

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,
Saturday Morning, June 13, 1857.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

5¢ The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2. if not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN
Crawfordsville!
Advertisers call up and examine our list of
SUBSCRIBERS. 5¢

All kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

To Advertisers.

Every advertisement handed in for publication, should be written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes it inserted. If not stated, it will be inserted undiluted, and charged accordingly.

We will it distinctly understand, that we have no objection to the insertion of any advertisement, and the names of the persons mentioned in the same, in the paper, and we insist on those wishing to do so, to call up, and we will show them our assortment of types, etc. We have got them in mistake. Work soon 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. W. COOPER, East corner Columbia and High streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; our Agent to procure advertisements.

V. B. PARSONS, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

THE NEW STATE BANK.

Should the new State Bank be endorsed by the Democratic party? This question seems at present to be sorely puzzling many of the politicians of the State. For our part we think that the answer which should be given to it does not admit of a doubt. The whole history of the democratic party from the time of Jefferson, its great founder and apostle, to the present time, shows that one of the cardinal principles of the party has been opposition to all banking and other monied corporations, the inevitable tendency of such legislation being to make the rich richer at the expense of the poor laboring classes. Capital has every advantage over labor without aid from legislation. Money begets money almost without effort, but labor earns its dollar a day by the hardest. Should not legislation, therefore, be in favor of the latter rather than the former, if any discrimination is made?

Especially should the democratic party keep its hands clear of this new swindle in the shape of the new State Bank. The investigating committee recently in session, at Indianapolis, appointed by the Senate at the last session of the Legislature, so far as we have been able to learn, has established the fact that the charter of the bank was obtained through fraud and corruption, for purposes of speculation by a few interested politicians in the State, who, it seems, have made a nice thing of it; and we learn from a Louisville paper that the Senate committee at the next session, whenever that may be, will report unanimously for the repeal of the charter; and that Judge Majors, of the Indianapolis circuit, will soon decide it unconstitutional. In such an event, what a predicament would the democratic party be in should it hastily step forward now and endorse the bank. It would be one of the most fatal steps ever taken by a party, and would insure the supremacy of black republicanism for the next five years. More anon.

Since writing the above we have received the *State Sentinel*, which defines its position in relation to the bank as follows:

In regard to the Bank of the State of Indiana: Those who charge us with being its advocates, apologists or defenders, know it to be infamously false. Against the policy of paper banking, the *Sentinel* has ever maintained high Democratic grounds. We endorse most fully the position of the recent State and National Democratic Conventions upon this issue. Not a line or a word can be found in the *Sentinel* which can be perverted into any other construction. The recent investigation of the alleged frauds in the procurement of the charter of this Bank and its organization will soon be published, and the guilty will be held responsible. Whenever the Bank question becomes a party or political issue, we shall be found where the Democratic party has ever stood—against all monopolies injurious to the welfare of the people.

BRIGHT AND WRIGHT.

The personal differences that have so long existed between these two distinguished leaders of the Indiana Democracy is now settled. Mr. Wright goes Minister to Prussia with the fat salary of twelve thousand dollars a year. After he has taken his departure, and it is announced that he is actually on the other side of the Atlantic, we presume that Mr. Bright will breathe freer and that the Democracy instead of gouging each other will turn their attention to the cultivation of harmony and a thorough organization of the party. We hope to hear no more of Bright or Wright men.

THE HARVESTERS.

No farmer in Montgomery county should be without a good harvesting machine, and we know of none that combines all the requisites of a perfect machine, so simple in construction and so little liable to get out of repair, as "Atkins' Automaton" or "Self Raking Reaper and Mower." This machine, together with J. C. Mann's Patent Adjustable Reaper and Mower combined, and the Kentucky Harvester, can all be seen at Christman & Gregg's Agricultural Store, who, with Jesse Cumberland, are agents for their sale. Let no farmer delay in sending his orders as the harvest is fast approaching.

P. LACOUR,

Of New Orleans, is a very liberal advertiser in papers of the Western States, scarcely one of which can be taken up whose columns do not contain the advertisements of this noted individual. We, for one, however, have been very unfortunate in receiving remittances from him—Mr. L. says, "Please find fifteen dollars enclosed." "We would have been pleased," if we had found the money. If any one of our contemporaries have been more fortunate, and Mr. L.'s remittances have safely arrived at their proper destination, we beseech them to make the fact manifest, that the afflicted may rejoice with the fortunate in the blessings of Providence.—*Goshen Democrat.*

Some three weeks since we received a registered letter from this same scoundrel, in which we were told to "please find the sum of ten dollars," on account for advertising his humbug essential oils. We found the ten dollars—in a horn. The knave never enclosed it and adopted this cut method of defrauding us of our just dues. Not being exactly satisfied in relation to the matter, we addressed him a letter and received a few days since an answer done up in the genuine John Phoenix style, in which he boldly asserted that the money was enclosed in the letter and gave the names of two Peter Funkes who had witnessed the same. He affected to be somewhat surprised that we should allow so small a sum to trouble us, and claimed that once upon a time he was an old school mate of ours, which fact should compensate us for the loss, and concluded with the agreeable intelligence that Mr. Lacour was in France, and that their manufacturing establishment, which was some twenty-one miles from the city, had been destroyed by fire, and that in case we should visit Louisiana to advise him through the post office and that while there our living should cost us nothing. We acknowledge that we have been sold and freely forgive the magnanimous rascal, whose knavery, though it has cost us the sum of ten dollars, will fully compensate us in the future, for, hereafter, no advertisement from abroad will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.—We advise our contemporary of the *Democrat* to take it cool and console himself with the fact that nearly every Publisher in the State is in the same fix. New Orleans papers will confer a great favor on their brethren in Indiana by publishing Mr. Lacour as the most successful advertiser in New Orleans, whose method of doing the same is not only unique and entirely original with himself, but so cheap that he has realized a large fortune which he is now spending in *la belle France*.

In our trip to Frankfort a few days since, we noticed that nearly all the grading of the railroad connecting that beautiful little town with Crawfordsville was completed. The monetary crisis that for the last year has proved so disastrous to the completion of public works, has caused an entire suspension in the prosecution of this important link in the grand system of railways which has been so successfully prosecuted in our State, and which has added millions to our trade and given us a position as a first-class commonwealth in the confederacy. This road pierces the centre of one of the most productive regions in the west, and its ultimate completion is only a question of time which no narrow-minded policy or foggy reasoning can defeat. The failure of the wheat crop for the last two years has produced very disastrous results to many of those farmers who had taken stock in the road. Many of them have been sued for the same and payment enforced. This is indeed very aggravating, particularly when all operations upon the road have ceased and there is no prospect of ever being completed. That the citizens of Clinton county need the road is unquestionable. That its completion would enhance the value of their lands, and make Frankfort the centre of their county trade and a market for the sale of their produce, is equally true. What reason then have we to believe that the road will never be built? Certainly none. To doubt it would be to doubt the intelligence and enterprise of a class of our citizens whose well-filled farms and opulent resources are but evidences of untiring industry and an energy that defies all obstacles. We think we can safely predict that the road will be built, and that the iron horse will yet starle and give renewed life to the slumbering energies of the beautiful little town of Frankfort, now so isolated from the world by swamps and corduroy roads.

Inquire Within, for anything you want to know!—This is the striking and suggestive title of a fine large volume, just issued by Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, of No. 18 Ann street, New York. It is well arranged for the inquirer's convenience, and is altogether a volume that will create a sensation. There is nothing which man, woman and child is ever likely to want to know that this book will not tell them. It informs one how to keep house well, how to be literary, handsome and healthy; how to be agreeable in society, how to make money, how to practically comprehend law, medicine and commerce, how to spend leisure agreeably and profitably, how to "farm and garden, etc." and how to make everything eatable, drinkable, wearable, barterable, saleable, or in any way useable. This gives but a faint idea of its compassions and various items of intelligence. The volume is retailed at one dollar, and will be sent per mail free of postage.

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. 'Twas horrible to look upon

SPIRITUALISM NO HUMBUG.

We have been in the habit of decrying that most mysterious of all sciences, or rather phenomena, called Spiritualism. A profound skeptic ourself, it has occasioned us sincere sorrow to mark the extraordinary spread of the delusion, particularly as it has been attended with such serious consequences to individuals in all parts of the Union. But we are now prepared to take back all we said and thought about it. We have seen the spirit at last; and beg to assure our readers, at the risk of our good fame, that there is something in spiritualism—something to deep for our philosophy.

It is not our purpose to advance any theory upon the subject, much less assail Judge Edmonds and Andrew Jackson Davis, the especial apostles of the mystery; we simply desire, in the plainest possible terms, to relate what we behold, leaving our readers to speculate upon causes and adopt their own conclusions.

For the verity of our story, we beg leave to refer to some of the most respectable citizens of our village—to Maj. Elston, Banker; Mr. Snyder, Postmaster; Mr. Wallace, Senator; Mr. Watson, Maj. Winn, and Col. Manson. We are thus particular, because we know the statement is so extraordinary that it will be received incredulously by the most simple minded.

We may be pardoned for one word relative to the *medium* on the occasion we allude to. Dr. Sloan is a citizen of Covington in our neighboring county, with a character above suspicion. He is indeed a gentleman. Deceit is incapable of practising. Of easy circumstances, he cannot be supposed actuated by any mercenary motive. Legerdemain, or rather, the sharp science of the Fakir, he has had no opportunity to study or practise. Yet, without fear of contradiction, we assert him, as a *medium*, infinitely superior to the Misses Fox, or any other professional spiritualist in America.

All he performed, or that we saw, we have not space to detail. We content ourselves with a few of the most striking and inexplicable points.

In company with a select party, by invitation, we took a chair in Mr. Wallace's Office last Thursday evening, skeptically waiting to see what we should see. Within ten minutes Dr. Sloan had put himself in a mesmeric state. Usually this is done for the medium by outside influences; the Dr.'s power is the more incomprehensible, however, from the fact that he himself produces the condition, and throws it off, at pleasure. He selects a position in the centre of the room, avoiding tables and persons; sits awhile with his head drooped upon his breast; makes a few "passes" over his head and breast with his hands; then is ready to bid spirits from the vasty deep.

The gentlemanly appearance of the man, we confess, inclined us at length to credulity, which prepossession was further strengthened by the total absence of everything like trickery and hocus-pocus. But we were not prepared to see a large, circular office table, weighed down by law books, deliberately begin a rather dignified *chassez* across the floor, and stop directly in front of our worthy friend, Mr. Watson, who looked the picture of terror and astonishment. Some of the books toppled over to the floor; no damages were done.

The company had barely time to observe that Dr. Sloan was not touching the table during its *hagire*, when another performance ensued that would have been sublimely ridiculous, but for the mysterious agency that achieved it. Majors Winn and Elston, two as sedate, quiet men as ever dignified a community, were sitting together, wrapt observers of the eccentricities of the table. Suddenly an unseen power lifted them up chairs and all, and in mid-air the two still sitting, though by no means sitting still, were trundled up and down facing each other, as nurses sometimes toss cross children to quiet them.

They would both have gladly escaped from their uneasy seats; they looked appealingly to the company; but the invisible hands that danced them in the air also held them fast.

Though we now look back and smile at thinking of the two grey heads thus hobnobbing to each other, yet we were too much terrified at the time to think of lending them assistance. Ask them about that "witches ride," and they smile in the sickly manner of one who has seen a ghost. They are firm believers in Spiritualism.

While this was going on, we were further startled by a peculiar cry, and looking to the quarter it came from, Mr. Snyder was discovered sitting on the centre table, where had been lifted in his chair by the spirits, who probably knew that he had been many years a justice of the peace, and was therefore capable of worthily presiding over their orgies. We are sorry to say that for once his gravity was seriously disturbed; and if we may be pardoned a joke about a matter so serious, we think in his white office he couldn't have got into a worse box. It cannot be denied that he looked excessively *wry* the whole time. He also is now a believer, and seriously meditates becoming a medium.

There were other incidents, such as rappings, &c., which we will not trouble ourself to describe. The one that most strongly impressed all who beheld it, we feel incompetent to do justice to. Dr. Sloan set the candle in the centre of the room, and blew it out. Retiring then to another quarter, we saw the light by unseen agency gradually revive, and when it was fully restored, we were thrilled at seeing a

hand directly above it. We might well be excused for doubting our senses; yet there was no mistake; the wrist, the whole hand indeed, pale as a corpse's, and thin and delicate as a woman's, was distinctly defined. Its position was horizontal; one finger was extended pointing, as we have since been solemnly assured, directly at our worthy friend, Col. Manson. In the same manner, and the same threatening meaning for aught we know, the ghost of Banquo is made to point its skeleton finger at the guilty Macbeth. It may be the spirit was seeking to make the Col. ashamed of himself; if so, we have only to say, it was not so well acquainted with him as we happen to be.

Dr. Sloan left early next morning. A public exhibition of his powers would be profitable, and we so represented to him; but he declined the expose as inconsistent with his feelings and character.

At some other time we may write more fully upon the exciting incidents of that evening. We will merely add that our statements are strictly reliable, and will be vouched for by the gentlemen above named. We take pleasure in referring our readers to them.

THE COMET.

Next Tuesday, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., according to previous announcement, Planet Earth is to be destroyed by the great comet, whose advent a few centuries ago so terrified Europe. In view of our annihilation being so close at hand, would it not be well for our citizens to congregate at the Court House square and witness the crash and destruction of sublunary things in general. In accordance with custom, we forgive those who owe us for subscription and have not forked up, satisfied that they will find "Jordan a hard road to travel" before they reach the gates of the celestial city, and through which no man was ever known to pass without his first showing a receipt in full from his printer. We are sorry that so many of our patrons will have to stay out of Paradise.

We have received a communication for publication on the new State Bank question, which for obvious reasons we decline to publish. It was evidently intended as a defence of that institution, and being in that respect contrary to our views of sound policy and democratic principle, we cannot consent to give it a place in our columns. The article, we understand, was submitted to several prominent democrats about town, and, so far as we have been able to learn, every one of them, without a single exception, expressed himself in opposition to it. We therefore feel justified in rejecting it.

Governor Wright has been officially informed of his appointment as Minister to Berlin. His formal appointment or commission came to hand yesterday, with a letter asking him to inform the Department as soon as convenient, of his acceptance or non-acceptance, and to indicate how soon he would be ready to assume the duties of the station, if he accepted the position.

FOURTH OF JULY.

We would respectfully suggest that our citizens meet at the Court House this evening, to make some arrangements for celebrating the coming anniversary of our national independence.

ICE CREAM.

GEO. J. HAYES has fitted up an Ice Cream Saloon in the rooms over his Bakery, immediately west of the Court House, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with this delightful luxury. Give him a call.

PERSONAL.—Our fellow-towners, Mrs. SAM'L. BINFORD and JOS. EARL, returned on last Thursday from their trip to Kansas. Mr. Binford will accept our thanks for a late copy of the *St. Louis Democrat*.

MASTERSON'S ICE CREAM SALOON.

This gentleman has refitted his fine saloon for the reception of visitors. Ladies and gentlemen can be accommodated at all hours with the choicest cream.

The Evansville *Journal* states that young Sloo was arraigned last week before the Circuit Court at Shawneetown, Ill., for the murder, in November last, of J. E. Hall, Clerk of the Court of Gallatin county.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hall was killed in his office, without warning or provocation, by Sloo, who had charged him with being the author of several communications in the Shawneetown paper, reflecting upon the character of Sloo's family.

This imputation had been repeatedly denied by Hall, and there was apparently no evidence to sustain the charge. One morning while Hall was occupied in his office, Sloo walked in, approached his victim, and stabbed him to the heart. After the arraignment of the prisoner, an effort was made to postpone the trial, and it was supposed it would go over to the Fall Term, from the difficulty of procuring a jury. J. W. Crockett Esq., of Henderson, is engaged in the defence. Great excitement exists in the county upon the subject, as both parties belong to families of influence and respectability, both of whom have numerous friends and partisans. Sloo is a young man, 23 years of age; was educated at West Point; had prepared himself for the Bar, and was entering upon the practice of his profession with the promise of a brilliant career.

The reported volcano in the vicinity of Pigeon Mountain, Georgia, turns out a humungous

BLOODY ELECTION RIOTS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

EIGHT KILLED AND THIRTY WOUNDED.

Fight between the United States Troops and the Know Nothing "Plug Uglies." The Mayor Threatened with Mob Violence.

(From the Washington Evening Star, June 1.)

led by Captain Tyler, went to the City Hall and reported for service to the Mayor.

HON. J. D. BRIGHT AND GOVERNOR WRIGHT.

There appears to be a determination upon the part of some three or four papers, in this State, to cause a division in the ranks of the Democracy, over the above named gentlemen.

The Rockport *Democrat*, *Sullivan Democrat*, and *Columbus Democrat* are now, and some of them for a long time, have been abusing Mr. Bright unmercifully, and leading Gov. Wright. Mr. Bright is denounced by them as an unprincipled politician and man—his Democracy is questioned—and in short, every epithet is heaped upon him by them, that is usually resorted to by blackguards.

All this grew out of the fact that Mr. Bright was a candidate for re-election to the Senate. The special friends of Gov. Wright finding, when the caucus met last winter to nominate candidates for the Senate, that Mr. Bright and Fitch were likely to be the lucky men, withdrew Mr. Wright's name, asking a recommendation from the caucus to the President for a first class appointment, for Gov. Wright, which was cheerfully given him. But because he has received no appointment, Mr. Bright and his friends must be denounced as a set of unprincipled scoundrels, by a few papers, that see fit to make themselves the organs of a faction.

We feel satisfied, that Mr. Bright will not, nor will his friends, throw any obstacle in the way of Gov. Wright's receiving an appointment. But on the contrary, will faithfully perform all they agreed to do in the matter.

The editors of the papers that are abusing Mr. Bright and his friends, are all young hands in the editorial ranks, and some of them are hardly dry behind the ears yet. It would be well for them to act a little more moderate. The people of Indiana know Mr. Bright, and their assertions that he is no Democrat, and is a quibbler, &c., will have no weight with them, and will only serve to convince the people that they are a set of asses.

The Democracy of Indiana never will consent to cause a split in their ranks, by creating a Bright and Wright party. They will do for these two distinguished citizens, what they think they deserve, and no more.—*Pacific Eagle*, March 4th.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

We noticed last week that a few English writers were endeavoring to "write down" the American horses in England. But Mr. Ten Broeck's offer of \$24,000 on his horses, for a four mile heat and repeat, has opened the eyes of the English snobs, and the last accounts are that Mr. Ten Broeck is receiving "marked attention." The English many a time have been boasting that they could beat our "poor lot" with the mere "leather flappers" or