

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,

Saturday Morning, Jan. 31, 1857.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

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

CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE!

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.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the **new** 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 all the **new** and **latest** cuts, &c. We have them, and no mistake. Work **done** on **short** notice, and on **reasonable** terms.

Agents for the Review.

E. W. CARE, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans' Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

S. D. DAVIS, Son, East corner Columbus and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.

V. B. PALMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

On last Monday we took a flying trip to the Capitol for the purpose of whiling away a few hours in witnessing the operations of the present legislative assembly. We were agreeably surprised to notice the strict order and decorum that reigned in the House, compared with the turbulent and bacchanalian scenes that disgraced that body in the winter of 1855. The storm of fanaticism and treason that swept over our State in 1854, filled both branches of the legislature with as graceless a set of rascals as ever went unwhipped. But the scene is now changed, a reaction, as speedy and as overwhelming as the returning of the waters of the Red Sea, came over the minds of the people, and the majority of that body is now composed of men who not only profess and advocate the principles of Democracy in their true sense, but men who possess in an eminent degree every essential qualification of manly dignity and high moral worth. With such men we need have no fears but that sound and judicious laws for the government of our State will be enacted during the present session.

In the Senate chamber the scene is somewhat different. Here Black Republicanism in a measure has the ascendancy, the Fillmore party hold the balance of power. As a matter of course but very little business has as yet been transacted in this body, the Republican Senators squandering the time and money of the people by throwing every obstacle in their power to the speedy and prompt execution of important business. But when consider that Black Republicanism is rapidly dying, and that it holds but a feeble grasp upon power in this branch of our Legislature, we can afford to be patient and quietly bide our time. To the Democracy belongs not only the past, but the future, its political horizon is already lit up with grand triumphs and brilliant achievements.

The election of United States Senators which has been the chief topic of conversation throughout the State since the convening of the Legislature, has within the past few days assumed something of a tangible shape, and is now regarded as a fixed fact by the knowing ones, who assert that it will be duly consummated by next Tuesday, the Fillmore Senators having graciously surrendered. Jesse D. Bright will as a matter of course be returned by a unanimous vote.

His high position in the Democratic party as a sterling and unflinching democrat, together with his eminent and renowned qualifications as a statesman renders it an imperative duty upon his party as well as a regard for the credit and interest of the State to retain him at the Capitol of the nation. Who will fill the other vacancy is as yet unknown, the contest lying between ex-Gov. Wright and Dr. Fitch, both excellent men and in every way competent for the high position. The election of either, however, cannot fail to give satisfaction to the Democracy.

Gov. Willard, since his installation into office, has donned himself in a suit of black, and his exterior now presents decidedly a fine appearance. In the recent exciting campaign he looked shabby, but then he was in pursuit of the *woody heads*, and had but little time to pay attention to dress. Now he looks like a brand-new dollar, fresh from the mint. His face is cleanly shaven and is tinged with a ruddy glow of health, which with his affable and elegant deportment and fine conversational powers, sparkling with wit and humor, renders an hour spent in his society delightfully agreeable and entertaining.

The Hotels are filled to their fullest capacity. The Bates House being the headquarters of the Fusionists and the Palmer House that of the Democrats. There is a kind of abandoned gaiety at the Capitol that resembles in some respects Parisian life. They have a theatre in full blast, and every night witnesses a score of balls, routs, and intrigues. As a matter of course the season will end with many pleasing recollections. But then there will be some broken hearts and empty purses, and Madam Gossip will have a merry time in retelling her budget of scandal.

The war in Persia still continues.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.—This is the title of a new work now in press, written by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. As an authoress Mrs. Hentz has been eminently successful. Indeed there is not a woman in America whose tales have been more steadily and uniformly popular. All her works are written with much power and have a classic beauty of diction and grace of style which cannot fail to give them a high place in the literature of our land. Her characters have a fascinating originality, marked peculiarities, and an air of truth to nature about them. A high, moral, and religious charm pervades all the stories in the volume, imparting a glow to the finest feelings of nature, and from the beginning to the end strength is added to strength, and beauty to beauty; in fact she seems to have dipped her pen in the fountains of the human heart, and with a wizard wand laid bare the various and complicated passions of their nature.

THE WORK IS PUBLISHED.—The work is published and for sale at the Cheap Book and Publishing Establishment of P. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

BURT'S THEATRICAL TRAVEL.—Burt's Theatrical Troupe from Lafayette, arrived in our town this (Friday) morning. They design giving a series of dramatic entertainments. We understand that the Company possess considerable histrionic talent. We shall see.

THE DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN SWITZERLAND AND PRUSSIA.—The difficulties between Switzerland and Prussia have been amiably settled.

THE WEATHER.—Within the last few days the weather has moderated considerably.

THE ARREST OF LEWIS DEWEY.—Lewis Clinger and William Dewey, the two young men who were arrested for stealing jewelry from Hannibal Purcell were examined before Justice Durk last Thursday, and bound over each in the sum of three hundred dollars. Clinger confessed his guilt and implicated Dewey, who however strenuously asserts his innocence.

OUR FARMERS.—Our farmers should be very careful how they receive the present paper currency. A general caving in of banks is at hand.

OUR FARMERS.—Our farmers are making preparations for sugar making.

OUR WRITER FROM THE EAST.—A writer from the East, who has been digging and discovering on the plains of Assyria, supposes he has discovered the remains of the Tower of Babel. Those researches in the East are bringing to view some of the oldest and most interesting things mentioned in the records of time.

OUR WRITER FROM THE EAST.—The Tower of Babel was commenced while the story of the flood was yet fresh in the minds of men, and the Assyrians had undertaken to build a tower so high that no flood could reach its summit. All men then spoke one language, but there the confusion of tongues commenced, and languages of men have become as numerous as the nations.

OUR OLD BRITISH KING.—Some old British King were a man decorated with the beards of his enemies slain in battle. The ex-King of Bavaria recently had a velvet mattress presented to him, stuffed with the beards and mustaches of the Grenadiers of his Alsace regiment, as one of the most valued presents they could offer him.

THE NIAGARA.—The first trials of the machinery of this new frigate (built at New York) under steam have been very satisfactory. Her engines in motion resemble a vast piece of perfect clock work.

OUR LONDON TIMES.—The London Times says the principal hotel in Chicago is "a grander establishment than any in that metropolis."

OUR EASTERN STEAMSHIP.—The Great Eastern steamship ordered in length Noah's ark by 238 feet.

RAILROADS IN THE WORLD.—The whole number of miles of railway in the world is 52,266. Of these America has the largest share, 26,581. Europe has nearly as many, 24,203. The rest of mankind have only about 500 amongst them.

OUR RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Rev. Mr. Eaton will preach in the Court House, Sunday morning, Feb. 8th at 10 o'clock. Subject—Evangelical regeneration—New birth—Being born again. John 3 ch. 3 v.

OUR LECTURE.—The following, from a lecture on "Peace in Europe," recently delivered in "Peace in Europe," recently delivered in Albany, by the Hon. John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, is very eloquent—and abounds with that warm, gushing spirit of enthusiasm so peculiar to the Irish character.

OUR PREDICTION.—Whether the truth of the prediction shall equal its force and vividness, is a mystery which time alone can unravel:

OUR PREDICTION.—Thus stand the several powers of Europe upon the basis of a precarious peace. The parties to the great game of war which is in preparation, are engaged in royal sports and festivities, heeding not that they stand above a hidden volcano. * * *

OUR PREDICTION.—They are all merry partners in a gorgious ballroom, dancing on, unheeding of the storm which may burst upon them at any moment. But in the other end of that gay ballroom is a gaunt and world-like figure, arrayed in garments all rags and tatters, which are clotted with blood. Its beard is coarse and untrimmed, and upon its brow is emblazoned, in burning characters of living light—"REVOLUTION, RETRIBUTION!"

OUR PREDICTION.—Talk of the inferiority of the female mind!" exclaimed an excited woman's rights oratorian, "why, Mr. President, women possess infinitely more of the divine affluence than man, and any one who attempts to get around her in these days, will have to start very early in the morning!"

OUR PREDICTION.—"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the Chapman said when the lady he was accosting drew a basin of water over him.

OUR PREDICTION.—Horace Greeley's libel suit. Gray, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, against whom Greeley has brought a suit for libel, is disposed to be jocular about the matter. He says the Sheriff of the county waited upon him one fine, cold morning with an official document full of "startling captions," and as soon as he discovered the nature of the demand, for \$10,000 damages to Horace Greeley's character, his first impulse was to draw a check for the sum, but on reflection, he remembered that there was not exactly that sum to this credit. Gray then proceeds to state his confusion, wonder, and alarm:

How Horace supposed he could ever get so much money as that out of any Democratic editor, especially one publishing a National Democratic paper in this Connecticut Western Reserve, is as much a mystery to us as the Rochester Knockings. In our tremor we asked the Sheriff many foolish questions, and among them "if he knew which Greeley had brought the suit?" We had a faint recollection that, during the late campaign; not only two Fremonts had been discovered, but also two Greeleys, and we were anxious to know which of the latter had sued us. He answered, "Old Drab."

We knew by that remark it was the editor of the New York Tribune, formerly a Fourierite and the founder of a "community" in Pennsylvania, where the people lived in common, and had a baby factory attached to their establishment, where the cradles went by steam, and where it was said, Horace himself, in a pair of feathered breeches, used to hatch out the chickens, while the other old bens did the laying and scratching.

The Horace Greeley, the man that invented the "two Fremonts" should presume to have ten thousand dollars worth of character left, is still more "amazing." That he should, with his overhanging circulation, abandon the quill, the legitimate weapon of warfare in his profession, and turn up the cudgels of the law to finish the campaign fight, and redress grievances, it is also "amazing" that he should pass over all the other Democratic papers in the Union, which have seemed with similar libelous charges, to pounce upon the editor of this paper, the most limb-like of them all; and whose sweetness of temper and amiability of disposition never have been questioned, is quite "amazing," that he should abandon "Bleeding Kansas," and take to bleeding us; that he should think of laying ten thousand dollars out of a pauper printer who inhabits a land where Democrats go to their graves without mourners, because there are not enough in any one locality to get up a respectable funeral, is still very much more "amazing" yet.

WHAT'S UP!—The following rather singular paragraph we clip from the editorial columns of the N. Y. Tribune. It seems that Lew Campbell has fallen into disgrace with the Tribune folks, and Bill Seward is snubbed. We are completely mystified. What's up?

We perceive that the Hon. Lewis D. Campbell attempted to strike the Hon. Mr. Rust of Arkansas, in the House of Representatives, but was prevented by the Hon. A. K. Marshall.

Mr. Campbell is the same man who recently expressed his supreme contempt for "manufactured rags and lampblack," alias newspapers. Mr. Rust is the same man whom the Hon. William H. Seward eulogized as "an honorable gentleman" after his cowardly attack upon Mr. Horace Greeley, "an editor of a newspaper," to quote the same Senator's chaste and beautiful English; and Mr. Marshall is the distinguished Representative who was so suspicious lest he should exalt the conductors of public journals into undue importance by noticing them in so elevated a body as the House of Representatives. He is the son of a Kentucky schoolmaster, who, whatever the name of the schoolmaster, and Bill Seward is snubbed.

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