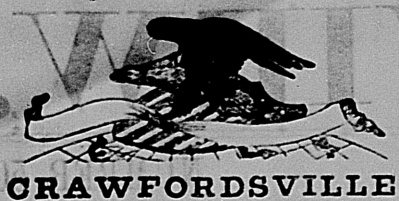


THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, July 4, 1857.

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

The Crawfordville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

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To Advertisers.
Every advertisement inserted in this publication, should have written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes it inserted. Two cents per line for the first insertion, and one cent for each subsequent insertion, unless otherwise ordered, 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 have on hand a large stock of calligraphic and we will show them our assortment of types, etc. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

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E. W. CARR, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans' Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
S. H. PARSONS, Eastern Correspondent, Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; our Agent to procure advertisements.
V. 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 held 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 sufferings were patiently endured—what wondrous sacrifices were made by our illustrious ancestry, and what at length terminated in the great victory achieved—pride, 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, Kosciuszko, 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 acknowledgment 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 moment's 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. Manufactures 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 enumeration 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 surrounds with the energetic 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 Cæsars a rope walk—all the hallowed shores of former republics are only now attractive to the traveler on account of the tribute due to decayed greatness.

THE KENTUCKY HARVESTER.

Now is the time for every farmer to possess himself of one of these celebrated machines. The harvester 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 man has yet invented. The rapidity with which it does its work, its simple construction and the easy manner with which it is managed, renders it invaluable to the farmer. These machines are for sale at the Montgomery Agricultural Store.

CHEAP GOODS.

We notice that Dr. Prather's store is crowded daily with customers. Everybody says that he sells goods cheaper than any other merchant in the county. His stock comprises every thing in the dry goods line, is of the first quality, and is being constantly replenished. Go to Prather's if you wish to save money.

A FINE WAGON FOR SALE.—Any person wishing to purchase a new wagon, built up on 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 this 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-oppressed 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 Cæsar the tributes that are Cæsar'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 pending 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 as 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 unenfeebled nation could have done. Even in the celebrated treaty of 1763, 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 waifs may do no harm.

Europe and America are only connected as commercial interests 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 trouble-some thoughts—many tears in our own happy country are given to dear friends in the "fatherland," "old Britain," "Scocchia," "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 well united 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 unenfeebled 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 possessions.

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 every thing 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 deem 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 tho' free— Patient of toil, 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 uninviting. Eighty-eight compositors 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 electrotyped. 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 scathing cauldron of abominations more horrid than those of the weird sisters in Macbeth, and the retreats of systematic villany so complete, that we think the Old Serpent himself must sometimes be amazed at the more than serpentine 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 gauze, and looked, we imagine, greatly like the young lady in this city, who, on being asked if she wore her white tulle to the party, replied that she "didn't wear anything else."

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 Sauvages.

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.

I.
Mina's eyes are dark as sorrow,
Mina's hair is soft as gold;
Gladness traces soft and low;
And his heavy richness ponder
O'er her brow, as student wanders
By some bardic temple, worldless with the homage
He'd bestow.

II.
Mina's hair is black as madness,
Mina's hair is soft as gold;
Gladness traces soft and low;
And his heavy richness ponder
O'er her brow, as student wanders
By some bardic temple, worldless with the homage
He'd 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
Ere a mute voice ever living
On in passive grandeur, careless of the fame its
thoughts might spread.

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
ne'er can teach.

V.
Mina's heart is pure as childhood,
Mina's heart is fresh as wildwood
Where each tender dial God;
And its radiant blossoms centered
On her face, have never centered
Through her eyes those happy mortals who within
their mission trod.

VI.
Mina's hand is sure to capture;
Mina's touch is weird—its rapture
Is electric, searing numb;
And her spirit on the minute
Thrills 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,
Stare round amazingly,
Start in stuck-up fashion,
Bow very respectfully,
Be very unpolite,
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 glides the society,
Or whisper quite killingly,
To some belle who willingly,
Passes time flirtingly,
Laughing—oh, certainly!
Whispering busily,
Cheering you busily,
Whispering till tripping fall:
Over your neck and all;
Until distressing,
Thrilling carelessly,
Off in a waltz you go
Spinning, half crazy, oh!
This is propriety
Out of Society.

SUNDAY ELECTIONS IN BUENOS AYRES.—The Rev. Mr. Carrow, Methodist Missionary at Buenos Ayres, thus describes the process of election for Government officers in that city:

The general election came off very quietly last Sunday, with a very large majority for the Government candidates. The voting was done at the doors of the churches in the respective districts into which the city is divided. To see a general election on such a day and at such places, was to me a matter of instruction and so, just before the commencement of our own service, I stepped across the street, and taking position in the vestibule of the church of our Lady of Mercy, surveyed the scene for a few moments. There was not a word or improper action. The citizens walked up to the window, deposited their votes, and turned away. This was pleasant to behold, rather than the bloodshed and confusion of day, which many expected, who have not sense enough to distinguish between Buenos Ayres of to-day and the Buenos Ayres of thirty years ago. There is no appeal to men generally like that which goes straight to the pocket. I am, therefore, led to hope for continued peace, because the people here see what they have gained by the three years peace enjoyed under Gov. Obligado's administration. Many reasons, indeed, might be advanced in support of the opinion which I have heretofore expressed of you, that in this particular portion of South America there can be no recurrence of the sudden and sanguinary revolutions of former years.

Judging from the active part taken by the ministry in this country for the last three years in party politics, who will fail in coming to the conclusion that the same pure state of religion is aimed at by too many men in our midst?

THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.—Litenstein says: that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself for the effort. The hunter, he says, make a rule never to fire upon a lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that he can aim directly at the head with perfect certainty. He adds, that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crosses to make a spring—that spring will not be hazardous, if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue, and look steadily at the lion. The animal hesitates, raises slowly, retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again retreats, till having thus by degrees got quite out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes his flight in the utmost haste.

A NEGRO NOT ALLOWED TO SIT AT A REPUBLICAN'S TABLE.—A negro tow recently occurred at the Franklin House, in Canton, Ohio. A colored individual, who had taken a seat at the dinner table, was requested to vacate, but refused, when the landlord and his assistants used force, and ejected the "Black Republican." The Canton Democrat says:

The remark made by the darkey, after the ejection was served on him, was quite interesting. He said if this was Republicanism, to drive a man from a dinner table provided for the public, he wanted more of it. He reminded our Republican friend, Ellison, the landlord, that he had been ejected with him last fall at his coal pit to use his influence for "General Fremont."

LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

The funeral of Mr. Miles Darden, who died at his residence, in Henderson county, will be held on the fourth Sunday in this month, five miles south-west from Lexington, Tenn. The Masonic fraternity will be in attendance, in full regalia, on the occasion.

The deceased was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches—two inches higher than Porter, the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin. Took over one hundred feet of plank to make his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet four inches.

After the funeral services, a friend in Henderson county, who has long known Mr. Darden, has promised to give us a brief sketch of his life, embodying some interesting facts.—*Jackson (Tennessee) Whig, June 18.*

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times gives the following reasons for Major McCulloch's declining the Governorship of Utah:

Major McCulloch, who has been here for several days, was again strenuously urged by the President to undertake the Governorship. The Major, among other reasons for declining, suggested that he would inevitably suffer in public estimation if he should undertake to fulfill the duties of that position, for the reason that the people would expect him to straph Brigham Young at once, and thrash his adherents soundly—gentle pastimes, for indulgence in which he was satisfied the Mormons would give him no pretext, when they found him backed by troops. If a peaceful policy was to be pursued—as he believed it must be necessarily—the Major thought it better that some man of whom the public have a less ferocious idea, and consequently less ferocious expectations, should be the instrument of its initiation and development at Salt Lake. The President was unwilling to let him off on this plea, and then the Major felt his reserve, informing the bachelor Executive that he couldn't go because he was intending to get married soon—a duty he had neglected for forty years or more, until his day of grace had nearly expired. This argument brought Mr. Buchanan down. He acknowledged its inconvincibility, and bowed his acquiescence.

WHAT THE SIGHT OF WATER RUNNING MAY SUGGEST.—As Confucius was standing on an eminence, viewing the many streams stretching out before him, a disciple asked him what there was in the waters to attract his master's earnest notice. Confucius replied: "I see it flowing ceaselessly, flowing in all directions, refreshing the face of nature, spontaneous in its course. This water is comparable to virtue—in that it flows to the lowest and most intricate places. This is to denote the principles of rectitude. In its extent and continuity we may see its truth. In that it flows over rocks and precipices with fear: this is its magnanimity. It reaches its measures and becomes level: this is its law. When full it needs not the leveling rod: this is its correctness. In that it enters into the smallest crevice and fissure: this is its searching scrutiny. Its fountain head being in the east may denote its authority, as in its flowing and flowing it causes all things to spring and grow: this is its renovating power. Since the sight of waters has such associations, who that loves virtue would not delight to look upon them?"

The steamer Spread Eagle arrived at St. Louis on Friday evening from a point on the upper Missouri, two thousand five hundred miles distant from St. Louis, and one hundred and eighty miles beyond Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone. At two o'clock, Friday, forty-eight days had elapsed since her departure from that port, on business connected with the American Fur Company. She brought down about five thousand packs of furs, and fifty mountaineers, men attired partly in Indian garb, and with faces almost as dark as that of the Indian. She was fired into by a band of Assiniboin Indians on her way down. Only one bullet struck her, without damage.

STRANGE AND MELANCHOLY DEATH.—On last Sunday week, the daughter of "Squire Scudder, of Liberty township, while reading a piece of poetry entitled, 'Do they mistake me at home,' was so much affected that she fainted. Her mother immediately sprung to her assistance, and together with Mr. Scudder, her father, did all in their power to revive her. It was fifteen minutes before she became fully sensible. Her mother had lost all hopes of her recovering again to life, and ran to the door, exclaiming she was very unwell, at the same time throwing up a quantity of froth and blood. Mr. Scudder assisted his wife to a bed, and in less than one hour she was a corpse. She was in perfect health previous to this. Her death, no doubt, was from the rupture of a blood vessel, caused by the sudden death, as she thought, of her daughter.—*Hamilton (O.) Telegraph, 25th ult.*

A Washington letter writer gives a description of the manner in which General Cass takes care of his physical health.—He says the General carries out his hygienic habits with the rigor of the Medes and Persians. So careful is he of his health that he will not dine out, not even with the President, and cannot, under any ordinary circumstances, be induced to keep out of bed after 10 o'clock, P. M. When at Paris at his own house, he would quietly slip off to bed at the above hour, leaving his wife and three daughters to entertain the company present. This regime accounts for his unwonted vigor at the age of 75 years.

ROBERT J. WALKER'S RICHES.—The New York Mirror, whose editor has known Gov. Walker "intimately and thoroughly for ten years," says of him:

After handling some hundreds of millions of the public money, he left the office as poor as a primitive Christian. Since then he may have bought stocks and lands and mines that have made him rich. But when was it counted a crime for fortune to reward the sagacity even of a speculator? In 1843, Mr. Walker invested \$1,750 in the purchase of land, on what is now the city of Ponchartraine, for which he has been offered within a few months, more than \$200,000; and he also bought, years ago, coal and quicksilver mines, which are making him a millionaire.

THE COMET—LUDICROUS EFFECTS OF THE APPEARANCE OF A COMET IN 1172.

As everybody is on the qui vive in regard to the comet, and as all sorts of ideas are abroad in regard to it, we give the following amusing sketch gleaned from an old paper:

In the year of 1172, Mr. Whiston having calculated the return of a comet which was to make its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with the terrifying addition, that total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. Whiston had long maintained in England, both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events took place. A number of persons in and about London seized all the barges and boats they could lay their hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years, informed his wife that it was his determination to resume that laudable practice the same evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till she saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South Sea Stock immediately fell to 5 per cent, and the India to 11; and the Captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered.

The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to the predictions, and before noon the belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at hand. About this time 323 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the Church service at that occasion. Three maids of honor burned their collection of novels and plays, and sent to the booksellers to buy each of them a Bible, and Bishop Taylors 'Holy Living and Dying.' The run upon the Bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting outspecie. On Thursday considerable more than 7,000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And to crown the whole farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, head Director of the Banks, issued orders to all the fire officers in London requiring them to keep a good look out, and have a particular eye on the bank of England.

THE ARMY WORM.—This great plague has fallen upon our farming community this summer, quite unexpectedly. The army worm, hitherto almost unknown in this country, last week commenced its ravages upon the farm of William McEwen, Esq., of this place, and to any one unacquainted with the pest, its destructive powers are astonishing. In twenty-four hours' time they almost destroyed twenty acres of rye for Mr. McEwen, and notwithstanding vigorous efforts were made to stop their progress, they have entered his wheat, which was more than usually promising, and, we are informed, have destroyed nearly forty acres. We visited the scene of their ravages, and never before saw such a sight—Myriads upon myriads were seen making the ground black. This was when they were leaving the rye field for the wheat.—The army worm is a strange vermin. Starting up in a single night, unheralded, they take up their line of march, "terrible as an army with banners," devastating the country as they go. Unless some means can be devised to check their ravages and destroy them, our crops will be ruined. But to destroy them seems impossible, as a hundred, apparently, spring up for every one that is killed.

Let our farmers be on the alert, watch their fields, and if they appear, the most feasible plan we can think of for stopping them out of adjacent fields, is to dig deep ditches, fill up with straw, and when the worms become entangled, fire the straw.—We do not think they would go over a bed of hot ashes. This might not stop them, but if it don't what will?—*Columbus Democrat.*

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The New York Courier and Enquirer publishes the following extract from a private letter of a gentleman traveling in the west:

We had a peculiar and affecting scene in the cars, which cast a deep sadness over the whole day. At Michigan City, where we changed cars, we observed them moving a sick girl. The party consisted of a brother of about twenty years, a sister of about sixteen, and a mother. The invalid appeared about twenty-five, very emaciated, but with those lustrous eyes so common in her disease, consumption, and which fascinated while it pained us to look upon her. The tenderness and devotion of her people were really beautiful. After we had gone some fifty miles while she was reclining on her mother's breast, who was gently and carefully smoothing her hair, she suddenly raised herself and fell back dead. Then followed such a scene of wild and frantic grief, mingled with the noise of the rushing cars, the scream of the locomotive, and the confusion of the passengers, that no power of mine can describe; and this was continued for 50 miles or more. We old tough hearts found there was a little spot not quite hardened.

This lady, it will be remembered, died on the cars of the New Albany and Salem Road near Brookston.

FAILURE OF CATTLE SPECULATORS.—Consumers who are obliged to pay exorbitant prices for meat, will not be likely to shed tears over the failure announced by the most prominent and extensive dealers in cattle at the Bull's Head market. Cattle now pass through the hands of several speculators before they reach the butcher's block. Of course each must make a large profit on which to operate more extensively and live in ease, while the poor consumers—the producing classes—must pay. So long as consumers, many of whom find it difficult to keep body and soul together under the present ruling of provisions, submit to the butchers, and the butchers submit to the speculators, so long will this state of things exist. The failure, therefore, of the entire brood of cattle speculators, or their transmission to some field of labor useful to themselves and the community, would be a public blessing. How to produce this result is an interesting question; but it could doubtless be solved if there is a general abstinence from meat for a brief season.—*N. Y. paper.*

Mary Howitt has become a spiritulist.