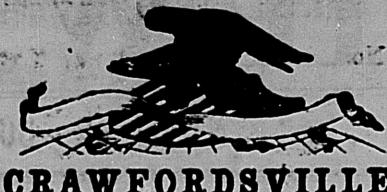


THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE,

Saturday Morning, March 28, 1857.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.00 in advance, or \$2.00 if paid with 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 not stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we have not the means of ascertaining the number of types ever inserted in any advertisement. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of types, etc. We have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.

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

S. H. Parvin, South East corner Columbus and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.

Y. B. Palmer, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

SUICIDE.

It again becomes our painful duty as a chronicler of the times to speak of another sad case of suicide. On last Monday morning our citizens were startled with the announcement that the wife of Mr. Robert Beck had drowned herself in a cistern. For some time Mrs. Beck had exhibited symptoms of insanity, and on two former occasions had attempted her life, and although closely watched by her friend, she succeeded on last Monday night between the hours of three and four o'clock in eluding the surveillance of her husband, who on waking and discovering her absence immediately alarmed the neighbors and commenced a strict search, which resulted in finding her in a cistern on the premises of Mr. Blair. On taking her from the cistern, which contained about four feet of water, life was entirely extinct. The body was removed to the house, and on Tuesday morning a Coroner's inquest was held, which resulted in a verdict with the above facts. The deceased was a young woman and had been married about four years, and in all her social relations was noted for her kind amiability of temper and christian piety, but her reason became deranged and in a fit of burning insanity she rushed to a suicidal death.

In a recent number of the Crawfordsville Journal, we notice an article from the pen of L. Dunham Ingersoll, in which he styles the decision given by Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, as "windy and infamous." Mr. Ingersoll, although a young man and but recently admitted to the bar, is unquestionably a man of ponderous legal acumen and profundity, and we are sorry that he should thus ruthlessly strike down with his sage reasoning and interpretation of the Constitution an old man like Chief Justice Taney. We had hoped that when the great bard abdicated and retired to rural felicity, that the new dynasty would cease to demolish the great men of the nation and spare the King's English, but we are sadly disappointed. Dunham has put out the light of our great Chief Justice, and now chuckles over his fallen foe with a fiendish ferocity. Cruel, cruel Dunham, "may the rude passions of a Heaven's vengeance" light on you like a June-bug.

The London Times regards a war between Spain and Mexico as almost inevitable.

The Spanish Government continues its preparations for the event.

It appears that Col. Titus, the Kansas pro-slavery hero, who went to Nicaragua to fight for Walker, is accused of cowardice, and has joined Walker's enemies.

BLAIR, BROWN & CO.—These gentlemen are now receiving a large and splendid stock of fancy and staple dry goods for the spring and summer trade. Advertisement next week.

The Court of Appeals in the State of New York have decided that railroad companies who do not fence their tracks are liable for cattle killed.

DEIGHTON & CROMBLEHOLME.—We paid a visit to the carriage factory of these gentlemen a few days since, and among their large and varied assortment of vehicles we noticed some fine carriages and buggies as can be found in any establishment in the west. Those of our readers who wish to see some of the most beautiful specimens of mechanism, in which strength, durability and elegance are combined, just let them call at this establishment and examine for themselves.

Com. Vanderbilt advertises that he will convey passengers to Europe in his steamer *Ariel* for the low sum of \$80 first cabin and \$50 second cabin.

There is many a good wife who can neither dance nor sing well.

The principal editor of the London Times receives the same salary as the President of the United States—\$25,000 per annum.

SPRING.

Before many days, unless Winter has forgotten something and comes back for it, people will begin to find violets on southern slopes, opening their meek blue eyes in sweet fearlessness, just as if nothing had happened, and the fiercest of winds and wildest of drifts had not been here since violets were, before.

There, as old Cowley saw it,

"Spring's little infant stands
Wrapp'd in its purple swaddling bands,"
reminding us of everything simple and pure in the past; of their old-time kindred that spanned the garden walk—the garden walk with the "Balm of Gilead" at its foot—and of some who walked with us there, whose feet are in the song of the singers to-day, so beautiful are they, on the hill of Zion.

We cannot imagine a childhood ungraced with the memory of flowers; a rose bush and a lilac, a lily and a violet in it. There must be a cluster of poppies, and a sunflower turning its broad face forever to the light. And what would the bee do without a hollyhock for her orchestra, where we often played the Turk, and sacked the small-voiced bugler of the summer fields?

Writing of violets: we are reminded of a little book we read a while ago, called "Picciola"—the little flower. As to the story: there was not much of it; only of a prisoner in some old European dungeon, the weary days, the great, dumb walls, the sinking heart. But there was a court-yard to the prison; a narrow, dismal place with a stone horizon and an earth of stone, and nothing to make it tolerable but the strip of sky that roofed it, and the rain that sometimes fell in it, and the shadows of clouds that trailed noiselessly over the pavement—the free shadows, that went on over the wall and over the turret, and over the moat.

In that court, our poor prisoner walked when the weather would do; and it was something, indeed it was much, to feel there was nothing of man's make between him and heaven.

But the great want of his life was something to love. He was no "prisoner of Chillon," he craved something akin to him, and one day—a day of a white mark—he found it. It was struggling its way up through the cleft of the stone pavement; it was a flower; it was "Picciola." How jealously he watched it; how tenderly he nursed it; how every ravelled leaf was numbered and was precious; how it won a human love and became a human thing, dignified by that love—this is the story, and exquisitely is it told.

The days grow briefer, and the pace of the lagging months grows brisk, and Picciola, not Prisoner, became the heroine; it was clothed with a loveliness that Romance gives to women; and the dull diary became a "love story."

Never could we have believed that a nameless flower could so win the heart; that it could so assert relationship, and become one of us, and divide with the prisoner our interest, and share with the prisoner our love.

It demonstrates the quick sympathy which the listening heart may entertain for Nature; the companionship that even humanity may hold with the flower that death; that all thought is not uttered in words, nor all earthly love embodied in a syllable.

Whoever has an organization that does not require the stroke of a *crow-bar* to reach, must have been delighted with Spring's magnificent opening on last Sunday. What could be grander, or gentler, or more like the blessed month of May?

What could be more like the coming down of a radiant angel, when, a minute out of Paradise, it presses its noiseless foot on flowers? What can sooner soften the hard old mason-work of the heart, than such a day, and clear up the cloudy bough than such a morning?

Men grow frank, as the thermometers rise; they throw open the closet of their thoughts, even with the opening doors and windows that let in the Spring; and little flowers of generous sentiment, that the world's untimely frosts have wilted, look out again with the young violets.

But with the Spring comes May, and with May comes moving day. The house-hunters are already abroad. Ringing at front doors, plumping up back stairs, blundering down to basements, looking into closets, go silk and crinoline; creeping round hovels, clambering up to garrets, groping about in cellars, go calico and rags. Great reminder of moving day in Eden, when the Gardener and his wife broke up house-keeping forever and a day, and went to boarding out! Unhappy Gardener!

Blessed are they who have homes of their own—old homes—homes with trees around them—forest trees—homes with graves near them—the graves of the household homes where children were born, and age long waited to be blest; homes full of memories as summer is of song. With them the first of May has no terror; the *lilac* may be, but they do not. It is home; divorce alone shall part them, and divorce is death.

THE CRINOLINE QUESTION.—The Philadelphia Inquirer's Paris correspondent, under date of February 12th, says:

"There is a sharp contest on the subject of crinoline between *l'Imperatrice* Eugene and the *Faubourg St. Germain*. The Duchess St. M—recently sent over her invites for a marriage party with this printed caution, *sans crinoline*, and over two hundred ladies, all fashionable and *distinguise* moreover, appeared without that obnoxious article. They were received with great applause by the gentlemen, as reasonable women."

The principal editor of the London Times receives the same salary as the President of the United States—\$25,000 per annum.

THE DAILY COMMERCIAL.

One sometimes finds queer things in the newspapers, and nowhere queerer, than in the columns of advertisements.

The *Weekly Commercial* published at New Boston, Illinois, contains the following announcement, involving about as grave an error in the philosophy of living as one often encounters. It runs thus:

"MY WIFE AND I HAVE AN ATTACK
of something that we fear is old age. I
look like it, and feel like it. I have been
crying for some time, and get gradually worse every
year. We fear we shall not get well while on the
farm."

"Said complaint is doubtless true, in as
much as the wife has been hard working
but we can't stand the hard knocks any more
we have no help only as we hire, and we are
lost to sell our home that we may find time to die."

The author goes on to enumerate the good qualities of the old homestead, such as beautiful groves, bearing orchards, running water, excellent buildings, two hundred acres of land, and all only six miles from New Boston. And this kingdom—for kingdom it is—the unhappy owner proposes to abdicate, and, what is very probable, move to New Boston, with a neighbor at each elbow, talking over his head, and seventeen strange broods of chickens in his patch of a garden, from the time of his planting to potato harvest.

His butter is the color of gold now, and the milk is made of sweet clover; but when he reaches New Boston, he will turn geologist, and buy an article exhibiting strata that would puzzle Dr. Buckland, varying in tint, as they will, from a London brown to an ashy pallor; his cow will be thin, and the cream in the milk will know nothing like a resurrection.

He will set out two walking sticks for a shade each side of his gate, and they will flutter two sickly leaves apiece, as he passes, and thinks of the "grove of young timber," that wood the summer wind and sheltered the summer birds, hard by his door.

Old age has found him there in the country, walled round about with pure air, and so he proposes to evacuate the fortress and fly to New Boston. If old age creeps now, it will quicken its pace to a Canterbury gallop by the time he reaches the town.

And then, he proposes to sell his home that he may find leisure to die. As if there were any spot in the wide world whence one would rather hail than home in the bosom of Nature; the home his own labor has adorned, and his own memory hallowed. Of all the host that knock at the "Celestial Gate," and it is opened unto them, full many will be from country graves; from sleeping places in the orchards, with the sweet drift of spring blossoms around their pillows; from the lee of the green woods; from the hills their own hands have furrowed. Leisure to die—poor man! When he gets to New Boston, he will have nothing else to do.

But then after all, our ailing king will be uncrowned in spite of us, and turn into a citizen of—New Boston. He will have abundance of time to watch the approaches of age; he will have leisure for the rheumatism; the leaden days like the weights of an old clock, will run slowly down, and he will go out once a week to see the old place."

Not but that he likes the town, but then the orchard, you know, he planted it, and named the trees in it, and waited for them to grow; and the ice-cold well, and the pleasant shade, and the old-fashioned fire, and the wheat of his own sowing, and the home-made butter, and the elbow room, and the flocks in his own fields—he misses these as the years wear on, and by and by, he concludes that God made the country, and he returns thither, just to be by himself—he and his old wife; and the leaves winnow slowly down from the trees, and the song is all gone out of the woods, and the farm is white and drifted, and there is a great bed of glowing coals upon the hearth; and the old man and his wife sit together in the flush of the home twilight and the narrow-waisted clock ticks steadily on; and the old man looks out at the window, and up through the branches of the leafless tree, that he brought there in his hand, when he was younger than now; and he sees, as he looks, the stars and the clear heaven, and so, hopefully and trustfully, he bids the world "good night."

A Black Republican sheet, published in the interior of Montgomery county, begins an editorial diatribe on the Dred Scott case by styling the decision of Chief Justice Taney "WINDY AND INFAMOUS."—*State Sentinel*.

A LADY THAT "KNOWS THE ROPES."—One of the young ladies that visited the U. S. ship *Portsmouth*, the other day, who was not supposed to have the slightest knowledge of nautical parlance, asked Capt. Dr. T. why the afternoon sail was like a tyrannical mother. The gallant captain scratched his head over it awhile, and then "gave it up." "Because it's a spanker, modestly liped" the important young miss.

The Black Republicans are now making desperate complaints because, as they say, President Pierce did not place the army at the disposal of Gov. Geary in Kansas. Yet, as all our readers will remember, the Republicans at the first session of the last Congress put in the army bill a proviso declaring in express terms that no money should be expended on the army till the troops were all withdrawn from Kansas! Such is Black Republican consistency.

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SUICIDES TO BE SUBJECTED.—The Town Council of Athens, Georgia, have voted that bodies of suicides shall be given to the physicians for dissection.

New corn in the vicinity of New Orleans is said to be a foot high.

From the Boston Journal, N. H.
THE DETECTIVE POLICE SURPASSED
BY A LADY.

A few weeks since, some unknown persons entered a fashionable boarding-house near Summer street, kept by Mrs. M., and passed from one boarder's room to another, making assessments of such articles as they liked best, and after making a liberal collection, left the place unseen and unharmed.

Among the boarders whose goods and chattels were thus unceremoniously taken away, was Miss H., a fair daughter of the sunny South, who happened to be spending the winter in the City of Notions. Her loss consisted of a beautiful velvet hat.

As soon as the theft was discovered, the police were consulted and everything done to remove the mystery, but all to no purpose.

But as murder will out, so will larceny, sometimes, and this was not long to remain a secret.

As Miss H. was walking Washington St. one of the pleasantest days last week, imagine her surprise in passing a large and masculine looking woman, dressed in the height of fashion, with hoops and crinoline, having upon her head the very identical velvet hat which she had lost. What was to be done? What could be done?

Every step was taking the bonnet farther from its owner, who was alone and a stranger in the city. It did not take her long to decide.

She started in the same direction, and soon was along side of the velvet hat.

"Where do you reside, madam?" "In—

Court," was the reply. "Are you going home?" "I am." "Go on, and don't let me hinder you."

And onward they walked, now to the right and now to the left. At length they entered a dark alley, and after passing several dismal abodes, they halted at a door.

"Do you live here?" "I do—upon the second floor." "Go up, then, for I have business with you." They entered.

After going up two flights of stairs, they reached a room in which they found five women. They entered the room and here our heroine made her business known.

Posting herself by the door, with a calm but defiant look, she demanded of the woman to know where she obtained the velvet hat, also the shawl and basque upon her person. "I bought them," was the reply. "No you did not; they were stolen, and now take them off immediately."

Had a bombshell exploded in the room, the confusion could not have been greater.

But great as it was, it did not intimidate the owner of the velvet hat in the least degree.

It only changed the happy and fascinating look of the most beautiful face to the unconquered look of a Cromwell.

"Now be quiet and own up, and bring forward the stolen goods, for it will be better for you. And now see that I have found the goods, and the thief, no doubt, I am going for an officer. See that none of you leave the room or disturb an article while I am gone."

While descending the stairs our heroine espied a doctor on his way to visit the sick, and asked his assistance. "I have," said she, "found some stolen property, and it have it secure in this house; will you call an officer to assist me in removing it?" The doctor readily assented, and while he sought for a policeman, she still guarded her trust.

At length the doctor, with four policemen, arrived, when our heroine transferred the custody of both persons and property to the officers of the law.

The remainder of the stolen property was soon found, and the lady relieved of her borrowed plumage, was provided with rooms at the Cambridge street jail, where she still remains, waiting the sentence of the law.

We say success to our fair visitor from the South, and may the courage which she displayed, be imitated by our police generally.

SCUICIDE BY A RUNAWAY SLAVE.—The Nashville Banner gives the particulars of one of the most singular cases of suicide we remember to have heard of. Two servants of Mr. Jones, proprietor of Union Hall, in Nashville—one a yellow man named Levi, and the other a black named Allen—ran away on Sunday night of last week. It appears that they intended to get on the night train for Chattanooga, but arrived too late. They took the track on foot, and proceeding a few miles, secreted themselves in a thicket until Monday night. They then appeared at Antioch when the night train came along, and the yellow man purchased tickets for himself and servant for Chattanooga. The trick was not detected; Levi passed as a white man, and took his supper with the other passengers, ordering food for his servant at a side table. The attention of Mr. Fox, a merchant of Nashville, was attracted to Levi, and after a little scrutiny he recognized him, though disguised in a suit of fine clothes. On Tuesday morning, before reaching Chattanooga, Mr. F. questioned Levi, and being satisfied he was running away, collared him and told him he was a prisoner. Levi was wrapped in a blanket, and he managed to draw a pistol from his breast without being noticed, and putting the muzzle to his abdomen, fired and fell upon his seat. Mr. Fox and other passengers fled, under the impression that he was firing at them, and when they turned back he had cut his throat with a bowie knife, and was a corpse. His companion, Allen, was taken back to Nashville.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A