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The Review.

Our Country and her Institutions.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

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[From the Elizabeth City (N. C.) Pioneer.]

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And wants my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their piety,
And followed in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's last volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feed there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
To reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And wants my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the return in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

AN ESSAY ON "GETTING UP."

We seldom think or speculate upon things that transpire immediately around us—yet come to reflect, they are full of incident.—For example, it is curious enough to see the circulation of a great city commence in the morning—the great city that roared itself to sleep. True, there was a feeble sound all night; the cars beat to and fro; a carriage now and then gave a flutter, but after all, there had been a quiet hour.—About a hundred and fifty thousand of the people had been lying "on a dead level" for four or five hours—some on pillows of down, and some on curb-stones; some beneath silken counterpanes, and some beneath the great blue quilt of heaven. Queer figure they make in the mind's eye, to be sure—150,000 folks, more or less, lying on their backs—lying in tiers or rows, five or six miles long—lying three or four feet deep. In the cellar—that "primitive formation," then first floor, second, third, and so on up to the garret. A hundred thousand people snoring—what a concert! Fifty thousand people dreaming! Fifty thousand people in red night caps! Fifty thousand in white, with here and there one trimmed with lace. Thirty thousand curls twisted up in paper, giving their owners an appearance of having made a pillow of cigar lighters. Ten thousand curls hanging over the backs of chairs or tossed upon tables. How gently Time touches such people; they never grow gray at all. Ten thousand people weeping, and now and then, one dying; dying in his sleep; dying in a dream! And then the getting up is ridiculous enough, though going to bed—should we say "retire" in these refined times—is a solemn piece of business, whether people think of it or not. But the getting up, the waking up, is funny enough for a farce.—It's a process—a species of gradualism.—There's one who has slept "like a top" for nine solid hours, and now he begins to wake; first it's a half-lurch and a long breath and a yawn; then an arm is thrust out, then a foot; the muscles are waking up. Next, the rattle of early-going wagons strikes his ear; hearing, is "coming to." Then, his tongue moves uneasily; taste is returning. Last, his eyes open, and one after the other—then half closed, then open again, and the man is awake—awake all over—awake for all day. There's another, springs up "percussion," and the thing is done; the fellow hasn't a sleepy hair about him. Snowy quilts that have just risen and fallen with the soft bosom beneath, begin to grow uneasy. The sweet sleepers are waking, so we'll draw the curtains, and leave them to their toilette. Bundles of rags in dark, damp corners, toss and tumble, there's something alive underneath—Out it comes, more rags. Misery makes no toilette, and there are no curtains to draw.

MATIMONY AND FRIENDSHIP.—The nature of matrimony is one thing, and the nature of friendship is another. A tall man likes a short wife; a great talker likes a silent woman for both can't talk at once. A gay man likes a domestic gal, for he can leave her at home to nuss children and make pap while he is enjoying himself at parties. A man that hasn't no music in him, likes it in his spouse, and so on. It chimes beautiful, for they ain't in each others way. Now friendship is the other way; you must like the same thing to like each other and be friends. A similarity of tastes, studies, pursuits, and recreation—what they call congenial souls—a toper for a toper, a smoker for a smoker, a horse-racer for a horse-racer, a prize-fighter, and so on.—Matrimony likes contrast; friendship seeks its own counterpart.

FLIRTING.—(By an old hand at it).—Flirting is a most amusing game. It is true there is nothing gained by it, but then there is nothing staked. In fact you may call it, "playing at cards for love."—Punch.

[From the Daily State Sentinel.]

To the Editors of the State Sentinel:—My attention has been called to what purports to be an "appeal to the ministers and churches of Indiana and Georgia" in behalf of John Freeman, and were it really only what it purports to be it would require no notice at my hand, but its authors so wantonly travel out of their way to calumniate me, I demand at your hands as an act of justice to me, to allow me to make the following reply. The paper states that "He (Ellington) then caused the imprisonment of Freeman for sixty-eight days during most of which time the U. S. Marshal required the prisoner to pay three dollars per day for guarding him, positively refusing to take bail in any amount, though offered to the amount of half a million." I wish particularly to call the attention of the public to that part of the quotation I have italicized, for I pronounce the whole and every part of it in manner and form as stated an unmitigated falsehood and the author, or authors of it, whoever he or they may be, calumniators and liars. It is not Freeman nor will I believe it was either of the respectable clergymen whose names are made to figure in such a manner as to produce the impression it is theirs, though I by no means hold them guiltless of calumny for they lent their names and influence to give currency to the slander. I "required" John Freeman to pay nothing, not a dime for a guard, nor for anything else. As soon as the hearing of his case was postponed, and on the motion of his counsel for some sixty odd days, deeming the jail at this place unsafe, and being responsible under the fugitive slave law for his full value if he escaped, I notified his counsel that I intended to remove him to some other jail. They immediately waited upon me and remonstrated against his removal, but finding me determined to do so, one of them, (Mr. Ketchum) voluntarily offered to pay, or have his client pay, the expense of a guard if I would not remove him. I left the matter in the hands of my deputy Geo. McOut Esq. and with him, Mr. K. made the arrangement to pay \$3 per day for a guard. Up to that time I had been employing a guard at Ellington's expense. I could have had him kept safely, or at least where I would have felt no anxiety about him, at other jails at forty cents per day, the jailers fee. This fee the claimant had to pay. But at the earnest request of Freeman's counsel and for their gratification and accommodation I allowed my deputy to accept the voluntary proposition to pay \$3 per day for a guard. It was no "requirement" as is falsely stated in this appeal. So much for that part of the slander.

But during this imprisonment, I was "positively refusing to take bail in any amount, though offered to the amount of half a million." This, if possible, is a calumny of deeper turpitude because it is not only false that I was "offered" or tendered bail at all to the amount of either a mill or a million, but it is calculated to make the erroneous impression upon some that I had a right to take bail, which no lawyer with brains enough to get license, even under our new Constitution, will dare allege. Mr. Barbour did on one occasion say he would "offer" me bail, but he never did. They did move for the privilege of bail before Commissioner Sullivan—the proper Court—to determine whether Freeman was bailable or not, and that Court refused it, decided he could not be bailed—that the law did not authorize it, much less the Marshal to bail him. The money as well as bonds, I am told, were taken into the Commissioner's and tendered. After this statement of the facts, and they are undeniable, I ask an honest public what they think of the charity and benevolence of heart of those gentlemen who in this appeal travel so far out of their way to asperse me. I have for many months allowed myself to be the subject of malicious calumination concerning this Freeman case, and still forbore to notice it, I am not in the habit of paying attention to the ravings of fanatics, or ordinary newspaper calumnies, or vagabond lecturers.—Having no sympathies with abolitionists, or their covert allies, I have looked upon this thing as a mere matter of course, and with an indifference that has seemed to surprise even some of my friends, and should not now turn aside to write this much, but for the fact that there are some names attached to this "appeal," and which will be considered as some endorsement of the allusion to me, of a more respectable character than my usual assailants.

There is another name that I am astonished not to see to this paper. I allude to the Rev. B. F. Cray; he has endeavored to render himself the great champion of this crusade against me, by his letters in the Christian Advocate, and also I am informed in the pulpit. At my leisure I think I will compile a few choice extracts from those letters, with proper notes and commentaries.

I am surprised too, that this "appeal" wholly fails to allude to that favorite topic of abuse of me concerning this case, to-wit: that I "stripped" Freeman, and some say, struck him, and others, cowed him. The absence of these is owing to Mr. Cray being out of the way. He is the only man who could do that subject justice. All these charges have been rung through so many changes, it is perhaps well enough to stop that music with the balance. I done neither of the above things. I never laid my hands on him; or any way attempted any violence upon him. I requested him

on two occasions to pull up his pantaloons, and expose his legs and he did it; and on one occasion to show his shoulder and he did that; this is the whole story as to the stripping affair.

My conduct as to this case has been submitted to the consideration of the President both by friends and enemies, and by myself in person. He has approved it, and allowed me counsel to defend me.

Freeman's counsel have endeavored to bring an action against me for this guard money, which one of them promised should be paid, and also for the alleged "stripping," but they have not yet found a court that will take jurisdiction of their complaint.—When they do I suppose they will let me know.

In conclusion I must not forget to say that it is far from my intention to prejudice Freeman's "appeal" for aid; for I really think him more worthy, and more of a gentleman than most of those who are his would appear to be sympathizers and defenders.

JOHN L. ROBINSON,
U. S. Marshal.

I hope my friends in this State who control papers will do me the justice to publish the above.
J. L. R.
February 21, 1854.

THE TREATY.

An article which we copy from the Charleston Courier, whose editor had just had an interview with Mr. Gadsden, then in Charleston, states the terms of the Treaty recently concluded with the Mexican Government, substantially in accordance with the outline heretofore published in our columns. For the sum of \$20,000,000, Mexico surrenders all claim for indemnity under the 11th article of the Treaty of Guadalupe, by which the United States stipulated to restrain the Indians within our territory from committing depredations upon the Mexicans, and also cedes to us an immense tract of country, embracing a part of Chihuahua and about a third of the Department of Sonora, where are valuable gold mines, and including also the Mesilla Valley. The whole territory ceded, is 39,000,000 acres; equal in extent to the States of New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.—It extends from the Rio Grande to or near the Gulf of California. The Peninsula of California, commonly called Lower California, is not included. The territory thus acquired affords an easy route for a railroad from Texas to the Pacific. It is proposed to form it into a Territory, to be called Arizonia. We can't say that we are greatly pleased with the name. We hope a better one will be found. This is a very important Treaty, and will no doubt be promptly ratified by the Senate. Santa Anna has already ratified it on the part of Mexico, and it only remains for us to exchange ratifications with the Mexican Minister at Washington, on which occasion \$3,000,000 are to be paid in cash. This Territory will of course, fall into the same category with New Mexico and Utah, as to the question of slavery, the people being left to decide for themselves, whether they will have that curse or not.—Journal of Commerce.

GOING TO CHURCH IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the N. York Express gives his experience in Church-going, in the magnificent but wicked City of Paris, in the following words:

In going to the Churches in Paris, one is struck first by the paintings and ornaments, of course so superior to those in some other countries, but next by the system of incessant begging of alms to defray expenses of Church, which, as practiced, seems most ludicrous to those accustomed to going on the Sabbath day to Churches, for the purpose of worship. You go to a magnificent building, the Madeleine, for instance, enter with a crowd, take a chair wherever you please, (at any hour almost on Sunday), you see priests moving and chanting, &c., near the altar; you hear a splendid music which begins to make you feel solemn, perhaps, when a ringing sound on the paved floor of the Church causes you to start, and here stalks toward you, an imposing individual in black clothes, adorned with gold lace, short, silk stockings, and a high cap with feathers on his head, and a silver staff in his hand, struck on the floor, as he walks, makes a sound which must attract attention. Behind him trips a short priest, dressed in a white petticoat, and black short cloak, with a funny hood to it, who rattles a bag in his hand, and hands it to you, for money. The magnificent functionary who is termed a "Swiss" or a "Bedeau" as it may chance, for there are two of each to every Church, says at every step "pour l'eglise," "pour les pauvres" in a loud voice. Well, they pass on, and then comes a sharp little man who looks as if he had the eyes of Argus, and was born somewhere down East, who holds out his hand, and you put two or three sous in it, to pay for your seat, and although the people are constantly changing, coming and going, without any regard to the ceremonies of the service or mass, escape him, without having paid for their seats, I am sure. By the time you have composed yourself again to listen and observe what is going on, another dazzling "Bedeau," and another comical looking monk come along, and you soon learn to shake your head at them, instead of putting your hand in your pocket for sous as often as they appear.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee held in Indianapolis on Thursday February the 21 1854, it was unanimously

Resolved, That a Democratic State Convention be held in the city of Indianapolis on Wednesday the 24th of May next, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices viz: Secretary of State, Auditor of State, Treasurer of State, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court, and that the several counties in the State of Indiana be requested to send one delegate for every two hundred Democratic votes given at the Presidential election of 1852, and also one additional delegate for every fractional vote over one hundred.

Provided that every county shall be entitled to at least two delegates.

The following table will show the ratio:

Counties.	No. of votes.	Delegates.
Adams,	672	3
Allen,	1,964	10
Bartholomew,	1,512	8
Benton,	138	2
Blackford,	263	2
Boone,	1,161	6
Brown,	528	3
Carroll,	1,253	6
Cass,	1,190	6
Clark,	1,812	9
Clay,	743	4
Crawford,	1,250	6
Crawford,	496	2
Daviess,	720	4
Dearborn,	2,455	12
Decatur,	1,390	7
De Kalb,	780	4
Delaware,	937	5
Dubois,	714	4
Elkhart,	1,343	7
Fayette,	872	4
Floyd,	1,814	9
Fountain,	1,488	7
Franklin,	1,955	10
Fulton,	581	3
Gibson,	1,127	6
Grant,	836	4
Greene,	944	5
Hamilton,	961	5
Hancock,	1,001	5
Harrison,	1,278	6
Hendricks,	980	5
Henry,	1,226	6
Howard,	526	3
Huntington,	886	4
Jackson,	1,188	6
Jasper,	347	2
Jay,	500	3
Jefferson,	2,263	11
Jennings,	1,104	6
Johnson,	1,333	7
Knox,	1,003	5
Kosciusko,	938	5
Lagrange,	677	3
Lake,	334	2
Laporte,	1,468	7
Lawrence,	1,113	6
Madison,	1,262	6
Marion,	2,399	13
Marshall,	511	3
Martin,	519	3
Miami,	1,196	6
Monroe,	1,085	5
Montgomery,	1,848	9
Morgan,	1,181	6
Noble,	807	4
Ohio,	455	2
Orange,	1,022	5
Owen,	1,060	5
Parke,	1,084	5
Perry,	659	3
Pike,	688	3
Porter,	527	3
Posky,	1,433	7
Pulaski,	333	2
Putnam,	1,466	7
Randolph,	933	5
Ripley,	1,366	7
Rush,	1,480	7
Scott,	559	3
Shelby,	1,627	8
Spencer,	709	4
Starke,	120	2
Steuben,	543	3
St. Joseph,	1,052	5
Sullivan,	1,203	6
Switzerland,	1,147	6
Tippecanoe,	2,446	12
Tippecanoe,	461	2
Union,	626	3
Vanderburgh,	1,317	7
Vermillion,	783	4
Vigo,	1,155	6
Wabash,	959	5
Warren,	522	3
Warrick,	1,034	5
Washington,	1,613	8
Wayne,	1,874	9
Wells,	710	3
White,	536	3
Whitley,	563	3

W. J. BROWN,
Chairman State Cen. Con.

J. B. NORMAN, Secretary.

The Millerites have fixed upon May 19, 1854, as the date of the destruction of the world. They say there will be no mistake about it this time.

We have been in the big tent, and have heard the same alarm sounded once before, and at that time concluded to put our trust in Providence, till the "britchin broke," and we advise all our friends not to be alarmed, there are no signs of that comet being in the sky yet.—Det. Adv.

"PARTNER WANTED."

So say the advertisements every day.—Everybody wants a partner, though everybody doesn't advertise for one. Sleeping, silent, or active—a partner is "in request."

One man wants a partner with \$10,000; another a partner with a capital of bright eyes, fair form, and a clear throat and a year, of undivided affection; a third, with a good honest heart, isn't particular about the way it is "put up," provided he can have the undisputed title thereto. And so it goes; everybody, the world over, is looking for a partner—waiting for a partner—sighing for a partner. Some are ashamed to confess it; others speak "right out," and all, as they look, disclose some petty weakness of their own. One man has a penchant for a particular fashion of nose; he doesn't care what the owner knows, if she only owns a Roman nose.

Another is bewitched with black eyes, caring little what is behind and above them. A third wants a form like an hour-glass, and he finds it; so all three marry respectively, eyes, nose, and hour-glass. The eyes grow rheumy dim, and peer queerly over a pair of spectacles for "forty-five." Just think of that, forty-five! The nose loses its fair proportions and becomes a receptacle for "Macaboy;" and the hour-glass grows old and crazy. Another man marries a voice and has nothing left at last but the echo. And worse than all he that marries "a plum" and a woman to boot, makes away with the wealth, and—the woman remains.

Sometimes, but not often—we will give them credit for that—the women are seeking for partners; one a pair of whiskers; another, six feet in his stockings; a third, a house and lot. But the whiskers get frosty, the six feet lean like the tower of Pisa, the house is mortgaged, the mortgage is "foreclosed," and nothing remains but the man himself.

And so it goes, and so they all go.—"Partner wanted." Of course, if a man has a surplus of joy he wants to divide it; because, in dividing, he doubles it. If a man is burdened with grief he wants to share it; because, in sharing, he halves it.—N. Y. Tribune.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF HONESTY.—An old trader among the Northern Indians, who had some years ago established himself on the Wisconsin, tells a good story, with a moral worth recollecting, about his first trials of trading with his red customers.—The Indians who evidently wanted goods, and had both money (which they called "shameek") and furs, flocked about his store and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally their chief, with a large body of followers, visited him, and accosted him with:

"How do, Thomas; show me goods; I take four yard calico, three coonskins for yard, pay you by—tomorrow," received his goods and left. Next day, he returned with his whole band, his blanket sufficed with coonskins. "American man, I pay you now!" with this he began counting out the skins, until he handed over twelve. Then after a moment's pause he offered the trader one more, remarking as he did it, "That's it." "I handed it back," said the trader, "telling him he owed me but twelve and I would not cheat him." We continued to pass it back and forth each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skins in the folds of his blankets, stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried with a loud voice: Come, come, and trade with the pale face, he no cheat Indian; his heart big." He then came to me and said: "You take that skin, I tell Indian no trade with you—drive you off like a dog—but now you Indians' friend and we yours." Before sundown I was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. So I lost nothing by my honesty.

A new method of lighting churches, is thus described by the New York Times, as in practice in that city:

"In the new Reformed Dutch Church in Seventh avenue, between Twelfth and Thirtieth streets, there are arranged in the ceiling, in the form of an ellipse, 24 gas burners, concealed by slides during the day, so that you see no gas fixtures. Behind each of these is a reflector, so adjusted as to throw the light directly upon the heads of the audience. During evening service, the slides being drawn, a most splendid light, revealing that of Sol himself, fills a room of 60 feet wide, 75 feet long and 35 feet high, so that you can see to read with comfort the print of small Psalmbooks, and sing with ease from 'minion.' The convenience of this arrangement is, no dazzling globe or get pains your eyes, for there is no light on the pulpit, or on the gallery, or on the walls of the church. The comfort is in agreeableness to the eye, all being reflected from above, and equally diffused, and nobody is able to get in your light.

Chillicothe is to be honored with at least a great novelty. A new and beautiful Masonic edifice is being erected there, and J. P. Brown, Esq., our Dragoman at Constantinople, has procured a piece of marble which he is fully satisfied formed an integral portion of the Temple of Solomon, and has forwarded it to Judge Orr of Chillicothe, to be placed in the new hall at that place. This will be an object of great curiosity and interest when it arrives.—O. S. Journal.

WHIP BEHIND!

Whip behind! cried a dozen urchins after an unsuccessful attempt to get a ride behind a passing sleigh. Whip behind! One little fellow, more active than the others, had accomplished his design, and thus had occasioned the envy of the rest. Oh! thought I, "men are but children of a larger growth." Every day do I see men and women playing the same game.

There's my old friend Growler, bought corner lots and water lots, worked day and night, and knew no Sabbath, that he might be rich, but prudence formed no part of Growler's character and he woke up one morning a poor man, and now when he sees Lynx, who started at the same time, and has become rich, he points at him and asks tauntingly, if you don't remember Lynx's father who used to saw wood, and if it 'isn't strange that a man should give himself up to money making." Whip behind!

Then there is Miss Trippet, who, for years dressed out her charms in the most approved manner, and talked and wrote all kinds of sentimental things, and sang the touching ballad "I'm o'er young to marry yet," until the roses in her cheeks were yellow; now she heaves deep sighs as she entertains her acquaintance with tirades on the times, and wonders that "certain young ladies are so fond of display, and so anxious to be married." Whip behind!

Timmins wonders what any body can find to admire in Smith's poetry; he thinks it trash, and the poetical taste of the community sadly deficient. Timmins used to write something which he called poetry, and which several young ladies to whom he did the honor of reciting declared "equal to Byron." and thereupon Timmins turned down his dickey and cultivated long hair, after the most approved Byronic model, but after all his poetry wouldn't draw; Smith's did, though he didn't look a bit like a poet; at least so Miss Spriggins says.—Whip behind!

There's Chameleon, the politician, is an excellent whip. He has changed his political complexion every four years since I have known him, but all to no purpose.—He has been a political gambler, but he didn't bet on the right color, and now he has retired, disgusted, from the political arena, and inveighs against the want of "incorruptible integrity" among politicians, and thanks God he is not as some other men are. Whip behind!

Ay, whip behind! That's the fashion. "The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see they bark at us." Keep up the cry boys, echo it little girls! Yet in a few years you will come upon the stage of active life, to elbow and be elbowed in your turn and to join in the popular cry of Whip behind!

NUMERICAL LAWS OF THE SEXES.

The last census develops some curious facts. It fixes the numerical law of the sexes thus:

1. There are more males than females born, by about 4 per cent.
2. At 20 years of age this preponderance is entirely lost, and there are more females than males.
3. At 40 years, the balance is again the other way, and there are more males than females.
4. At 70 the sexes are about even, and the ultimate age of the human being is reached without any decided advantage to either sex.

Between 70 and 100 years of age, there are 15,311 more white women than there are males, being more than five per cent. of the whole number. Beyond the age of 40 years, the probabilities of longevity are much greater for American women than for men. This contrasts singularly with the fact, that the physique (relatively) of American women is inferior to that of American men. That fact as is shown, however, tells tremendously on women between the ages of 20 and 40, when their mortality is very great.

The longevity of some women is very extraordinary. There are some four hundred and thirty American women above one hundred years of age.

INTO THE EXTATICS.—The Washington Sentinel closes an article upon Mlle Yrea Mathias dancing in the following strain:

"While she floats, like a Mussulman's thought, or a dream from Eden, amidst the *crops du ballet*, in the most apparent abandon, a chastening and subduing influence flows forth from her radiant presence, a holy and spiritual spell, a savor of sainted purity."

The Providence Journal says:—This for a girl who throws her petticoats up to her head before the admiring gaze of the pit is coming it rather strong. But everything is done on a grand scale at Washington.

LIBERAL.—The private subscriptions in New York, to procure testimonials for all who were instrumental in saving the people on the San Francisco, have reached \$17,500. The Committee have given to the Captains of the Three Belles, Kilby, and Antarctic, \$2,500 each, and a gold medal and silver pitcher or tea service. To the Captain of the Lucy Thompson, a service of plate valued at \$1,000 and a gold medal, and to the officers and seamen of the different vessels, awards in money and medals of different values.