

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, May 1, 1858.

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ED The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 per annum, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

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CIRCULATION—LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE! Advertisers call up and examine our list of 1,200 SUBSCRIBERS.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.—For Secretary of State, DANIEL MCCLURE, of Marion. 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, SAMUEL E. PERKINS, of Marion. ANDREW DAVISON, of Decatur. JAMES M. HANNA, of Vigo. JAMES L. WORDEN, of Whitley.

CORPORATION ELECTION.—A meeting of the citizens will be held at the Court House, this evening, to nominate a board of trustees, clerk, treasurer, and marshal.

THE CALLOPES IS COMING.—Next Monday will be a grand gala day for Crawfordsville. Of course every boy and girl in the county, as well as the old folks, will want to see the show. What with the sonorous and thunder tones of the great steam Calliope, the soul-stirring music from Ned Kendall's celebrated brass band, the grand triumphal procession of Nixon's American Circus, followed by its English rival, Kemp's, a legion of organ grinders on the several streets, huge sections of gingerbread gracefully displayed by rustic beauties, an abundance of peanuts, red-eye, and lager beer, interspersed with an occasional free-fight, will make the occasion as highly amusing as a Roman holiday.

HON. JOHN L. ROBINSON.—We are sorry to hear that Hon. John L. Robinson, present U. S. Marshall for Indiana, is insincere. This is truly lamentable, and will touch the hearts of his host of admirers. We have not heard enough of the particulars to state the cause of the misfortune.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE!—A PREACHER GUZZLING RED-EYE.—It appears from statements and affidavits published in the Lafayette papers, that the Rev. Mr. Breckinridge has been tarrying at the cap. This clerical gent is a great temperance reformer, and an ardent disciple of Black Republicanism. Kalloch and Breckinridge, shining lights! Exult oh, you pharisees.

EARLY INDIANA TRIALS AND SKETCHES.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of this new work, just issued from the press by Oliver H. Smith. It is a work that should be in the library of every Indianian, from the fact that it is a faithful history of the early times of Hoosierdom. Its humorous sketches and thrilling incidents of western life will no doubt be read with avidity by our old pioneers as well as by the rising youth of our State. Let every one secure a copy of this work.

THE RUSHVILLE JACKSONIAN.—We regret to see this paper playing into the hands of the Black Republicans by its abuse of the Hon. James B. Foley.

THE project of digging an artesian well in the Court yard square is being agitated by some of our citizens. We think it an excellent idea. What say our capitalists, such as Major Elston, to this enterprise?

PERSONAL.—Thomas Wallace returned on last Tuesday from bleeding Kansas. He represents times as terribly hard in the Territory, many of the inhabitants living on torpid rattle-snakes dug out from the hills. He says everybody seems to be down on both the Lecompton and Leavenworth constitutions.

THE OLD FASHIONED CIRCUS.—This institution under the management of Burd & Robinson, will perform here on next Wednesday the 5th inst. They have an excellent company and will undoubtedly give a fine performance.

A superior article of candles can be found at Mansons & Powers. They are ahead of anything of the kind ever yet manufactured.

We notice that our old friend John Speed has a fine lot of tombstones and monuments on hand.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION FOR THE EIGHTH DISTRICT.

We publish in another place our proposition to hold the next Democratic Convention at Lebanon, on the 12th of August.

We have heard of no man yet certainly spoken of as likely to be before the convention as a candidate for nomination. For our own part, if our suggestion could have any weight, we would name the Hon. Lew Wallace, as a man every way entitled to the honor of being our standard-bearer in the coming contest. We do not know that he is a candidate; nor do we know that he would accept the nomination tendered to him; but this we do know, that no democrat in the District would make a more gallant fight than he would be more likely to triumph at the polls. He is well known all over the district, and is popular wherever known. His course in the Senate at the last session of our Legislature, was highly creditable to himself and to the constituency who sent him there; and gave him a name and fame all over the State as one of the leaders of the Democracy of Indiana.

His course, also, in the Democratic State Convention of the 8th of January last, counselling moderation and forbearance, and endeavoring to harmonize conflicting opinions, to keep the party united, cannot be highly commended. Without the fear of contradiction, we may say he came out of that convention with more honor than any other man in it.

We think, under all the circumstances, there is no democrat in the District more deserving the confidence of the democratic masses, nor any who would make a more gallant race.

What say our brethren of the Press?

Campbell & Co., are erecting a large warehouse in the rear of their extensive establishment. The business of this firm has increased so rapidly of late, that this addition has become an absolute necessity.

Dr. C. W. Prather has removed to Covington, in this State, where he designs engaging in the mercantile business. He will also devote a portion of his time to the practice of medicine. The Dr. is a skilful practitioner and we take pleasure in recommending him to the citizens of Fountain county.

Among our numerous exchanges, we notice a paper entitled the *News*, published at Vevay, a little town on the Ohio in the southern part of the State. Its editor who glories in the name of B. L. Schenck, is a queer sort of an individual. In his last issue, he arraigns the Democratic party for trial—charging them with crimes against the constitution, the laws, public virtue, the popular will and good government. Poor fellow, how the grand old party in the State will stagger under such denunciations, coming as they do from such a small specimen of a lick-spittle. We wonder who owns this cur?

DOGS.—These canine brutes have become so numerous in our town of late that many of our citizens have resolved upon a way of extermination. There is at the least calculation ten dogs to every person in Crawfordsville. We trust that the new corporation board to be elected next week will take this matter in hand.

Mike Gurbett has opened a saloon on Main street, a few doors west of Washington Hall. It is the place to get a fine cigar and a choice beverage.

Read the advertisement in another column of ALLEN, GALEY & KEERAN. They have a splendid assortment of goods, at the old stand of Graham Brothers.

A proposition has been made in the Congress of New Granda for admission into our confederacy.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.—Candidates for Congress are thickening and as the Republican shatter themselves that they have a "sure thing" in this District, it is not astonishing that most of the ambition is developed on their side. It has amused us to witness the disinterestedness of Lafayette in this connection; one would think that every other citizen of that Artesian town was an aspirant for Congressional honors. We are pleased, therefore, to hear mention made of some body outside of that city of patriots and magnificent Blue-Lick stinks. Hon. J. R. M. Bryant, of Williamsport, we are informed, will compete with the Lafayette Legion for the Republican nomination. In point of ability, he is at least their equal, as a gentleman, he is superior to most of them. The contest we predict will be chiefly between Mr. Bryant and Daniel Mace, of "bloomer" notoriety. Why can't they all run?

IMPOSING FUNERAL.

Mr. Mullikin was buried on last Tuesday, and was at the time of his death a member of the "Guards," the Company turned out and buried him with military honors. We have seen a number of such ceremonies in towns of larger pretensions than Crawfordsville, but must say, in all sincerity, that we have never seen a military funeral better performed by one Company.

We have been somewhat down on the Guards heretofore, but now make the *amend* honorable. Another such really imposing ceremony executed by them will make us their fast friend.

Both Houses of Congress have resolved to adjourn on the 7th of June.

CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES.

THE NEW ASPECT OF KANSAS AFFAIR.

The Democrats who opposed the Senate bill for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution have always based their opposition, so far as we know, upon the ground that that constitution did not express the wishes of the people of Kansas, or, at least that they had never had an opportunity of declaring that they did approve of that instrument. As for the constitution itself, they did not feel called upon to express an opinion, rightly considering that that was a matter with which the people of Kansas alone had to do. If it suited them, well, if not, also well.

The Republicans who opposed the admission of Kansas under that instrument did so originally on the ground of their dislike for slavery, and in obedience to that plank of their platform which declared their hostility to the admission of any more slave States, and especially of slave States formed out of any territory covered by the Missouri Compromise. But in voting for the Crittenden amendment, which proposed to admit Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, provided a majority of the people of Kansas voted to accept that constitution, the Republicans abandoned their original position and virtually came to that occupied by the anti-Lecompton Democrats—with how much sincerity we will determine.

Anti-Lecompton Democrats are not so nacious as to the precise manner in which the question of acceptance or rejection shall be put to the people of Kansas. What they want is the substance, not the shadow. They want the people of Kansas to have an opportunity of saying at the polls whether they will or will not come in under the Lecompton constitution. So that the ground is obtained, they care little for the form in which it may be done. The great difference between the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton Democrats has been that the former have contended that constitutional conventions have the right to make constitutions and put them in force without ratification by the people; while the latter have contended that the people alone are sovereign, and to force upon them a constitution which they have had no opportunity of ratifying, is a violation of the principles of Democracy. Under no circumstances were they willing to give up this principle.

The question now arises, is this principle abandoned in the bill reported by Mr. English from the conference committee? Certainly not, as we understand it. Mr. E.'s bill proposes to give the Lecomptonites the church to swing and ring, and white ettes part the drifted snow. Close by the grapevine swing, the symore droops its long bare arms, And the russet tressel swing To and fro, like funeral bells, On the dead twigs where they cling.

We are both under the moonlight, Where we talked so long ago— Both, both are under the moonlight, But one is under the snow.

Dark eyes lie deep under snow and sleet— Damp mold on the golden hair— Deep, deep under shadow and gravestones Thick dust is gathering there.

Dust on the forehead pure and white— Dust on my heart so heavy and cold— Tempest and rain and night have passed Over my life so gray and old.

Many a night and many a storm Have darkened this blue Pacific's flow— I only remember one that passed Down by the red equator's glow—

We awoke with its sheltering wings of night, We were left on bleak, barbarian shore; The burning tropical day rose up, And then I counted the time no more; I never counted the burning years.

Crossing the seas with their silent tread; Rather to me if they went or came? I was a slave and she was dead!

I knew she was dead; she came to me One night when the fiery southern moon Was sinking down from the midnight sky, And May was gliding into June— Came with her shining hair so gold, Her face fair and girlish brown, The strange dark eyes were a sorrowful look— Sorrowful then, but she smiled now!

A GAY DECEIVER.—Not long ago there resided at Royalton, in this country, a gay Lothario rejoicing in the somewhat melifluous appellation of Dr. Ross Russ—a smooth, polished, easy, charming little fellow; just the boy to make a piece of calico flutter and tremble like an aspen leaf in a gale of wind. In the same beautiful village resided two maidens fair—plump, bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked, rosily-lipped maidens (poetic license) with warm tender, susceptible hearts, and all the simple artlessness and child-like confidence of sweet sixteen, (or twenty-six, we forget which) That affects warm as theirs could remain dormant forever—that they should waste their sweetness on the desert air—of course impossible. That the deep hidden fire within their bosoms, only wanting to be fanned into flame, should burst forth with the fury of a volcano, and pour the rich lava of its love upon some object, at some time, it was but natural to suppose.

An object presented itself—and that object was the gallant Doctor. His elegant form, his graceful manners, his winning smile—all these danced before their captured visions like the bright creations of a fairy tale. And then his name!—how musical! Doctor Ross Russ!—Mrs. Dr. Ross Russ! How perfectly ravishing to the ear would be that name! The flame burned brighter and brighter, and soon became an all-consuming, all-devouring element. They loved!—loved deeply, fondly, devotedly—loved Doctor Ross Russ! Not only so; it soon became apparent that the passion was reciprocated. The trio met, and met again, and parted still to meet again. What words were breathed, what vows were made, what tales of love were whispered in the cage drinking car, 'tis not for us to tell a rude and vulgar world. Suffice to say, they basked in all the bright sunshine of a warm first love, with no envious eyes to disturb the sweetness of the dream.

Time rolled on, each succeeding day added to their joy, until one morning—last Saturday morning—last Saturday morning, in fact—the gay and brilliant Doctor was nowhere to be found. While night's sable mantle lingered over the earth, he had vanished, disappeared, "cut dirt." Twas then the maidens from their dream awoke, to find themselves as ladies *do not* wish to be! who have no "lords" to love. Too late they found that they had "loved not wisely but too well." The dream had passed away, and so had Dr. Ross Russ—to "furnish" parts.

MORAL.—Beware of Dr. Ross Russ—Boone County Pioneer.

ORSON Hyde, one of the Mormon apostles, boasts that he lives ten years and thrives as he has been thriving he will have "sons enough to make a regiment of them when they disobey her, that she also had to be confined.

MARRIAGE AHEAD OF WEALTHY AMERICAN GIRLS.—Our Paris correspondent writes that after Easter, Miss Kidway, the wealthy Philadelphia heiress, will be led to the altar by a Frenchman, M. Ganay. Every winter one or two heiresses of millions of dollars from the United States marry Frenchmen.—Boston Traveler.

A quaint writer has defined time to be "the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."

ARI AND I.

Down on the slope the cow-bell tinkled, Up in the trees the robin sang, The bees hummed low, and Ari and I, Sat in the grapevine there and swung. Strange dark eyes and a tender face, Set in the fairest golden hair— A shy, soft form of beauty and grace— Such was Ari, beside me there.

We were children then—they called us so— And we sat there under the summer moon, Swinging listlessly to and fro, And humming together a low love tune. The symore drooped its fair-leaved arms, And the russet tressel swing To and fro, like marriage bells, On the white twigs silver hung.

There's a fair soft tree has slept on my heart This many and many a day; I love that the heart might scarcely beat If that were taken away.

Over and over I kiss it, so—

Lay it out in the moonlight there; It brings me back the strange dark eyes,

The tender face and the golden hair.

She gave it to me one night in May,

Walking under the full May moon—

I was going away in a ship that night,

To come again in the next year's June.

I have come again; but it is June,

Down on the slope the snow drifts high,

The winter moon shines clear and cold,

The trees are gray, and so am I.

Moons have passed away unnumbered

Since then, their lustrous coils

Have wound around the smiling earth,

Making the night their spoils.

Many a May has passed away—

Many a June has sped—

Death and winter reign on the slope

I am here, but Ari is dead.

They have made a graveyard down on the slope

The church-bells swing and ring,

And white ettes part the drifted snow.

Close by the grapevine swing,

The symore droops its long bare arms,

And the russet tressel swing

To and fro, like funeral bells,

On the dead twigs where they cling.

We are both under the moonlight,

Where we talked so long ago—

Both, both are under the moonlight,

But one is under the snow.

Dark eyes lie deep under snow and sleet—

Damp mold on the golden hair—

Deep, deep under shadow and gravestones

Thick dust is gathering there.

Dust on the forehead pure and white—

Dust on my heart so heavy and cold—

Tempest and rain and night have passed

Over my life so gray and old.

Many a night and many a storm

Have darkened this blue Pacific's flow—

I only remember one that passed

Down by the red equator's glow—

Paused with its sheltering wings of night,

We were left on bleak, barbarian shore;

The burning tropical day rose up,

And then I counted the time no more;