

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, July 16, 1859.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
DAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

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

CIRCULATION. GREATER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of 147 SUBSCRIBERS.

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

Notice to Advertisers.

Hereafter all Legal Advertising will be charged as transient advertising— one dollar a square, (of ten lines,) for the first insertion; and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

C. H. BOWEN,
May 5, 1858.] JERE. KEENEY.

NEW ALBANY & SALEM RAIL ROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave the Crawfordsville Depot as follows: Going North.

Accommodation 11 A. M.; Freight 2:30 P. M.; Through Express 7 P. M.

Going South.

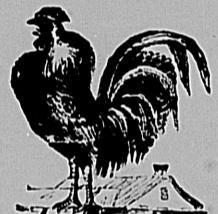
Through Express 5 A. M.; Freight 5:35 A. M.; Accommodation 4:18 P. M.

NOTE. The Accommodation Train going North connects with trains for Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Chicago.

For President in 1860,
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,

Subject to the decision of the Democratic National Convention, to be held at Charleston, South Carolina.

Attention Democrats.



The Old Line Democracy of Montgomery county are requested to hold at their earliest convenience, their township meetings, and select a day for the holding of a

County Convention,

for the nomination of County officers. Let no time be lost as the enemy are already in the field.— Remember we are on the eve of the great Presidential election of 1860. By order of the

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

THE OWENS MURDER TRIAL.

A special term of the Circuit Court will convene on next Tuesday, the 19th inst., for the purpose of trying this case.— OWENS has been confined in jail ever since last December, and is very anxious we understand to have the case tried. The counsel for the defence are Willson & McDonald, Daniel W. Voorhees and the Hon. James Wilson; for the prosecution, Lew Wallace, R. C. Gregory, and the prosecuting attorney, R. W. Harrison. The defence, we are informed, will admit that the wife of OWENS died from the effects of strychnine, and will attempt to prove that the deadly poison was administered by herself. The trial promises to be one of the most important that has ever occurred in our courts, and will undoubtedly attract an immense concourse of people from all parts of the county.

Jerry Pober's who was convicted at the last term of the Common Pleas Court for larceny, was forwarded to Jeffersonville on last Monday morning.

THIEVES ABOUT. An attempt was made a few nights since to break into the house of Samuel Binford.

The weather is decidedly torrid at present.

Our town was blessed with a splendid rain on last Wednesday evening.

The Commencement Ball on last Wednesday night was the finest affair of the season. The hall was elegantly decorated with paintings, and the whole affair reflected the highest credit upon the managers.

EXTRAORDINARY DIO GHT IN SCOTLAND.—Accounts from Scotland state that the drought during May and the latter part of June, was more severe than during any past year since 1826. The rivers Earn and Tay were nearly dry—the famous Doon, immortalized by Burns, would slide through a gallon measure, and other well known streams and rivers were thoroughly dried up. In some places water was so scarce, that in villages it was sold at 50 per barrel! and many had to go miles for water for their cattle. The crops, notwithstanding, are reported as looking excellent; and recent rains will no doubt advantage them considerably.

Marrying for money is a species of prostitution.

Van Amburg & Co's Menageries show in Evansville next Tuesday.

In another column our readers will observe a Card from Mr. A. G. Diehl, in which he complains of "mine host" of the Crane House. It seems that Mr. D. is a gentleman whose musical powers are largely developed, and who in his leisure moments while away the dull hours of summer evenings with the dulcet strains of a clarinet. On last Thursday night he retired to his room in the Crane House, between the elfin hours of ten and eleven.— Quickly placing himself in *disheville*, he awaited a reasonable time for each denizen of the hotel to wander into the beautiful villas, groves and dels of Dreamland, when drawing forth his magic instrument, an antiquated clarinet, he struck up one of Mozart's most brilliant waltzes. The effect is said (by an eye witness) to have been startling; a hundred sleepers sprang from their couches and whirled themselves with a wild delirium of intoxicated joy through the mazy dance. "Mine host" was for a moment dumb-founded. His senses reeled under so singular and strange a spectacle. In the meantime shrill shrieks from the dancers were heard proceeding from various apartments, beseeching "for God's sake to hold on the music!" The host quickly recovered himself and made for the room of the magic player; on his way he experienced an involuntary movement of his pedal extremities, which with his strong will he succeeded in overcoming in a measure, though we are credibly informed that he cut the pigeon-wing several times in passing through the hall. On reaching the door from which these magical and bewitching strains proceeded, he promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light, by placing canon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opened fire upon them, upon the height beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these, a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificient view of the entire point, and directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small village of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town before they would stay out. The people of the village moreover took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled, in self-defence to burn the town.

When they found it impossible to hold their position any longer, they fell back slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, directly south-east of Castiglione, and only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of town and overlooking it completely on the south and south-east sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries, and when I arrived upon the field I went at once to the high where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops. These batteries were blazing away upon the French, who were stationed upon the plain below. The general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, by the falling back of the smoke and a corresponding advance of that which arose from the French artillery. The cannoneading at that point lasted for over an hour, but in precisely what direction the Austrians retreated, it was not possible, from the position I occupied, to see. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio river, which flows southward, from the lower end of Lake Garda, and empties into the Po. But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of the line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino and Volta. At one point after another a sharp cannoneading would arise, and continue for a half or three quarters of an hour. After each successive engagement of this kind, the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrian and the advance of the French forces. During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot, but clouds began to gather about noon, and at 5 o'clock while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous storm rolled up from the north west. The storm lasted for about an hour and the cannonade, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rains ceased, the clouds flew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cool and perfectly delightful.

Resolved, That in our opinion, the said Encampment was in every respect a grand success, worthy the Lafayette Guards, by whom it was projected, and the citizens of Lafayette whose liberal contributions made it what it was; in view of which, we hope it will be the initiative to similar celebrations hereafter.

Resolved, That the Lafayette Guards are entitled to our gratitude, for countless favors and courtesies rendered; that their readiness to assist and relieve us, when our lasting regards; while their whole behavior, from the beginning to the latest hour of the encampment, established them in our hearts as a corps of gentle-soldiers, whom their city should delight to honor. May their flag forever wave, and always over spirits as soldierly as marched in its shade on last Independence day!

Resolved, That John L. Reynolds, Esq.—"Prince John"—is in truth a host in himself, high-souled and free-handed; if all the world were like him, life would be made up of days of laughter and nights of song and dance—Catawba and royal good-fellowship would become "the higher law." He has our life-long remembrance, and, by acclamation, hereby voted an honorary member of the Montgomery Guards.

Resolved, That in common with all the military in Camp Tippecanoe, we are indebted to Commissary Levering for the excellent eating arrangements of the Round House. A better selection for the particular post he occupied could not have been made; he discharged his duties promptly, honorably, and as became a gentleman of rare Commissariat genius.

THE BALLOON ATLANTIC.—Professor L. Mountain is still at Watertown with his mammoth aerial ship. It is an object of great curiosity, and is visited daily by hundreds, all pronouncing it the wonder of the nineteenth century. Mr. L. proposes to repair the monster and make an ascent from Watertown, providing he meets with sufficient encouragement from the citizens. The necessary repairs would take about three or four weeks. We hope to be able to announce in a few days, that the balloon *Atlantic* will positively sail from Watertown to the sea-board.—*Utica* (N. Y. Herald).

SUSPENDED.—The N. Y. Tribune announces that "the Republican party is just now lying in a state of suspense." The New York News replies as for its *lying* habitually, there is no doubt about the fact; and that it is at last suspended, is no more than it deserves. It should have been hung long ago. Where are the mourners?

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

NEW YORK, July 12th.

The New York Times publishes a letter from the battle-field of Solferino, by an eye-witness, giving the first accurate details.

The battle commenced a little before 5 o'clock in the morning, not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills, which projects a mile, or thereabouts, into the plain, and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills, planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione, which they could not now approach, as the French army was in full force around that little village, and had stationed their numerous array all over the surrounding plain. As nearly as we can now learn, the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here, and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light, by placing canon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opened fire upon them, upon the height beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these, a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificient view of the entire point, and directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small village of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town before they would stay out. The people of the village moreover took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled, in self-defence to burn the town.

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OUR NATURAL BOUNDARIES.—A NAVAL OFFICER'S DEFINITION.—The following, in the New Hampshire Patriot, is from the pen of ex-President Pierce:

Capt. —, of the United States Navy, was equally distinguished for its eccentricity of manner and for his proficiency in seamanship. On one occasion, during a cruise in the Mediterranean, he so acquitted himself as to induce some English and French officers, who were engaged upon similar service, (cruising) to tender him a complimentary dinner, as an evidence of their appreciation of his professional skill. At the time designated, many were present. Customary courtesies were being exchanged, and international toasts and sentiments were being liberally indulged in accompanied by corresponding potations, when one of the officers in Her Majesty's service having become somewhat oblivious, remarked with characteristic frankness:

"Captain, I have but one great objection to your countrymen."

"Ah!" naively said the Captain, "what is that?"

"An insatiable desire for the acquisition of territory." Then, becoming excited by subject, he continued: "I am satisfied, Captain, there will be no end to it."

"Oh, yes," quaintly and coolly replied the Captain.

"For God sake, when?" emphatically inquired the officer.

"When," responded the Captain, preserving his equanimity, "we reach our natural boundaries."

"Will you please inform me where those may be?" interrogated the English officer, sarcastically.

"Where," said the Captain, assuming an imitable manner, "from hell to the Aurora Borealis!"

Tomatoes, cut in slices, sprinkled with pulverized sugar, and covered with claret wine, have imparted to them a rich and pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else.

MEDICAL.—Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis, one elm cold.

If a man imagines all his neighbor to be mean, he is very apt to be a mean man himself.

SPECH OF TEMPLE C. HARRISON, ON PRESENTING A GOLD WATCH TO PROF. A. M. HADLEY, OF WABASH COLLEGE, JULY 9TH, 1859.

PROF. HADLEY.—In behalf of the class,

I have the honor of presenting you with a Gold Watch, as a testimonial of our regard for you as a scholar, a teacher, a Christian and a man. And as our connection with you in the Preparatory Department of this College is now about to cease, we deem the present an appropriate time, and this an appropriate manner, to manifest in some degree, the affection and esteem for you which that connection has engendered in our hearts.

With you we have passed through many scenes of labor and toil, calculated alike to weary the mind of the pupil and exhaust the patience of the teacher. But at all times, whether amid clouds or sunshine, you have been the same to us; and oft have you strengthened us in weakness, encouraged us in despondency, admonished us in waywardness, aided us in difficulties, and counseled us when counsel was needed.

In all our gropings through the labyrinth of knowledge, you have been to us what the light-house is to the sea-beaten sailor, or the guide-board to the weary and bewildered traveler; and it is fitting that we should exhibit our appreciation of your merits, and our gratitude for your labors in our behalf. But the gift which we present, you will regard only as a feeble token of that affection and love which is rooted in our hearts, ever to be cherished but never erased.

Few men are sufficiently qualified for the high responsibilities which rest upon the teacher. To him the youth of the world are entrusted. He moulds, as it were, the destiny of men, and shapes the course of millions for time and eternity.

He is the light of the past, the guide of the present, and the hope of the future.— His mission indeed is a noble one. And not only does he bless the world in shedding forth upon the rising youth of each age, the lights of science and knowledge and literature, but also in extending the truths of religion, and scattering the seed of the Christian faith, to bud and blossom in the heart, till it ripens into that glorious hope that points its possessor to an eternal home beyond the stars.

We consider ourselves fortunate, fortunate indeed, that we enjoy the privileges of this Institution. We love each member of its Faculty, and we love the associations which daily bring us into nearer relation with them, and it shall ever give us pleasure to cherish their names in grateful remembrance.

The college indeed is our foster parent, and when, after enjoying its advantages for a few more years, we shall leave its classic shades and launch forth into the great ocean of life, to steer our course through its storms and its breakers, it shall be our aim to preserve the name and character of our Alma Mater. And when we come to battle in earnest with the stern realities of life, we hope to show ourselves men, worthy the name of men, and worthy the approbation of heaven.

And, sir, you will now accept this token of our regard, not for its intrinsic worth, not for any value which it may possess in itself, but for the associations connected with it. And may those associations ever be pleasant to you and to us. May that chain of affection which now binds us together grow stronger and stronger, with the lapse of time, till it can be severed alone by the hand of death, and then only to be united again in a glorious eternity beyond the grave.

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