

# THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, April 3, 1856.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.00 if not paid within the year.

S. H. PARVIN, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent to procure advertisements.

CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN Crawfordsville!

Advertisements call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Secretary of State, DANIEL MCCLURE, of Morgan.

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Democratic Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the Democracy of Union Township on Saturday, the 3d of April for the purpose of nominating township officers. Let every Democrat turn out.

SENATOR DOUGLAS.

In common with the great mass of the Democratic party, we not only entertain the most profound respect, but an enthusiastic admiration for the splendid talents of Stephen A. Douglas. His zealous devotion to Democratic principles as taught by Jefferson and Jackson endears him to the rank and file of the American Democracy.

He is in fact to-day, one of the chief leaders of the party, and as such we shall always recognize him. In the fierce and stormy contentions that have agitated the Democracy for the last four months, he has never deviated a hairs-breadth or faltered for a moment in the defense of the platform of 1856. Among his most fierce assailants who have lately gained place and power in the party, and who seek to displace him from his high position, are the arch-disunionists of the south, Davis and Toombs; in the north resurrected Wilmot Proviso men, who in 1848 assisted in the defeat of the veteran Cass—these are the men who to-day are the sole cause of all the agitation and dissension that exist, and we ask, is it any wonder that democrats should become disgusted and indignant at such an assumption of power as these bastard proselytes arrogate to themselves to read out men who have devoted their whole lives to the service of the Democratic party? What a spectacle—Davis and Toombs, the latter an old blue-lighted Whig) men whose hearts rankle with the basest treason, reading out with the assistance of bran-faced, white-livered free soilers of 1848, the leaders of the Democracy of the Union. Bah! how ridiculous. Douglas will outlive the enmity and slander of his traducers who in their effort to crush him in the Senate have presented to the nation a spectacle of pigmies combating Hurelues.

THE STATE SENTINEL.

We regret to see the organ of the Democracy of Indiana, publishing every little bit of malicious falsehood and defamation of Senator Douglas that can be gleaned from its exchanges. This is a sly way of stabbing a man in the back. We have noticed this disreputable system of tactics for some time. If Mr. Bingham wishes to read Judge Douglas out of the party, he should have the manliness to do it boldly under the sanction of his own paper instead of retailing second-hand every little dirty squib of pensioned letter writers and \$450 editors. Mr. Bingham, should remember that his connection with the party has hardly been long enough to remove from his garments the disgusting smell of rank, putrid Abolitionism. We regard you here in Montgomery Mr. Bingham as a very good Democrat—that is for a new recruit. But for heaven's sake be a little more modest. Don't drive the old veterans of the faith out of the ranks.—You assisted to kill Cass in 1848, spare Douglas.

Don't forget the Democratic meeting of Union township this afternoon.—The meeting will organize at 2 o'clock.—Let every Old liner be on hand.

We notice that Col. Wilson of this place has been favorably spoken of by many of the Democratic papers in the district as a candidate for Congress. The Col. requests us to state that under no circumstances will he accept a nomination.

We notice that our streets are being cleaned.

## THE HOPES OF THE REPUBLICANS.

Nothing is more certain than that the only hope the Republicans now have in the future is the passage of the Lecompton Constitution. It is amusing to see how long their phiz's grow whenever anything transpires at Washington that indicates the defeat of this measure. We have regarded Colonel Lane's face as an excellent thermometer. He is a man who looks ahead, and is unquestionably the shrewdest and most able politician that the Republicans possess in Indiana. We have noticed the Colonel of late, and his face invariably turns to an almost deadly pallor when Lecompton exhibits symptoms of dissolution. On the other hand when the news is cheering—when the telegraph announces the wavering of an Anti Lecomptonite, the Colonel's face is bathed with a perfect flood of sunshine, and if by chance as is frequently the case, he meets with his old friend John Beard, mark what a cordial shaking of hands takes place. The Senate looms up magnificently in the Colonel's vision, a land office in Nebraska stares John full in the face. To them everything is accomplished. Democratic party gone under, broken into a thousand fragments, nothing for the Republicans to do but to take all the offices. Not only Colonel Lane, but every Republican in Montgomery county shares in the same hopes and fears that have agitated him so terribly of late. Defeat Lecompton and the occupation of these fanatics are gone.

By the foreign news published in another column, it will be seen the Orsini and Pierri have both suffered martyrdom. The offense of these patriots consisted of an attempt to relieve France of a bloody tyrant. While humanity mourns their fate, there is consolation in the fact, that there are more conspirators who will pursue the crowned murderer to his death.—His doom we regard as sealed and certain.

Who has not mourned over the fate of that beautiful daughter of France, Charlotte Corday. To save the nation she slew the remorseless tyrant Marat. While his bones lie mouldering in an unknown and nameless grave, a graceful monument with its white shaft marks the silent resting place of the fair Charlotte. What a commentary upon the fate and destiny of tyrants.

The names of Orsini and Pierri will rank in history with the fair heroine of the Reign of Terror.

Our neighbor of the Journal is very much disappointed with the Democracy of Montgomery county. Some sly wag has been hoaxing him into the belief that because they differed with the President on Lecompton, that it naturally followed they would try to break down his Administration, and in the coming State election allow the Republicans to secure the offices.—Don't believe a word of it dear Jere. We regard a Lecomptonite, compared with a Black Republican a ministering angel.

It is proposed to hold the next Congressional Convention at Lebanon. The new court house which has just been completed at that place, is said to be the finest edifice in the State, which fact alone is something of an inducement to let Lebanon the preference. We are decidedly in favor of Lebanon. What say our Democratic cotemporaries?

N. W. GRIMES is now receiving his stock of spring and summer goods.

CRAWFORD & MULLIKIN—This old firm are receiving a splendid assortment of goods. If you want capital bargains go to this establishment. Look out for advertisement next week.

GONE EAST.—JAMES GRAHAM of the firm of Graham Brothers, left for New York on last Wednesday for the purpose of buying one of the largest stock of goods ever brought to Crawfordsville. They will receive a large portion of them next week by express.

The first woolen mill on the Pacific coast has been set in operation at Salem, Oregon, with four hundred and eighty spindles.

Two hundred government wagons were burnt in a conflagration in St. Louis, Friday night.

Some of the Lecompton organs think it a great deal to be able to say that Senator Douglas is not sympathetic with such Democrats as Mason, Hunter, Jeff. Davis, &c. If these Lecomptonites will carry their memories back some eight years, they might possibly call to mind the fact that in the great struggle which preceded the adoption of the Compromise measures, these same Senators and more of the same kind were opposed to Douglas.

It was not then considered disreputable for a Democrat to be found acting with political opponents. Douglas and Webster, Clay and Bright were found voting together, so were Hale and Hunter, and Seward and Mason. Mr. Cobb, the present distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, ran for Governor in Georgia against a regularly nominated "States Rights" Democrat, and as such had all our sympathies, and the sympathies of the great mass of the Democracy of Indiana. He was elected, but nobody except a few Georgian nullifiers ever thought of reading him out of the Democratic party. Thank heaven, the people of this country are not yet so bound to party that they are willing to sacrifice every man who does not see things exactly as party leaders see them.—New Albany Ledger.

A MAMMOTH PEAR.—The Adams Express Company have brought to the Patent Office a mammoth pear from Oregon, weighing four pounds. It was transported in a glass jar filled with alcohol. The pear measures twenty by eighteen inches in circumference, and about nine inches in height.

## THE SEA SHELL.

How is it with thee, oh, lone sea shell! Why utter this ceaseless moan? Art yearning again For thy home in the main, Where the sunlight hath never shone? Like the muffled throb of a broken heart Thy music is sounding to me; Art mourning thy love In some far coral grove That blossoms down under the sea? They say that the voice of thy native waves This melancholy note doth keep; Which, though far away, Doth ever betray Thy birth in the wild ocean deep.

And is it not thus with that mystical voice Which speaks to the children of Earth; And often unfolds To God-imagined souls, Some trace of their Heavenly birth?

Ah! man a spirit like thee, lone shell, Now mourns in thy prison of clay; While it catches faint gleams, In soul-thrilling dreams, Of the ocean that's far away.

(From the Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin.)

SAD HISTORY OF A YOUNG FEMALE.

We have some painful facts to narrate about a woman who was recently found in this city, in a most wretched and degraded condition. A simple sketch of her antecedents will show how rapid is one's going downward, after the first step is taken, and how mercilessly retribution follows when wrong doing and crime.

The woman in question was, a few years since, a young lady in the seminary of Professor Crittenden, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was then a protegee of Henry Ward Beecher, lived with his family, and was being educated by him. Of course she was placed under the most favorable circumstances, and had her every want that was reasonable, gratified. She was surrounded by the very best of associations, and had been adopted by Mr. Beecher, because of her natural brightness of disposition and intellect. In the school, though she was regarded as an eccentric and wayward being, yet she was admired by all of her companions for her superior quality of mind.

No young lady in Prof. Crittenden's school, (one of the best in the East) could write so brilliant and beautiful a composition as she, and all had to yield to her in intellectual inferiority. We have this from one who was a schoolmate of hers, that all her compositions were gems of thought and language, and she promised to become prominent as a female writer.—Now comes the first circumstance that poisoned her happy heart. It is the old story of love. She became a passionate admirer of one who reciprocated her affections, but who was forbidden to tender his hand in marriage. He was already married to another. This first disappointment occasioned a violent brain fever, which completely prostrated her, and in the course of her recovery she was advised to resort to stimulants, by which she acquired a taste for what has since plunged her into the depths of degradation.

Afterwards she went to Boston, and became a teacher in a House of Refuge. It was an advantageous station for a lady of education and character, and she is said to have filled it, at first, with great promise of usefulness. Soon, however, she yielded to the appetite which she had planted within herself, when recovering from her previous illness, and she was picked up in the streets of Boston one night, in a state of intoxication. *Faust's descensus Acherontis.* Efforts were made to effectually reform her, but it was almost impossible to reclaim a woman once so disgraced. She soon married, and as we have been informed, married against the wishes of those who had been her former friends and protectors. From this time she sinks rapidly, and whether by means of an avenging Deity, or from the natural laws of cause and effect, others may decide for themselves.

Three or four years elapse, and she came with her husband to Chicago, last year. He found employment there, but in the great fire of last fall his situation was lost to him. Pretty much all winter long he remained destitute of work, pawning away his household goods and clothing meanwhile, and when Spring came, they determined to come to Milwaukee, where they had one child, and on their way there was taken away from them, at Kenosha. Their poverty had now become insupportable, indeed, but undoubtedly their situation might have been much better, but for the accursed article of rum, to which they had both now become addicted.—Having buried their child at Kenosha, they came on here, and hired a miserable room in the 3d Ward of this city. A few days passed and the wretched woman whose career we have been sketching was forced to go out and beg from door to door.

In the course of her aims seeking she chanced upon one who had been her schoolmate in Brooklyn, and upon another who had known her in Boston. Fearing the worst, but still ignorant of what a wretched creature she had become, they went to her room where she and her husband were almost freezing and starving.—She confessed to them that she had nothing to eat for three long days, and on their rickety old bed there was but one sheet to protect them from the cold. There was a single chair, with but three legs to it, in the room, and scarcely any other articles of furniture cluttered up the room.

These friends at once began to exert themselves in her behalf, got others interested to aid her and her husband, gave them clothes and food, promised them both a plenty of work, and it seemed now that her destiny was taking a favorable turn.—The woman wept over her poverty, manifested touching tokens of a reformation, but here too the fire was only being smothered a few days, to break out again the first favorable opportunity. The money that was given her to buy food and clothing, was spent in the rum hole, and when she was next visited she was found all demented by intoxication. From that time she turned her back upon all friendly offers of assistance, abandoned her first quarters, was afterwards found by the authorities in low houses of prostitution, and has now again probably left the city, in company with her husband. She has almost reached the lowest round of misery, and this once gifted young lady, an adopted child of Henry Ward Beecher, who soon found that peace in death, which she has been unable to find in the cup and in the corruption of licentiousness.

The weather is delightful.

## FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

Cotton Declined.

Breadstuffs and Provisions Dull.

LATER FROM INDIA AND CHINA.

Execution of Orsini and Pierri.

QUEBEC, Tuesday, March 30.

The steamship City of Baltimore, with dates from Liverpool to the 17th inst., four days later than those received by the Niagara at Halifax, has arrived at this port.

The steamship Africa arrived out on the 14th, and the City of Washington on the 16th inst.

Late advices from India and China had been received at London, but with the exception of the bombardment at Lucknow, which was shortly expected, the intelligence was barren of importance.

The steamer Ava, with the Calcutta mail and treasure had been lost. Her passengers were fortunately saved.

FRANCE.

Orsini and Pierri, the principals in the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon, have been guillotined.

M. Walewski's dispatch to the British Government withdraws his original request.

Radio has been respited by the French Government.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Parliamentary proceedings possess but little importance.

CHINA.

The advices from China state that affairs at Canton continue quiet.

SECOND DISPATCH.

The steamer Alps did not leave Liverpool on her appointed day of sailing.

INDIA.

The Bombay dates are to the 24th of February.

A large portion of the British Army had returned Oude.

Gen. Colin Campbell, was still at Cawnpore, awaiting the arrival of the siege train.

It was expected that Lucknow would be bombarded on the 25th of February.

The King of Delhi has been found guilty and was sentenced for life.

The steamer Ava had on board over £250,000 in specie when she was wrecked. She was lost near Trincomalee, on the 16th of February. Her cargo and mails were lost, but no lives.

All was quiet in the Punjab at the latest dates.

The Rajpootan field force was en route for Kotah, where the enemy were said to be 7,000 strong, and 100 guns.

Shorapore, in the Mizius dominions, had been captured and the Rajah seized.

At Hyderabad, the Barrelli rebels were defeated on the 10th of February.

It was reported that Nena Sahib had crossed the Ganges with a strong force, near Bethpoor, designing to enter Bundelcund.

CHINA.

The Canton dates are to January 28th, when all was tranquil.

The Chinese had commenced hostilities against the Russians, by attacking the advance post at the mouth of the river, with towboats belonging to the Russian Government.

They were attacked so unexpectedly that the Russians were forced to retreat to a point thirty leagues from the river.

ENGLAND.

The case of the steamer Cagliari has been referred to the law officers of the Crown, upon whose report the Government will act, in respect of the action of the late Government, which had acknowledged the jurisdiction of Naples.

The ship Kennebec, of Bath, from Liverpool for Mobile, was abandoned at sea on the 22nd of February. Her crew were saved, and arrived at Liverpool on the 14th inst.

The correspondence with the French Government, relative to the refuge question, was submitted to Parliament on the 15th inst.

The English Government refuses to let Sardinia give up Mr. Hodges, the Englishman, to the French Government.

Mr. Roebuck is said to have received a challenge from a French Colonel.

The Spanish Ambassador at London has resigned, in consequence of the failure of a firm in the South American trade, the name of which is not mentioned.

SARDINIA.

The Conspiracy Bill has been rejected by the Sardinian Parliament.

FRANCE.

The Execution of Orsini and Pierri took place on the 13th inst., and created much excitement. The crowd, numbering from one to two hundred thousand, was kept at a distance by the military, of whom five thousand were on the ground.

Both met their doom with firmness. Pierri said the well known "Louise Pour La Patrie" on his way to the scaffold, and on the block, cried, "Vive l'Italie! Vive La Republique!" Orsini's last cry was, "Vive La France!"

Love is ingenious in reasons, or at least in pretenses. Sometimes they are very flimsy ones. Everybody remembers the young lady who assigned as a reason for getting married, thought a wedding in the family would "amuse the children." Here is another little humbug, equally specious:

"Bridget," said a lady to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?" "Sure, no one but me eldest brother, ma'am," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother, I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?" "Barney Oxtolan, ma'am."

"Indeed! how comes it that his name is not the same as yours, Bridget?" "Troth, ma'am," replied Bridget, "sure he has been married once."

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE.—He Salem (Illinois) Advocate of the 24th inst., contains the following:

One night last week, a negro boy about eighteen years old, whose name Judge Breese, of Carlyle, had raised from infancy, became offended at one of the daughters of the Judge, and in the night, after she had retired, crawled into her room through the window, and inflicted a frightful wound on the face of the young lady with an ax.—He would, in all probability, have brutally murdered her, had she not by her screams given the alarm, when he fled.

## From the Chicago Times.

AN EXECUTION AT SANTA FE.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO BAR.

In the summer of the year 1849, I was seated in my office, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, when a gentleman entered, who, without ceremony, introduced himself as Mr. Jackson, of Missouri, and desired to know if I was the prosecuting attorney.

Upon my replying in the affirmative, he stated that he wished to take out a warrant for Jack Sims, for murder. "What! the frolicking, merry Jack Sims, the auctioneer, a murderer! Murder! Who?—When?" I exclaimed. Mr. Jackson then stated that his brother had been murdered by Sims, three years previous to that time, on the road from the village of Taos to Moro; that he had come from Missouri, (a thousand miles) to avenge his brother's spirit, by the punishment of his murderer. A warrant was procured, and Sims was arrested and incarcerated in the common jail, within a few minutes after our conversation.

In about two weeks court commenced its term, and the grand jury found a true bill for murder. Jackson had, in the meantime, been busy in hunting up the witnesses, all of whom came over a hundred miles to court.

The trial came on, and the excitement in the city was intense, from the mysterious silence which had been preserved by those who knew as to the particulars of the crime. A jury was empaneled with but little difficulty, no one having formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. The prisoner appeared indifferent and careless as to the proceedings—seemingly satisfied that no case could be made out against him, and that it was disgracefully necessary to go through the form of a trial. The prosecution opened the cause in a general manner for the people. "Sheriff, call John Constable." The prisoner started; a man of iron nerve, his face became as pale as death at the words, as he turned an eager gaze towards the door of the court room.

The crowd gave way, and the witness appeared. He testified in substance as follows: I knew the deceased; he was a merchant in the town of Moro; prisoner and I were some eighteen months in his employ, previous to his death; that Jackson had been winding up his business, to return to Missouri, that about three years previous, about the day of—Jackson, witness and prisoner went upon some business to the town of Taos, distant about 45 miles from Moro and on the second day started on their return to Moro. Constable then went on to relate as follows: Coming down the mountain, about fifteen miles from Moro, about dusk, the saddle of my mule turned, and I stopped to fix it. Jackson and Sims rode on. Jackson riding down the path in advance of them. I noticed Sims raise the lock of his musket (we all had muskets) and look at the priming. I thought nothing of this at the time, as the Indians were said to be lurking in the mountains. After fixing my saddle, which took me some time, I rode on to overtake them. It was now dark, and after riding, I think, about three-quarters of a mile, I heard the report of a gun. I sung out, "Hallo, boys!" No answer. I cried out, "agony, all no answer. I pushed on, and after going about two hundred yards, my mule struck her foot against something in the road, and suddenly stopped still.—Sims said in a loud whisper, "Hush! the Indians are about; they have killed Jackson." I said, "Then we had better get away from here. That must have been his musket my mule struck her foot against." I did not see Sims until he spoke, he was sitting upon his horse at one side of the road. We rode on as hard as we could until we got to Moro, where we were taken up by the Indians (justified of the peace) and Sims told him that the Indians had killed Jackson. The next morning, the Alcades, Sims and I, ten or twelve citizens of Moro, went out to look for Jackson. As we went, the spot, I noticed Sims, appeared to be nervous and excited. We found the body lying to one side of the road near a large cedar bush; he was shot through the head, apparently from behind. His horse was found grazing in a little valley about one hundred and fifty yards off. We saw a few moccasin tracks about the place—there were also sheep tracks, and some of the party said the moccasin tracks were those of shepherd boys. We took the body to Moro. Sims and I were arrested and sent to the jail at Taos where we were confined three weeks. Sims told me when in jail that he killed Jackson; that the reason he did it was because he was courting a girl in Moro who refused to marry him because he had no money; that Jackson was going to the States, and he (Sims) would have no employment. He then stated that he was a partner of Jackson's and was going to take his property; that if I told anything about what he had told me, people would not believe me, and we both should be hung, and that we must both stick to the story we had told the Alcades. Our examination came on and we were discharged. Constable further stated that Sims, upon their return to Moro, claimed a partnership and took all of Jackson's property, some \$3,000 worth; that Sims married the girl he had been courting.

The witnesses who went out to find the body—some seven or eight in number—were then examined and testified to the absence of Indian signs, the wound in the back of the head; that money, of which the deceased was known to have had some, was found on the ground, and the story that Sims had shot Jackson as he (Jackson) was riding along in advance of him.

He was found guilty, but even then he did not appear to realize the situation he was in. He was told to stand up and was asked "if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him." He replied, nothing except that Constable had sworn to a lie.

The day of execution approached and few thought the last dread penalty of the law would be inflicted. A very strong petition was sent to the Governor; he gave the committee no answer except that he would call and see the prisoner. The Governor did so, and it seems that Sims believed from what passed that the Governor would pardon him; probably at the last moment.

The next day, Sims was marched from the jail to the place of execution, distant about half a mile. A minister and friend walked upon each side of him, a platoon of soldiers in front, and another in the rear. He was untied, having prevailed upon them not to bind him.

He was dressed in a pair of light colored pantaloons, no coat or vest, a clean white shirt with the collar turned down.

About 5,000 spectators had gathered first step and as the prisoner, with a few steps thereof. He made a speech, acknowledged his guilt as an accomplice of Constable, stating that he had agreed to kill Jackson, and that Constable had fired the gun that killed him.

His speech was very much disconnected and his manner became very much excited. It appeared that his whole effort was to gain time. His eyes were constantly directed towards the Governor's mansion (which was in full sight) apparently expecting that a pardon would come at the last moment. After speaking about thirty minutes, he knelt down and a Protestant minister prayed with him, yet it was apparent that Sims was paying no attention to the prayer, as every minute he would turn his head and gaze anxiously towards the Governor's mansion. After prayer, he desired to speak; it was only an incoherent repetition of his first remarks.

Then he desired the Catholic minister who was in attendance, to pray with him which he did, but the prisoner was only gazing intently in the direction of the hoped-for pardon. I afterwards learned that he believed that if the sheriff did not hang him within the hours named in the sentence, from 12 to 2, he could not hang him at all. It was evident that the prisoner was determined, if possible, to delay until past 2 o'clock. It was now three minutes to 2 o'clock, when the sheriff told him he must be getting ready. Sims asked to see a friend in the crowd. He was called up, and I afterwards heard that Sims asked him if he did not think he had better jump off the scaffold and let the soldiers kill him. His friend told him no, that he would die harder by being shot. Sims answered, "They shall never hang me." He was still untied. All persons were directed to leave the scaffold, and a deputy, upon a motion from the sheriff, started up the steps with the cap and a rope to tie the prisoner's feet and hands. I was sitting upon my horse about 100 yards in front of the scaffold, intently watching the prisoner, at the sight of the rope and cap he started, and jumped forward upon the trap or fall; thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt, drew out a pen-knife, the blade open, and quickly drew it across his throat twice. He was drawing back his arm to do so a third time, when the sheriff jumped forward and caught him around the arms. Then commenced a desperate struggle.—They were both powerful men. In a few moments (it seemed an age) the sheriff, by a violent effort, succeeded in throwing Sims. He fell upon his hands and knees, the sheriff being upon his back holding him around his arms. The deputy had run off the scaffold. No one had attempted to interfere; every one seemed to have lost all presence of mind. When the sheriff threw him, he commenced crying out to take the knife from him. Still the struggle was going on, Sims attempting to rise. The deputy ran up the steps and was about seizing the knife, when the prisoner suddenly dropped it and ran his hand up over his shoulder, and seizing a revolving pistol that the sheriff had in the bosom of his vest, he applied it to his head as if to blow out his brains. Although he had his thumb upon the trigger, yet the sheriff had such a powerful grip about his wrist that the prisoner was unable to pull the trigger.—The sheriff cried out to his deputy, "seize the pistol! the pistol! the pistol!" upon which the deputy wrested it from his hand. Sims then, by a violent effort, rose to his feet and tore himself from the sheriff's grasp. For a moment they stood looking at each other, and then the sheriff struggled upon the prisoner and again the struggle commenced. The sheriff was the largest, most powerful man; but the prisoner had the strength of desperation. He appeared to grow weaker from the loss of blood, and the sheriff at last threw him—this time flat upon his face, with his forehead on the scaffold. Jumping upon him with his knees, the sheriff called for a rope, and easily secured the prisoner, by tying his arms and feet.

The sheriff assisted the prisoner to rise. He was so weak he could scarcely stand, and trembled violently. I shall remember the expression of his face to my last day. No language can convey any idea of it.—It was a picture of blank, hopeless despair. He was as pale as if already dead. The rope was then adjusted on the prisoner's neck, the cap pulled over his eyes, and the deputy stood ready to cut the rope at the word. But the tragedy was not to end so soon. The prisoner leaned his head forward, and reaching up with his hand, seized the cap and drew it off his head.—Then, apparently forgetting that his feet were tied, he started, as it were, to run and jump off the scaffold. Instead of which he dove off—into eternity. His body fell back, his head struck the trap or fall, but the second time he swung clear, the deputy having cut the rope which held up the fall. His neck was not broken—he died the horrible death by strangulation. The sight was one never to be forgotten. His cap was off, and his face in dreadful contortions—the tongue and eyes protruding, his throat with two large gashes in it, his shirt and pantaloons covered with blood from the cuts in his throat, the writhings and contortions of the body in the struggle with death—it was a horrible sight. At times the body would hang perfectly still, as if life had departed, when the muscles would contract, and the body being drawn up into a knot, would spring, it appeared, at least to feet to one side. Sometimes he would draw up his limbs, and then spring, as it were, downwards, and again swinging to and fro, until he would draw up hang motionless, then another drawing up of the body and a spring to one side.

To add to the horror of the scene, a woman, who was just in the rear of the gallows at the moment when Sims dove off, uttered a wild heart-rending shriek.—Shrieked followed shriek, as the horrible writhings and contortions of the body went on, and until at last death had put an end to the sufferings of Jack Sims.

I had kept my position in front of the gallows and when the body hung lifeless, I started to ride around to the rear to discover who it was that had been shrieking. As I rode from the front around to the side of the gallows, I could not keep my eyes off the bloody, horrible corpse, and my imagination (for I was much excited) made that face turn slowly, to move as I moved and follow me around. I kept on with my eyes upon the face (I could not withdraw them) and when I had arrived opposite the right side of the corpse, its face had followed round, round, until it was staring at me as full in the eyes as

when I was sitting upon my horse, dismounted in front of the gallows. I could bear no more but turned my horses head, struck my spurs into his sides, and went upon a run back to the city. I slept none for several nights; I was always when asleep, riding round that corpse with that face slowly following me round, round, moving as I moved. It was a great relief to me that Sims had confessed his guilt. From that day I vowed never to witness another execution.

Hon. Joseph E. McDonald opened the campaign of 1856, with one of the best speeches it has been our good fortune to hear in a long time, at the Court house last Tuesday.

He reviewed at some length the condition of the affairs of our State, administered a withering rebuke to the Abolition Senate of last winter, and asked whether the people were willing to allow their attention to be diverted from the acts of that body by the cry of bleeding Kansas?—whether their own domestic affairs were not of more importance, in a State canvass, than what was transpiring in any other State or Territory. He then went on to speak of the Kansas question. He regarded it as a question of policy merely and one upon which it was foolish to talk of dividing the Democratic party. It was one upon which Democrats might easily differ, and yet stand united and present an unbroken front to the common foe. It was ridiculous to talk of organizing an exclusive Douglas or Buchanan party, for the question would probably be finally settled before such an organization could be affected. He believed that it would have been better had the Constitution of Kansas been submitted to the people, but there was no legal obligation upon the Convention that framed it to do so, and he believed, with the President, that the Territory should be admitted into the Union now as the best means of restoring peace and quiet to the country. He reviewed the action of the Free State party of Kansas, showing that they not only had a fair opportunity to register themselves and vote at the election of delegates, but that they refused to do so, but in many instances would not even allow the registry officers to enter some of the counties. He had but little sympathy for the agitators in Kansas.—Within the last nine months four general elections had been held in Kansas; at two of these elections the Free State men voted, and they elected their whole ticket, and at two they refused to