits not our fallen fortune, or our dishonorable faith, to seem to mingle in the stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageants!"

"Well, and it'll be so," replied the father, "Thou hast not the strength for the trials, and the boyish smile to thy friend and the less brute to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem the multitudes! Not one earworn bairn thou mayst catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream."

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land, poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt, which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swarming until it became a mighty tide; the bold, pent-out, the cannon-bellowed, human voices augmented its din. The Thames was lined on either bank, every building on its margin crowded, and its arteries plumped. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road, teaming with life. Galley after galley glittering with the gold and purple, came laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the emblem of a thousand voices rent the skies. "The king! the king! long live the king!" He came—Henry the Eighth came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendor in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived through oculum on Rome, and to degenerate pretensions of the Pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the note that had been handed to him, speaking apparently to himself—"From Italy, a merchant—Milan—ruined by the war—yes, those Milan wars were to allow the largest treasures stored in the bowels of the earth, east and west, to be sent to the court of France." A peremptory silence followed.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The popular aspect of the girl had marked her out to a rude gallantry of the crowd; so that, to a limited sphere, the father and the daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The soldier sat and沉思, watching the dying light of the sun as he passed mentally on to shine in other lands. "One day rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus

gued a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course, the English colors triumphed over the papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Enigies of the cardinals were flushed into the stream amidst the shouts and jostlings of the mob. At each plunge, a hand from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him by every tear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcome his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the Pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips. "Oh monstrous impurity of an accursed and sacrilegious knave!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be

delivered over to the power of your implacable church!"

Emilia crossed herself: "No, no, go to

your own land and be happy. Here is no

money; my father could not deny me when I

begged it from him with kisses and tears.

Go and be happy, and forget us."

"Never!" exclaimed the soldier earnestly.

"Never! And you, my kind and gentle

nurse, my good angel—you who have

brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled

the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—

those are but poor things to thank them with!"

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-side, and pray for the Madonna's care, and when you awoke; you smiled at my power, and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy while you are gone? Who will tell me tales of food and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took

THE BULLETIN.

JOHN HENRY BROWN, EDITOR.

INDIANOLA, TEXAS.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1852.

To Our Fellow citizens, Messrs. Chambers, Etter and Price, left last week on route for New York, to sell their full stock of good May hand and prospectus steamers.

In another column will be found a communication in regard to our Sunday School. We hope the earnest appeal to parents, interwoven in the drooping condition of our Sunday School in this place, may be hearkened to, and that prosperity may attend to all our earnest efforts.

The steamer St. James, that plied as a regular packet between that port and Mobile, her hold of about 12 o'clock, and when but a short distance from the lake, exploded both her boilers, causing sad destruction of human life. The bodies of the dead and wounded were brought up to the city the following day. Up to the time of our date, the number of killed was known to be upwards of thirty, the number of wounded not exactly known, but presumed to be very great.

This unfortunate accident created quite a sensation throughout the city, and cast a gloom over all. Great blame is attached to the officers of the boat, as it is known she was running a race at the time of the explosion with a rival steamer.

Nothing was heard of him until his body came to light on the rocks, caused by the explosion of the steamer St. James, caused by great negligence and want of skill on the part of the officers of the boat.

The "Picayune" gives a list of the killed and wounded. Among the victims of the explosion, was Justice T. Preston, Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

The steamship James L. Day, arrived at this port on the 12th inst., from New Orleans, and left on the 14th. To her outgoing clerk, we are indebted for favors.

An American in the Brownsville "American Flag," for the 25th inst., makes certain revelations which if true, account for the formidable band of scoundrels that have been plundering the property of American citizens on the Rio Grande recently. The gang of bandits that infest the country between Brownsville and Rio Grande City, have been dispersed, by order of the Alcalde of the District of Reynosa, Mexico. In this proceeding, men came to light, implicating Gen. Alvarez, Military Commandant at Matamoros, Gen. Arvelo in the transaction. It seems, that the Alcalde accompanied the party who he had summoned for the dispersion of these ruffians, and upon his arrival at their head-quarters, demanded of them authority for their acts, but finally their leader, Villalobos admitted that they had both, and proceeded to surrender to the Alcalde, a written commission, which he stated came from Gen. Arvelo, and under the hand he had been acting. If this be true, and in fact it looks very much like it, this officer has been giving a *carte blanche*, to kill and plunder the property of American citizens that section.

Things indeed have come to a pretty pass, when a Mexican General can license a gang of desperadoes, to rob and murder the citizens of neighboring country with impunity, and that in the broad glare of noon-day.

EXECUTION OF TWO MEN AT NEW ORLEANS.—On Saturday, the 3d inst., two men, the name of Anthony Deale, and Jean Adam, convicted of having murdered the slave girl Mary, in that place some months since, paid the sad penalty which the angry law demanded. The execution took place before the prison door, and was witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators, variously estimated at from six to ten thousand souls.

A gross piece of neglect on the part of the officials entrusted with the execution of the law, is apparent, ensure on the occasion. It appears, that when the unfortunate men were precipitated from the gallows, the rope had not been properly adjusted, and instead of descending along the desired end, they were let down on the pavement below. This mischievous accident created quite an excitement among the assembled multitude. A few moments after the culprit were raised on the stand, half dead, half dead, and from the injuries sustained by the fall, and there ensued their names as the majority of the crowd demanded.

The "Review" of the district, contains an article reflecting in strong terms, in the want of foresight and caution on the part of those entrusted to carry out the ends of justice.

The unfortunate individuals, who were hanged on the 2d inst., the particulars of which we published at the time, died on the 4th inst.

We received, among our New Orleans exchanges, this week, the first number of a new paper just established, called "The Southern Democrat," and destined as its name will denote to the propagation of democratic principles. We welcome the stranger amongst us.

We are under obligations to the Honorable Thos. J. Rusk, and Volney E. Howling, for important public documents transmitted to us.

The *River and Harbor Bill*.—The House committee, committee, has reported a bill for the improvement of rivers and harbors. The amount appropriated in the aggregate amounts to about a million and a half of dollars. Among the appropriations we find the following: Red River, \$40,000; Des Moines, \$40,000; Mississippi, \$100,000; Missouri and Arkansas Rivers, \$250,000; Ohio, \$100,000; Lake Ponchartrain, \$40,000; Trinity, Texas, \$50,000; Colorado, \$200,000.

Mr. Graham has tendered his resignation as Secretary of War.

FOR THE INDIANA BULLETIN. WHAT IS THE REASON?

CONCLUDED.

No one will think of disputing the proposition, that all the wealth of the world is the product of labor—the ground yields no spontaneous harvests—Nature's soil, time, and human effort must be purchased by man, the earth gives no treasures only to the hasty ploughman of the West; the earth hides her metals and precious gems in her darkest caverns, till the the strong arm of labor brings them forth. The wealth of the world lies, according to the simple law of manhood and reason, belongs to labor, but the slaves have it not.

It is still a labor for his daily bread, toiling day by day, while his labor is almost not, or labored no more, builds palaces. Throughout all the emoluments of society, this distribution takes place, the products of which, does not gather the harvest, but he who labors, and produces nothing.

This is no accidental or transient condition of things, so long as the earth may be the subject of extreme *asymmetry* beyond the waste, and beyond the life of the individual generation, and the subject of inheritance without limitations of consanguinity, it is inevitable that some will come into life with inheritance, the land and muscle.

Having no property of their own, or suddenly finding their share of the common patrimony drawn from the treasury, by the tyrannical laws of hunger and cold, they must either starve or work on the property of others.

The fundamental idea of wages is, that they are a part of the actual labor of the laborer's work, a part being retained and appropriated by the employer, under the name of interest on capital, skill, genius, risk, or some other deceptive term, by which the real nature of the relation of labor to its fruits is concealed.

For a time, the number of inheritors or proprietors is large, and that of non-proprietors laborers for wages is comparatively small, no very crying evil is likely to result. It will not be very difficult, for the laborer to become a proprietor. But if it is obvious, that the increase in the numbers of the two classes will be constantly becoming greater, The law is of universal force, "that to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

Capital will be constantly accumulating, and the number of non-proprietors or proprietors is large, and that of non-proprietors laborers for wages is comparatively small, no very crying evil is likely to result. It will not be very difficult, for the laborer to become a proprietor. But if it is obvious, that the increase in the numbers of the two classes will be constantly becoming greater, The law is of universal force, "that to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

The spirit of internal improvement is in the community. Rail and Plank Roads are the standard subjects of discussion on the streets, and in the newspapers. The Harrisburg Rail Road is progressing. Take care we will yet have the first Rail Road in Texas. What say you to this, Mr. Editor?

FOR THE INDIANA BULLETIN.
TO PARENTS.

The herebefore propounded condition of the Sunday School, in our town, has, we regret to say, been gradually diminishing lately, until the school nearly at present contains one quarter of the former number of 16 scholars.

This we regret exceedingly, and would earnestly entreat parents, to pay in future more vigorous attention in sending their children to Sunday School. As far as the inherent spirit manifested by many parents in this noble institution, is attributable in a great measure, to the weakness of the system.

We are proud to see the young ladies of our place, taking an active part in this noble enterprise, and hope the young gentlemen may follow their example.

FOR THE INDIANA BULLETIN.
A FRIEND TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The herebefore propounded condition of the Sunday School, in our town, has, we regret to say, been gradually diminishing lately, until the school nearly at present contains one quarter of the former number of 16 scholars.

This we regret exceedingly, and would earnestly entreat parents, to pay in future more vigorous attention in sending their children to Sunday School. As far as the inherent spirit manifested by many parents in this noble institution, is attributable in a great measure, to the weakness of the system.

We are proud to see the young ladies of our place, taking an active part in this noble enterprise, and hope the young gentlemen may follow their example.

FOR THE INDIANA BULLETIN.
THE TWENTY-EIGHT ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The above useful and commendably venerable religious institution has just issued, in four pamphlets, its Twenty-Eighth Annual Report. It contains a plain and lucid statement of the transactions of the Society for the past year. From this we are pleased to learn, that the institution is in a prosperous condition. The donations to its missionary department during the past year, exceed those of the preceding year by about one third.

This is to be attributed, in part, to the general prosperity of the country in financial matters, and in part, we think, to the gratifying fact, that the importance of the instruction of the principles of the Bible, without regard to sectarian peculiarities in becoming every day more and more apparent. In several instances are becoming more and more successful in their efforts to do good, and rise into an exaltation among the assembled multitude. A few moments after the culprit were raised on the stand, half dead, half dead, and from the injuries sustained by the fall, and there ensued their names as the majority of the crowd demanded.

Things indeed have come to a pretty pass, when a Mexican General can license a gang of desperadoes, to rob and murder the citizens of neighboring country with impunity, and that in the broad glare of noon-day.

An Astor, or a Gurd, may occasionally dazzle the world by their success, and as laborers for wages did they rise or begin to rise. It's just condition of society, such results as they achieved could have been beyond the bounds of possibility.

Inquiry among the companions of their boyhood, among the dark alleys and narrow lanes, where their early years were spent, and those two alone out of all of them are raised aloft as a symbol of destiny which all might have reached, while hundreds of them toilously lived, and obscurely died in the same narrow lanes and alleys. It is a social wonder that a shoemaker, once in a century becomes a leader in our national councils, and a family namesake the highest pinnacle of greatness, and at whose death a Nation weeps.

The host of shomakers and farmers boys, whose the pressure of society kept forever at the bench and at the plow, and prevented them from being anything else but what they were, is overthrown, and society glorifies itself for the opportunity it gives for high upholders. Behind the death of every one who has struggled successfully, and triumphed over the obstructions of his early condition, lie the broken and dismasted wrecks who endeavored the struggle with him, and who filled names and obscure graves, on the very spot where they began their trials of life, while his name alone has gained a meadow.

In these contests were the competitors alone worthy of the victory. Was not loyally, to generous love, no meshes and no toil, their aspirations extinguished, where the others fought and fell. Great and revered are the names of the conquerors—they are the heroes and prophets of the race, tokens of the impossibilities that lie unfolded in the mind of man, signs full of promise and encouragement to humanity. But not so is given the heroic gift.

Few are they who are called to be prophets or apostles, or speakers with tongues. Let us not in our reverence cast aspersions upon the memories of the vanquished, nor in them find our countenance. Let us not for the sake of hiding, or of profiting by scoundrels be unjust to those who were vanquished and perished, and are every day perishing in their contact with the world. Let us rather look those institutions held in the face, demand of them what right they exert what their mission, and what share they have had in the destruction of our fellow-men, whose blushing bones lie strown on every side around us.

The Report makes favorable mention of the operations of the Texas Agency, now in its seventh year.

THE ALABAMA HOUSE.—This famous and well-known establishment having recently undergone a thorough repairing and cleaning, and cleaning, will be open very shortly for the reception of both permanent and transient boarders.

THE RIVER AND HARBOUR BILL.—The House committee, committee, has reported a bill for the improvement of rivers and harbors. The amount appropriated in the aggregate amounts to about a million and a half of dollars. Among the appropriations we find the following: Red River, \$40,000; Des Moines, \$40,000; Mississippi, \$100,000; Missouri and Arkansas Rivers, \$250,000; Ohio, \$100,000; Lake Ponchartrain, \$40,000; Trinity, Texas, \$50,000; Colorado, \$200,000.

Mr. Graham has tendered his resignation as Secretary of War.

FOR THE INDIANA BULLETIN.

HOLLYWOOD, June 25, 1852.

Mr. Brown & Co.—Perhaps yourself and some of your readers might like to know how things go on in this part of the State. Well, you shall be gratified. Our agricultural prospects were never more flattering, the corn crop especially, which we would like to give in full, but as the area is rather large, will have to content ourselves with a few extracts from the same:

By an estimate made at the federal Land Office of the United States at Washington, the present area of Texas is 151,854,000 acres, or 27,212 square miles. By our Land Office it is estimated at a higher figure. The amount granted to the State for the payment of debts, taxes, etc., is \$2,000,000, or \$2,000,000 more than all the land has been sold for. And, as far as we have been informed, the sum has been well expended.

Business is even late season of the year continues good. The city is improving. Several new buildings are in the course of erection, among which are a Hospital, Lodge, and a Lutheran (Evangelical) Church.

The Presbyterian Church has recently been repaired inside and otherwise greatly improved.

All our churches are supplied with able pastors.

We have seven Sunday Schools, all of them supplied in part, and several of them wholly.

There is a fine library in the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance is prospering, they now own

a hall on Main street.

The Maine Liquor Law has many friends in this community.

Our book store, and we have an excellent one, doing well.

The Depository of the American Sunday School Union.

