

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 13, 1855.

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

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

CIRCULATION
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN
Crawfordville!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of
SUBSCRIBERS.

All kinds of **JOB WORK** done to order.

To Advertisers.
Every advertisement handed in for publication, should have written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes inserted. If not so stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Agents for the Review.
E. W. CARR, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
S. H. PARVIS, 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 new and the latest 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 types, cuts, &c. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

GRAND TORCH LIGHT
Procession!

The invincible Democracy of Montgomery county will hold a grand jubilee at Crawfordville on

Thursday Night Oct. 18th.

Dan. Voorhees, Dick Ryan, and our own speakers will be in attendance. The Franklin Cadets, Invincible Guards and Waynetown Rangers are invited to be present. Let every one come, come with torches and music and let us exult over the triumph of Democratic principles.

WHERE IS SAM---BLOODY SAM!

The defeat of the Proscriptive Order on last Tuesday was a terrible one. Never in the annals of the political history of the country was a party so badly beaten as was the K. N.'s. For the last year the members of the secret Order have exhibited the most hellish intolerance, domineering and insulting every one who opposed them.

Among its members could be counted penitents, lounging vagabonds, old broken-down, spavined and wind-broken politicians who had been kicked years ago out of the Whig and Democratic parties.

There was indeed some few good clever fellows who had by false representations been inveigled into the foul den. But they had pretty generally left it, finding it to be nothing but a charnel-house filled with the bones of Antediluvian office seekers. The slaughtering of the owls commenced at an early hour on Tuesday morning and continued until a late hour in the day. It was fun to see them fall. They were dazzled with the sunlight and it seemed a pity to kill them. But recollecting how they murdered women and children in Louisville the boys were bent on annihilating them. The last seen of the great Owl McNeil, he was making two-forty for the Depot. We understand that he has fled to a cat-tail swamp in Iowa where he intends to spend his remaining days in blissful solitude.

Austin was discovered perched on a cellar door singing in doleful accents,

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, we wept when we remembered" SAM.

On Wednesday morning the Old Liners were busily engaged in collecting the spoils, their faces were beaming with radiant smiles while the owls, poor devils sat round on store boxes cursing the d---n Irish and black Dutch and making faces at the Old Liners as they passed along the street singing,

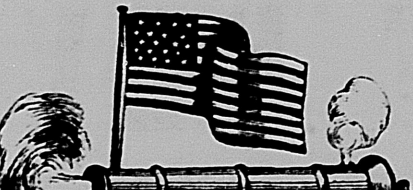
"How happy are they &c."

The boys are well supplied with new suits of clothes, boots, shoes, hats and pockets full of tin. The Thugs would bet and of course had to pay up. Some of them are salted down to the tune of \$100 each.

They were confident they were going to win as Jim Wilson and McNeil had told them that there were twenty-five hundred Know Nothings in the county and that now was the time to bleed the Old Line party. Bingham Fry's countenance is a perfect blank. We understand that he attempted to crawl into his pill bags on Tuesday night but was prevented from accomplishing the rash design by his ears. Poor Bingham we feel for you, but as your canonized Saint Bill Poole said, "you're a goner!"

There is any amount of jollification going on in the county at present. Music, feasting, and dancing seem to be the order of the day. In fact we are having one great love-feast in old Montgomery. On every side there are shouts going up for the Constitution and the Union.

LET OLD HICKORY ROAR!



THUGS ANNIHILATED

BRILLIANT VICTORY!

DEMOCRATIC TICKET ELECTED BY

350 Majority!!

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM SUSTAINED!

Three Cheers for the Constitution!

"Old Hickory" thunders victory, victory, victory! Let the brave exult and the good sing songs. Our flag waves in triumph. The proud eagle with her eyes of fire and talons of steel still holds aloft the arrows of war and the olive branches of peace. The foe has fled, gone, gone, to seek refuge. Their wails and cries are heard in the far off distance as they cry to the rocks to fall upon them and hide them from disgrace. Let shouts of exultation ascend to Almighty God that the Union has yet a precious majority in old Montgomery that have an oath in their hearts to stand by it and to stand by it to the last.

The Constitution, the old Constitution has been vindicated—the enemy set it at naught—they endeavored to destroy it—but they have been visited with swift destruction.

Pure and unspotted that Constitution still lives—the same glorious safe guard which our fathers made it—its letters of fire have lost none of their lustre—its thousand triumphs still cling to it and hang all about it—sacred in the love of the people—canonized in their heart of hearts, its teachings still guide on to liberty, to triumph and to glory. The following is the result:

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Silas Peterson 2135
Elias Horner 1763

Majority 372

FOR CLERK.

William C. Vance 2129
Orrin S. McNeil 1775

Majority 354

FOR AUDITOR.

James Gilkey 2107
Samuel W. Austin 1811

Majority 296

FOR COMMISSIONER.

Samuel Gilliland 2118
Noble Welch 1768

Majority 350

FOR CORONER.

Thomas H. Winton 2110
Robert V. Willson 1771

Majority 339

Total number of votes polled in the county, 3921.

Average Fusion vote in 1854, was 1863.

Total number of votes polled in the county in 1854, was 3640.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of DAVIS & GARVIN, announcing the arrival of new goods. Mr. Davis has just returned from Boston after a six week's absence in which he has had ample time to examine the market and make choice selections. Mr. Davis has had many years experience in the wholesale dry goods business, while Mr. Garvin is an old stager in the clothing business. This experience makes them good judges of goods, and Indiana can probably boast of few shrewder buyers than Mr. Davis; and they have the reputation of selling goods at extremely low prices.

To our retail friends in the country we would say from a personal examination of the stock of D. & G., that from their piles of new goods they will have no difficulty in selecting entire stocks of dry goods, clothing, boots, shoes, &c.

Davis & Garvin are to be found at the old stand of M. Snook & Co., opposite the Court House.

FIRST INQUEST.—Our newly elected Coroner has just been called upon to exercise the first duties of his office over the dead carcass of "Sam." Tom refuses to stand the shock, he says his olfactory nerves won't bear it.

JOURNAL RANTING.
In all the townships in the county where foreign votes could be brought to bear, the American party have failed; but in those where no foreigners voted, our gain is large.—*Journal.*

This is a lie, every word of it; but as it has come to us just as we are going to press, we cannot now wait to refute it. In our next issue we will give the figures and prove the statement false from beginning to end.

Let the Cock Crow!



GLORIOUS NEWS!

Pennsylvania has given over TWENTY THOUSAND majority for the Democracy. Three cheers for the Keystone State.

THE RIOTERS AGAIN.

On last Thursday night while the National Democratic party were holding the usual jollification of victory in the streets, this Know Nothing mob again showed itself. We have always contended that what they are unable to accomplish by fair and lawful means, they are sworn to carry out by violations of law. This is the course they pursued at Washington City, at Philadelphia, at Rochester, at Chicago, and at Louisville.

They have always denied it, but now the citizens of the good town of Crawfordville have seen for themselves. Their policy always has been to put down free speech, and to obstruct free thought. Every man who has joined the Order has lost his liberty of thinking for himself, because he is trammelled with oaths and obligations, and he is only a machine to execute the plans and the wishes of a few mad leaders, and those they are unable to entice into their conclaves where these muzzling obligations are imposed, they endeavor to control by mob and brute force.

This was attempted here last Thursday night, in front of the Temple of Justice itself. B. W. Hanna, Esq., was called upon by the assembled Democracy that were present, to address them, and while doing so was rudely assaulted by members of this Know Nothing Order and we have reason to believe with the sanction of the Order. They threw fire balls at him and everything they could do to put him down was done; but they failed, he breasted their howls and their hate, and flung back their disgrace upon them.

In fact they seemed desperately anxious to get up a riot. We are for peace and shall do all we can to counsel and preserve it, but there must be an end of this plan of operating.

Now let every man, every good man look at it. This is the Christian political order that makes such vaunting claims for the cause of liberty and the cause of Christ.

How can any civilized people uphold such a party. Is there not virtue enough, is there not intelligence enough to put it down now after such a demonstration here in our own streets forever.

Let the people now learn that religious intolerance and political proscription in this country will not do. This same thing was once tried in France and what were the results? The frosts of Almighty God stung and withered that beautiful land to ashes. The holy religion was abandoned for infidelity, death was pronounced an eternal sleep, and what then followed? Liberty, virtue, and all that is noble and good were swept away together. "Men drank themselves drunk on blood to vomit crime."

This is the history of France during the Know Nothing reign there, and may the God of our fathers avert such results from us. It has been the same thing over again here so far as it has gone, they have tried to put down free speech, the press has been assailed, the ballot-box has been blockaded, riot, arson and blood have been their track wherever they have gone. Booted and spurred on by their leaders the ruffian gang rough shod and steel coked have overrun and trampled down every sacred right they have been able to place beneath their feet.

But there is an end of this thing, and it dates from last Tuesday. Know Nothingism in this county is sunk, sunk, sunk forever. One hundred guns for old Montgomery!!! One hundred guns for the Constitution!!! One hundred guns for the Union!!!

CHANGE OF POSITION.

Our badly defeated candidate for Clerk, having always possessed such strong proclivities for fishing, his former and present position is most beautifully illustrated thus:

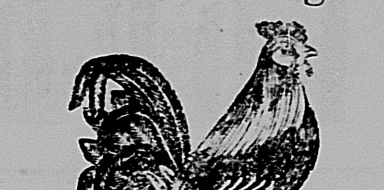
His pole was of the sturdy oak
And his line a cable that never broke;
He baited his hook with tiger tails,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whales.

Now his pole is of the peacock's feather,
And his line composed of the finest tether;
He baits his hook with mince of cheese,
And sets in his bed and bobs for bees.

Remember the jubilee on next Thursday night. There will be a grand display of fire works.

We understand that the stockholders of the "Tom Jefferson" intend altering the name of their old fuzee. We suggest that they call it the Fred. Douglass or Benedict Arnold.

All hail Georgia!



THREE CHEERS FOR GEORGIA!

Georgia has given over TWELVE THOUSAND majority for the Democracy. Where is **Bloody Sam.**

PROSCRIPTION!

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Oct. 11th, 1855.
Mr. Editor:—You will do me a favor by publishing the following communication in your paper:

Five years ago I landed in the United States whither I had fled from the despotism of the old world. I was born in Italy, in the city of Vercelli, and from my infancy up to the time of my departure to the States, suffered in common with my countrymen the tyranny of despots. To escape the scaffold, the scourge and dungeon, implements of Austrian rule, I fled my native land to seek an asylum in yours, where I might enjoy the blessing of civil and religious liberty. Under the leadership of the gallant Garibaldi I struggled to free my country, but French bayonets overpowered us, and liberty went down in a sea of blood. It was then I became an exile, and after braving the storms and perils of the wide Atlantic, landed among you. I have but one purpose, and that is to enjoy your blessings and prosperity and share in your vicissitudes and misfortunes. I have made this my home, and I expect never to see my fair Italia again. No, I bid farewell to the land of song. Her bright elysian fields and luxuriant vineyards will no more greet my eyes, but here in this mighty confederation of free and sovereign States I shall breathe the pure air of civil and religious liberty, ready at all times to respond with prompt alacrity the call of my adopted country to defend her shores from an invading host. I have lived eighteen months in your State, a good part of which time I have resided in Crawfordville, being employed during the last four months by Mr. Alvin Ramey, whom I have served faithfully, but who on last Tuesday morning dismissed me from his service for acting the part of a freeman. He inquired of me "how I intended to vote." I told him that I should vote the National Democratic ticket, when he replied that "he would have nothing more to do with me." For acting as my judgment best dictated I was thrown out of employment. Such an act would even make the tyrant Francis Joseph blush. He would never stoop to so low a scale of petty and malignant proscription. But thank God the world is wide, and with strong arms and a clear conscience I can battle successfully with a common humanity in the great sea of life, inspired as I shall be with the golden principles of your glorious Constitution, and the blazing meteoric stars of liberty that gleam from the proud ensign of your republic.

PAOLO CODA.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

Return of Dr. Kane and his Fellow Adventurers.

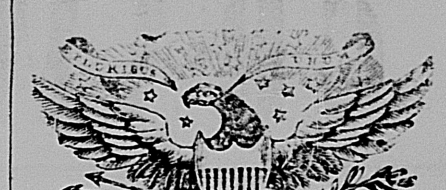
Nothing could give a more joyous thrill to the whole country than the following dispatch:

NEW YORK, Thursday, Oct. 11.
The propeller Ira and the barque Release, which sailed from this port in June, in search of Dr. Kane, returned this evening to this port, having on board Dr. Kane and his party. The propeller and barque made their way North in Smith's Sound up to 79 deg. 30 min., when they were stopped by ice, and worked their way in shore to find a passage. They discovered an Indian village, where they learned that Dr. Kane and his party had gone South. They then returned to Disco's island, in Davis' Straits, where they found the Kane Expedition.

It appeared Kane had pushed his vessel Rescue as far north as 81 deg., when he was frozen in and they remained by all winter, sending to the Indian village above-mentioned for provisions, which were supplied by the inhabitants. In the spring they abandoned the ship and started south on sledges till they reached the town of Upper Navick, a Danish settlement on the west coast of Greenland, whence they were conveyed in a Danish vessel to the Island of Disco and were found there by the searching expedition. Three of Kane's expedition died from exposure, viz: Christiansen Ossen, carpenter, Pierre Schubert, cook, Jefferson Recker, seaman. The remainder were more or less frost bitten. On the 4th of Sept. the Rescue narrowly escaped shipwreck by coming in contact with an iceberg, which struck her bulwark and carried away her boats. The two vessels were fast and they were frozen in for the winter, but finally got out. This winter was unusually severe in the Arctic regions, and many natives perished from exposure and starvation and had to eat their dogs, the extreme cold having prevented the usual hunting expeditions. No traces were discovered of Sir John Franklin.

Where is the Gynpsonian Club?

Indiana Redeemed!



ORTH DEFEATED!

Godlove S. Orth, late President of the Grand Council of Owls in Indiana, has been defeated for Judge. In Tippecanoe county the Democratic majority is three hundred, where last year it was thirteen hundred the other way Glorious!

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM ORANGE!

By a letter from a gentleman at Orleans we learn that, so far as heard from, the Democratic majority is 558. The townships remain to be heard from, which will increase the majority to about 600. The Democratic majority in Orleans township is from 17 to 22. The usual Democratic majority is about 300. It will thus be seen that the base calumnies of the abolition Maine Law Know Nothings in the county officers have availed them nothing.

POTNAM REDEEMED!

The Democrats of Putnam have elected their whole ticket by about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY majority. Last year the abolition Know Nothings carried the county by four hundred. Democratic gain over five hundred!

OLD WAYNE TOO!

The Democrats have carried Wayne county by a majority of two hundred votes. Returns have been received indicating the election of Jeremiah Smith, Dem., over John Elliott, K. N., as Judge of the Circuit Court in that district.

OLD SHELBY RIGHT SIDE UP.

In no county in the State have the Know Nothings made more Herculean exertions than in Shelby. Every thing that could be done to sever her Democracy from the path of duty was done, but all to no purpose. The Democrats have carried the county by over three hundred and fifty majority.

Ellis of the Lafayette Courier, who for the last fifteen months has been preaching in favor of Know Nothingism and Maine-Lawism makes the following frank acknowledgment. Hear him:

THE ELECTION--ITS RESULTS AND ITS CAUSES.

So far as we are able to learn from every portion of the State, the election yesterday resulted in the complete and overwhelming triumph of the "Old Line" party.

Such is the case here in Tippecanoe County, where, only one year ago, there was over one thousand majority against the Nebraska party. We are unable to give the vote of this county by townships; but enough is known to justify the belief that Tippecanoe county has gone "Old Line" by about 240 to 300 majority—electing Jake Hill, Luke Riley, Ike Hollowell, Charles Marsteller, and "last, but not least," Andrew Ingram. In Lafayette Ingram leads Orth 331 votes; in Wabash township the vote is for Ingram 32, for Orth 91—majority for Orth 59. In Randolph, Ingram's vote is a tie. In Perry, Orth leads Ingram 20. Such is about the way the thing has gone in this county. In Montgomery county the Old Liners are about 350 ahead. In Boone 250. In Carroll 200. In Clinton 250. In Marion 600 to 1,000. So it has been, we presume, throughout the State. It would not surprise us in the least to see the total footings up of the Old Line majorities in the State, reach 10,000, or even 15,000.

So much for the election and its results. What about the causes which have produced this wonderful political revolution in Indiana? We know of but two, Know Nothingism, and the Prohibitory Law. These are the two great questions at issue in the election just passed. So far as the voters of Indiana are concerned, temperance and Know Nothingism have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The Western people are not prepared for a prohibitory liquor law. Such a law, even if enacted, cannot be faithfully enforced in this or any other State, as the experience of the past ten years has proved.

Know Nothingism is another issue that has been met and defeated in this election. It has sought to control all our elections. Let it, say we, give up the ghost, and let it be buried by the hands of its friends.

As a political organization no secret society can exist long in a free government like ours, nor ought it to exist.

The K. N. leaders will, many of them, give us sweet home for talking thus plainly, but we are convinced that our views thus hastily expressed, will meet with a hearty response from the masses who have joined the order. We are convinced also that our position is right, and being thus convinced, we expect to "stand for the right."

MASSACHUSETTS POLITICS.

WORCESTER, (Mass.) Oct. 2.—The Whig State convention met here to-day. J. Thomas Stevenson, of Boston, presiding. Letters from R. C. Winthrop were read, in which he says that he prefers Choate against fusion. Samuel H. Walley, of Roxbury, was nominated for governor.

The resolutions adopted by the convention declare that the whig party should more than ever keep aloof from all entangling alliances; repudiate the personal-liberty bill, and advocate its erasure; declare the liquor law a failure; avow the determination to go for constitutional measures; advocate the organization of a national party, which, on the slavery issues, should be armed to resist the aggression of fanaticism.

Mr. Walley accepted the nomination for governor.

Moses Davenport was nominated for lieutenant-governor, and a full State ticket was formed.

THE SUICIDE.

Down by the river
A weeping maiden stole;
Black as that river
The flow of her soul;
Deep as that river
The woes that oppressed her;
Wide as that river
The thoughts that possessed her;
Fast as that river
Flowed her heart's blood,
As by the river
A moment she stood.
While as the river
When rising in foam
Her death-stricken cheek
As she turned from her home;
The soft locks that pressed
The snow of her breast,
Were rich as the river,
When over its swell
The light of the moon
In golden rays fell—

She is gone—and the river moves slowly along;
She is gone—and the river is moaning its song;
She is gone—and the breast of the dark water heaves;

She is gone—and the winds tell the tale to the leaves;
She is gone—and the owls sing a dolorous wail;
She is gone—and the moon turned sickly and pale;
The spring of her tears its last tribute has paid,
And she sleeps 'neath the willow-tree's saddening shade.

Whence cometh the river, and whither its flow,
The false one that injured her never shall know;
Nor never again shall his hard heart rejoice,—
Unceasing, that river's mysterious voice
Shall rush like a spirit along by his bed,
And murmur the plaint of the innocent dead.

From the Westmoreland (Pa.) Republican.
AN HONEST AND AN INDEPENDENT MAN.

The Fredrick "Citizen" of the 14th, publishes the following card; and remarks—"A few more such hammers will knock the brains out of Know Nothingism so effectually, that the monster will not even kick again. Mr. H. is a highly respectable citizen, whose word can be relied on implicitly." Ponder what he says.

SARILIASVILLE, Sept. 7, 1855.

A week ago, I was induced to join the Know Nothing Council. When I went in, I was asked "Where I was born and whether I was of Protestant birth," and at last I took the first degree, and the obligation, "Never to vote or give my influence for any man for any office in the gift of the people, unless he be an American born citizen, in favor of Americans ruling America, nor if he be a Roman Catholic," but all was done with the understanding, that I was to be allowed to inquire further as to the aims and objects of the Order. The initiation was so repugnant to my judgment, that, night before last, I took the Constitution of the United States into the Council with me. I there told them, their oaths and proceedings were contrary to that Constitution.—They said to me, "the Constitution formed by GEN. WASHINGTON has been destroyed, but WE are going to restore it." I said, I believed the one I had was genuine for it was signed with his name, and argued with them the illegality and unconstitutionality of their oaths, and told them I didn't believe they had ever seen the Constitution, and then read the article "THERE SHALL BE NO RELIGIOUS TEST," but they tried to stop it, saying, I had no right to discuss any such questions there. I told them I would publish their proceedings to the world; and they declared I would have the dark and blighting stain of perjury resting on my soul; but if I would apply in person, at the proper time and place I should have an honorable discharge, when I declared, "Gentlemen, not one step shall I take towards your black and horrid den of conspirators. I don't want your discharge: I will discharge myself." Upon their proposing to me the obligation of the second degree, by which I was to be bound to obey all signals or cries of the Order; and when the signs of danger were given TO GO ARMED to the place designated, I at once refused to proceed and declared my determination which I now fulfill, to publish and reveal the whole of their terrible proceedings; for as I told them, I could have nothing to do with an agreement, which might force me even to plunge a dagger to the heart of my neighbor, and he unsuspecting it. All I can, and ought to do, is to expose it. I believe such an oath as I took, is not, and should not be binding, and it is my duty as a good citizen, a law abiding God fearing man, to cast it aside. Such an illegal, sacrilegious and immoral obligation, which conflicts with my duty as a christian and citizen, to my God and to my Country, and my fellow men, I think must be more sinful to keep than to trample under foot, and despise, as I do this, and I say to all Democrats, all Whigs and all good men, keep yourselves clear from the entanglements of this fearful conspiracy.

SAMUEL C. HAMMER.

KOSSUTH ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Kossuth writes that he considers the fall of Sebastopol only the beginning of the war. He says:—

The taking of Sebastopol decides nothing, solves no question, and brings nothing to an end. Quite the reverse. Success at Sebastopol will make peace impossible—will rather inaugurate a real and protracted war. That will be the veritable beginning of the end.

He adds that only the South of Sebastopol is taken—or rather destroyed; and that the north remains to be invested; and that to do this the basis of operations upon Kamiesch and Balaklava has to be abandoned; and a new one secured. A winter campaign in the Crimea is still the prospect.—The Allies success would be followed by "a war of blockade." In that case, he intimates, our Government must look to its rights, particularly to the doctrine of "free ships, free goods," which we in common with the Northern powers have declared.