

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 1, 1855.

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CHARLES H. BOWEN.

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

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We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the press and the largest assortment of new and ready Jon-Tyne ever brought to this place. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of types, cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Democracy and the Union! RIGHT SIDE UP AND COMING!

National Democratic



CONVENTION!

The NATIONAL DEMOCRACY of Montgomery county will assemble in Mass Convention at Crawfordsville, on Saturday the

8th of September,

to nominate candidates for the following county offices: Clerk, Auditor, County Commissioner, Coroner, and the like. Invitations for the Legislature, and the following distinguished speakers will be in attendance and address the meeting:

COL. R. B. CARPENTER, of Kentucky.
LIEUT. GOV. WILLARD,
HON. CYRUS L. DUNHAM,
DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

At sunrise the Jackson Artillery will fire a NATIONAL SALUTE OF THIRTY-ONE GUNS.

The several townships will come in procession with Banners and Music. At 10 o'clock a

GRAND PROCESSION

will be formed in front of the Court House in the following order:

NEW ALBANY SAXE HORN BAND,
INVINCIBLE GUARDS,
FRANKLIN CADETS,
JACKSON ARTILLERY
Martial Music,
SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812 AND
MEXICO,
ATTICA BRASS BAND,
TOWNSHIP DELEGATES.

The Township sending the largest delegation according to the number of votes will be presented with a

MAGNIFICENT BANNER.

Let every NATIONAL MAN turn out on this occasion, and show the Abolition Fanatics of the

DARK LANTERN ORDER,

that there is a nationality and a patriotism still burning in the breasts of the TRUE AMERICAN PEOPLE. That we other their deeds of

Blood, Murder, Arson and Rapine,

committed in our hitherto peaceful and quiet cities. Bring your wives and children, your neighbors and every one opposed to religious proscription, disunion and anarchy. Give one day to your country, and make the eighth of September, 1855, a day to be remembered by the National men of old Montgomery.

THE RIOT AGAIN.

The last *Journal* comes out with a series of affidavits in reference to the Louisville riot. We have only to inform our readers that every one is taken from that murderous sheet, the *Louisville Journal*, to set at rest any effect their publication might produce. The attempt to clear his skirts of the blood, or, at least, the imputation of the blood, shed by the organized assassins on that unfortunate day, is the best proof of his (Prentice's) guilt, and, at the same time, of the healthy state of public opinion in the city.

Probably there never has been a display of bold effrontery and audacious falsehood equal to that shown by the Fusion Know Nothing press upon this occurrence. If any one, however, is entitled to "go up lead" as the "first best" liar among them, it is either Dr. Fry, or Ellis, of the Lafayette *Courier*. Take the following example from the hand of Fry—"In every riot which disgraced our country, they (the Old Liners) have been the originators, they have struck the first blow, spilt the first blood, and committed the first murders."

We call attention, not only of the public, but of the Presbyterian Church, of which Fry is a member, to the above statement, which he knew at the time he penned it was a lie baser and more cold-blooded than any Judas ever uttered. We say further to the Church, if its character for sanctity and

religious conduct is hoped to be preserved, its preachers and elders must do something to convince the world that they have no apologies for, nor parcel with, such a communicant as Fry. We say in good faith, that if there is truth in the Scripture, or divinity in the history of Ananias, there are ungodly lies told in every Montgomery Journal enough to sink, not only Fry, but his whole Church into perdition. If they persist in covering him with their mantle, they must suffer in common estimation. They might as well bolster up a religious community the Prince of Liars himself.

We will give the hypocrite, however, a chance to redeem himself. Let him, in his next paper, give us one single instance in all the history of our country of a riot originated by what he calls "the Old Line leaders." Come out, we say,—only one instance of the kind! Nay, give us one instance of a riot originated by Old Liners of the rank and file.

Fry, in the same article, speaks of a number of American citizens ruthlessly shot down before any resistance was made by the American people. Now it has been reduced to a certainty that there were but four Americans killed—how many Irish men, women and children, the last day will only reveal. But over those four Americans there have been enough lying tears shed by the Fusion speakers and editors to swim our navy. If any person should have been, like myself, curious to know something about the private character of those four canonized martyrs, we are able to gratify him, thanks to the *Louisville Courier*, a Know Nothing paper. We subjoin a brief biography of three of them—Graham, Rhodes, and Hudson.

Graham was a man of bad character, who had been guilty of previous riotous conduct, for which he had to answer in court. Some time since he was arrested for robbing a house of ill-fame on the plank road, and the stolen property was found in his possession. Believing it to have been his first offence, and in consideration of his youth and promises of good behavior for the future, Judge Joyes merely held him to bail in the sum of \$1,000 for his good behavior.

Rhodes was a man of violent temper, and of such character that his neighbors would hold no intercourse with him. He had been "indefinitely suspended" (which was tantamount to expulsion) from Boone Lodge, I. O. O. F., for bad conduct. He treated his wife so badly that she was driven away from him, and for several months previous to his death they had not been living together. He refused to pay her physician's bill incurred after their separation, disowned her as his wife, and only two or three days before his death forbade the physician, who had been called to visit her during sickness, from longer attending her. But, abused and maltreated as she had been, with the holy devotion characteristic of her sex, forgetting all his faults, Mrs. Rhodes now seeks to remove the cloud that surrounds his memory. She is represented as being a worthy lady, and her womanly devotion cannot fail to excite admiration.

Hudson, who was murdered by his own friends, and not killed by the Irish, as has been stated, was a man of notoriously bad character. We see it stated that he was recently released from the Indiana penitentiary, where he had been sentenced to serve a term for stealing, and at the time he was killed an indictment for felony was hanging over him.

Graham, martyr No. 1, was the robber of a house of ill-fame.

Rhodes, martyr No. 2, was so vile that his neighbors would have nothing to do with him, he forbade physicians from attending his wife in sickness.

Hudson, martyr No. 3, who was killed by his own friends, had just been released from the Indiana penitentiary where he had been confined for stealing.

Such are the fellows mourned so profoundly, bewailed so eloquently, and, along with Bill Poole, so certainly canonized, by Dr. Fry, and all the Thugs of the land. The man who has so much sympathy for thieves and robbers, if not one in heart himself, has to guard himself well lest sooner or later he takes his dinners in the same cell made vacant by Hudson. He will steal, if he has a chance and the courage. If he is met abroad in a great crowd, let people put their hands on their pocket books. We do not confine the opinion to him, but extend it to every Thug leader or candidate belonging to a fraternity of which Graham and his stripe of fellows are members in good standing.

Of the verity of the biographies Fry need not attempt a quibble. Every man of common sense will know, that if the *Courier* published any such slanders upon the dead, he would not fail to be called to account. But the editor is safe in the truth of what he has written.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

There will be a meeting of the National Democracy at Whitesville, 5 miles south of Crawfordsville, on the Danville road, on Tuesday next the 4th inst. An interesting time may be expected, as a number of distinguished speakers have been invited.—Let everybody come out and hear the truth.

"Old Hickory" will announce the commencement of exercises in tones of thunder,

On last Wednesday we witnessed one of the grandest sights ever beheld by mortal eye. We allude to the Democratic Convention. Like some mighty conquering army, flushed with victory, the rank and file of the indomitable Democracy came pouring in countless numbers into the Capital on the morning of the 29th. The soul-stirring music from a hundred bands, the fluttering of flags and pendants, the glittering of golden eagles amidst the folds of the starry banners of the republic, the shouts and huzzas of thirty thousand freemen like the roar of the sea, all combined to make the affair the most magnificent and enthusiastic ever witnessed in this State. The abolition convention of the 13th of July was a mere township meeting compared to this mighty gathering of national men. And it was no mere spree of Young America—no shedding of hypocritical tears at the card table over the pretence of a waning protestant religion—no exhibition of a false pathos over bleeding humanity in a drunken revel on liquor smuggled in evasion of law. That was the example of the dark lantern politicians, the political whist-players of the Red Republican Convention on the 13th. The Democratic party is too proud, too noble, too loyal to the best interests of the American Republic to revel in bacchanalian rounds through the streets of the Capital and under the very dome of the temple where our laws are made, there to spit upon those laws and nullify them, by rendering them a dead letter. The Democratic party did not enact the liquor law, but while it is a law it bows its obedience. The Convention was spoken to by distinguished speakers from this and adjacent States. Kentucky had no less than a hundred delegates on the ground, and Illinois fully half that number. Of the outpouring from the different localities of our own State we have nothing to say, it spoke for itself and its voice was thunder. No one, not even the most brazen-faced disunionist, dares to assert that there was ever any such demonstration at Indianapolis before. We cannot now dwell at length upon those speeches that were made, or go into any detail of the mighty swell of patriotic enthusiasm, that swayed and controlled that vast assemblage, as the lofty forest is shaken by the rushing of the winds which it has no power to resist.

Col. R. B. CARPENTER, of Kentucky, was there, and we wish every man in Indiana had heard him. He is the very embodiment of splendor and live thunder. The Red Republicans trembled beneath his ponderous blows, until our sympathies were enlisted for them—they paled, their knees smote together, and they cried for mercy, like the criminal at the bar receiving his dreadful sentence.

Our readers all remember the noble part Col. CARPENTER played in the shocking attempt that was made in Hardin County, Ky., to justify Matt F. Ward in one of the very foulest murders ever perpetrated, under any circumstances. The Col. still hates the man, or the party that will murder, and the Louisville rioters, who, at the late elections, made the streets of that city

ment which proclaims the abiding shame of thousands, proclaims alike the tear of the widow and the orphan. With the horse-exulting jeers of the inhuman perpetrators are blinding the wailing notes of the sorrow-stricken. Oh! how agonizing to hear the plaintive moaning wrung from the bleeding and lacerated hearts of those poor beings, whose brightest day was but warmed by the sun of resignation and mutual affection—to hear distracted parents calling in vain for their beloved and persecuted children—to see frail forms, with heads whitened by the frosts of years, resting on stones dyed with the blood of those who cheered the winter of their life. Where is the heart, which exists spark of sympathy, that could listen unmoved to that poor wife calling on God to be a father to her little orphans, and hovering around the abode of sorrow, hoping to find even the burned body of her lost husband in the tomb of martyrs; while ever and anon she murmurs, "Oh, God! will such wrongs be unavenged?"—No! such wrongs will not be unavenged.—God chastises those whom He loveth.—Each flame that, from the burning homes of the poor and desolate, tinged the azure sky, bore to the Heavenly courts, a record awful and indelible; each drop of blood that fell from innocent veins, cried aloud to heaven for vengeance. The cruel victor may wear with secret pride his blood-stained laurels, but long after his laurels will have withered, his victim's brow will be radiant with a diadem wrought by "angel hands." Now the conqueror may glory in his foul achievements, but the day will come when the conquered shall chant the psalms of victory and never ending peace. The powerful here may have their sway, but the weak must rule hereafter. Despair not then ye poor and bereaved, life may be drear and charmless, adversity's clouds may gather thick and rapid, but listen ever to the sweet, charming accents of hope, and in grief's darkest hour, remember, as "ye sow in sorrow, ye shall reap in joy."

Come one and all—come with drums and banners—come men of all parties and persuasions, young and old.

"Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended; Come as the waves come, when Navies are strained."

NEW ALBANY SAXE HORN BAND.—This celebrated band which played at the Democratic State Mass Convention on last Wednesday, has been engaged by the Democratic Central Committee of Montgomery county, to play at our Convention on the 8th. They will give a Concert on Friday night, and we recommend all the lovers of music that wish a rich entertainment to go and hear the Banner Band of the West.

PERSONAL.—L. D. Ingersoll editor of the Colaosa (Iowa) *Times*, is at present stopping in our city. He made an eloquent speech at the Court House on last Saturday night before the Union Democratic Club.

(For the Review.
GRAND FIZZLE.
LINDEN, August 30, 1855.

ED. REVIEW.—It was announced in glowing hand bills that there would be a grand rally of the Republican party, (which I suppose means Abolitionism and Know Nothingism,) in Linden, August 28th, and that Mr. Jas. Wilson and others would address the meeting. The day was a pleasant one, and everything favorable for a large crowd, but the excitement is down. The people would not turn out, they chose to stay at home rather than to go and hear a man who did not believe his own preaching.—The star of the midnight Order is fast waning, and I predict that in less than three months there will not one be left (not even Jimmy Wilson) to tell the tale. The people are opening their eyes, and are going to investigate and decide for themselves in spite of Messrs. Beard, Wilson and McNeil, who try to thrust their arguments down every man's throat whether he believes it or not. Mr. Wilson's great effort was to satisfy the people that he was not an Abolitionist, but others of the Order with less cunning will let the cloven foot stick out.—One of the party said to me on the same day of the meeting, that a negro was as good and ought to enjoy the same rights and privileges that he himself did; but yet in the face of all this they claim not to be Abolitionists. Funny, isn't it? ha, ha.—If anything further should transpire in relation to the Abolitionists and Know Nothings I will be sure to let you know. Another very important thing is, you can set old Madison down thirty majority for the Old Liners.

A CITIZEN.

[From the Louisville Times.]

A VISIT TO THE SMULDING SEP-ULCHRE.

Solemn and awe-inspiring are the ravages of Death, even 'mid the scenes of wealth, where he came with a slow warning step and left friends consolation and comfort, to cheer the home which he made desolate, and gloom o'er cast; but oh! how solemn and heart rending are these ravages, when he appears in the little family circle of the poor, whose only happiness is their union and affection. Are his ravages more welcome where wealth is not to be found?—Ah no, for in the humble cottages of the poor, affection weaves a silver chord as pure and binding as any that links heart in the halls of affluence. In the bosoms of the poor, are hearts most firmly and most closely strung. And, lately in our city, how many of these heart strings have been snapped asunder by Death, led by a band of Ruffians, into the tenements of poor foreigners and Catholics. Go to the Sepulchre of these martyrs, and there the fell destroyer exultingly displays his horrid mark. There, while gazing on those ruined piles, varied reflections invade the mind, and thrilling emotions sway the heart. Neath those smouldering heaps lie the vanished hopes and fond realities of many. That moment which proclaims the abiding shame of thousands, proclaims alike the tear of the widow and the orphan. With the horse-exulting jeers of the inhuman perpetrators are blinding the wailing notes of the sorrow-stricken.

There, in the tomb of martyrs, while ever and anon she murmurs, "Oh, God! will such wrongs be unavenged?"—No! such wrongs will not be unavenged.—God chastises those whom He loveth.—Each flame that, from the burning homes of the poor and desolate, tinged the azure sky, bore to the Heavenly courts, a record awful and indelible; each drop of blood that fell from innocent veins, cried aloud to heaven for vengeance. The cruel victor may wear with secret pride his blood-stained laurels, but long after his laurels will have withered, his victim's brow will be radiant with a diadem wrought by "angel hands." Now the conqueror may glory in his foul achievements, but the day will come when the conquered shall chant the psalms of victory and never ending peace. The powerful here may have their sway, but the weak must rule hereafter. Despair not then ye poor and bereaved, life may be drear and charmless, adversity's clouds may gather thick and rapid, but listen ever to the sweet, charming accents of hope, and in grief's darkest hour, remember, as "ye sow in sorrow, ye shall reap in joy."

LOOK HERE.

We would like to see some of the boys from each township by the first of the week, that we may have some banners sent out to the different townships, those that have not yet been supplied will please call at my shop, opposite the Review, in the 3d story of commercial row.

T. H. WINTON.

Some of the Know Nothings of Louisville propose to get up a concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the late riot.—They may be able to restore to them some of the furniture and old clothes consumed in the conflagration, but who is to restore husbands to the widows, fathers to the orphans, sons to aged parents made desolate by the outrages of the mobocrats?

THE LOUISVILLE BUTCHERY.

In a race with falsehood, truth is always a laggard at the outset. This arises from its conscious integrity of purpose. The object of falsehood being sinister, its start must be rapid, otherwise its effect will be lost by truth appearing. Now that the facts connected with the Louisville riots begin to appear through diverse political channels—Whig, Native and Democratic—we behold the appalling truth, that the wholesale butchery and arson committed on election day, in that God-forsaken city, was determined upon and fully arranged in the Know Nothing Lodges, and contrived at by the cowardly ruffians who hold official positions in Louisville.

The work of destruction was begun by the hired ruffians of the Secret Order, who assailed every man that did not present a ticket printed on colored paper—the badge of the Order's infamy and the laws overthrown. And these are the miscreants who dare assume the name of American, to murder unoffending women and children, after they had bathed their hands in the blood of their husbands, fathers and protectors! Blistered be the tongue that would call such ruffians Americans—Talk not hereafter, of St. Bartholomew, ye midnight marauders and brutal assassins!

That had the plea of a dark age, to extenuate it; but the bloody doings at Louisville, standing out in the full glare of the civilization of the nineteenth century, will be execrated by every lover of his country, as springing from the corruption of depraved hearts and debased minds. Bribery, peculation and perjury, were the first fruits of this disgraceful Order, its second the destruction of our liberties, amid a carnival of blood.

Are you prepared, fellow-citizens, for such a devastating and gory reformation? Shall anarchy, confusion and assassination triumph, marching under the black banner of Ignorance, over the fair fruits of intellect and patriotism, as devised and sustained by our fathers? Shall the bloody Moloch of Know Nothingism tear with its unsanguined hands, that glorious Constitution with patriots compacted? So sure as God reigns, if the ignorant and profligate Secret Order be permitted to hold sway for another year, our people will become so familiar with blood and arson, that human life in our city will be the mere sport of a brutal mob, and all property lose its security. The sanctity of the laws has been derided wherever the hideous aspect of the monster has found worshippers, and the humanizing Gospel of Christ has been stripped of its balm influence, to give place to the brutality of passion. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you