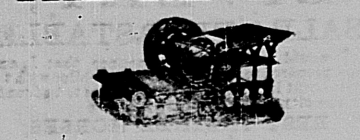


THE REVIEW.



CIRCULATION 2,000

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railway.

Trains arrive at and leave Crawfordsville daily as follows:

Express	7:30 A. M.
Mixed	8:00 A. M.
Mixed	11:30 A. M.
Express	5:30 P. M.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad.

GOING NORTH:

Accommodation	7:30 A. M.
Express	8:00 A. M.
Accommodation	11:30 A. M.
Express	5:30 P. M.

GOING SOUTH:

Express	7:30 A. M.
Accommodation	8:00 A. M.
Express	11:30 A. M.
Accommodation	5:30 P. M.

Arrival and Departure of Mail at the Post Office in Crawfordsville.

DAILY—Going South:

North	8:00 A. M.
South	8:00 A. M.
North	11:30 A. M.
South	11:30 A. M.
North	5:30 P. M.
South	5:30 P. M.

ALABAMA: by mail arrives Tuesdays and leaves Thursdays.

WATERLOO: by mail arrives Tuesdays and leaves Thursdays.

KENTUCKY: by mail arrives Tuesdays and leaves Thursdays.

NEW YORK: by mail arrives Tuesdays and leaves Thursdays.

INDIANAPOLIS: by mail arrives Tuesdays and leaves Thursdays.

From the Indianapolis State Sentinel.

In Memoriam.

That there must be some great hereafter, where life will have its ultimate and destined developments may surely be proved from the death of the good. If there is not then why do the good die? Why, then, in such millions of instances, does life cease with its first breathings? All around us, everywhere, flowers are falling, which are as beautiful in life as they are deserving of immortality. The sunlight of the earth scarcely falls upon them until a strange and nipping frost comes, and their fragrance is gone from us forever. Is it real? Yes, higher and more significant than all, is it eternal? When all is health and life and sunshine we care for nothing. Like birds of passage on the wing, we fly, and yet we know not where! But when the sorrows of death-dream come over us, there is in the deep bereavement a midnight of melancholy which no earthly resource can assuage and no future save that of a ransomed immortality, can furnish a remedy. Then, if man is mortal here, we must be immortal when, as one has expressed it, "He draws the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Thus we thought, and felt, and hoped on yesterday, as with solemn steps we followed to their last resting place the remains of the Rev. Isaac Augustus Hagar, late Rector of St. John's Church, in the city of Crawfordsville. Mr. Hagar was yet but a young man, young in life, young in the ministry of the church, and young in all the hopes of a career of distinguished earthly usefulness. In his case, as well as those of many others, we asked, as we often have before, why is death so greedy? For just at that period of life, when the hard study of his years and the burning experience of his ministry had qualified him for the full and noble work of divine commission, his mortality decayed, and he sank to that mysterious mortification which the grave could only conceal. The Almighty One, whom we all revere as God, must have so ordered it, and we submissively acquiesce in the severity of the providence, although it leaves his aged parents, brother and sister to weep as Jacob did for Joseph, and makes desolate and dreary the sacred chamber where the candle of his ministrations, with such a humble but reflective glory.

Born in Newton, Lowell Falls, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1834, Mr. Hagar was on the day of his disease thirty-five years, nine months and twenty-two days old. In his early years he had served as a civil engineer, and afterwards was known in this city as an assistant clerk in the Fletcher Bank. Having determined to ask for Holy orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, he became a student of Divinity under the Right Reverend Joseph C. Talbot, D. D., L. L. D., and when that gentleman was elected Bishop of the Northwest, Mr. Hagar accompanied him to that wild and uncultivated field of missionary labor, where for some five or six years he was "minister in season and out of season," laboring among the sparsely populated settlements of that distant portion of our Western country. When Bishop Talbot was translated to this diocese as assistant Bishop, Mr. Hagar returned to Indiana with him and soon after accepted the Rectory of St. John's Church, Crawfordsville, where he has been laboring with signal success for four years. Never having married, and for the most of his time made his home at the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Binford, whose tender and motherly care of him doubtless prolonged his days, and gave to his last hours that delicate christian sympathy which his own afflicted mother was not permitted to render.

On yesterday, at half-past five o'clock P. M., the remains of his church and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, together with a large body of the citizens of Crawfordsville followed his remains to the grave. The procession moved from the residence of Mrs. Binford to St. John's Church, where the solemn funeral services of the church were read by the Rev. D. D. Pie, D. D., Rev. James Runcie, D. D., Rev. C. B. Davidson, D. D., and Rev. George B. Engle. In the will of Mr. Hagar was a special request that there should be no services at his funeral but those prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, and in obedience to his wishes the remarks that had been prepared for the occasion by the attending clergymen were omitted. After services in the church the large procession, on foot and in carriages,

proceeded to the Masonic cemetery—a quiet and beautiful resting place, where the dead, where this body was committed to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus has gone from among us one whose humble spirit and many virtues had written his name and love on many hearts. In his own parish all had learned to reverence and love him because

his was simple, grave, sincere; in doctrine incorrupt; in language plain; and plain in manner; decent, solemn, elastic. And natural in gesture, much impressed himself as conscious of his awful charge. And anxious mainly that the flock he fed might feel it too. Affectionate in work, and tender in address as well became a minister of the gospel. Among the most intimate friends of Rev. Mr. Hagar none of these words will sound above the graces of his character, or in any way seem to be fulsome flattery. They will approve of them all, and most cordially agree with every sentiment we have uttered. What this good man was we know, which is now the example of us all; but where his freed spirit now lives we may not know so well. Yet to the mystery of the better destiny we feel safe to trust him, since our faith teaches us

"There is a land where every pulse is thrilling, with rapture earth's journeys may not know. Where beams repose the weary heart is stilling, and peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow."

The Summer Solstice—Science of Summer Days.

There is a mountain in the north of Sweden situated so near the Arctic circle, that from its summit on a mid-summer night may be seen the phenomenon of the midnight sun. Miss Bremer, says the Providence Journal, has made this physical feature the foundation of a romantic story, the incidents of which she has charmingly interwoven with an excursion to view the interesting sight. Avaxaxa is the name of the mountain, rising from the wooded region on the banks of the Tornea River, the boundary between Sweden and Russia. It is mid-summer evening when the party of travelers to the sun reach the foot of the mountain and climb to the summit to look upon the sublime sight, by many of them never beheld before, of the sun circling in his mighty course above the horizon instead of sinking beneath it.

It is midnight now, and over the boundless prospect of woody darkness the sun shines without lighting it up. Bright but without beams it stands above the horizon, gleaming with a softened light, and casting a purple glow on the figures moving about on the mountains. Now a floating cloud obscures its broad disc, and great coils of smoke ascend here and there along the horizon toward heaven. The night is warm, calm and delightful, and everything is in harmony with the great festival of nature. Over the gazers comes a feeling of fear and reverential awe mingled with the sublimity of the scene, and a sense of its exceeding beauty. The mysterious hour, the mountain summit, the earth quietly sleeping with its dark woods, its still waters, its silent habitations, and the soft mist hanging over its valleys, and slowly moving in the celestial archway of the midnight sun shining in its soft splendor, and all pure like a watchful eye beaming with love, give the elements of a scene whose loveliness exceeds the wildest dreams of fancy.

Such is the mid-summer festival of the far North, where "the god of light himself conducts the mighty solemnity," where in the short summer the luxuriant growth of vegetable life is a creation of magic, where birds sing flowers bloom, insects buzz, the gorgeous colors of the rainbow are in the life is over, gone as swiftly as the dream it resembles. It was among these regions of short enchantment, these lovely islands of bliss, that the Norsemen visited their mystic Valhalla. Here was their longed-for home, beyond the north wind, under a light which never sets, in the society of gentle and righteous spirits, in communion with the bright beings, where the combat every day is good and every night a feast of victory. Thus did the physical characteristics of their northern climate inspire the fancy of the northern poets to locate the pleasure garden of the sun in regions always illuminated by his light.

In our latitude no midnight sun circles in brilliant course above the horizon, but at the mid-summer festival, no longer than twilight blend together the crimson of evening and the crimson of morning. But this very night of the summer solstice the sun will not set to all dwellers within the Arctic circle; and on Avaxaxa and all mountains of the same latitude, parties may gather, like the one to which we have alluded, to witness this mysterious presence. In our own part of the earth it is the supreme moment of physical perfection. Farthest to the north this day roll the chariot wheels of the sun, highest in the heavens reaches his meridian course, and farthest to the north sink his descending wheels. Morning twilight and evening twilight linger longest over the landscape, while the dominion of darkness has his shortest stay.

The sun reaches his greatest northern declination at five minutes after three this afternoon, entering the sign Cancer, and inaugurating the summer solstice. But even while we celebrate the advent of midsummer the supreme moment passes, inexorable time claims his own. Before the sun sinks again below the horizon, the earth will have traveled in her course thousands of miles to reach the regions of darkness and cold. On the dial plate of heaven the shadow will fall this evening, a fractional part of a moment of day light will pass to the region of shadow and gloom. Thus in our rejoicing over the mid-summer hours mingled with sadness for the shortened days to come. Winged and voiced are the sweet summer days. Let heart and brain bask

in the sunshine; let us rest under the light of the swift-winged hours; let us listen to the sweet music of their voiceless words, inviting us to repose, strengthening and invigorating body and brain, for that earnest, effective work which puts its mark on character as plainly as each returning summer solstice shows its record on the astronomical calendar.

Fulton's Steamboat—A Romance at Cayuga Lake—The First Bridal Trip by Steam.

A correspondent of the Geneva Courier relates the following story of the "Kate Morgan," the little steamer which for more than a generation has plied on Cayuga Lake, her owners obeying the behest of the first proprietor—to "run her till she busts."

Before the Chancellor Livingston stemmed the current of the Hudson, yet after the little Clermont had stirred the quieter waters of the Collect Pond, the whistle of the Kate Morgan awoke the echoes in Taughenue Glen, and her paddle-wheel dashed the spray upon Cayuga bridge. There is a bit of romance attached to her name and building.

Old General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, had a noble estate on the eastern bank of the lake not far from where the Wells College now stands. Between his only daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, and young Fulton, had long existed a tender attachment, which, however, the poverty and obscurity of Robert led the General severely to frown upon. Fulton went to New York. He labored long years in perfecting his invention; his day of triumph came, and then he wrote to the stern father relating his success and asking for the daughter's hand.

"Nay," wrote back the incredulous old soldier, "I'll believe what I see with my own eyes. Come you back, and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you have my daughter Kate."

Need I say that Fulton came joyfully back, that a steamer was built as rapidly as circumstances would permit, that she was launched, and in due time sailed triumphantly past the General's door? But let me add that, according to an expressed stipulation made by the old Robert in case he succeeded—when the Kate Morgan sheered in toward the General's dock a small boat was seen pushing out, containing the original Kate, her grim father and a gentleman in clerical vestments. They were soon on board and there, amid the waving of flags, the ringing of bells, and the blowing of whistles, the proud inventor and his prouder bride were made one. A glorious sweep up and down the lake completed the first bridal trip by steam ever known in this country.

Before we leave this historical boat, let us go below a moment. Here are the old fashioned engines, inscribed "Tremont, Cartwright & Co." They were the first engine built in the United States, and furnished both Fulton's and Pritch's boats. Cartwright was the father of the well known Peter Cartwright, the Western backwoods preacher.

Ancient Royalty at Dinner.

A correspondent sends to the Washington Star an illustration of courtly manners in Europe two centuries and a half ago, the following promulgation at etiquette for the Royal and Imperial Court of Austria in 1624. It is translated from *Sages Press*, Vienna, of June 1st inst.

His R. Majesty having graciously invited the officers of His Majesty's Guards to the Imperial table has been much gratified with the gallant demeanor and refined behavior of Messieurs, the officers; nevertheless H. M. thinks proper to issue the following admonitions for the information of Messieurs, the cadets:

1. They must present themselves to His Imperial Majesty in full military dress, with their boots cleaned. They must be polite and deferential to H. M., and not enter the place half-dressed.

2. At the table they must not rock themselves on their chairs or lean back with their feet elevated, or stretch their legs at full length under the table.

3. They must not take a swallow of liquor after each mouthful, lest they become soon drunk or tipsy. They must, at one time, drink no more than a glass full, and before putting the glass to their lips they must carefully wipe their mouths and mustache and sip their liquor gently.

4. They must not put their hands or fingers into the dishes or plates, or throw bones under the table.

5. They must not lick their fingers or spit into their plates, or blow their noses on the napkins. They must not drink to such excess as to fall from their chairs, but be able to stand up whenever so ordered.

king kept a jewelry shop on Hampshire street in that city for many years, and amassed quite a fortune. Through the advice of some friends he resolved to sell out his business, and seek a better field of operation in California. This was done. On closing up his accounts Mr. Hoefling cleared about \$18,000. Having great confidence in his wife he gave her \$4,000 with which to come to this city and buy a stock of jewelry to furnish the California store. Mr. Hoefling was to use the remaining \$14,000 in purchasing a place of business in the Far West. At his request his wife made him a belt in which to keep his money. The wife suggested that for greater security the money should be sewed up in the belt. Mr. Hoefling handed her the money. She walked into an other room for thread and needle, and on returning handed him the belt. The money lay in a lump within it apparently secured.

Mrs. Hoefling in due time left Kentucky for New York to lay in a stock as arranged, while her husband with the \$14,000 secure, as he supposed, in his belt, departed for California. He arrived in safety, and commenced arrangements for starting business on a large scale, only awaiting tidings from his wife and the New York purchases to conclude operations. He had not long been in California when he fell a victim to the same old serpent, the money-chasing anxiety, and anxiety grew into alarm.

The loose cash he had about him being exhausted, he had recourse to the belt. The belt was opened, and instead of bank notes he found blank papers—not a cent of the \$14,000. The wife had successfully tricked him and is now in Europe. The husband, broken-hearted, has made no effort to find her.—N. Y. X.

The New Albany, *Ledger* of Monday, says: "Friday a very singular result of the excessive heat of the sun was discovered on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad. At a curve on the road north of Greencastle, it seems that the tracklayers and not allowed sufficient space at the ends of the rails to admit of the usual expansion, and the excessive heat of the few days previous had the effect to close the rails to their utmost tension. Friday morning a train passed over the track, and it is supposed the weight and motion of the train had the effect to cause the rails to further expand and the result was they were bent and twisted out of place soon after the train passed over. Some of the rails were bent nearly double, and others in the shape of an S. The section men discovered the condition of the track in time to stop the down train, and repaired damages without delay."

The Meanest Yankees in Connecticut, Jessup Sherwood, of Fairfield, a widower with two children, married a maiden lady owing a farm worth \$10,000. By our law he became her trustee, and he and his children lived upon her property. She had in her possession some notes which he demanded, and she refused to surrender. She was taken before Judge Phelps, and by our law sent to the Bridgewater jail, where she remained six months, vowing she would not there before being taken up by the laws of Connecticut. An application for her release on *habeas corpus* was denied by Judge Butler. While she was in jail, her husband lived in her own house; her daughters were married, and the money spent for the expenses was hers; her money was used to procure counsel against her in Court, and around the Legislature to prevent the passage of the bill granting her a divorce. Such proceedings are a burning shame to the laws of Connecticut, and any civilized nation.—From a speech by Ann M. Middlebrook.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.

CRAWFORDSVILLE CARRIAGE & WAGON WORKS.

Buggies, Carriages, Express Wagons, and Farmers' Wagons.

Of every pattern, and of superior finish, kept on hand and

MADE TO ORDER.

We possess devices for the adjustment of Axles, and for the repair of all kinds of one-horse, two-horse, and four-horse carriages and wagons. We are daily in receipt of letters from persons who are using our vehicles in various parts of Indiana and Illinois, certifying that the vehicles of draft these vehicles have never been equalled.

DOHERTY & DEIGHTON

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA.

Remember the place, Washington street opposite Court Church.

DOHERTY & DEIGHTON.

DRUGS.

T. W. FRY & CO.

Have just opened a fine assortment of

Drugs, Paints,

Chemicals,

Oils, Dye Stuffs,

Toilet & Fancy

ARTICLES,

Cigars & Tobacco,

OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS FOUND

in steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse and signed

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H. T. HELMBOLD'S COLUMN.

MANHOOD

In the Young and

RISING GENERATION.

The vegetative powers of life are strong, but in a few years how often the pale hue, the lack-lustre eye and emaciated form, and the impossibility of application to mental effort, show its baneful influence. It soon becomes evident to the observer that some depressing influence is checking the development of the body. Consumption is talked of, and perhaps the youth is removed from school and sent into the country. This is one of the worst movements. Removed from ordinary diversions of the ever-changing scenes of the city, the powers of the body, too much enfeebled to give rest to healthful and rural exercise, thoughts are turned inward upon themselves.

If the patient is a female, the approach of the menopause is looked for with anxiety, as the first symptom in Nature is to show her power in diffusing the circulation and visiting the cheek with the bloom of health. Alas! increase of appetite has grown by what it fed on; the energies of the system are prostrated, and the whole organism is deranged. The beautiful and wonderful period in which body and mind undergo so fascinating a change from child to woman, is looked for in vain; the parent's heart bleeds in anxiety, and families are kept waiting for its victim.

HELMBOLD'S

EXTRACT BUCHU.

For weakness arising from excesses of indulgence, attended with the following symptoms:

Indisposition to Exercise, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, General Weakness, Horor of Disease, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Drowsy, Headache, Night Sweats, Cold Feet, Wakefulness, Discharge of Urine, Languor, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Great Exhaustion of Appetite, and all the symptoms of a debilitated system.

Nothing is more desirable to such patients than Solitude, and nothing they more dread, for fear of themselves; No Repose of Mind, No Restlessness, No Speculation, but a hurried Transition from one question to another.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on—which this Medicine invariably removes—soon follows Loss of Power, Fatuity, and Epileptic Fits, in one of which the patient may expire.

During the Superintendent of Dr. Wilson at the Bloomington Asylum, these sad results occurred to two patients; reason had for a time left them, and both died of Epilepsy. They were of both sexes and about twenty years of age.

Who can say that these excesses are not frequently followed by these direful diseases Insanity and Consumption? The records of the Insane Asylums, and the melancholy deaths by Consumption, bear ample witness to the truth of these assertions. In Lunatic Asylums the most melancholy exhibitions appear. The countenance is actually sallow and quite destitute—neither Mirth or Grief ever visits it. Should a sound of the voice occur it is rarely articulate.

"With woeful measure we Despair, Low sounds their griefs and sighs."

Whilst we regret the existence of the above diseases and symptoms, we are prepared to offer an invaluable gift of chemistry, for the removal of the consequences.

HELMBOLD'S

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID

It is not necessary to take a handful of these Pills to produce the desired effect; two of them act quickly and powerfully cleansing Liver, Stomach and Bowels of all impurities. The principal ingredient is Podophyllin, or the Alcoholic Extract of Mandrake, which is by many times more Powerful, Acting and Searching, than the Mandrake itself. The purgative action is upon the Liver, clearing it speedily from all obstructions, with all the power of Mercury, yet free from the injurious results attached to the use of that mineral.

For all diseases in which the use of cathartics is indicated, these Pills will give entire satisfaction in every case. They never fail.

In case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and extreme costiveness, Dr. Hoefling's German Bitters or Tonic should be used in connection with the Pills. The tonic effect of the Bitters or Tonic builds up the system. The Bitters or Tonic purifies the blood, strengthens the Nerves and regulates the Liver, and gives strength, energy and vigor.

Keep your bowels active with the Pills, and use the Tonic with Bitters or Tonic, and no disease can retain its hold, or ever assail you.

These Medicines are sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoefling's German Bitters, and do not allow the druggist to induce you to take anything else, that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the PRINCIPAL OFFICE at the German Medicine Store, 61 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS, Proprietor

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

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