

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE

Saturday Morning, July 4, 1857.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

15¢ 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.

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 inserted. If not so stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we will not publish any and the London newspaper of news and rascals just received brought to this place. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of type, etc., &c. We have got them and no mistake! Work on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.

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

S. H. PARVIN, South East corner Columbus and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to receive advertisements.

W. B. PALMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

"1776!"

This day is our national Sabbath—the anniversary of the glorious declaration of Independence of the American colonies from the oppressive thralldom of Great Britain. Until that Declaration was made, centuries had passed the lapse of time, when a people had been bold enough to assert their rights and attempt to maintain them at the cannon's mouth against the force of kingly powers.

What prodigies of valor were performed—what suffering was patiently endured—what wondrous sacrifices were made by our illustrious ancestry, and what at length terminated in the great victory achieved—proud, haughty, tyrannical Britain was humbled and brought to sue for peace and gladly release all claims on the Colonies to save her other territories—has been the marvel of the enlightened world. As our success was a marvel, so also have the benign institutions which they transmitted to us been our boast and pride, whilst in far distant climes the oppressed subject glories in our happy form of government, and his highest, holiest aspiration is to reach our hospitable shores and share in the blessings that only are given to a united people under a free government.

It is true that unaided our then Colonies could only have succeeded by that aid of the God of Battle, who ever is on the side of right, and who brought to our suffering shores the noble spirits of La Fayette, De Kalb, Montgomery, Kosciusko, and the thousand others from foreign climes, to mingle their means and their blood in the common destiny that awaited the grand struggle of the colonies in the sustenance of human rights. The acknowledgement of the independence of the Colonies gave to our country what the civilized world had never seen in any country—a free press—free speech—free education—free religion—free politics, and a happy, united, free people, proud of their institutions and determined to maintain them against every threatening power. Under the benign effects of our unequalled institutions, as a nation the increase of our commerce has been so rapid that already the United States merchantmen not only whiten every sea, but carry more tonnage than the vessels of old England that has long claimed the mastery of all open waters. Our navy is strong and powerful, and all our merchantmen, ever at the command of the general government, can at a moments notice be speedily converted into men of war. Every American citizen is a soldier or sailor, and the impetuosity of their courage, the regularity of their discipline, the willingness with which they rally around the insignia emblazoned upon our national standard, strikes terror to the hearts of all the combined powers of the world. The arts and sciences flourish beyond example. Manufacturers have increased beyond the fondest dreams of our forefathers. Agriculture has made our country the feeders of all the impoverished nations on earth. Our population has increased so rapidly that no emigration can record our numbers, and with that increase of population the whole extent of our former country has not only been made to blossom like a rose, but a boundless expanse of country has been acquired, and it all resounds with the happy song of the thrifty husbandman or the enterprising efforts of the daring adventurer. To such a position have we arrived, that already the name of an American citizen is a safe passport throughout the inhabitable globe. Nothing can ever check us in our rapidly spreading power and glory but intestine troubles, and from these, may the God that has led us to all our immense prosperity, forever protect us! Greece, Rome, Venice, Genoa, all stood against the combined efforts of their enemies until intestine feuds destroyed them. The Roman forum is a cow-market—the Tarpeian rock a garden place—the palace of the Caesar's a rope walk—all the hallowed spots of former republics are only now attractive to the traveler on account of the tribute due to decayed greatness.

Amid all the blessings which we, as a people enjoy, with all the lessons of the

past looming up in history, as beacon lights to avoid the rock upon which the ships of other republics have broken, the means by which other nations have been compelled to part with their liberties—with all the admonitions of the past, and all the promise of the brilliant future, it is apparent to every thinking mind that there are many who would lay a fratricidal hand upon the benign institutions erected by our illustrious ancestry, and which we are bound by the most holy obligations to the latest generation that may succeed, until God's government alone shall prevail. Let us go on then in our glorious duty, developing the glory of our country, ever turning a deaf ear to that serene song that would separate us from our obligations to the past, the present and the future. The man who will advocate measures calculated to disturb the beautiful harmony existing between the sisterhood of our States, should not only be "despised of all men," but the "lower deep," which Milton prayed for would not be low enough to contain him.

America presents a bright future! Religious persecution has been successfully triumphed over. Our shores are still invitingly left open to the oppressed of all nations. Negro-fanaticism is rapidly waning. The prevalence of Democratic doctrine bids fair to last forever. The last blow has

been given to rebellious spirits within our borders, and all the nations of the earth respect our flag. The patriots heart glories when he contemplates the prosperity of our country, and he feels a glow of pride amid all our welfare, as he reflects that it is all due to that eternal principle which recognizes the true sovereignty of man—the only doctrine that ever has or can give "equal and exact justice" to any people.

All our blessings, all our welfare, all our freedom, all the enjoyment of this hour, all the excellence of this day, and the rich fruition promised for the future, must not slack the watchfulness of the patriot—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and the hearts blood of the true patriot is comparatively nothing, to the honest, faithful, self-sacrificing principle which should be the governing rule of every true American—native or adopted—in his adherence, devotion, and defense of the unequalled institutions of our glorious country. As the child leans upon the breast of its mother, the principles of liberty should be sang to it; the student should be taught then in his lessons—the young man should pride in them—the middle aged should revere them—and the aged, sinking to the grave, suspended by the last throbs of struggling mortality will then ever turn with a benediction upon our happy institutions, and pray fervently that they may last forever.

This done and America can never be added to the list of Republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "they were but they are not." The mournful dirge now sung in effeminate, decayed, powerless Italy:

"O Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non a più, Com'era prima."
Will never be imitated upon our own happy soil.

COMMON PLEAS COURT.

The Common Pleas Court of this county commences on Wednesday next. We understand that the Docket is about double as large as usual. The following is a list of Officers and Jurymen of the coming term, viz:

Hon. L. C. Doughterty, Judge.

W. C. Vance, Clerk.

B. W. Hanna, District Attorney.

Jurors—Jacob Winn, Jas. Sunman, William Peterson, Simeon Grenard, Martin O. Sidenor, George W. Clark, Smith Conner, Jos. Reyer, David H. Hostetter, William C. Young, William Miller and Geo. Stinecamp.

THE KENTUCKY HARVESTER.

Now is the time for every farmer to possess himself of one of these celebrated machines. The harvest is now at hand and there is no time to lose. The Kentucky Harvester is without question superior in every respect to anything of the kind that has yet invented. The rapidity with which they rally around the insignia emblazoned upon our national standard, strikes terror to the hearts of all the combined powers of the world. The arts and sciences flourish beyond example. Manufacturers have increased beyond the fondest dreams of our forefathers. Agriculture has made our country the feeders of all the impoverished nations on earth. Our population has increased so rapidly that no emigration can record our numbers, and with that increase of population the whole extent of our former country has not only been made to blossom like a rose, but a boundless expanse of country has been acquired, and it all resounds with the happy song of the thrifty husbandman or the enterprising efforts of the daring adventurer. To such a position have we arrived, that already the name of an American citizen is a safe passport throughout the inhabitable globe. Nothing can ever check us in our rapidly spreading power and glory but intestine troubles, and from these, may the God that has led us to all our immense prosperity, forever protect us! Greece, Rome, Venice, Genoa, all stood against the combined efforts of their enemies until intestine feuds destroyed them. The Roman forum is a cow-market—the Tarpeian rock a garden place—the palace of the Caesar's a rope walk—all the hallowed spots of former republics are only now attractive to the traveler on account of the tribute due to decayed greatness.

A FINE WAGON FOR SALE.—Any person wishing to purchase a new wagon, built upon the latest and most approved style, and elegantly finished, can be accommodated by calling upon Campbell, Galey & Harter. It will be sold cheap.

NOVEL CELEBRATION.—The prisoners in the penitentiary at Jeffersonville are to have a grand public celebration, "within the walls," to-day.

A complimentary dinner is to be given to Ex-Gov. Wright by his friends at Indianapolis, on the eve of his departure for Berlin—the 13th proximo.

At least a thousand Norwegians arrived at Milwaukee on Tuesday and Wednesday of week before last, and, from conversation with them, it was ascertained that a least twenty thousand of their countrymen are coming to America the present year.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

The United States at present embraces thirty-one States, indissolubly united, and eight Territories in rich fruition to speedily join the sisterhood. The maps of our country describe our boundaries and the youngest school boy can tell something of our wealth, our power, and our talent—The rapid growth of the United States has been for some time the marvel of the world, yet our extent and our grandeur is susceptible of easily being traced to their great cause—the natural tendency of the minds of intelligent men to be free. This principle is eternal, and none will willingly surrender that principle unless overpowered by force. Throughout down-oppresed Europe whenever the populace can take advantage of military guards, their every act demonstrates that manhood is superior to oppression; that all are willing to render unto Caesar the tributes that are Caesar's; but not one cent more than that which rightfully belongs to him. Throughout the broad expanse of our happy country, every citizen understands the worth of this principle, and from whatever clime he may have come, whatever his nation or origin, he feels a glow of pride every step he takes that there is no power on earth and no combination of powers that can deprive him of his freedom.

With a country so powerful, a people so free, so unanimous in sentiment, so solicitous for their rights, in order to protect all that they hold dear may we not pause and enquire as to what should be the true policy of our own boasted country, to save us from the reefs and shoals which at present surround us? Our own internal policy is at present well defined, and a happy settlement of the but few contending questions are early looked for by every patriot.

It is alone to our Foreign Diplomacy that the attention of the American people should now be directed. Starting at the statement may appear, we boldly say that in every treaty which our country has made with European powers, we have come out second to them. In the first treaty with Great Britain, and even in the second, we perhaps done the best that an enfeebled nation could have done. Even in the celebrated treaty of Gex, about which so much has been written, we did not receive all to which we were justly entitled. From that day until the date of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, the British Isle and Europe have in every instance distanced us; and at this time, whilst the United States are quibbling with the English government as to the construction of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty, England is gradually, but quietly and privately, fully treating with our natural friends in Central America, making every inroad into our best interest and securing the most available points to protect that interest.

When we were weak we at times bore the insolence in order to avoid worse grievances. Need we do it now? We need not ask the question, for we know the honest response of every true hearted American. But what shall we do? The doctrine laid down by Monroe is finally to be the salvation of free institutions in the Western Hemisphere. The best mode how to do so is at this time one of the perplexing questions of the day. We cannot say that we are capable of successfully giving advice as to the best mode, yet a few stray wiffs may do no harm.

Europe and America are only connected as commercial interest may mutually agree so far as the interest of nations are concerned. Socially, many deep heart bonds exist between the people of our country and every other nation on the civilized globe. Many hard sighs—many troublesome thoughts—many tears in our own happy country are given to dear friends in the "fatherland," "old Brittan," "Scochia," "Erin's Green Isle," la belle France—all nations of civilization, and the same heart felt sentiment goes up to God in their own native land. In emergency the oppressed of Europe will fly to the support of their brethren who live under free institutions, and yet will unite the Western Hemisphere is able to cope successfully against all the nations on earth.

There was a time when some of the Southern countries called upon us for "material aid," but weak and exhausted from recent conflict we felt the necessity of declining their calls. We should make no "entangling alliances" at any time, but with true diplomatic management of our diplomatic affairs for a few years, the word entangling will be forever rubbed out of American dictionaries.

Why should we be treating with England, France, Spain—any power on the Eastern continent—in relation to territory on this side the Atlantic, over which they have no rightful ownership? Let them attend to their own governmental affairs and make such articles of alliance as may be deemed just, in order to sustain their own governments on their side of the ocean, and so far as the freedom of the seas interest them. This no man in America desires to disturb them in. Beyond that they must not ask.

When this is the sentiment of every man who loves our institutions, why is not the Federal administration to be sustained in the boldest measures for the sustenance of the Monroe doctrine?

Under the alliance between France and England, Spain for her "material aid" on the Crimea, and the hope of better support to the throne of Louis Napoleon, these countries contemplate a war upon enfeebled Mexico in order to dispossess her of her rich country. England is firmly planting herself in Central America, and Spain strongly fortifying herself in her posses-

sions. With all these powers surrounding the United States, great as our power, vast as our wealth, immense as our population and means of defense, dare we hope successfully to defend ourselves from the jealousy of these powers?

"In time of peace prepare for war," and as "all this boundless continent is ours" let us avoid everything that may "entangle" us. Let European diplomacy and European treaties be confined to the naturally legitimate affairs connected with them through our regular transactions. Beyond that this country has no business with them. Let, however, our administration cultivate the most friendly relations with all the nations on this side the Atlantic—make what alliances they may just in order to defend North and South America from the rapacity of Europe—acquire honorably if they can the island of Cuba, and in the event of war from Europe on this continent take it at all hazards. Should war be declared against Mexico by Spain and France annex Mexico to the United States. Sustain President Walker in his honest endeavors for freedom, and from the north of Mexico to the Cape enter into a friendly defensive alliance with all nations for the protection and development of free institutions, and the combined powers of all the kingly governments in the world cannot disturb us in the rapid promotion of our country—her wealth—her intelligence—her institutions—all the grandeur to which she is capable of arriving.

We want a diplomacy of our own—an truly American alliance—or the sceptre of our prowess will depart. The present administration has already given ample assurance of its disposition to prevent any "foreign interference" on this side the ocean, and all that is done in that direction will be heartily responded to by every one who feels a glow of pride in contemplating the future grandeur of our country.

"Gentle yet modest, innocent yet free—Patient yet bold, serene amid alarms, Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

The London Times newspaper is printed in an antique, dingy-looking building in Printing-house Square, and the rooms are all low, dark, and uninventing—Eighty-eight composers are always at work on advertisements, and forty-three more work on Parliamentary debates and other matter. Four presses are required to work off the morning edition, and to take advantage of these four presses, part of the paper is regularly electrolyzed. The daily edition of the Times is 53,000.

The Boston Traveler states 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 the 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.

CHICAGO MORALS.—There were arrested in Chicago during the past two and a half months two thousand four hundred and eighty persons! Among the rascals arrested were one clergyman, one Black Republican editor, one Black Republican Mayor, one Ex-member of Congress, (Black Republican) two hundred and nine Cyprians, &c. There were only two doctors arrested and no lawyers.

One of the evils of great cities is that they become the hiding-places and haunts of every species of infamy and moral leprosy—the sooty cauldron of abominations more horrid than those of the weird sisters in Macbeth, and the retreats of systematic villainy so complete, that we think the Old Serpent himself must sometimes be amazed at the more than serpent dexterity of his human scholars.

Last week, two young alligators were received at the post office at Charlotte, N. C., having been sent from Smithville, N. C., through the mail bags. This is the first instance of transporting alligators through the mail known to us. They were in a box, with stamps attached to pay the postage.

SNOW IN JUNE.

There was a slight fall of snow at Fountain City, Wis., on last Tuesday night. Old Mother Earth was covered with a delicate snow, and looked, we imagine, greatly like the young lady in this city, who, on being asked if she wore her white tartan to the party, replied that she "didn't wear anything."

Two surgeons who have examined the wounds received by innocent parties during the Washington riots, decide that they were made by slugs, and not by musket balls. The outcry that the marines had killed innocent parties is thus refuted.

THE FRENCH MINISTER.—A Wisconsin editor says that at Marietta (Ohio) the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, was introduced as Count Sauvage.

THE MIGHTY WEST.—The scream of the steamer's whistle is now heard twenty-seven hundred miles above St. Louis, in the upper waters of the Missouri and Yellow Stone.

Strawberries and frogs are the principal luxuries of Indianapolis just now.

Snow fell at Oswego, N. Y., on the night of the 23d of June, and was visible the next morning.

MINA.

Mina's eyes are dark as sorrow,
Mina's eyes are bright as morn,
Morrow symbols Hope away,
And a soul-lit radiance flashes
Out between their silken lashes,

As from out the sable fringe of the midnight lens
the day.

II.

Mina's hair is black as madness,
Mina's hair is soft as gladness—
Gladness true is soft and low;
And its heavy richness pondered
Over her brow, as student wavers

By some bardic temple, wordless with the homage
he bestow.

III.

Mina's brow is clear as amber,
Mina's brow is calm as chamber
Where God lives in what seems dead;
And its gentleness is giving
Ever a mute excuse for living

On in passive grandeur, careless of the fame its
thoughts might raise.

IV.

Mina's mouth is ripe as study,
Mina's mouth is full and ruddy—
Tempting as the August peach;
And its sweet contentment routing
Off a melancholy pouting,

Welcomes laughter to the portals where the trivial
never can reach.

V.

Mina's heart is pure as childhood,
Mina's heart is fresh as wildwood—
Where each tender ditty God;
And its radiant blessings centred
On her face, have ever entered

Through her eyes those happy mortals who within
Their mission tried.

VI.

Mina's hand is sure to capture!
Mina's touch is weird—its rapture
Is electric, seeming numb;
And thrillers you with the calm joy in it,
And vibrating you to eloquence, compels you to
be dumb.

RULES OF ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN AT PARTIES.

Act very brazenly,
Stand round amazingly,
Strut in stuck up-ishly,
Bore very uppishy,
First to the lady who
Sent round the card to you,
Then you may condescend
Three or four words to spend,

On some notoriety,
Who gilds