

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 \$2.50 not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE!

Advertisers call up and receive our list of 5000 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 it is to be inserted. If not stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood that we have now the news and the latest assortments of new and fancy U.S. Turners brought to this place. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortments of types, cuts, &c. We have got them and in mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.

E. W. CANN, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. H. PALEY, Son, East corner Columbia and Main Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.

V. B. PARSONS, 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 bank 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.

ASTOUNDING.—The London Star, of Feb. 7th, has news that the Mississippi river was frozen over as far up as Pittsburgh.

A LARGE ORDER.—The Illinois Central Railroad Company has contracted for the delivery, next season, of 66 locomotives and 880 cars.

—The game law has passed both Houses and was signed by the Governor on Thursday. It forbids the shooting or killing of deer and prairie hens from the 1st of January until the 1st of August; quails from 1st of January until 1st of October; turkeys from the 1st of March until 1st of September. Possession of game is made prima facie evidence of guilt.

—We have been paid to insert the following love-letter in our columns. We give it *verbatim et literatum*:

February the 14 1857 A.D.
Kind Miss it is with the greatest of Benevolence and overflow of love that reigns in my bosom it is love that doth go away from my poor heart every day and night it rains their forever and makes me feel that you are mine and I am yours
Hero mine a maiden cannot speak
How'er she may incline
For modesty would burn the cheek
Of thy fond Valentine
But thou canst not my blushes see
While these true lines unfold
My hearts wish to be boud to thee
By love's rich ring of gold

A PLACE FOR THE 'STRONG MINDED.'—A modern traveller tells us that the Jews in Thessalonica, (European Turkey) reverse our accepted laws of Hymen, by purchasing their husbands. The modus operandi is thus described:

Brokers are employed to negotiate marriages. The father of a marriageable girl goes to a broker, and inquires what bridegrooms there are in the market. He chooses one, higher or lower in the social scale, according to the dowry he can afford his daughter, the price he can pay, and makes an offer of so much dower. The bridegroom, through the broker, demands more, they chaffer and bargain for weeks, perhaps, and a bargain is struck. The parties never see each other till married. The dower is the wife's only security against divorce. The husband can divorce her when he chooses, but he must pay back the dower, that she may be able to buy another husband. Mrs. D. was telling a Jewish girl that we do not require any dowry in America. "How, then," said she, in utter astonishment, "do you do when he wants to divorce you?"

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. SCHOOLER, Sheriff.

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

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

Frank Orrereas—J. D. Masterson has just received a fine lot of Fresh Oysters. As these will probably be the last of the season, our oysters should pitch in.

We promised last week that we would give the name of the Star Correspondent of the *Journal*. It is none other than Dunham Ingersoll. What could induce this pitiful specimen of funkeyism to pitch into us, we are at a loss to divine. Certainly he never expected to reach the dignity of being hated by us. Notwithstanding we have used our efforts to obtain for him a situation as editor of the *Journal*, and jeopardized ourselves with the public as regards veracity in speaking of him as a gentleman, he has with base ingratitude stabbed us in the dark through the columns of that God-forsaken sheet, the *Journal*. We presume he was induced to act thus with a view of ingratiating himself in the favor of Messrs. Cantrill & Hunsinger, around whom he has been fawning, and whose spite he has been licking with a humility that would cause the basest hound to hang his head in shame. Notwithstanding all this degradation to which he subjected himself, he has been repaid with nothing but curses. Only the other day, Cantrill forbade the postmaster giving the whole the exchange papers belonging to the *Journal*. If he had sufficient capacity of mind to appreciate an insult, we presume he would now be satisfied that these gentlemen have no further use of him. To show our readers that we entertain no resentment or hatred to this crawling worm, that under some kind hand may yet bloom into the butterfly, we generously offer him a situation in our office as local editor.

We have now in our possession an article furnished by this same cur, making an attack upon Wabash College and its professors, and which we declined publishing on account of its slanderous personalities.

We have allowed him from time to time to pitch into Gilkey, and in fact whenever we wished any dirty work done we invariably employed him. Under proper management and close watching, he can be used as a tool to a considerable advantage—hence our desire to employ him. Call up, Dunham, and we'll try and bargain for your services.

—Mr. J. P. Campbell, of the firm of Campbell, Galey & Harter, started for the eastern cities on Monday last. We understand that he intends to buy largely and we think it will pay to do so, as other merchants whom we have conversed with say they intend to buy sparingly.

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Frank Orrereas—J. D. Masterson has just received a fine lot of Fresh Oysters. As these will probably be the last of the season, our oysters should pitch in.

THE BRIG ADVANCE
LEFT BY DR. KANE AND HIS CREW ON THEIR RETREAT
FROM THE POLAR SEA.

Silent and still in the Northern vast,
Close in the winter's mouth,
Where the giant bear glides dimly past,
On his death march to the South;
With its whitened head, like a warrior's lance,
Guarding the North, stands the lone Advance.
All is still, all is dear,
There is nought to check
The lonely watch of the Polar Bear
Pacing the icy deck.

As you 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 breath of the frozen pack,
With scattered all around,
Huge glacial forms that strew the track
Of the world's extremest bound,
How long will thou sleep in thy wintry trance?
Till theiddy bergs, in their summer dance,
Crumble thy form to wrecks!
Or, leading the hand,
Move to the spell of the South wind's beck,
Home for a Southern land!

But no, there's a prospect nobler still,
Thy present ate imports,
For the simple claim of your lonely hill
Covers two contrade hearts:
They followed with thee on their leader's best,
And their eyes lids closed on thy sheltering breast;
Over these and their dust,
Fancy's curtain folds,
We picture thee there with thy gallant trust,
Watch while a timber holds.

In the offing dim the bright sun,
Pensile his last bright trace,
And shades, like gaunt wolves, hunger brisk,
Steal over the ice space;

Wrap in the gloom that the Polar night
Drapes from each fading glacier's height;

Farewell to the lone Advance,
Like the gallant crew,

A tear obscures our last long glance,
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. Kallock 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. Spincer, of Sackets Harbor, New York makes an affidavit that Dr. Burdell wrote to him in the month of November.

—Dr. Burdell commenced his letter by reprimanding me for betraying his confidence, saying "D—n you what have you made an affidavit for 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 no 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 hundred hams 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 for 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."

SPRITS INTERFERING IN A PLUG MUSK.

—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:

—Dr. Burdell has been brought back to this world by the spirit rappers already, and has testified that Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel killed him. The Boston Transcript is authority for the story. It says:

"You will be relieved and glad to know that Dr. Burdell has been called up in a circle in this city, under the direction of one of the most distinguished media, and distinctly and unequivocally pronounces that he was murdered by Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham. He says they threw a handkerchief over his face and killed him with a dagger. 'And further this deponent knoweth not,' for where they have concealed the dagger, or how they have removed from themselves all traces of the deed, he cannot say; as indeed how could he?"

At that particular moment his spirit may be supposed to have had as much to do as it could attend to in getting out of such an unpleasant body."

—The Black Republicans of Chicago have nominated John Wentworth, for mayor.

From the Chicago Daily Journal.
A LONG VOYAGE IN AN UNKNOWN SEA.

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 alas! 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 flocks 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 his supremacy amid the summer groves and scented gales of Ha-

island, he managed to keep them at bay, and saved his prisoners from their fury, until he arrived in Puebla, where they were placed under the charge of Col. Childs.—Dr. Kane, whose wounds were very serious, was detained here for many days, during which he was attended and nursed by the most tender care by the family of Major Gaona, who has since been one of his most ardent friends and admirers."

And so, the lingerer among the spice groves of Ceylon became the bold, dashing dragon of the chapparal, and his name and deeds became henceforth a part of the history of the Mexican war.

But the cloud of the battle swept by, and under the cleared sky, we have the sounder of craters in India, and the wanderer in Dahomey in Africa, quietly engaged in the Gulf of Mexico in the Coast Survey under Professor Bache. Accurate, pains-taking, scientific, here, as he had been daring and enduring there. While thus employed, the voice of that more than widow, Lady Franklin, had been heard across the Atlantic, a syllable of that appeal lost to the quenched ear of human sympathy, amid the roar and whirl of waters, and the bold soldier of Mexico again volunteered under this white flag of Mercy, with the wing of an angel for emblem and his most ardent friends and admirers."

Born in Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1822, this is of a truth, 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, with him then. His eyes forever sparkled with interrogation points, wherever he subjected Nature to inquisition; 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 the quiet member of the Survey in the Gulf on the 12th of