

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,
SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1855.

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

12¢ The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or 62¢ if not paid within the year.

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

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 insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of type cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

DISTINGUISHED KNOW-NOTHINGS.

That our neighbor Bughum Bagpills may know who are his political friends in the Know-Nothing crusade against civil and religious liberty, we invite his attention to the following distinguished members of the Order, two of whom are happily removed from earth: First,—Bill Poole, a notorious drunken rowdy and prize-fighter, who met his death in a drunken brawl in a drinking saloon in New York, not by the hands of foreigners or catholics, as you falsely stated in your sorrowful lamentations over his untimely end, but by native born cut-throats, like himself. Second,—Joseph B. Monroe, an infamous wretch, who followed the profession of gambling and counterfeiting, and breaking the heads of "d—n foreigners." He perished like the former, while leading an armed mob to destroy the ballot box at the recent election in Cincinnati. Third,—Ned Bundline, a man who has accomplished the ruin of many an innocent and unsuspecting girl, and who after seducing a man's wife in Memphis, shot the injured husband in cold blood. Fourth,—Hon. (?) Joseph Hiss, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, one of the smelting committee appointed to search and ransack the Catholic schools of Boston. This Hon. K. N. grossly insulted the female teachers in the school and made as the recent examinations in the Legislature has proved, proposals of the most infamous character to one of the young ladies in the institute. It has been proved also that he slept with a lewd woman at the Washington House, in Lowell, and had the expense of the same (\$10,000) charged to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. These, Bughum, are some of the leaders of your pure moral-reform party. They were all Americans, all Protestants.

We visited Commercial Row yesterday, and were much pleased with a stroll through the large and spacious rooms contained in that noble structure. The most prominent among which are those of Messrs. CAMPBELL, GALEY & HARTER, No's. 7 & 8. No. 8 was erected by the Order of Odd Fellows, and they have spared no expense in fitting it up in a style second to none in the west. The other was erected by DAVID HARTER, Esq., and finished in the same rich and costly style as No. 8. You enter No. 8 (the corner room) from the street through a deeply recessed double door between two magnificent show windows corresponding with those of No. 7 and presenting a front of solid glass; the pillars supporting the lintels being entirely concealed. In entering the room, the first object that strikes the eye is the rich and elegant bracketed cornice running entirely around the room and supported by pilasters. The base shelf is supported by brackets corresponding with those of the cornice—the whole giving a unique and beautiful appearance. Instead of those old fashioned boarded counters or the more modern rickety tables, we find here a counter that is as handsome as a piece of furniture, and appears as substantial as if carved from solid wood. The Messrs. Epperson's were the architects and deserve much credit for the taste displayed in the design and the skill which they have carried it to completion. The painting was done by Mr. Morgan. A description of No. 7 will be given in our next. This room deserves a notice from our pen that we have not in this number space to give. Aside from the splendid stock of goods in those establishments, it will richly repay a visit from every one who takes pride in everything that tends to build up his town and advance the interests of his own county.

Wm. Patterson, who was shot by the Know Nothing rioters in Cincinnati, died from the effects of his wounds on Sunday.

OUR NEIGHBOR BUGHUM BAGPILLS.

This distinguished personage has taken great offence because we saw fit and proper to notice not long since in an article the uncalled for treatment and incivilities offered him by the barbarians of the east, who, from his own statements, took especial delight in shunning and snubbing him at every opportunity, simply because he wore upon his "caput mortuum" a weather-beaten cap instead of a shining cad. We were not conscious when we penned the article in question that we had said aught that would in the least disturb the equanimity of the Dr., and we are half inclined to the belief that some designing and malicious persons or persons have imposed upon the Dr. by wrongly interpreting to him the true intent and meaning of our language—that we wrote more in anger than in pity, that our object was more to ridicule than to sympathize, all of which we most emphatically disclaim, and are still notwithstanding the Doctor's ingratitude and his awakened wrath, a firm friend, ready at all times to resent any insult that may be offered him by the uncivilized Plebeians of Gotham.—Notwithstanding Bughum has shone as a bright particular star in the political and physical firmament in this neighborhood, there are those who would rob greatness of its renown and genius of its reward. He may well exclaim in the K. N. Pepper style, "Fain hant dun rite bi me."

We are sorry to see persons living in the same community, breathing the same air, and treading the same soil, detract from the just merits of one who has been acknowledged time and again through the columns of the Montgomery Journal, as a man of great research, deep and ponderous thought, whose motives are pure as the ice that hangs on Diana's Temple, and whose principles, political and religious, firm and enduring as the everlasting hills. Where is the slanderer, we ask, that will say that this man, possessing all the attributes of greatness, this intellectual luminary of Crawfordsville, ever stooped so low, ever descended from that ethereal height—the pyramid of renown, upon whose apex he has stood so long, the wonder and admiration of the Journal, several Wabash College Students and numerous little boys and girls—to engage in a street riot. Who will accuse him of being egotistical, who will say that he is vain, envious and foolish, that his professions of Christianity are all in your eye, that his mental calibre is inferior to the chattering monkey, and that what he and his friends suppose to be mind is nothing but animal instinct. We think no one can be found who will dare to make the charge.

The Dr. has applied to us the appellation of Count, a very singular cognomen for us indeed. We have never yet been able to discover the point of this last effort of his witticism. However we accept the name, and any other that he may choose to dub us with.

As a general thing Bughum always dresses in the height of fashion, and how it happened that he undertook that journey east without a shining hat is a mystery to us as yet unexplained. He must have placed too much reliance on the "light of genius" which he imagined would flash in one continuous stream from under the front piece of that old cap, together with an eloquent flow of language, spiced now and then with bits of latin and short dissertations upon the rise of Know-Nothingism, the breeding of mules and the raising of Shanghai. But these all failed; and notwithstanding he gave the K. N. sign to every one he met, including several free darkies, he was unable to secure an acquaintance with but a very limited number of the down-easters, among whom were several cab-men and a young African, who held the responsible position of porter on one of the North river boats. That our readers may know the kind of society that Bughum was so anxious to squeeze into, but failed simply on account of not having a bright shining hat to cover his "caput mortuum," we copy the following judicious remarks from the New York Times:

"A coat that has the marks of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with too smooth a nap and too high a lustre is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay p. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part."

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From the Washington Union.
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Every other party has retired from the struggle with intolerance and bigotry, or has yielded itself captive to this combination of factions, save and except the democracy. Throughout the entire field, the only flag that waves in proud defiance of this combination is that of the democracy. Nor are the numbers that gather under this flag unworthy of the cause to which they have dedicated themselves.—The rank and file remain; the heroes of many hard-fought conflicts have not deserted. A few corrupt leaders have gone—"a good riddance of them;" but the great body of the progressive party is as full of energy and hope as ever it was, and but little shorn of its noble proportions. From the day that the flag of proscription unfurled its dark wing, we hailed a real future of success to the democratic party, and of service to the country by that party, to which all its past victories and all its past services will prove to be as nothing. The political fusions & confusions of the day will soon realize the truth of this prophecy to their bitter cost. Either way, the cause of truth and equality, of rational liberty and sound patriotism, must gain. Whether the profiteering leaders of the deluded men who have gone into these dens of secret shame fail to carry out their pledges, or whether they fulfill them, it will be all the same in the end—a wide and general catastrophe will overtake them. If they fail to make good their promises, the cheat will be apparent in all its corruption. If they go on, their votaries will start before the long procession of persecutions, follies, and crimes perpetrated in the name of Americanism. If we loved our country less, we should say let these madmen go on. The lesson would do good through all time if it were not purchased at too great a cost. Already an appalling record has been made up. The spirit of insane innovation has broken out wherever the phrensy of intolerance has penetrated. It seeks to interfere with every political right and every social obligation. It annuls the most sacred obligations without remorse. It strikes at every security for the well-being of society; and in the name of reform it inflicts countless evils upon the country. On the one hand, it forces upon reluctant communities sumptuary laws that would have disgraced the reign of the most dissolute monarch that ever lived; on the other, it nullifies those solemn guarantees which protect the States in their covenanted rights. Here, it strikes down an eminent citizen for his religion; there, for the place of his birth. Extravagance in its municipal and State administrations, and the nomination of base, ignorant, and corrupt men for office, have been conspicuous features in its practice, if not in its professions. In Massachusetts it insults weak and helpless women because they have the hardihood to be Catholics; in Ohio it destroys the ballot-boxes, with the cry of "Americans must rule America," and retires abashed and penitent before its own turbulence; in New York it buries a murdered bully with honors, such as were scarcely bestowed upon a departed Washington; and in Pennsylvania it desecrates Independence Hall by denunciations of the adopted citizens, breathing in wicked contempt of the memories of the revolutionary struggle. We say we could wish to see these humiliating proceedings conducted to the close if the country had not already "supped full of horrors."

It is natural that at such a time all eyes should be turned to the democratic party which, unawed by majorities, and unsewed by appeals for aid and comfort, flings its defiance into the teeth of these bold bad men, and dares them to the issue. There is something sublime in this. Honest and clear-minded men will see in it an opportunity to cut loose from the trammels of the whig party. The persecuted will see in the democratic ranks a refuge and a rescue from their foes. Those derided for their fail will find in that party a fortress that will laugh a siege to scorn. Now, as ever, the democracy opens its arms to the oppressed of all nations; now, as ever, it stands by the teachings of the sages of the past. Not one tenet of its creed has it yielded; not one syllable of its pledges; but the more it is assailed the more strongly it adheres to its principles. Let factions exult over temporary success; there is in store for the democratic party a higher glory than it has ever yet attained—the glory of rescuing our country from the hands of the worst conspiracy that has ever been organized against civilization and freedom since the foreign invader invaded our happy shores.

A SHOW COMING.—Yankee Robins's Atheneum it will be seen is advertised to exhibit here on the 10th of May next. This establishment is spoken of as being superior to anything in the sh w line trilling, and we recommend those that would like to witness something decidedly rich to invest 30 cents, and if they don't grin themselves into convulsions it will be because Yankee Robinson ain't in tune.

BRING IN YOUR BUTTER.—Now is the time to sell butter. It commands the high price of 22 cents a pound.

12¢ "The Smelling Committee" is the title of a farce brought out with great success at one of the Boston theatres. The characters bear the names of the legislators concerned in the munuary visits. JOSEPH HISS, a member from Boston, is made the scape-goat of the affair. The following from the Boston Times is well got off.

A LITTLE NURSERY SONG.

TO BE SAID OR SUNG TO "NATIVE" BABIES.

Who, when in search of saving grace,
He visited the popish place
Scanned every pretty sinner's face?
 'Twas Joseph.

Who pions talked in accents nice,
Wanted to call for good advice,
And shook hands with one lady twice?
 'Twas Joseph.

Who, when a nun in terror fled,
Contrived the fugitive to head,
And various things impressive said?
 'Twas Joseph.

Who followed Mary to the hall,
And on her neck his head let fall,
Invited her to Montreal?
 'Twas Joseph.

MORAL.

Who, when his comrades in a fix,
Sought to escape the public kicks,
Got "merry copper"—all the kicks?
 'Twas Joseph.

A REVEREND K. N. IN LIMBO.

The Reverend Lewis Elgin will be tried during the April term of the District Court in Monroe county, Iowa, on a charge of seducing a poor widow's daughter, and member of his church. He was one of Sam's most energetic disciples and will doubtless be awarded a crown of martyrdom by the brethren of the Order.

CIGAR AND TOBACCO STORE.

Wm. B. Keeney who has recently opened an establishment of this kind, on Green st., opposite Commercial Block, is now in receipt of a large and well selected stock of cigars and tobacco. He has in his employ two cigar makers and intends manufacturing, during the coming season, a large quantity of cigars, which he will sell at the lowest eastern prices. Those of our country merchants who deal in the article will find it to their advantage to give him a call.—The fine lot of principles and regalias which he presented us has been tried and we unhesitatingly pronounce them *par excellence*. Those that know how to appreciate a good cigar will please take notice.

CUMBERLAND, GREGG & CO.—These gentlemen are now receiving a very heavy stock of Hardware, including a large quantity of Iron, Nails, &c. Their assortment of Cutlery is magnificent, surpassing anything of the kind ever brought to Crawfordsville. If any person wants a beautiful set of knives and forks or an elegant pocket knife, manufactured out of the very best quality of steel, go to this establishment, and you will find that they have every thing usually kept in a hardware establishment, and sell at very low prices.

12¢ Several Know Nothing deputy sheriffs have been held in heavy bonds to answer to a charge of being concerned in the murder of Capt. Ismael, at Cincinnati.

"RATS DESERT A SINKING SHIP."—The N. Y. Herald, which always endeavors to smell out the strong side, gives signs of abandoning the Know-Nothings, whose cause it has been advocating for some time past.

12¢ A gang of Know Nothings took possession of the Court House at Stanton, Powell county, K., on the 16th, for the purpose of holding a secret meeting. The Jailer, not being authorized to allow the use of the building for such purpose, ordered the evacuation of the premises, which not being complied with, a melee ensued, in which one man was stabbed and another shot. Both lie in a precarious condition.

12¢ There are 61,000 native and 3,000 foreign born voters in Connecticut. The 61,000 are desperately afraid that the 3,000 will overcome them and deprive them of their liberties.

SINGULAR DEFECT IN THE LIQUOR LAW OF NEW YORK.—It is said that between the 1st of May and the 4th of July, liquor may be sold in New York without license. The old licenses expire on the first of May, and the new law does not operate until the 4th of July. In the meantime there is to be a saturnalia.

12¢ The King of Prussia has ordered a great medal for science and a golden Cross medal to be presented to Lieut. Mauri for the wind and current charts.

12¢ The Cabinet is reported to be holding daily sessions, discussing Cuban affairs.

SAM AND SLAVERY IN NEW YORK.—The Seward members of the New York Legislature passed resolutions condemnatory of slavery and Sam—thus placing these two peculiar institutions in the same category.

QUINCY ELECTION—KNOW-NOTHING DEFEAT.—The election for city officers in Quincy, Ill., on Monday last resulted in the election of the anti-Know-Nothing candidates. The Herald gives the following as the majorities: Capt. Pitman's majority for Mayor or over Mr. W. B. Powers is 270. Waldhausen for Marshal about 250. Green for Alderman second ward 145. Thayer for Alderman of south ward 96.

12¢ CRAIG AND MACK'S SODA FOUNTAIN is now in full blast. Let them that thirst drop in and partake of the delightful beverage.

BRING IN YOUR BUTTER.—Now is the time to sell butter. It commands the high price of 22 cents a pound.

From the Chicago Daily Democrat, of the 23d. RIOT AND PROBABLE LOSS OF LIFE.

On Saturday last, our heretofore peaceful city was the scene of a serious riot. It arose out of the liquor license question, and we regret to add, will probably terminate in the loss of at least one life.

Early on Saturday forenoon, a crowd of persons, composed of citizens feeling an interest adverse to the present system of liquor licences, paraded the streets, on the day before, headed by fife and drum.—They were professed opponents of the late \$300 license law passed by the Council, and had come to hear the decision of Judge Buckner on the constitutionality of that law. While waiting to hear the result of the decision of Judge Buckner, a number of persons, including those in the procession, and others who were merely lookers on, were somewhat severely injured. The police took a number of persons prisoners, and lodged them in the jail and watch house. Of course, a large concourse of people soon collected in the Court House square, and a considerable degree of excitement was the result. The drummer, belonging to the procession, during the melee, continued to beat his drum, when it was snatched from him by a couple of policemen, who broke it in pieces as soon as they got inside the Court House rail.

Soon after this, the first affray of the day, a gentleman mounted the roof of a hockey coach in order to address the people, whether with a peaceful or warlike intent we could not say, for before he had spoken half a dozen words, he was pulled down from his stand, and unceremoniously dragged into the jail.

This terminated the forenoon's rioting.

In the afternoon, reports were brought from the North Side, to the effect, that the rioters there were arming and intended to make an attack upon the Court House in order to rescue their unprisoned friends.—Hearing of these rumors ex-Mayor Millikin proceeded to the North Side, saw a number of the principal rioters and urged them to resist the laws of the city. In his efforts he was partially successful for our reporter observed that quite a number of rioters, perhaps forty or fifty were armed in the streets and very much excited. After a while, however, the greater number retired to their homes. A few, who had no doubt been indulging somewhat too freely in liquor, could not be prevailed on to retire, and passed Clark street bridge with arms in their hands and proceeded up Clark street to the Public Square. The number did not exceed ten in all. Indeed our reporter saw but four or five pass the Bridge, but subsequently learned they were joined by four or five more after pass the Bridge, but subsequently learned they were joined by four or five more after passing the bridge. These Quixotic gentlemen who could not have been less than mad, upon arriving at the Court House Square, were met by a body of Police headed by Sheriff Andrew, when a very serious, and we are afraid, fatal meeting ensued. Shots were rapidly exchanged by both parties, men were knocked down, and indeed, a miniature battle-field was presented to the usual quiet denizens of that locality. In this encounter Policeman Geo. W. Hunt was shot in the arm, the ball entering his back, and penetrating to his chest, where it lodged under the skin. Dr. Bird, who attended this man, entertains no hope of his recovery. Hunt the Policeman, was attended by Dr. Max Myres, assisted by Dr. Morit. Dr. Max Myres assisted his arm, and he informs us he has little doubt but the man will recover. Hunt also received some flesh wounds in the side, which are not dangerous. A man named John Farrell, one of the rioters, was also badly cut in the head, but is not mortally wounded. It was stated, that the rioters bore off one or two of their friends, who were said to be wounded, but this is problematical. A man named Kemp, during the forenoon melee, had his nose slit down. It is an ugly, but not a dangerous wound. Policeman Nathan Western was knocked senseless. Policeman James Chubb was somewhat seriously injured; as also was a special Constable, a gentleman named Wilkinson.

About fifty-six persons in all were arrested during the progress and after both riots and lodged in the jail. Some had fire and other arms in their possession. Others were merely arrested for disobeying the orders of the special constables and policemen.

Towards the close of the day, we saw several persons brought into the jail

who were mechanics returning from work

and who were arrested for attempting to pass the lines enclosed by the police.—

Among the number we noticed one of our oldest citizens who was returning all alone

from a gunning excursion.

A portion of the military, consisting of

the National Guards, Light Guards, and Capt. Swift's Artillery, were called out in the afternoon by the Mayor. They took possession of all the streets leading to the Public Square. Two pieces of artillery were planted so as to sweep Randolph street, east