

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, April 3, 1858.

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.

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!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of 127 SUBSCRIBERS. \$1.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Secretary of State.

DANIEL MCCLURE, of Morgan.

For Auditor of State.

JOHN W. DODD, of Grant.

For Treasurer of State.

NATHANIEL E. CUNNINGHAM, of Vigo.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction.

SAMUEL L. RUGG, of Allen.

For Attorney General.

JOSEPH E. McDONALD, of Montgomery.

For Judges of the Supreme Court.

KAMUEL E. PERKINS, of Marion.

ANDREW DAVISON, of Decatur.

JAMES M. HANNA, of Vigo.

JAMES L. WORDEN, of Whitley.

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 resuscitated Wilmett Provin 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 blighted Whig) meet whose hearts rankle with the basest treason, reading out with the assistance of brain-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 pugnacious Huronites.

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 its garnets the disgusting smell of rank, putrid abolitionism. We regard you here in McDonough 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 we 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 phizie'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 Lecompt 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 Johny Beard, mark what a cordial shaking of hands takes place. The Senate looks up magnificently in the Colonel's vision, a land office in Nebraska stares Johny 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 hope 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 offence 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 moldering 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 coaxing 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 give Lebanon the preference. We are decidedly in favor of Lebanon. What say our Democratic contemporaries?

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 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 card 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 Georgia 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 corral grove
That blossoms down under the sea!

They say that the voice of thy native waves
This melancholy dirge 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-imaged souls,

Some trace of their Heavenly birth?

Ah! many a spirit like thee, lone shell,
Now mourns in its 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 after 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 protege 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 plagued 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. *Faeculus desensus Averni.*

Efforts were made to effectually reclaim her, but it is almost impossible to reclaim a woman once 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 comes 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. They had one child, and on their way here that was taken away from them, at Kenosha. Their poverty had now become lamentable, indeed, but undoubtedly their situation might have been much better, but for the accused 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 cumbered 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 went over her poverty, manifested touching tokens of a reformation, but here too the fire was only being smoldered a few days, to break out again the first favorable opportunity. The money that was given her to buy food and clothing with, 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 thin once gifted young lady, an adopted child of Henry Ward Beecher, will soon find that peace in death, which she has been unable to find in the cup and in the corruption of licentiousness.

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 my 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 Octocean, 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.—In Salem (Illinoi)s, Advocate of the 24th inst., contains the following:

One night last week, a negro boy about eighteen years old, whom Judge Breeze 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.

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 instant.

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

The steamer Ara, 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 resented 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 DESPATCH.

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 entered 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 Delli has been found guilty and was sentenced for life.

The steamer Ara had on board over \$25,000 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 steamer Alps did not leave Liverpool on her appointed day of sailing.