

at the next village of what we had discovered.

The horses were very stiff, and at first could hardly drag us along, for the road was in a horrible state, but they soon warmed to the work, and in little more than three quarters of an hour we reached a small village, where we got some refreshment, while the landlord of the little Gasthaus ran at my request for the Polizei.

When the only officer in the place came, I told him every thing that had happened in the best German I could muster, and willingly agreed to go back with him to the spot, and show him where the body lay. The rumor spread like wildfire in the village; a crowd of the good peasantry collected round the door; and when we set out, taking a torch or two with us, as I described the vaults as very dark, we had at least a hundred persons in our train, among whom were a number of youths and young girls. As nothing but one old chaise was to be procured in the village, and it did not look as if it would rain, we pursued our way on foot, but we certainly accomplished the distance faster than we had done with two horses in the morning. All the way the officer—I really do not know his right German title—continued conversing with Lawrence, who did not understand a word of German, and with myself, for whom his German was world too fast. I gave him, however, all the information I could, and as his language has the strange peculiarity of being easier to speak than to understand, I made him master, I believe, of every little incident of the last eventful night.

My description of the face of the man who had first nearly strangled me and then nearly dashed my brains out, and of whom I had caught a glimpse by the flash of the pistol, seemed to interest him more than all the rest. He stopped when I gave it to him, called several of the girls and young men about him, and conversed with them for a moment or two with a good deal of eagerness. The greater part of what they said escaped me, but I heard a proper name frequently repeated, sounding like Herr Katzenberger, and the whole ended with a sad and gloomy shake of the head.

Soon after we resumed our advance we came to the mouth of the vault. It required no torches, however, to let us see what we sought for. The sun, still low, was shining slantingly beneath the heavy brows of the rocky arch, and the rays receded to the spot where the body of the poor girl lay.

All steps were hurried as we came near; boys and girls, men and women, crowded round. It was evident that every one present recognized a friend in that lifeless form. "Ach, die Carlina!"—"Ach, diear me Carlina!" arose from a hundred voices, and some eyes were seen to shed bitter tears.

They made a little bier of vine poles and branches, and laid the fair corpse upon it. Then they sought for various green leaves and some of the long-lingering autumn flowers, and strewed them tastefully over the body; and then four stout men raised the death-litter on their shoulders and bore it away toward the village. The men and women, without noise or bustle, formed themselves into a little procession, with a native sense of reverent decorum which is more strongly felt among the German peasantry than among any other people I ever met with, and followed the corpse, two and two.

I had the policeman for my companion, and beseeching him to speak slowly, I asked if he could give me any explanation of the strange and terrible events which must have happened.

"We know very little as yet," he answered; "but we shall probably know more soon. This young lady, poor thing! was the only daughter of a rich but cross-grained man, living at a village a short way further down the Rhine, on the other side. Her mother, who died three years ago, was from our own village. She was dancing away gayly last evening with our young folks, just before the storm came on; for her father had brought her up in his boat, and left her at her aunt's. When it came on with thunder and lightning, they all went into the house, and, as misfortune would have it, that young lad who is carrying the head of the bier sat down by her in a corner, and they could not part soon enough.

He was a lover of hers, every one knew; but her father was hard against the match, and before they had been in the house an hour the old man came in and found them chattering in their corner. Perhaps he would have staid all night had it not been for that; but he got very angry, and made her go away with him in his boat in the very midst of the storm. He said he had been on the Rhine many a worse night than that—though few of us have ever seen one. But he was obstinate as a bull, and away they went, though she cried terribly, both from fear and vexation. What happened after, none of us can tell; but old Herr Katzenberger has a gray beard, just such as you speak of."

They carried the body to the little old church, and laid it in the aisle; and then they sent for the village doctor to examine into the mode of her death. I was not present when he came, but I heard afterward that he pronounced her to have died from drowning, and declared that the wound on the temple must have occurred by a blow against some rock when life was quite or nearly extinct. "Otherwise," he said, "it would have bled much more, for the artery itself was torn."

For my part, I was marched up with Lawrence to the Amphitheatre, and there subjected to manifold interrogatories, the answers to which were all carefully taken down.

In the midst of these we were interrupted by the inroad of a dozen peasants, dragging along a man who struggled violently with them, but in whom every one present recognized the father of the poor girl whose body we had found. The peasants said they had found him some six miles off, tearing his flesh with his teeth, and evidently in a state of furious insanity. They had found it very difficult to master him, they declared, for his strength was prodigious.

He was the only witness of what had taken place during that terrible night upon the river, and he could give no sane account. He often accused himself of murdering his child; but the good people charitably concluded that he merely meant he had been the cause of her death by taking her upon the treacherous waters in such a night as that; and the fact of his boat having drifted ashore some miles further down, broken and bottom upward, seemed to confirm that opinion. I made some inquiries regarding the unfortunate man during a subsequent tour; but I only learned that he continued hopelessly insane, without a glimmer of returning reason.

A CASE OF OBSTINACY.—The Madison (N. C.) News says that in the jail of that place Wm. Haggard has spent the greater part of his life, having refused to pay a debt of \$25, or any portion of it, though he has money concealed. He refuses to accept his liberty, and is perfectly satisfied with imprisonment. His creditors pay his board and is determined to keep him in jail until he agrees to pay the debt and all incidental expenses. All we have to say, is "Two fools well met."

"Now, Alfred dear, I must leave you. I am about to shut myself out from this world."

Alfred—"Why, in the name of madness, Julia, you are not thinking of retiring to a convent?"

Julia—"No, dear, don't alarm yourself. I am only going to put on my new crinoline dress."

Dr. John G. Dunn of Lawrenceburg, a poet, a painter, a physician, and a kind of universal genius, has invented an improvement of the ambrotype, which he styles "the scenotype." It is said that under this improvement a picture is produced of extraordinary finish, combining all the accuracy of likeness produced by camera, with the softness, distance, and beautiful hues of the landscape. The image starts out like magic, and it seems as though a person could walk in behind it and travel off for miles.

Mr. R. H. Avery, of Madison county, N. Y., has succeeded, by crossing the breed between the domestic and the wild bird, in raising a male turkey weighing thirty-four pounds, and a female 204 pounds. Mr. A. being a Republican, determined to present the 34-pounder to Col. Fremont for his inauguration dinner, but as Col. F. did not eat any inauguration dinner, a Democrat, Mr. Matthews, bought him at the rate of a dollar a pound and sent him to Mr. Buchanan, who, we presume, did eat him, or of him, at his inauguration dinner.

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GLORIOUS DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN PERU. At the town election in Peru, Miami county, the other day, the Democracy were triumphantly victorious. Black Republicans howled away from the polls on a lobe with its tail between its legs, sneaking and yelling. Every municipal functionary of that thriving and beautiful village, from Mayor to school Trustee, is a Democrat. And, under Democratic rule, it will become more and more thriving and more beautiful than ever.

A CURE FOR SUICIDE.—According to the report of the City Inspector, the number of deaths from suicide in New York last year was sixty-two. During the year previous, the number was sixty-three, so there has been no remarkable increase. Throughout England, the crime of suicide has been much on the increase, and in London it has latterly assumed frightful proportions.

So serious has the matter become, that the city magistrates propose an appeal to Parliament next session, based in return just made by the Police Commissioners, which show that the suicides and attempted suicides in the city have been doubled or quadrupled within the last few years.

As a remedy for the evil the Christian Advocate has proposed the enactment of a law consigning to the schools of anatomy, the body of every individual, of whatever rank in life, whom a coroner's jury should declare to have committed *vol de se*. Such a remedy might prove effective—perhaps more so than another proposition we have heard of—to punish suicide by imprisonment in the State prison, at hard labor, for life.

AMERICAN BRAVERY was rarely ever more conspicuous than in the recent attack of the seamen of two of our national vessels on the four forts near the city of Canton. The Chinese manned their guns with as much skill as the best of European soldiers, but the impetuosity of our men was irresistible. An officer writes:

One hundred and eighty guns were captured and most of them of immense size, some throwing 104 and 11½ inch hollow shot, while their 32s were of enormous weight. The walls of these forts were feet thick, 16 feet high, and well built of massive granite.

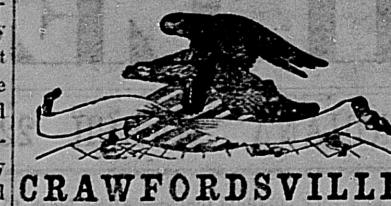
A NEW USE OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The *Scientific American* states that a heavy wholesale house in New York has put up wires and established a direct telegraphic communication with one of the "mercantile agencies" of that city. Every new customer presenting himself is duly endorsed by a favorable report through this medium before the sale is completed. It has required considerable time heretofore to send a clerk in person, but on the improved system, while one partner is showing off the goods, the other retires, clicks a few strokes and learns—"owns farm worth \$8,000 clear, failed once five years ago, good—" and returns to assist in bowing and assuring the stranger that he can have the goods on any terms he chooses.

"Ma what is hush?" asked a little boy. "Why, my dear, do you ask?"

Because I asked Sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so all round like a hoop and she said hush."

Spring commenced yesterday so says the almanac.

## THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,

Saturday Morning, March 21, 1857.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATUR-

DAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

12¢ The Crawfordsville Review, furnish-

ed to Subscribers at \$1.00 in advances, or \$2.

if not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION

LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN

Crawfordsville!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of

12¢ SUBSCRIBERS.

All kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

To Advertisers.

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

12¢ We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the best and the LARGEST assortment of

SEX 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,

etc. We have got them and no mistake! Work

done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.

E. W. COFF, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent.

Evans Building, corner of Third and Wall-

Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. H. PARVIN, South East-corner Columbia and

Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to

procure advertisements.

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

York.

JOB WORK.

Those wishing job work will do well to

call up and examine our office. We have

not only the best job office in the

place, but twice the amount of material of

any country office in the State.

12¢ Those wishing a good family news-

paper would do well to subscribe for the

Crawfordsville Review.

Our paper is now

printed on new and beautiful copper faced

type, and in point of typographical execu-

tion is not surpassed by any paper in the

west. Each number will contain a choice

tale and a careful selection of miscella-

neous news. In politics it will be as over-

thorough and intensely Democratic.

Where clubs are formed of over ten a lib-

eral deduction will be made.

12¢ Our esteemed friend L. D. Inger-

soll publishes a card in a late number of the

Journal, in which he speaks of the

Review making a characteristic attack upon

him which he cannot consent to notice.

Wise and sagacious Dunham.

12¢ Five divorce cases have been grant-

ed by the Circuit Court now in session.

12¢ March, the great Trumpeter of the

twelve, still continues to blow his wild

blasts. No visible signs of spring yet.

12¢ The dwelling of James Taylor, near

Rockford, Jackson county, was consumed

by fire last week, and three little children

perished in the flames. Their parents

were absent.

12¢ We have certain individuals in our

minds who have been taking the Review

for the last three years and who have nev-

er shown a disposition to pay for it, although

perfectly able to do so, that we shall aston-

ish some of these days by putting their

names in print accompanied with *falling*

comments. Bear in mind gentlemen that

we shall be as good as our word.

12¢ A young man named Aaron Sanders,

of Burlington, Michigan, committed suicide

on the 27th ult. by shooting himself

through the head with a pistol.

12¢ The Crane House.—Since Mr. Taylor,

has become the proprietor of this excel-

lent hotel he has had it completely refit-

For good dinners, good beds and the best

of accommodations it is unsurpassed by

any house in this section of country.

A NEAT INVENTION.—A Yankee has in-

vented a plague which kills off all who do

not pay the printer. It is said to be as

destructive as the cholera.

Reader, do you tremble? Better pay

up immediately.

HANNAH & CASSELL.—These gentlemen

are now in receipt of a portion of their

spring and summer stock.

Mr. Hannah in a

few days will leave for the eastern mar-

ket, when he designs purchasing a large