

tion 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, and 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 route 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 a 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 reached to the spot where the body of the poor girl lay.

All steps were hurried as we came near; and boys and girls, men and women, crowded round. It was evident that every one present recognized a friend in that lifeless form. "Ach, die Carina!" "Ach, die Carina!" 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 flowers 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 chatting 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 afterwards, 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 gone 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. Hagood 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 creditor pays 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, they are "two fools well met."

Julia.—"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 20½ 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.

GLORIOUS DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN PERU.—At the town election in Peru, Miami county, the other day, the Democracy were triumphantly victorious. Black Republicanism howled away from the polls on a lode with its tail between its legs, sneaking and yelping. 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 returns 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.

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 *felon 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 named 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 8 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 "mercenary 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 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 it inserted. If no stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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.

Agents for the Review.

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

S. H. PARRY, 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 would 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.

Those wishing a good family newspaper 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 execution is not surpassed by any paper in the west. Each number will contain a choice tale and a careful selection of miscellaneous news. In politics it will be as ever, thoroughly and intensely Democratic.—Where clubs are formed of over ten a liberal deduction will be made.

Our esteemed friend L. D. Ingersoll 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.

Five divorce cases have been granted by the Circuit Court now in session.

March, the great Trumpeter of the twelve, still continues to blow his wild blasts. No visible signs of spring yet.

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.

We have certain individuals in our minds eye who have been taking the Review for the last three years and who have never shown a disposition to pay for it, although perfectly able to do so, that we shall astonish some of these days by putting their names in print accompanied with flattering comments. Bear in mind gentlemen that we shall be as good as our word.

A young man named Aaron Sanders, of Burlington, Michigan, committed suicide on the 27th ult. by shooting himself through the head with a pistol.

THE CRANE HOUSE.—Since Mr. Taylor has become the proprietor of this excellent hotel he has had it completely refitted. 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 invented 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 markets, when he designs purchasing a large and elegant assortment of fashionable cloths and patterns of the latest styles. Their establishment is unquestionably the place to purchase clothing.

Our Irish citizens celebrated the birth day of St. Patrick, by a ball.

DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM J. BROWN.—This distinguished gentleman expired at his residence in Indianapolis on last Wednesday after a protracted illness.

We understand from a gentleman who saw a copy of the Montgomery Journal of last week that it contained another valedictory from the great bard.

We understand that brother Lingle, of the Lafayette Courier, has become a convert to spiritualism under the preaching of a Mrs. Tuttle.

GOV. GEARY'S RESIGNATION.—An abstract of Gov. Geary's letter to the Missouri Democrat, respecting his resignation, will be found in another column. What may be the value of his opinions and surmises respecting the establishment of a slavery constitution in Kansas we are not prepared to say, until his letter in full reaches us. The meagre and mutilated telegraphic abstract is unsatisfactory.

## SUICIDE.

"One more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to his death!"

The crime of suicide, if crime indeed it be, has been prevalent to a greater or less extent in all ages and among all nations. Its fearful commission is not confined particularly to either of the sexes, and in these modern days the obscure and unfortunate suicide that would "shuffle off this mortal coil," has for example and precedence renowned philosophers, statesmen and warriors. Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," when he saw his legions at Philippi give way and flee before the victorious columns of Antony, rather than be taken captive by the conqueror, died disparagingly upon his own sword. Cato, after reading Plato upon the immortality of the soul, struck out the light of his earthly existence. Guefio, when he beheld his castle walls encircled by the siege of Saracens, and saw dishonor's hand was lifted 'gainst his only daughter, with one blow he struck her to the heart, and with the other stretched himself beside her. Cleopatra, the beautiful and lovely queen of Egypt, pressed to her breast the poisonous asp of the Nile. Self destruction of late years has increased with fearful rapidity. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper now-a-days without reading a melancholy account of some poor wretch.—

"Who, glad to death's mystery, Swift to be hurled— Anywhere, anywhere, Out of the world!"

In all of our acquaintance with suicidal records and accounts, we do not recollect of ever having read of any where a more cool and premeditated purpose was manifested, than in the case of young Clinger, the facts of which are briefly these: Clinger was a young man, some twenty-two years of age, respectively connected. An unfortunate affair, over which we shall pass in silence, compelled him to leave the parental roof of his father and separate from a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married. After a short absence he suddenly returned, and meeting with a cold repulsion, left for Carpentersville, a little town on the N. A. & S. Railroad. On his arrival he put up at a tavern in the place, and during the evening visited a drugstore where he purchased a couple of ounces of laudanum. Before retiring for the night, he wrote letters to his father and his affianced bride, acquainting them of the terrible deed he had committed. Enclosed in the letter addressed to the young lady was her ring, which in happier days had doubtless been exchanged with mutual vows and pledges. He also left a letter for the landlord of the house, beseeching him not to make any attempt to resuscitate him back to life. On last Sunday morning when his room was entered, he was discovered in the agonies of death, and the letters found lying on a table near the head of the bed. His father upon learning the tragic fate of his son left immediately and returned on last Monday night with the body, which was interred in the old burying ground on last Tuesday afternoon. Thus ends another mournful chapter of one whom we are inclined to believe was "more sinned against than sinning." In personal appearance, Clinger was a bright and intelligent lad, just entering upon a glorious manhood, when the star of his destiny culminated and driven by despair he sought the stranger coasts of futurity, where we devoutly hope he will find that rest and happiness which a false and cruel sentiment of justice denied him upon earth.

General Scott's pay, hereafter, will amount to \$15,000 a year. He gets also \$32,400 arrears, which Secretary Davis refused to grant.

The women have brought out another fashion. Not being content with hoops, paint, small bonnets, high boot heels, &c., they have adopted the fashion of having their hair cut short like the men. The next thing we hear they will be for raising whiskers and moustaches—if they can.

The Democracy everywhere are pleased to hear that Sam. Medary, "the wheel horse of the party" in Ohio, has received the appointment of Governor of Minnesota Territory. How the Democracy of Ohio can spare him we do not know, but certainly Minnesota needs an infusion of a little genuine Democracy, and we trust Col. Medary will inculcate it.

Some of the poets are writing about Spring. For mercy's sake, gentlemen, hold on a while and see if we are going to have Spring.

No elopements have taken place this week.

The London Era says Fanny Fern is "the coarsest woman who ever made money by describing bedroom life."

CAN'T STAND IT.—Greeley says "that Nebraska Bills and Dred Scott decisions are goading us (Republicans) beyond the point of peaceful endurance." Gracious! is Greeley going to fight?

ANOTHER SHRIEK FOR BLEEDING KANSAS.—The lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature on Monday last, passed a resolution appropriating \$100,000 to keep up a Black Republican excitement in Kansas until the fall elections.

The San Francisco Sun notices the death of J. Hawes Davis, an officer of the Vigilance Committee of that city, caused by taking Strychnine, and says, this is the ninth member of that Committee who has committed suicide.

## WOMAN.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

Not thine! not thine! is the glittering crest And the glance of the snow-white plume— Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom! Nor is this star 'mid thy country's best, Where the war-steed clamps the rein— Where the waving plumes are like sea-foam tost, And the turf wears a gory stain.

Not thine! not thine! are thy glorious dower! But a holier gift is thine, When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour, And the red blood flows like wine— To wipe the dew from the clammy brow— To raise the drooping head— To cool the parched lip's fevered glow— And to smother down the lowly bed!

Not thine! not thine! is the towering height, Where Ambition makes his throne— The timid dove wings not her flight— Where the eagle soars alone; Bat in the hall, and in the bower, And by the humble hearth, Man feels the charm, and owns the power, That binds him still to earth!

Yes, these are thine! and who can say His is a brighter doom, Who wins Fame's glory, wreath of bay, And an aching brow to bloom? Oh! to watch death's vivid hues depart— To soothe every pang of woe— And to whisper hope to the fainting heart! Is the proudest meed below!

[For the Review.]

INTRODUCTION.

BY LIZZIE EDGAR.

This is my first step on the stage— The excuse offered is my age; My introduction may not please you quite, Yet, to please alone I do not write!

"A spiteful woman!" some will say— And still more spiteful, throw away The paper polluted with such trash, For which they have to pay the precious cash!

Why do I write?—a query, true! Didst ever know an aim without an object, too? Well, then, read on—go with me to the end— Perhaps you'll find an old in this new friend!

If you do not like me, just be calm, (Remembering you don't know who I am.) For an introduction, I've written enough— Mr. Editor, please to give me a row!

The subjoined beautiful domestic picture is from the pen of Mr. William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished Southern poet and novelist:

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night, And seldom stirs, save when with playful wile I bid her rise and press her lips to mine, Half muffled in her slumbers, she assures Her love for me is boundless. And I take The little bud and close her in my arms; Assure her by my action—for my lips Yield me no utterance then—that in my heart She is the treasure held. Tenderly, Hour after hour, without desire of sleep, I watch about that large amount of hope, Until the stars wane, and the yellow moon Walks forth into the night."

Chief Justice Taney has administered the oath of office to Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

There is a glut of Circassian girls now in the Constantinople market, and the price of handsome ones has come down from \$500 to \$25.

President Buchanan's Inaugural Address has been printed on satin.

Grass widows are very abundant.

A new counterfeit \$5 bill on the State Bank of Indiana has made its appearance in Louisville, Ky.

PRESENTATION.—Lord Napier, the New British Minister, was introduced to the President on last Monday, by Gen. Cass, and presented his credentials. His expressions of congratulation, and his desires to preserve the peace of the two countries, were cordially reciprocated by the President. Lord Napier was in court dress. Many visitors at the White House desired to witness the ceremony, but it being of a private character they were excluded from the audience chamber.

MR. MURDOCH, THE TRAGEDIAN.—Mr. Jas. E. Murdoch, the American tragedian, in England, seems to have acquired a popularity such as no actor from the United States ever before attained. The London Theatrical Observer of the 6th ult., declares that it has "no hesitation in stating that his acting comes nearer to the Kemble school than that of any performer within its recollection." It further says:—

"We must state that, in our opinion, Mr. Murdoch is by far the best American actor that has ever trod the English stage—amongst many advantages he possesses a distinctness of enunciation and a depth of feeling that cannot be overpraised. His recognition wherever he may appear. His benefit, as we have remarked, takes place this evening, when he will appear as Claud Melnotte, being his 110th performance at this theatre. It is his intention to proceed immediately to the Continent; and on his return pay visits to the provincial theatres previously to his return to America."

SUICIDE.—A man named W. S. Stewart committed suicide at the Burnett House, Cincinnati, on Wednesday, by taking laudanum. The Enquirer furnishes these particulars:

We learn that this unfortunate man, when in this city on a former occasion, found the acquaintance of an arduous and respectable woman, one of a class with which all large cities are cursed. This acquaintance he renewed on his last visit, and having expended all his money in costly presents on this worthless object, she, learning that this was the case, mercilessly cast him off. It was by no means unnatural to suppose that the mortification and chagrin caused by this heartless conduct, together with his pecuniary embarrassments, caused him to commit the fatal deed. He was aged about twenty-eight years. He leaves a wife and three children, and is marked "Lewis." This throws some doubt on the subject of his name, and leaves the impression that he wrote an assumed one on the register.

## THE ALLEGHANIANS ARE COMING.

We received a letter a few days ago from the agent of this celebrated troupe of vocalists who are now giving concerts in St. Louis, informing us that they will sing in Crawfordsville in a few days. Below we give the following extracts from the St. Louis Republican in relation to their concerts in that city:

ALLEGHANIANS.—The programme last night was a varied one, and afforded ample scope for the display of those admirable musical powers with which this company, together and singly, are gifted. Last night they were in the voice, and acquitted themselves with great credit. The execution on the piano and violin was admirable.—The tone of the latter was peculiarly delightful. This company appear again to-night, and we understand will assist at the concert in behalf of the Mission Sunday Schools, to be given on Saturday.

THE ALLEGHANIANS.—The performance of these vocalists, last evening, was truly excellent—interesting to those who have their ears open to musical gratification of every school, and welcome as exhibiting the great proficiency attainable by the human voice. It is not only the music they make, but the songs they sing, which make their concerts attractive. While their harmony delights the ear, the sentiments of their songs improve the heart. The song of the "Old Church Bell," as arranged by the Alleghaniens, is full of melancholy music, and the words so sweetly sung, and so solemnly pronounced, come home to one's heart with fearful and truthful admonitions of the vanity of all things here below. The duet from "Semiramide," sung by Misses Kemp and Yale, was exceedingly well executed. We understand that this popular troupe have volunteered to give a concert on Saturday night for the benefit of the Mission Sabbath Schools. They will give their fourth concert to-night, at Wyman's Hall.

A Black Republican paper asks "when will Old Line editors learn to tell the truth?" They have no need of learning it. It comes by intuition—they suck it in with their mother's milk.

Lola Montez is performing in St. Louis.

WALTZING AT WASHINGTON.

GRAY, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, writing from Washington, gives the following description of the waltzing and dancing he saw at the famous Inauguration Ball:—

"The dancing here was somewhat 'peculiar.' It was mainly quadrilles, so called, ranged cross ways of the hall, with head sets only in contra dance style. The changes were few and simple, such as right and left, forward and back, ladies change, and then repeated. There were no side sets—no regular cotillions at all. The want of variety in this metropolitan dancing was, however, fully made up by the fancy flings, such as the Waltz and Polka. These were absolutely barbarous. The old fashioned Waltz, the morality of which even Byron called in question, is here ignored as altogether too cold and distant. The lady here plays her head on the gentleman's bosom, puts one hand in his, and the other in his coat tail pocket, then resigns herself to his embraces, and goes to sleep, all but the feet, which, when not carried by him clear off the floor, goes patting around on the tip of her toes. The gentleman, thus entwined, throws his head back and his eyes up, like a dying calf; his body bent in the shape of a figure 4, he whirls, backs up, swings around, swoons, to all appearances, pushes forward, and leaves the ring to the great delight of all decent people."

HON. JAMES B. CLAY.—The Lexington (Ky.) Statesman thus notices the appointment of James B. Clay as Minister to Prussia—a position which he has since declined:—

"We understand that the President has tendered to this gentleman an appointment to high official station abroad. Independent of Mr. Clay's indisputable qualifications for such service, this compliment is exceedingly appropriate, as an evidence of the President's high appreciation of the patriotic position of the old line whigs, and his readiness thus to honor a son of Kentucky's great statesman is a very significant commentary upon some of the slanders uttered by the opposition press and speakers during the late Presidential canvass. Whether or not Mr. Clay will accept the proffered honor, we are not informed."

Since writing the above we learn that the post offered to Mr. Clay is that of Minister to Berlin—a first class mission. Such an offer, to a gentleman who is in no sense an office-seeker, is indeed highly complimentary.

A RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—The United States Mail steamship Atlantic left New York for Liverpool on the 1st inst. Among the passengers was a man named Winter (with his wife), a clerk of a mercantile firm in that city, having in his possession \$2,000 belonging to his employers, and which he had obtained by breaking open the safe. On his absence being ascertained, together with the amount of money with which he had absconded, the principal of the firm obtained a warrant for his apprehension, and took a passage by the British and North American Mail steamship Persia, which sailed three days afterwards. The chances were in favor of the criminal clerk; for, though the Persia is the fastest steamer afloat, it could scarcely be expected that she would overtake a full powered steamer which had sailed three days before her. No sign of the pursued steamer was seen until off the port, when the Persia came up with and passed her, arriving in the river two hours before her. On Mr. Hood, the gentleman who boards the Cunard steamer to take charge of the mails, going aboard, he was introduced to the pursuing merchant, who asked, with some anxiety, if any one had landed from the Atlantic. Being answered in the negative, he stated the case, and asked for a detective; subsequently accompanied by a police officer he boarded the Atlantic, and confronted the astounded Winter, whose dreams of security were thus rudely dissipated. Nearly the whole of the money was found upon him. He was brought ashore, to await the decision of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorn, United States Consul at Liverpool, who ordered him to be sent back in custody by the Atlantic, the steamer which brought him, and which sailed for New York on Wednesday last.—Liverpool Times.

## THE RAILROAD SLAUGHTER NEAR HAMILTON.

The railroad tragedy near Hamilton, O. W. is one of the most horrible that ever occurred in this or any other country. Eighty human beings were plunged into a common grave, in the twinkling of an eye, without the warning of a second of time, from light and warmth to inextinguishable cold and mire, darkness and present death. The fate is too horrible to contemplate.—The des Jardins canal leads from Burlington Bay to Dundas, and across it, reaches a suspension bridge, and below it is the Great Western draw bridge, over which the Detroit and Niagara Falls trains have daily passed. The trains on the Hamilton and Toronto road take the Great Western line, in approaching Hamilton, near the scene of the disaster. The editor of the Niles (Michigan) Republican, who was near the accident, gives the following account of its happening:—

The 6 o'clock P. M. way passenger train from Toronto going west, consisting of locomotive, tender, baggage car and two passenger cars, ran off the track just before reaching the drawbridge over the Des Jardines canal, one mile from Hamilton, O. W., plunging with headlong force upon the bridge, the whole structure gave way, and the entire train was precipitated feet into the water, which was fifteen feet deep. The locomotive and tender broke through the instant they struck the bridge, and with a headlong leap, buried themselves under water in an instant. The baggage car followed, and, in its descent, depressed the forward end of the first passenger car, so that the coupling which connected it with the last car broke, and it was hurled through the air executing a complete somersault, striking bottom upward in the water, which closed over and covered it entirely, with the exception of a few inches of the bottom. Not a soul that went down in that fearful plunge ever saw the light of day again. The second passenger car followed, striking the first with a terrible crash, and sliding off at an angle of about 45 degrees, was buried two-thirds of its length in the water. The only passenger saved was that of the rear end of this car. The locomotive and tender were completely submerged, with the baggage and first passenger cars on top of them. The second passenger rested partially on the first, which circumstance was the only means by which a single life out of the whole was saved. We shall except, however, the conductor, Mr. Edward Barrett, who, with a prudent forethought, which looks very much like an anticipation of the event, had stationed himself upon the steps of one of the passenger cars, and jumped the moment he saw the locomotive disappear through the bridge.

Out of the two full passenger cars, only thirteen escaped with their lives, and only one not seriously hurt. It is supposed that the number of passengers was over eighty. Fifty eight dead bodies had been recovered at the last accounts. According to the statement of Capt. Alexander McBride, of St. Burwell, O. W., who escaped, with serious injuries, the passengers all started to their feet at the moment of the cars leaving the track, and had just gained the aisle in the centre when the car went over. Passengers, seats, stoves, and everything else that the car contained were thrown with terrible force to the front end, where they lay in inextinguishable confusion. Capt. McBride was caught among the ruins in a way which secured him from the reach of the water, and detained him sometime before he could release himself. He describes the scene as perfectly heartrending; the shouts, groans, and frantic efforts of the injured persons, endeavoring to extricate themselves, mingled with the howling of the rail cars, stoves, and their contents of blazing coal, and the gurgling of the waters as they rushed in and closed over the living mass of struggling life; while wounded and helpless persons clung to him with an energy that threatened to engulf him among the general destruction. Breaking his way out at the rear end of the car with a few others, they succeeded in gaining the ice, and from that the main land, and immediately sought assistance in Hamilton. Where rests the blame of this fearful catastrophe? This case should be rigidly inquired into by the Canadian authorities.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—The last act of Secretary Dobbin, before retiring from office, was to transmit orders to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn to fit out at once the United States steamers Niagara and Mississippi to proceed to England to assist in laying down the Submarine Telegraph cable between Newfoundland and Ireland.—These are the two finest ships in our Navy for the purpose. The Niagara is the largest steam vessel of war in the world. She is a screw propelled, while the Mississippi is the most powerful paddle-wheel steamer in our Navy. The English Government will furnish also two ships of the same character—the two propellers being designed to receive the cable, and the paddle-ships to attend them and in case of accident to take them in tow and continue the voyage. As soon as the cable is received on board the four ships will proceed together to the middle of the Atlantic, when the two English ships will start for Ireland, and the American for Newfoundland. There will doubtless be a generous rivalry between the officers of the two navies to see which portion of the cable shall be laid in the most perfect manner.

It is very much to the honor of the two Governments that they are ready to join so cordially in the attempt to connect the two hemispheres. It is a national courtesy worthy to follow the return of the Resolute. Secretary Dobbin has taken the deepest interest in the success of this great enterprise, as he has shown in ordering these two magnificent ships for the purpose.—The new Secretary will, doubtless, carry out fully the intentions of his predecessor.—New York Tribune.

The daughter of Mr. John G. Boker, a heavy and wealthy importer of wines and liquors, ran away from her brother-in-law's residence in New York, a few days since, and married her father's coachman, an Irishman named John Dean. The father, having found out what had been done, shut up his daughter, and Dean has stood shut up a writ of habeas corpus for his wife, who will doubtless be delivered to him.—The lady is twenty-two years of age.

A master mariner, who went to sea four years ago, leaving his wife at Springfield, Illinois, returned recently to find her married to another man. He had been shipwrecked on a distant coast, and she believed him to be dead. In the presence of the two husbands the wife decided to cling to the second.