

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,
SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1855

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.00 if not paid until the year.

CIRCULATION
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN Crawfordsville!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS. All kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

To Advertisers.
Every advertisement handed in for publication, should have written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes it inserted. If not so stated it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Agents for the Review.
E. W. CARR, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans' Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
S. H. PARTIN, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the best and the largest assortment of new and fancy Jon Tuxes ever brought to this place. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of types, cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Jesse McCollister is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Review in Franklin and Sugar Creek Townships.

Lord Brown of the Locomotive, and Judge Peter Smyth, have not yet fully settled their difficulties. We understand the belligerents had a private conference at the Red Chateau last night, the Prince of Hayti presiding. The impression this morning is, that the affair will be amicably settled. Consuls have materially improved, closing at 58 1/4. Bourse firm and steady.

We are anxious to receive word on subscription. Subscribers please take notice.

J. D. Masterson requests us to say to those who are indebted to him for subscription and job work, that he will receive in payment all kinds of State Stock.

The heavy snow storm of last night has again put a veto on the N. A. & S. R. R. The consequence of which is that we are left without a mail. The Telegraph as usual is out of order. We probably shall have the Pacific's news to-morrow, with Liverpool dates to the 13th, if so we shall issue an extra.

During the last week we have received twenty-eight new subscribers.

NEW BOOK.
From the house of DE WITT & DAVENPORT, New York, we have received a work entitled "Humanity in the City." The best recommendation we can give it, is to say, that it consists of a series of Sermons delivered by the Rev. Mr. Chapin, now the first pulpit orator in America. Never did the poor of any city have an abler defender or more sincere advocate. In this time when suffering humanity is everywhere, this book is especially appropriate. Read it everybody.

WATCH THEM.
We invite the attention of every member of the Fusion party, who, as a Democrat, formerly opposed the principles of the old Whig party, to read the editorial in the fourth column of the last Journal. We cannot designate the article with more certainty, as, from the cowardice of the writer, it has no heading. Its subject, however, is the U. S. Bank. In that way and shape, the editor indites an article in favor of what he correctly calls "the ghost." If he stood alone in this matter, we would not say a word about it; but he is assisting, to the best of his very limited ability, several of the leading Fusion presses of the State, in an attempt to revive and foist that monster monopoly upon the people of the Union. With such evidence as this before them, sufficient certainly to convince any sane man of the hypocrisy of the new formation, how can a Democrat of the old or new line cling to the idol that is rotting in his arms! Come out from among them, for conscience sake!

THE FUSION MEASURES.
A lawyer by the name of Anthony was elected judge of the Wayne Circuit Court. He was a man of tolerable abilities, and unimpeachable integrity. Unluckily his politics were Democratic. Certain great guns of the Fusionist party of Wayne and the surrounding abolition counties, determined to oust him, with no other object than to make room for some one of their own faithful. So they introduced a bill into the House and destroyed the circuit court which he presided. The Judge was not permitted to be heard in his defence. The whole proceeding was *ex parte* from the beginning, and totally destitute of impartiality. This is among the first purely Fusion measures passed by the House. We appeal to every disinterested citizen who may chance to read our paper, can anything more disgraceful or cowardly be imagined? Bear in mind, too, that Judge Anthony was elected by the People; yet the immaculate representatives of the misnamed People's party, thwart the will of their constituents, without giving the victim the ordinary privilege of the burglar or murderer.

RULE OR RUIN.

We quote the above from the last Journal, which declares it is now the motto of the Democratic Senators in our present Legislature. The howl of Fry arises from the fact, not that those Senators refused to go into the election for U. S. Senator, but because they postponed the election till the 22d of Feb.

Fry goes back into the palmy days of the Whig party—the days when that party was intact, though in a minority—when its leaders boasted it pure and incorruptible—when it was really an organized party based upon principles which had Henry Clay and Daniel Webster for advocates. He goes back to it, we say, and throws its lion's skin over the modern Fusion jackass, and in that sly guise leads the animal before the public to excite sympathy in its behalf and prejudice against the Democracy.

Who does not know that the Whig party is at least temporarily dead? and that there is no connection, except for spoils and plunder, between its relics and the present Fusion party? How ridiculous it is to go back to its conduct and hold it out as the rule of conduct for the present political league! Let every party stand on its own bottom and be responsible for its own measures, say we.

But to show the disposition, or desperation, rather, of the modern league, we will illustrate, not by anything the old Whig party may have done, but by its own action since it has been in power. Everybody knows there is very little difference between the same parties in the several states—at least, that there is little difference between the Fusion party in Indiana and Iowa. Then take the following incident, and if let us really see which party has adopted the motto of "Rule or Ruin."

In the Senate of Iowa, as in Indiana, there is a majority of Democrats. On the 6th of Jan., after the Senate had adjourned, fourteen Fusion Senators sneaked into the House, and a motion for the purpose being made, the Fusionists of the House, with the fourteen Senators, went into the election for U. S. Senator, and triumphantly elected James Harlan to that distinguished position. On the 8th inst. the Senate, by a vote of 17 to 14, passed the following resolutions in the shape of a protest.

Mr. Coolbaugh, by leave of the Senate, offered the following:
Whereas, it is reported that the Journal of the House of Representatives, as read this morning in the presence of the House, alleges that a joint convention of the General Assembly of this State was held in the Hall of the House on Saturday the 6th inst.; and whereas, it is alleged in said Journal that said joint convention proceeded to elect one Norman W. Ishell as an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, and one James Harlan as a Senator of the United States for the term of six years from the 4th day of March next; therefore,
Resolved, That inasmuch as the Senate has no knowledge of any such joint convention, and did not participate in the proceedings thereof, it hereby protests against the action of the said so-called joint convention, and declares the same to be void and of no effect.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions, signed by the President and certified to by the Secretary of the Senate, be presented to the Governor of this State, and also, a copy be forwarded to the presiding officer of the "Senate of the United States," with a request to lay the same before that body.

Now what think the people of the Fusionists of Iowa? and is not this a better instance by which to judge the Fusionists of Indiana than by any action of the old Whig party? The Senate of that State solemnly resolves that they had no knowledge of and did not participate in the election of Mr. Harlan. Fourteen desperate Fusionists, determining to "rule or ruin," without notice to the majority, sink into the House, and go into the election of the Iowa Senator, and yet a striped, half-abolitionized editor of the same party coolly turns around and charges the Democracy of Indiana with the will to rule or ruin. May we not exclaim with Alexander the Great, when Caesar was slain, "Oh, Fry, what a dead-head thou art! It were better for thy party that thou stick to thy pill-bags!"

WHAT IS THE LEGISLATURE DOING.

The question is beginning to be asked by the people of Indiana—by the very people that elected the present Fusion House of Representatives. Several weeks have passed, and nothing worthy of mention has yet been done. The currency is deranged, the school system requires revision, and an immense amount of business of the most important character remains unattended to. Upon the House of Representatives the blame must fall. In this end of the body, the principal bills must originate, and terrible will be the judgment of the masses if some pressing matters shall not be disposed of at once. Indiana has become proverbial for the vilest, meanest trash in the shape of bank paper that ever cursed the country. It is worse than the small-pox or the cholera. Let something be done immediately.

A dispatch from Mobile, on the 16th, says the slave population of that city are raising a contribution to aid the suffering poor white people in New York and other cities.

EARL NINGAMPOOP—A SCENE.

Every sitting of the Legislature has its funny scenes, but we'll bet our boots against a Know Nothing charter, that one more ridiculous than the following has not taken place this winter.

Scene. House of Representatives—organizing the body—members being sworn in—Clerk calling the counties.

Clerk. Montgomery county.

Earl. Here, sir.

Clerk. Your papers.

Earl. What papers? Sir, I am a native born citizen.

Clerk. I mean your credentials, Mr. Earl.

Earl. Oh, my diploma! Sorry to say, I haven't any—I'm a self-made physician—no thanks to anybody.

(Laughter—cries of "Stick to him, Dr.")

Clerk. You mistake again, sir. I want your certificate of election.

(Member from Montgomery looks bilious, and fumbles into his pockets.)

Earl. Really, Mr. Clerk—beg pardon—really I didn't know it was necessary—thought everybody knew that I was elected—anybody dispute it, sir, I'll knock him into fits.

Clerk. If you have no certificate, sir, you cannot be sworn in. Very sorry, sir.

Earl. There is no use a talkin' that way. I'll swear that I was elected.

Clerk. Impossible—we must have the certificate of your clerk.

Earl. What's the use? Just swear me—I'm a anti-Nebraska, Prohibition, first class Whig.

(Clerk shakes his head—whole House gathers round to see the fun.)

Not? Then, by hokies, I've got a Locomotive—here it is with the official returns from Montgomery. Any man with two eyes can see that I beat Tom Wilson over a hundred votes.

(Earl pulls a dirty paper from his pocket, sternly unfolds it, and spells out the heading of all the articles until he comes to one entitled "Election.")

Here it is, Mr. Clerk. It astonished me—I didn't expect to be elected—but the Locomotive and all my friends said I was, and I have no doubt of it, sir, for I'm a Know Nothing, and they all voted for me. Now swear me—just a little, sir.

(The clerks and whole House yell with laughter.)

Well, by golly, it's a pretty go, ain't it?—What a fool I was! Bill Krug offered to come up with me to show where Indianapolis was, and Dougherty said he'd come and put me through for five dollars. Well, it's all day with me. D—n Henry S. Lane! He had no business nominating me—I'll vote for Orth to punish him.

(Earl retires to the lobbies, and Montgomery has no Representative.)

THAT OLD LINER AGAIN.

As Jonny Beard has no thought for anything but a Catholic, the bombastic editor of the Journal has no eyes for anything but an "Old Limer." Does a citizen die nowadays—particularly if some other Dr. attended him in his last sickness—Fry sits in solemn inquest upon his body, and renders a verdict, "came to his death from excessive consumption of Old Line whiskey." So, if anything in the community goes wrong—if the old cow falls to come up, if the wells go dry, if Tommy and Billy happen to get a little gouged in a free fight, or their breeches torn—if a church revival finally dies out, or the preacher gets too stupid to preach, and has no opportunity to steal an appropriate sermon, if the concert of a humbugging Englishman fizzles, like the revival, if the confounded New Albany and Salem Rail road fails to bring its cars to time—why the whole of it is at once laid to the fault of some Old Limer, and the Brigand opens his Latin batteries, and pounces down on the party. The mellow-dramatic creature exhibits himself in the last issue of his paper with even more than common absurdity.

Some Baltimore paper has discovered that John P. Dunn, the Auditor, has realized \$80,000 from his office. This is a big profit, undoubtedly; but it is really made, if made at all, from the bankers who had notes signed in his office for issue. But only watch the Brigand. As usual, he sees an Old Limer in the "spec," and tries to make the "farmer, mechanic, and laboring man" believe that they lined Dunn's pocket so handsomely. Because those "dear classes" of the people took the notes when issued, and because the notes were shaved, Brigand argues, therefore they have paid the \$80,000. Was ever anything more absurd?

A CARD.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 18th, 1855.
The undersigned desires to say to his friends and the public in general, that he has made arrangements with JAMES F. HANNEY, to take charge of the Farmers' & Merchants' Bank of Indianapolis, and the Bank of Rensselaer, now consolidated, and that Mr. HANNEY will proceed immediately to the discharge of his duty as Cashier of those Banks, with the intention of doing a legitimate Banking business. The paper is secured by over \$100,000 of Louisiana 5 per cent. stocks, and \$14,000 of Pennsylvania 5 per cents., both of which are solvent, interest paying bonds; and in addition to this, I pledge myself to redeem every dollar of those Banks that are in circulation, without any discount, and, I therefore ask the public and all interested, to not let their fears of the soundness of this currency cause them to lose money by submitting to ruinous shares, as the money is and shall be made good.

THE CAMPAIGN OF FIFTY-FIVE.

If one had predicted to us on the New-Year's day of Fifty-Four that the New-Year's day of Fifty-Five would behold Europe so far advanced towards universal convulsion—and nothing short of universal convulsion will break up the despotic status quo,—we should have refused for very joy, fully to believe so blessed a prophecy. Within less than one year the French usurper who flatters himself that he is the nephew of his uncle, the perjurer of Paris and murderer of Rome,—and the she-tyrant of Ireland, who has slain more of her own "subjects" by famine than she will ever slay of her enemies by war, have broken their teeth against the granite fortresses of Russia; have utterly and ignominiously failed in everything they have undertaken, have impoverished and provoked their own people, and grown mutually disgusted with one another. The Czar feels his strength, and laughs them to scorn: the pettiest sovereigns of Europe are afraid to ally with them: Denmark has denied them a single spot of ground as a shelter for their sick; Sweden has refused their proffered present of the Aland Isles: and the bragging, canting government of England which commenced the war with such loud vaunts, is already reduced to hire foreign mercenaries to fight her battles—if she can get them.

The condition of things at Sevastopol continues to be highly satisfactory to all the enemies of the English Oligarchy and the French Empire. The siege suspended, or rather reversed—the only assailants now being the Russians: the fortifications of the city strengthened four-fold since the "siege" commenced; the roads open for any amount of reinforcements coming from Russia; the English cavalry horses utterly useless and dying of hardships: fleets of ships bearing their reinforcements and supplies sunk and scattered by Russia's allies, the Black Sea storms: the funds sinking: and, last and best of all, the "alliance"—shaking—such is the upshot of one year's campaign.

The French are growing savagely discontented; as well they may; not with the war but with their fatal allies and their dandy Emperor. The muzzle press of Paris cannot tell the whole truth about matters in France, and the British journals for the most part wilfully suppress all about their dear ally that is to the interest of the British government to suppress. There are exceptions. For example, the *People's Paper*, published in London and edited by Ernest Jones, now and then reports the premonitory subterranean growlings of the earthquake on both sides of the channel. From a number of that journal, received by last mail, we learn that there have been insurrectionary organized movements from Rouen to Marseilles, and that actual fighting had taken place between the people and the hiring troops of the Emperor.

The French are rightly served: it was impious to ally themselves with their ancient eternal enemy: it was insanity to hope for one moment that the disaster of their great Napoleon at Moscow would be avenged by the small Napoleon at Sevastopol. Accordingly, it is not surprising to hear that the war, that is the alliance, has grown unpopular in France; that the French officers in the Crimea have long been grumbling at the inefficient support given them by the handful of English with their decrepit commander and their ignorant officers; while the latter supercilious gentlemen call the French officers *lucres*, because they converse with privates and sergeants. Matters evidently tend to a break up of that disgraceful alliance; and in the mere hope of satisfying the French, the British government desperately rushes into the questionable measure of supplying their own lack of military material by hiring German troops.

Now, as to the hiring of German troops, although pretended precedents are cited for it, the measure is almost wholly unprecedented. When Hanoverian troops were taken into British pay, Hannover was ruled by a King of England: when in the great wars of Napoleon the forces of petty German principalities were subsidized, those states themselves were concerned in the war, and were fighting their own battles as much as England's. Consider how the case is altered now. Prussia, the predominant German power of the North, is wholly Russian, Austria, which spreads over the south, is doing Russia's work now passively, will shortly be doing it actively; and it is doubtful whether any of the smaller states, even if so disposed, will dare to act independently of those two Powers, so far as to lend their forces. And they are not so disposed. There is not one of them that is not more afraid of revolution than of England or France: and whether right or wrong, they imagine that Russia, Austria and Prussia are the best safeguards against revolution.

If the English have recourse to Hesse Cassel, whence they once drew such hordes of cut-throats to murder their colonists in America and their revolted "subjects" of Ireland, the prospect is bad. In 1849 Hesse Cassel was in revolution—the popular party of every German State is always ready for revolution: and the Serene Highness who pretends to govern there was only reinstated by Prussian bayonets. Prussian troops have garrisoned his country for him ever since; and, without the leave of Prussia, England will not get a man or musket from Hesse. Hanover, Baden, Bavaria—they have some reason indeed to fear France, (provided the alliance hold,) but they fear England not at all; and against their own people, Prussia and Austria are their surest guarantees—Russia their rock and stronghold. As for the little Coburg Gotha—the farm of that speculative family which had the honour to produce the Prince Albert—who believes that it either can or dares render much assistance?

"Oh! for the three million Irish Celts that we starved, and exterminated, and hunted off the face of the earth, and stowed away in emigrant ships, and buried in coffinless graves! Oh! for those three millions now! Often, in secret, they must breathe this prayer: but in vain, in vain. Those three millions are not only gone, beyond the

sound of recruiting-sergeant fif; but they have left a heavy curse behind them; and it has followed and found out, and cleaves to the murderers. There is a doom and a retribution in this dreadful war. The ghosts of those brave Frenchmen, who have perished in unjust exile in Cayenne or in Algeria, haunt and appal the Usurper on his pillow by night, and the awful voice of the eloquent exiles, coming from the sea, warn him that his day of accounting is at hand.

As for the brave soldiers suffering in the Crimea—when nations go to war, one party or the other must suffer: and we cannot afford to pity the miseries of invading forces, especially when the men who compose them are fighting for their own enemies and oppressors, and against those who never harmed them. They are the aggressors: they have no business there: and it is imprudent to ask people to be sorry because they have not succeeded in sacking a city—plundering its inhabitants and cutting their throats.

It is true half the British army in the Crimea consists of Irishmen: so much the worse. They, emphatically and especially had no business there. A correspondent of the *Daily Express* gives the following insight into the composition of "Welsh," and "Highland," and "English" regiments—"We are amused at the squabbles in England about the funds to be given to the soldiers, the local attractions about Welsh Fusiliers, &c., &c. Imagine Welshmen named Malony, Handrahan, Kelly, Lynch, Curry, O'Connor, Burke, Curley, O'Gorman, &c., who were killed and wounded at the Alma; and yet these are among the names of the *Welsh Fusiliers*. Then, again, the Scotch regiments, exhibits such strange Highland names as Flanagan and Garraty; and yet the 93rd is the most exclusively national regiment we have. The Westmoreland regiment (55th Foot) numbers amongst its names Messrs. D'Arcy, Carly, Foley, Keehan, Flannagan, Hoagland, Murphy, O'Donnell, and other well-known Westmoreland cognomens. And the Derbyshire (95th Regiment) has gained its name blazon by the aid of such natives of that jolly shire as Connor, Donoghue, Hogan, Shea, Sullivan, Reilly, Murphy, Callaghan, Delany, Downey, M'Shean, Reardon, O'Keefe, &c."

Miserable wretches! They might have died, as men should die, in defence of their own land six years ago. They have preferred to die like dogs, fighting for the only enemies they or theirs ever had. Be it so! One other campaign, and the survivors of the O'Keefes and O'Connors may have to look out for new masters, and offer their heart's blood in the service of some other enemy.

CRAWFORDSVILLE PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly by Messrs. Layman & Co.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.	REMARKS.
Flour	\$4.00 @	—
Wheat	1.50 @	—
Oats	.80 @	—
Rye	.60 @	—
Barley	1.20 @	—
Corn—in the ear	.45 @	50
Hay	7.00 @	—
Apples—Green	.50 @	75
Do—Dried	1.50 @	2.00
Peaches	2.50 @	3.00
Beans	3.00 @	—
Butter—Fresh	15 @	—
Eggs	15 @	—
Chickens—Alive	1.25 @	1.50
Potatoes	1.50 @	—
Bacon—Hams	—	—
Sides	—	—
Shoulders	—	—
Lard	7 @	8
Pork	3.00 @	3.50
Beef—on Hoof	3.50 @	3.75
Clover Seed	6.50 @	7.00
Timothy Seed	2.00 @	3.00
Codfish	15 @	18
Sugar	6 1/2 @	7 1/2
Molasses, N. O.	25 @	35
White Fish	6.00 @	—
Mackerel—halfbbl.	8.00 @	—
Salt	3.50 @	—
Onions	75 @	—

STATE OF INDIANA,

IN the County of Montgomery, ss.

Cyrus Kennedy and Maria Kennedy his wife

vs.
Henry B. Evans et al
Legates of said last will and testament of said dec'd.

NOTICE is hereby given to Albert Grimes and Sarah T. Grimes, his wife, John J. Grimes, Elizabeth Jones his wife, William Evans, Elijah Evans, Eliza Arnett, Thomas Arnett, Dianadia Arnett, and Nancy Arnett, children and heirs at law of Parmelia Arnett dec'd., of the pendency of said proceeding, and that they appear on the second day of the next term of said court, and then and there, show cause if any, why the said last will and testament of said deceased, shall not be admitted to probate.

By order of the Court.
Attest: ANDREW P. LYNN, Clerk.
BY STEPHEN BACK, Deputy.
Jan. 20, 1855. n27-3w.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned has this day been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Henry Smith, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment. All persons having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated. The estate is solvent.
GEORGE SMITH, Administrator.
January 23th, 1855. n28-3w.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Auction on the 23d of February, 1855, six miles southeast of Crawfordville, near the Indianapolis State Road, all their personal property consisting in part of the following: Forty-five head of cattle, 7 or 8 head of Horses, a lot of hogs, Hay, Corn, farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture, &c. &c. TERMS OF SALE—A credit of ten months will be given on all sums over three dollars, the purchaser giving note with approved security, waiving valuation and appraisement laws.
The sale will be continued from day to day till all is sold.
CHRISTMAN & GREGG.
Jan. 27, 1855. n27-4w.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

JAMES HANNAH, having permanently located in Crawfordville, would respectfully call the attention of her citizens, and those of the vicinity, to his

FASHIONABLE STOCK OF

CLOTHS,

Cassimeres and Vestings

Of a superior quality, of all colors and styles.—He has also on hand a splendid lot of fashionable SHIRT COLLARS AND CRAVATS. Work done to order, and in the best and most Fashionable Style. It can be found on Washington street, opposite the New School Presbyterian Church.
January 29, 1855. n27-8w.

THE FREE BANK PAPER OF INDIANA IS BEING RECEIVED FOR TAXES AT THE TREASURER'S OFFICE IN CRAWFORDSVILLE AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

PAR.		
Bank of Indiana, Michan	Central Bk. Indianapolis	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Indianapolis, Ind	Fayette Co. Bk., Conners-	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Brookville, Brook-	ville	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Rockville, Rkville	Farmer's & Mechan's Bk.,	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Syracuse, Syracuse	Indianapolis	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Elkhart, Elkhart	Gramercy Bk., Lafayette	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Goshen, Goshen	Hosier Bk., Logansport	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Mt. Vernon, Mt.	Indiana Bank, Madison	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Vernon	Indiana Stock Bank, La-	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Salem, Salem	porte	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of the Capital, Ind	Kentucky Stock Bk., Co-	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of N. America, Clinto	lumbus	Central Bk. Indianapolis
n	Lagrange Bk., Lagrange	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Warsaw, Warsaw	Mechanic's & Mechanic	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Monticello, Monticello	Bk., Albany	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Elkhart, Elkhart	N. Y. & Va. S. S. Bank,	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Goshen, Goshen	Evansville	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Mt. Vernon, Mt.	Prairie City Bank, Terre	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Vernon	Haute	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of Salem, Salem	Haute	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of the Capital, Ind	Salem Bk., North Salem	Central Bk. Indianapolis
Bank of N. America, Clinto	Traders Bk., Indianapolis	Central Bk. Indianapolis
n		Central Bk. Indianapolis