

TERMS.

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Job Work of all kinds done on short notice and reasonable terms.

[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 warms 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 console their glory;  
And followed in their wake;  
Bards, martyrs, sages;  
The noble of all ages;  
Those deeds crown history's pages,  
And time's last volume make.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds for told,  
With all the world's reason,  
And not alone by cold  
When man to man unites,  
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 feel there is a union  
Twixt Nature's art and mine;  
To prop my afflictions  
Reap fruits from fields of action,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And warms my spirit too;  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future 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 ears 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 the 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 ears twisted up in paper, giving their owners an appearance of having made a pillow of cigar lighters. Ten thousand ears 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-hour, 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 close, then open again, and the man is awake—awake all over—awake for all day. There's another, sound asleep this minute, and this, he shakes himself like a huge Newfoundland, 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 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.

MATRIMONY 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 other's 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—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.

# The Review.

Our Country and her Institutions.

VOL. 5. CRAWFORDSVILLE, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, IND., FEBRUARY 11, 1854. NO. 32.

[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 want only travel out of their way to calumniate in person. *He has approved it*, and allowed me to demand at your hands as an act of justice to me, to allow me to make the following reply.

Freeman's consul 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 will 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-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.

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 Gaudalope, 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 railroad from Texas to the Pacific. It is proposed to form it into a Territory, to be called Arresonia. 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 chaplet on his head, and a silver staff in his hand, which, struck on the floor, as he walks, makes a sound which must attract. 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 "Bedean" 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

all these changes have been rung through so many changes, it is perhaps well enough to stop that music with the balance. I done monk come along, and you soon learn to neither of the above things. I never laid my hands on him; or any way attempted to alarm him; as they appear.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee held in Indianapolis on Thursday February the 21st 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,	713	4
Clinton,	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,	372	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,	888	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,	1,463	7
Lawrence,	1,113	6
Madison,	1,282	6
Marion,	2,599	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,	683	3
Porter,	527	3
Posey,	1,433	7
Pulaski,	333	2
Putnam,	1,466	7
Randolph,	933	5
Ripley,	1,306	7
Rush,	1,480	7
Scott,	550	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
Tippooanoe,	2,446	12
Tipton,	461	2
Union,	626	3
Vanderburgh,	1,317	7
Vermillion,	733	4
Vigo,	1,155	6
Warash,	959	4
Warren,	552	3
Warrick,	1,034	5
Washington,	1,613	8
Wayne,	1,874	9
Wells,	710	3
White,	536	3
Whitley,	568	3

W. J. BROWN,  
Chairman State Cen. Com.  
J. B. NORMAN, Secretary.

"PARTNER WANTED."

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

One man wants a partner with \$10,000; another a partner with a capital of bright eyes, fair form, and a clear than a year, of undivided affection; a third, with a good honest heart, isn't particular about the way it "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 by 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 "Macabey;" 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 is, marries a "plum" and a woman to boot, makes way 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 Wiss-eva, 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 *shnead*) and furs, flocked about his store and examined his goods, but for sometime 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'm by—to-morrow," 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