

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,

Saturday Morning, June 27, 1857.

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

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 147 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 done it will be inserted at half the cost, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood that we do not publish the names of the subscribers of our paper, and never have done so. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and 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.

Agents for the Review.

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

S. H. Parvin, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; our Agent to procure advertisements.

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

Messrs. Campbell & Co. are expecting their second stock of summer goods, of which due notice will be given of their arrival in our advertising columns.

ABOUT THE POSTAGE ON WEEKLY PAPERS.—The Post Master General has recently decided that bona fide subscribers to weekly newspapers can receive the same free of postage if they reside in the county in which the paper is printed and published, even if the office to which the paper was sent is without the county, provided it is the office at which they receive their matter. This will be an item of interest to newspaper subscribers living near the county lines.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.—The Boston Traveller states that the experiments in the spiritualistic phenomena have been in progress at Professor Agassiz's house in Cambridge, within the last day or two under the recent offer of \$500 for a proof of the actuality of those phenomena, beyond the possibility of deception or trickery. Dr. Gardner, the celebrated spiritualist, is bringing all his batteries to bear upon the unbelieving professors.

CHARACTERS OF THE GROOM AND BRIDE.

A female friend in Memphis writes to the Savannah Georgian of the recent nuptials between the Atlantic and Mississippi. She thinks it a "silly, fishy wedding," and even doubts the respectability of the groom or bride.

If history can be relied on, old Ocean has been the cause of more deaths than pestilence and famine; has been the means of bringing hostile navies in deadly conflict. He has committed at piracy for thousands of years back. He has defrauded insurance officers, and in various ways has been the cause of the loss of life and treasure in untold numbers.

And the case is no better with the bride—her character is rather muddy, and her tendency has been downward for some time, so her neighbors say. Some boast of the wealth she possesses in banks; even they frequently break and cave in. All agree that she is snobby, and that does not sound very well for a bride. Then, again, she is as treacherous as a siren, as every captain and steamboat crew will tell you. Then, again, she is as tickle as the wind—blows hot and cold at the same time.

A perfect iceberg at one end, and at the other as hot as vertical sun can make her. She sums up her character in a few words: she is a monster with her head at one end and her mouth at the other.

COL. CRABBE.—Col. Crabbe, who lately embarked in the same enterprise in which Walker made his first adventure, and Count Rousset-Bouillon lost his life, is from Nashville, Tenn., and has been a prominent politician in California and Mississippi. He and Walker were doublets schoolmates, being natives of the same town. In the last Senatorial contest in California, Crabbe was a prominent candidate of the Know Nothing party. He is the same man who was the survivor in the last of the bloody series of combats which the editors of the Vicksburg Sentinel fought—the last of six of the editors of that paper having fallen by the hand of Crabbe. It was in 1840, during the exciting contest of Foothills and Davis for the Governorship, that Mr. Jenkins, editor of the Sentinel, a peaceable and estimable man, having commented on the conduct of Crabbe, was assailed by him in the streets of Vicksburg. A terrible combat ensued, Jenkins using his bowie knife with great effect before Crabbe could draw his pistol. The latter, however, though terribly cut, succeeded at last in discharging his pistol into the side of Jenkins, who fell mortally wounded, dying in a few hours after.—*New York Daily Advertiser.*

A contemporary says he would be willing to put his young friend, R. P. Purdon, editor of the Port Gibson (Miss.) Review, against the fastest young American in any other State of the confederacy. He is yet not nineteen years old; has been editing a newspaper for nearly four years; has courted and been accepted by at least a dozen of the most intelligent and handsome young ladies in Mississippi—didn't marry either of them; and last, though not least, the chivalrous and gallant editor of the Natchez Free Trader, Jas. McDonald, in mortal combat; got wounded in the arm, returned to his post, and went to work as if nothing had happened. He will

TOUCHING SCENE IN A NEW YORK CITY COURT.

A scafaring man, named George Wood, was arrested for stealing some wearing apparel at a late fire. He urged as an excuse that he had no money, and was without the common necessities of life; that he had never before been guilty of any infringement of law. The complainant, Mr. Knight, a Hebrew, was so touched by the affliction of the accused, that he declined to make an affidavit against him, but, on the contrary, gave him a couple of dollars to ameliorate his condition. After the liberation of Wood, Mr. Knight entered into a conversation with the Justice relative to scenes of vice, misery and destruction which were daily presented to court. While so engaged a female very ladylike in her manner, entered the office inquiring of her husband, whom she heard was under arrest. On being informed that he had been committed to prison the night before for drunken conduct, said that he was her husband, that he had gone out of the city to work some days before, since when she has not seen him; and after having suffered the most intense anguish on account of his failure to return home as expected on Saturday evening, she had just learned what had become of him; that he was a kind and indulgent husband, but had lately got into bad company, whom she was fearful would effect his ruin and forever destroy her happiness; but that a few weeks ago she had lost a child, and now this calamity appeared as if her cup of misery was about being filled to the brim.

Meyers was then brought into Court, when his poor distracted wife proceeded to address him in tones that will never be forgotten by those who were present, and, certainly, no pen can portray the effect of the language she used on that occasion. We must, therefore, content ourselves by merely giving an outline of her words. "O John! little did I expect or think of finding you here! After waiting and watching in vain for your return, until I could no longer hope or expect to see you alive, I walked the floor to and fro for many a weary hour in the greatest agony, fearing that some dreadful calamity had happened, and that you would be brought home a corpse. But here you are in prison, with disgrace upon yourself and heart-broken wife. And this is all through the influence of Tybalt, bad 'come to do some villainous shame to dead bodies,' follows and arrests him in the tomb, where, in the conflict which ensues, Paris is slain. Romeo then poisons himself. The Friar hurries to the tomb to receive Juliet when she awakens from her lethargy. They discover Romeo, and in the temporary absence of the Friar which ensues, Juliet stabs herself with Romeo's dagger, and dies by his side.

It abounds in sublime and affecting passages. The character of Mercutio is probably one of the finest creations of the human intellect. Shakespeare's knowledge of the human heart display itself in Romeo's visionary passion for Rosaline which forms the prologue to the truth—the real sentiment which succeeds it. When once he beheld Juliet and quaffs intoxicating draughts of hope and love from her soft glance, how all these airy fancies fade before the soul-absorbing reality. We no longer find him adoring his lamentations in picked phrases, making a confident of his gay companions; he is no longer "for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in," but all is concentrated, earnest, rapturous, in the feeling and expression.

The great German critic, says: "Romeo and Juliet is a picture of love and its pitiable fate in a world whose atmosphere is rough for this tender blossom of the human life. Two beings created for each other find mutual love at the first glance; every consideration disappears before the invisible influence of living in one another; they win themselves secretly, under circumstances in the highest degree hostile to the union, relying merely on the protection of an irresistible power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, they are united in the grave to meet in another world. Coleridge says: "Romeo's change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash, death, are all the effects of youth—while in Juliet, love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breath of the Italian evening."

On every re-reading of this play the writer of the above sketch, involuntarily finds himself in the position of Othello: "One whose subdued eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, drop tears as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum."

EXCITEMENT IN NEBRASKA—JUDGE LYNN AFTER THE "CLAIM JUMPERS."—The claim jumping troubles continue in Nebraska Territory, and the settlers are resorting to desperate measures against the offenders. From an extract of a letter published in the Davenport Gazette, we learn that on the 26th ult. they had a very exciting time at Florence, N. T., some half dozen men having been arrested, tried and condemned to be hung by the settlers. The writer says:

The prisoners were brought up tied together, tried by the club association, and condemned. Death was the penalty. Ropes were procured, and I thought for some time they were to be hung according to sentence; and I think had it not been for an old gray-headed father pleading for his son and son-in-law, and the tears of their wives and sisters, they would have been hung. A number of species were made in favor of death, but the final result was that three were set free on condition that they would do right and honest in future, confessing their fault and releasing their right of claim. The other four were sent across the river, accompanied by about one hundred and fifty men, with the resolution that if they ever set foot again on Nebraska soil they would be hung.

A black streak is now beginning to fall across Canova's statue of Venus, though some years ago, nothing of the kind was visible in the marble.

All the more appropriate, says an exchange, The lady herself, if we recollect the mythology, had a "black streak" upon her character, and why shouldn't the marble show it?

A young gentleman, the other day, asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general.

"Not knowing, I cannot tell," was the reply; "but if you and I would put our heads together, I could soon give you a

CITY COURT.

encounters his friends Benvolio and Mercutio, whom he finds in a quarrel with the fiery Tybalt, Capulet's nephew. As he is himself the object of Tybalt's vengeance, his presence fans the flames of discord anew which breaks out with increased violence, and in the fight which subsequently takes place, Mercutio is slain by Tybalt, who in return is fatally stabbed by Romeo. For this offence he is banished by the realm.

That evening a ladder quaintly made of cords conveys him to the high top gallant of his joy, when the morning's dawn finds him still enjoying the society of her so dearly loves;—though not without dark forebodings of the future. The noise of footsteps finally obliges him to descend, when Lady Capulet, Juliet's mother enters to congratulate her in a marriage proposal made by Paris, her cousin, who was selected have attained the age of sixteen. The vehemence of his suit induced her father to withdraw this objection and the time was accordingly definitely fixed. To escape his opportunities and conceal her marriage with a "banned man" she flies to the Friar for shelter and advice. He suggests a desperate remedy—being none other than to consent to the proposed union with Paris and the evening before the wedding day to drink off the contents of a phial of "distilled liquor," whereby she must be thrown into a death-like sleep two and forty hours. Her parents finding her dead, she would be borne to the grave after the manner of the country—in her best robes, uncovered on the bier," when the effect of the narcotic passing off Romeo might "bear her hence to Mantua." In the meantime the Friar dispatched a letter to Mantua informing him of all the circumstances, but his messenger called on his way at a house in the city, "where the infectious pestilence did reign," the authorities seal up the doors and prevent his journey. Romeo's servant previously joins him, and communicates the death and burial of Juliet.

In his agony of mind Romeo purchases a poison and sets out immediately for the tomb of Juliet at Verona, with the determination of dying there by his own hand. He arrives and enters the tomb. Paris, who had been decked in the grave with flowers, retires unobserved, but being fearful that Romeo, his rival, and the murderer of Tybalt, had "come to do some villainous shame to dead bodies," follows and arrests him in the tomb, where, in the conflict which ensues, Paris is slain. Romeo then poisons himself. The Friar hurries to the tomb to receive Juliet when she awakens from her lethargy. They discover Romeo, and in the temporary absence of the Friar which ensues, Juliet stabs herself with Romeo's dagger, and dies by his side.

It abounds in sublime and affecting passages. The character of Mercutio is probably one of the finest creations of the human intellect. Shakespeare's knowledge of the human heart display itself in Romeo's visionary passion for Rosaline which forms the prologue to the truth—the real sentiment which succeeds it. When once he beheld Juliet and quaffs intoxicating draughts of hope and love from her soft glance, how all these airy fancies fade before the soul-absorbing reality. We no longer find him adoring his lamentations in picked phrases, making a confident of his gay companions; he is no longer "for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in," but all is concentrated, earnest, rapturous, in the feeling and expression.

The great German critic, says: "Romeo and Juliet is a picture of love and its pitiable fate in a world whose atmosphere is rough for this tender blossom of the human life. Two beings created for each other find mutual love at the first glance; every consideration disappears before the invisible influence of living in one another; they win themselves secretly, under circumstances in the highest degree hostile to the union, relying merely on the protection of an irresistible power. By unfriendly events following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, they are united in the grave to meet in another world. Coleridge says: "Romeo's change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash, death, are all the effects of youth—while in Juliet, love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breath of the Italian evening."

On every re-reading of this play the writer of the above sketch, involuntarily finds himself in the position of Othello:

"One whose subdued eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, drop tears as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum."

EXCITEMENT IN NEBRASKA—JUDGE LYNN AFTER THE "CLAIM JUMPERS."—The claim jumping troubles continue in Nebraska Territory, and the settlers are resorting to desperate measures against the offenders. From an extract of a letter published in the Davenport Gazette, we learn that on the 26th ult. they had a very exciting time at Florence, N. T., some half dozen men having been arrested, tried and condemned to be hung by the settlers. The writer says:

The prisoners were brought up tied together, tried by the club association, and condemned. Death was the penalty. Ropes were procured, and I thought for some time they were to be hung according to sentence; and I think had it not been for an old gray-headed father pleading for his son and son-in-law, and the tears of their wives and sisters, they would have been hung. A number of species were made in favor of death, but the final result was that three were set free on condition that they would do right and honest in future, confessing their fault and releasing their right of claim. The other four were sent across the river, accompanied by about one hundred and fifty men, with the resolution that if they ever set foot again on Nebraska soil they would be hung.

A black streak is now beginning to fall across Canova's statue of Venus, though some years ago, nothing of the kind was visible in the marble.

All the more appropriate, says an exchange, The lady herself, if we recollect the mythology, had a "black streak" upon her character, and why shouldn't the marble show it?

A young gentleman, the other day, asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general.

"Not knowing, I cannot tell," was the reply; "but if you and I would put our heads together, I could soon give you a

LIST OF PREMIUMS,

To be awarded by the Montgomery County Agricultural Society, at their Fair, to be held on the Fair Grounds, near Crawfordsville, on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of September, 1857.

OFFICERS.

RICHARD CANINE, Esq.—President.

PRESTON McCORMICK, Vice Pres't.

TAYLOR W. WEBSTER, Treasurer.

T. W. FRY—Corresponding Secretary.

F. M. HEATON—Recording

DIRECTORS.

T. H. FITZGERALD, George Munns,

John Campbell, Swan Brookshire,

James P. Watson, Jeremiah Durham,

Jos. E. McDonald, John Linn,

Dr. Thomas, Joseph W. James,

T. W. Webster.

LIST OF PREMIUMS FOR 1857.

CLASS No. 1—FARMS & GARDENS.

Best cultivated Farm, not less than forty acres

silver cup \$15.00

Second best do do 10.00

Third do do 5.00

Fourth do do Diploma

Best cultivated Garden silver cup 5.00

Second best do sugar tong 2.00

Third best do Diploma

Awarding Committee—Jos. Allen, J. P. Watson and Sam'l. Gilliland.

CLASS No. 2—HORSES.

Best Stallion, four years old and over, for general purposes silver cup \$10.00

Best Stallion 3 do do 5.00

do 2 do 2 do cream spoon 3.00

do 1 do 1 do do 3.00

do Sucking horse colt do 2.00

do Brood mare, four years old and over, for general purposes silver cup 5.00

do Brood mare 3 do do 5.00

do Fully 2 yrs old and over for general purposes cream spoon 3.00

do Fully 1 y. old & over silver cup 5.00

do do draft Horses do 5.00

do do carriage do 5.00

do single driving horse butter knife 3.00

do Gelding 4 yrs old & over do 3.00

do 3 do do 3.00

do 2 do 2 do cream spoon 3.00

do 1 do 1 do do 2.00

do do sucking horse colt do 2.00

do do 2 do cream spoon 3.00

do 1 do 1 do do 2.00

do do saddle or mare butter knife 3.00

do do 3 do do 5.00

do do 2 do 2 do cream spoon 3.00