

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, March 7, 1857.

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 within 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.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the best and the largest assortment of NEW AND FANCY JOB TYPE ever brought to this place. We insist on this, whether work done to call up, and we will show it to you on request of type, cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

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. PATTIN, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.
V. B. FARMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

JOB WORK.

We are now prepared to execute with promptness and dispatch, all kinds of job work, in a style unsurpassed by any other establishment in this section of the country, and upon the most favorable terms. Persons wishing work done will please call up and examine our specimens. We have two presses constantly running, and our material is all new and of the latest styles. Orders for circulars, cards, bill heads, and ball tickets (printed on copper faced type) will be filled with promptness.

DEDICATION.

The House of Worship occupied by the O. S. Presbyterian congregation, will be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, with appropriate religious solemnities, on Sabbath morning, March 15th. Preaching by the Rev. E. D. MacMaster, D. D., of New Albany. Other congregations, and the public generally, are invited to be present.

A grand affair in the shape of a wedding party, came off on last Thursday, at the residence of the late lamented ALEXANDER CROY. Accepting an invitation, we, in company with Messrs. Vance, Craig and Compton, were present, and entered largely into the festivities of the occasion. There were some two hundred guests present, filling every room in the house, besides legions of boys great and small, who occupied prominent positions in the yard. Two o'clock was the hour set for the consummation of the nuptials, but owing to the wretched condition of the roads, the Rev. Mr. Eaton did not arrive until near three. As a matter of course there was a painful anxiety manifested lest he should fail entirely, and it was proposed by Mr. Graham that Wm. C. Vance, our country clerk, officiate. Mr. V. blushing declined, and suggested with considerable logic and argument that the editor of the Review tie the silken knot of Hymen, which meeting with a unanimous approval, we consented, and while in the act of borrowing a white neckcloth in order to clothe himself with a little more of clerical dignity, the recreant curate made his appearance, having rode at a speed of 2-40. In a few moments the bride and bridegroom were upon the floor and were made one. The bride was elegantly and tastefully dressed. On her head she wore a beautiful coronet and looked lovely as a rose. The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of plain black and presented a quiet and dignified appearance. After the ceremonies, the guests stood up to a sumptuous dinner. And here we will remark, that a finer table, one more abundantly supplied with all the luxuries of the land, was never spread in Montgomery county. In the centre of the table rose an immense cake, made in the shape of a pyramid, beautifully frosted and embellished with chaste and elegant artistic designs. It was from the establishment of Robt. H. Craig, the only bakery in town that can do up things fancy. At night the festivities closed with a grand ball. Take it all in all it was the *recherche* affair of the season.

CIRCUIT COURT.

The March Term of the Montgomery Circuit Court commences on Monday next. The Docket is unusually large. The following is a list of Officers and Jurymen for said Term:

Hon. WILLIAM P. BRYANT, Judge.

THOMAS N. RICE, Prosecuting Attorney.

WILLIAM C. VANCE, Clerk.

WILLIAM H. SCHOULER, Sheriff.

Grand Jurors—John Ayldott, Jas. Evans, Thomas Armstrong, Frederick Moore, Henry Catick, Samuel R. Smith, Joseph Swearingen, Alexander Harper, Wm. Carson, David D. Nicholson, George Bratton and George W. Cook.

petit Jurors—Francis H. Fry, Jacob Winn, Thompson Davis, Abram Bridges, William McClelland, Levi Curtis, George Dorsey, Jonathan M. Shaver, Geo. Smith, Reuben Foster, John H. Cochran and John W. Blankenship.

FRESH OYSTERS.—J. D. Materson has just received a fine lot of Fresh Oysters. As these will probably be the last of the season, our epicures should pitch in.

THE BRIG ADVANCE.

LEFT BY DR. KANE AND HIS CREW ON THEIR EXPLORATION FROM THE POLAR SEAS.

Silent and still in the Northern vast,
Close in the winter's month,
Where the giant bergs glides dimly past,
On his death march to the South;

With its whitened mast, like a warrior's lance,
Guarding the North, stands the lone Advance.
All is chill, all is drear,
There is naught to check
The lonely wail of the Polar Bear
Pacing the icy deck.

As on icy peak with its point of snows,
Pierces the sun's full breast,
A thousand streams of a thousand glows,
Changes its milk white vest;

To a gorgeous pillar of golden light,
Set on a shaft of the purest white;
Yet the ship in its state,
With its robes of gray,
Like Charity standing at heaven's gate,
Shines with a purer ray.

Cold on the breast of the frozen pack,
With scattered all around,
Huge glacial fields that strew the track
Of the world's extremest bound,

How long will thou sleep in thy wintry trance!
'Till the giddy bergs, in their summer dance,
Crumble thy form to wreck!
Or, leaving the land,
Move to the spell of the South wind's beck,
Home for a Southern land!

But no, there's a prospect nobler still,
Thy presence is the impact
For the simple aim of your lonely hill
Covers two comrade hearts;

They followed with thee on their leader's heat,
And their eyes closed on thy sheltering breast;
Over thee and their dust
Fancies a curtain fold,
We picture thee with thy gallant trust
Watch while a timber holds.

In the offing dim the solar disc
Pencils his last bright trace,
And shades, like giant wolves, hunger briek,
Stead on the ice space;

Wrapt in the gloom that the Polar night
Drapes from each fading glacier's height;
Farwell to the lone Advance,
Like the gallant crew
A tear obscures our last long-ance,
A sigh must bid adieu.

A codfish was sold in the Boston market in the first week in January last that weighed one hundred and one pounds. This is probably the largest codfish of which we have any account.

The lady unfortunately complicated with Rev. Mr. Kalkoff in the charge of adultery, is (says the Springfield Republican) the young and lovely wife of a citizen of Brattleboro', Vt. She is respectably connected, and never before was associated with scandal of this sort.

When Lucy Stone returned home from Oberlin, says the Post, with an education, she told her mother she was going to speak publicly for women and negroes. With tears in her eyes, the New England mother said, "My child, I would rather follow you to the grave than have you do so."

Was DR. BURDELL MARRIED?—Dr. E. J. Spicer, of Sacketts Harbor, New York makes an affidavit that Dr. Burdell wrote to him in the month of November.

"Dr. Burdell commenced his letter by repudiating me for betraying his confidence, saying 'I—n you what have you made an affidavit for of what I told you in confidence? It has caused me to do what I have always told you I never would do—that is, I have married Mrs. Cunningham. I don't want you to take the trouble to answer this letter, but to tell me one of my marriage,' or words to that effect."

The bulk of the testimony is decidedly in favor of the marriage, and it will be difficult to disprove it.

We find the following caution in the Indianapolis Journal of last week: The present high prices of pork offer a strong inducement to the unprincipled to sell hogs that have died of disease:

BEWARE OF THE PORK!—A gentleman called at our office on Tuesday evening, to say that he had been informed on Monday, by Jesse T. Matlock, of Hendricks county, that five hundred hogs, which had died of hog cholera in that county, had been brought to Indianapolis; that some of those who brought them had informed him that they proposed selling some of the hams, the lard, from other portions, and had the meat of other portions made into Bologna sausages; that one individual who had lost five buried them to keep his other hogs from them, and afterward brought them to this city.

The only use that these hogs should be put to is to make soap. But to sell them to be used as food, in any form, is infamous, and we trust the severest penalties of the law for selling unwholesome provisions will be enforced against such offenders.

The law on this subject reads as follows: "Every person who shall knowingly sell any unwholesome or wholesome provisions, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars."

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me afire."

"No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

SPIRITS INTERFERING IN A PLUG MUSS.—Miss C. M. Beebe, a spiritual medium, recently held forth in Corinthian Hall in Boston. The Spiritual Clarion has the following item in relation to her:

While Miss Beebe was in Baltimore during the late election riots, standing one day on a balcony, she felt herself pulled back by invisible hands.

A moment after a bullet went whizzing by where she stood. She sprang into the house in alarm. Two hours afterwards, a lady medium called on her and stated that she had received a communication from Miss Beebe's spirit father saying that he had just saved the life of his daughter in the manner confirmed by Miss Beebe herself.

The Chicago Democrat says there are hundreds of persons in that city begging for work. That don't look like Chicago was a suitable place for people who "earn their living by the sweat of their brow."

W. B. Astor is put down in the New York City tax schedule at \$3,200,000 real and \$754,000 personal estate.

A LONG VOYAGE IN AN UNKNOWN SEA.

From the Chicago Daily Journal.

As we write, the remains of Dr. KANE are passing up the river from the "Crescent City," on their way to find rest in the God's acre, fallow and heaped, near the home of his childhood.

For a life there is such an acre near all human homes, where with the ignoble and the sinning, Earth's good and brave lie down; there is a sweet Alabama of the soul, somewhere beyond the white wing of Winter, and the fair folla of a June sky; some port, land-locked and lulled in an endless calm, which the good and the brave do "make," but whence they send back no word, though the winds be fair, and we ever on the watch.

Dr. Kane, who "climbed to the Hippocrene Spring," has ascended to the source of all life and light; he who slept upon the shore of Marathon, has awakened in a realm without a grave; the man who dared all the Arctic in quest of the lost knight, may have met him already in that fairer clime, the Blue of the Blest; he upon whose dauntless brow, the Destroyer looked amid the drifts of the North, and fled away into the dark, has bowed to its supremacy amid the summer groves and scented gales of Havana.

Born in Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1822, this is a fact, an early promotion; too early for his friends, too early for the scientific world, but not too early for his fame that shall be deathless; for his name that shall outlast the age.

The spirit of adventure marked his boyhood; the instinct to break through the eternal curves of the old horizons, and go out from home, was with him then. His eyes forever sparkled with interrogation points, wherewith he subjected Nature to inquiry; and so we find him, while a College boy, a student of Geology, wandering among the Blue Mountains of Virginia. Even as the patriarch of the beautiful dream at Bethel, wrought for the choice of his heart, so for seven years at the Pennsylvania Medical University, did the future hero of the North, and in 1843, we find him Assistant Surgeon in the Navy of the United States.

From this period, the spirit of the boy among the Laurel Hills was full fledged; the spirit of endurance, that like charity, "suffered all things," of investigation, that challenged all things.

His field was the World, and we find him attached in his professional capacity to the first embassy to China, and looking wistfully beyond the "Flowery kingdom's" half-closed gates of porcelain.

We hear of him among the Philippines; we trace him to Ceylon; he loses himself among the jungles of India; adventure is his pastime, peril his companion, and scientific truth his chosen guardian. There was a charm to him in the untried and unexplored, and "the lion in the way" could not check his onward step.

Swinging from a bamboo rope in the crater of an India volcano, defending himself against a savage tribe in the Ladrones, with one companion, a Prussian Baron, who finally sank beneath the hardships he endured; wandering alone in the land of the Pyramids; solitary voyager of the Nile, even to the borders of Nubia; visiting the slave factories of the African coast, and penetrating to the harams of Dahomey; among the tombs of the Pharaohs; guiding his "ship of the desert" across the sands; standing upon the crown of Memnon; wrecked as he descended the Giver of Egypt; wounded near Alexandria; lingering amid the fallen marbles of Greece; pausing at Rome; wandering among the vine-draped hills of France; musing in Westminster; welcomed at home.

But for that spirit of his, which neither sickness could deter nor danger alarm, luxurious ease had not a solitary chapel, nor his friends bade him adieu as he set forth upon an African cruise, and received him an invalid to their arms again. His body sympathized with his mind, and impatient of the restraints which his weakness would impose, we find him a volunteer in active service, with the army in Mexico, and the first we hear of him, he was dashed along in the route of the army with dispatches for General Scott.

And here, we quote in words that now are in the mouths of all the people, and come to us in the leading papers of this country, by solid column.

"He was given as an escort through Mexico the notorious company of Colonel Dominguez, who started with him from Vera Cruz. As they were approaching Nopalucan, near Puebla, they were informed by a Mexican that a large body of Mexican soldiers were on their way to intercept them, and at that time were but a short distance off. Dominguez refused to proceed any further, and was about retreating, when Dr. Kane commanded him to remain with him, threatening the vengeance of his government if his company should leave him. Having succeeded in preventing him from turning his back on the enemy, he firmly induced him to attack them. Placing himself at the head of his escort, Dr. Kane took advantage of a rising ground to sweep down upon the Mexicans, who were thrown into confusion by the intrepidity of his charge. Rallying, however, they made a stout resistance, and it was not until after a severe skirmish that they were defeated, and the principal part of them taken prisoners. These consisted of a number of distinguished officers in the Mexican war, who were on their way to join their commander. Among them was Gen. Torrejon, who led the cavalry at Buena Vista, and Major General Antonio Gaona and his son. The latter was dangerously wounded by Dr. Kane, who, in a personal encounter, ran him through the body with his sword. When the skirmish was over, the Doctor, finding that his antagonist was seriously injured, had recourse to his surgical skill; this skill was of no ordinary character. With no other instrument than the bent back of a fork, and a piece of pack thread he tied up an artery from which the life of the young soldier was fast ebbing, and placed him in a condition that he could be conveyed safely to Puebla.

No sooner, however, had he concluded this humane act, than he was informed by young Gaona that he overheard Dominguez say he would take the life of his father, because he had at one time, put him in prison. Dr. Kane instantly interfered, placed himself between his escort and his prisoner, and threatened to shoot the first man who attempted the life of Major Gaona. Dominguez became infuriated, ordered his men to charge; but the first man of the company, named Pallacos, fell before the fire of Dr. Kane, who plied his revolver with fatal effect upon all who came within its reach. With a severe lance wound in

THE CHARGE OF MAY.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

By GEORGE LIPPARD.

There was a day when an old man, with white hair sat alone in a small chamber, of a national mansion, his spare but muscular figure resting on an arm-chair, his hands clasped and his deep blue eyes gazing at the Winter sky. The brow of the old man furrowed with wrinkles, his hair rising in straight masses, white as the driven snow, his sunken cheeks traversed by marked lines, and thin lips, fixedly compressed, all announced a long and stormy life. All the marks of an iron will were written upon his face.

His name I need not tell you was Andrew Jackson, and he sat alone in the White House.

A visitor entered without being announced, and stood before the President in the form of a boy of nineteen, clad in a coarse round jacket and trousers, and covered from head to foot with mud. As he stood before the President, cap in hand, the dark hair falling in damp clusters about his white forehead, the old man could not help surveying at a rapid glance, the muscular beauty of his figure, the broad chest, the sinewy arms, the head placed proudly on the firm shoulders.

"Your business?" said the old man, in his short, abrupt way.

"There is a Lieutenant vacant in the Dragoons. Will you give it to me?"

And dashing back the dark hair which fell over his face, the boy, as if frightened at his boldness, bowed low before the President.

The old man could not restrain that smile. It wreathed his firm lip, and shone from his clear eyes.

"You enter my chamber unannounced, covered from head to foot with mud—you tell me that a Lieutenant is vacant, and ask me to give it to you. Who are you?"

"Charles May," the boy did not bow this time, but with his right hand on his hip, stood like a wild young Indian, erect, in the presence of the President.

"What claims have you to a commission?" Again the Hero surveyed him, and again he faintly smiled.

"Such as you see," exclaimed the boy, as his dark eyes shone with that dare-devil light, while his form swelled in every muscle, as with the conscious pride of his manly strength and beauty. "Would you—?" he bent forward, sweeping aside his curls once more, while a smile began to break over his lips—"Would you like to see me ride? My horse is at the door. You see I came post haste for this commission!"

Silently the old man followed the boy, and together they went forth from the White House. It was a clear, cold Winter's day; the wind tossed the President's white hairs, and the leafless trees stood boldly out against the blue sky. Before the portals of the White House, with the rein thrown loosely on his neck, stood a magnificent horse, his dark hide smoking foam. He uttered shrill neighs, his body-master sprang with a bound into the saddle, and in a flash was gone, skimming like a swallow down the road, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze.

The old man looked after them, the horse and his rider, and knew not which to admire most, the athletic beauty of the boy, or the tempestuous vigor of the horse.

Thrice they threaded the avenues in front of the White House, and at last stood panting before the President, the boy leaning over the neck of his steed, as he coolly exclaimed—"Well, how do you like me?"

"Do you think you could kill an Indian?" the President said, taking him by the hand, as he leaped from his horse.

"Aye—and eat him afterward!" cried the boy, ringing out his fierce laugh as he read his fate in the old man's eyes.

"You had better come in, and get your commission," and the hero of New Orleans led the way into the White House.

There came a night, when an old man—President no longer—sat in the silent chamber of his Hermitage home, a picture of age trembling on the verge of Eternity. The light that stood upon his table revealed his shrunken form resting against the pillows which cushioned his arm-chair and the death-like pallor of his venerable face. In that face, with its white hair, and massive forehead, everything seemed already dead, except the eyes. Their deep gray-blue shone with the fire of New Orleans, as the old man with his long, white fingers, grasped a letter post-marked "Washington."

"They ask me to designate the man who shall lead our army, in case the annexation of Texas brings on a war with Mexico!" his voice, deep-toned and thrilling, even in that hour of decrepitude and decay, rung through the silence of the chamber. There is only one man who can do it, and his name is Zachary Taylor."

It was a dark hour when this boy and this General, both appointed at the suggestion or by the voice of the Man of the Hermitage, met in the battle of Resaca de la Palma.

By the blaze of cannon, and beneath the canopy of battle smoke, we will behold the meeting.

"Capt. May, you must take that battery!" As the old man uttered these words he pointed far across the ravine with his sword. It was like the glare of a volcano—the steady blaze of that battery, pouring from the darkness of the chapparal.

Before him, summoned from the rear by his command, rose the form of a splendid soldier, whose hair, waving in long masses, swept his broad shoulders, while his beard fell over his muscular chest. Hair and beard as dark as midnight, framed a determined face, surmounted by a small cap, glittering with single golden tassels. The young warrior bore a magnificent charge, broad in the chest, small in the head, delicate in each tender limb, and with the nostrils quivering as though they smelt forth jets of flame. That steed was black as death.

Without a word, the soldier turned to his men.

Eighty-four forms, with throats and breasts bare, eighty-four battle horses, eighty-four sabres, that rose in the clutch of naked arms, and flashed their lightning over eighty-four faces, knit in every feature with battle fire.

"Men, follow!" shouted the young commander, who had been created a soldier by the hand of Jackson, as his tall form rose in the stirrups, and the battle breeze played with his long black hair.

There was no response in words, but you should have seen those horses quiver beneath the spur, and spring and launch away. Down upon the sod with one terrible beat came the sound of their hoofs, while through the air rose in glittering circles those battle simulators.

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