

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, May 22, 1858.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY CHARLES H. BOVEN.

The Crawfordville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2, 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 SUBSCRIBERS.

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C. H. BOWEN, JERE. KEENEY.

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. SAMUEL E. PERKINS, of Marion.

ANDREW DAVISON, of Decatur.

JAMES M. HANNA, of Vigo.

JAMES L. WORDEN, of Whitley.

Attention Democrats!

The Democracy of Montgomery County will meet at the Court House in Crawfordsville, on Friday, the 4th of June, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the Congressional Convention. Col. Allen May, and other speakers will be in attendance. It is desired that there be a general turnout. By order of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

OUR FIRST PAGE.—Mormon Love Song; Finding a Criminal; An Indian Legend; Important Discovery; Wealth of our Statesmen; Swedenborgianism in the Capitol; Abundance of Gold; Indian Talk, etc., etc., etc.

DAN MACE.

This gentleman will unquestionably be the Black Republican candidate. Most of the Republicans in this country are assured have settled down upon him as the proper man to succeed Wilson. Such men as John Beard and many other of the prominent leaders of that party are busily engaged in adjusting the wires for Dan's success in Convention. Fry's candidacy, as we remarked last week, is only a little piece of pleasantness, which our friend Rube Fink has been playing off. Joseph Addison Gilkey, of Ripley township, an unsuspecting and innocent youth, was induced by Rube, to suggest through the *Journal* Fry's name as a candidate. As a matter of course, it only excites the risibilities of the people in Montgomery. Rube is a great wag, and has taken this plan, through the credulity of Gilkey, to sport with Fry's vanity and ignorance. So the Republicans of this county have really no candidate of their own, and with but few exceptions, are Mace men. We do not know of but two Wilson men in the county, one of whom is a half-breed by the name of Pedro, who has been living in Crawfordsville some two or three years, and who identified himself with the Republicans last fall by his intimacy with the Hon. James Wilson.

Read the Sheriff advertisement in another column. If "dear Jere" reads them, we would recommend him to use specks. They are perfect eye-sores.

Our meddlesome neighbor says that doggeries are our favorite places of resort. How we know we are unable to say, unless he has been peeping through the windows or lying in the dog-fennel. He says that "he has too much self-respect to be caught frequenting such sink-holes." You don't pretend to say "dear Jere" that you have more self-respect than the Hon. James Wilson?

BOY DROWNED.—A boy by the name of O'Conner was drowned at the foot of Washington street on last Monday morning. The creek being very high, his body was not recovered until Tuesday evening.

The heavy rains of last week washed away a small embankment on the N. & S. R. near the Horner farm. It will be repaired so as to admit the passage of trains by the first of next week.

GRAHAM FOR JUNE.—This elegant Magazine will be received. Its contents of prose and poetry are gems of beauty, while the embellishments are unsurpassed by any Magazine in the world.

Why may there not be another Homer, another Milton, another Shakespeare, another Jesus Christ?—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Our unhappy neighbor across the way is still deeply troubled concerning the Sheriff printing. The stale epithets he flings at us, while they may afford him some amusement, cannot certainly be of any interest to his readers. We presume the community care very little about our private business transactions with Mr. Schoeler. Whether he is indebted to us or we to him, is a matter that none but the ill-bred and unmannerly will seek to know. "Mind your own business," is a maxim that Jere will yet have to learn if he expects to live happily and quietly in this world.

The reason that Mr. Schoeler does not see proper to give him the printing, he certainly well knows. In the summer of 1857, he held a small account against Mr. S., for sheriff advertising, published in the Journal while under his management. Mr. S., not paying the bill promptly, was summarily sued. Now everybody acquainted with Mr. S., know him to be an honest man, one that will pay a debt as promptly as most men, though we presume he has seen times when it was not always convenient or possible to liquidate a debt at the time it came due. That for the last year has been to a great extent a common misfortune. As a matter of course Mr. S., felt somewhat indignant, there being nothing to warrant any such proceeding on the part of Mr. K., and to use his own language ("officially") he Mr. K., "will never make over twenty-five per cent out of that operation." Now because we are employed to do the printing, our meddlesome neighbor has taken to acting the dog in the manger, and rendering himself ridiculous by applying to us low and vulgar epithets.—Are the ancient subjects of heathen Rome to be our masters in our own waters? We hope and do not doubt that President Buchanan will adopt measures to send, if necessary, that spiteful and troublesome representative of British wrath (which bears, by the way, an infernal and Plutonian name) across the river *Styx*. Let the Macemonian go down, and by one broadside blow her entirely out of the Gulf. No American sailor need fear to take the responsibility, there is really a chance, indeed, for a speculation; for that captain, lieutenant or jolly tar that would cause an eighteen-pounder to "bring up" just below the water-line of the *Styx* frigate, and send her crew and all, down among the mermaids, would have the prayers of the Church, and could marry himself to advantage in any city in America. Where are the Utah, Soaria and Nicaragua men?

The Journal of this week abounds in some pretty tall specimens of high falutin. Buglum, like Richard, is himself again. Hear how sublime and eloquent he discourses on the Hon. W. H. English: "Henceforward he will be known only as the traitor and spy. He will be despised by all honorable men, condemned, shunned as contaminated with leprosy on which it would be almost death to look. English the traitor and the spy is dead beyond the hope of a resurrection."

Buglum reminds us of a certain chap that some years since turned up in Arkansas. Failing to find employment sufficient to support him, he determined to run for Congress. His education being very limited, he committed to memory the declaration of Independence, which he displayed with great eloquence at all the cross roads in his district. The people concluded that any man that could "talk that way" would be an orator. Buglum is trying to play the same game here with the Black Republican party in this district. The above denunciation of Mr. English is borrowed from Abe Horner, who used it in 1855 against the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. Buglum should be ashamed of such plagiarism.

CHOICE CIGARS.—If any of our readers wish to smoke a capital cigar, we recommend them to go to Nolte's cigar store on Main street. He has got some of the finest cigars in town, as every one will attest who have tried them.

The following remarkable language was used by the able defender of Count Orsini, at his trial for an abortive attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon:

When a nation is so unhappy as to be subject to a tyrant, she is never delivered by pistols or poniards; God who counts the hours of tyrants, keeps for them worse catastrophes than assassination!

The effect says a spectator was unspeakable, and the looks of men, mutually strangers, sought each other in deep and instantaneous approval of the sentiment.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS!—The common needle has done more toward making the fortunes of physicians and undertakers, than people generally imagine.

Atropos herself was not so cruel, for she only cut the thread of existence, when the term of life was duly up, whereas the relentless Nemesis prematurely destroys. How many victims has it made, and how many fathers have been impoverished by long bills for physic? Well, all this may be avoided by the use of GROVER & BAKER's Sewing Machine, which will do all the stitching of a family without destroying any of its members. It is far and away the best of its kind, as experience has fully demonstrated.

Many of the Black Republicans are singing on the street corners a little couplet, entitled Dan Mace. It runs as follows:

"Get out of the way for Daniel Mace,
For he is bound to take the race."

Straws show which way the wind blows.

It is said that Forrest, the actor, is about to marry Laura Keene.

BRITISH OUTRAGES UPON THE HIGH SEAS.

Captain Howe, of the schooner *Mobile*, after stating that his vessel, with the American flag flying, was fired into by the English war steamer *Styx*, and insolently boarded by a lieutenant, reports the following conversation:

"Officer—I want to see your papers."

"I went into the cabin, followed by the lieutenant, and, taking out my allotment and license, handed them to him, keeping my manifest in my hand."

"Officer—Where is your register? You ought to have a register."

"I answered, our coasting vessels do not have registers; they sail under a coasting license. I then handed him my manifest, saying here is my clearance from Mobile in regular form. He examined it and laid it on the table. I asked, "Have you got through? If you have I wish to proceed. It is very strange you should commence boarding vessels in this way."

"Officer—We have orders from our government to board every vessel passing up or down the Gulf."

"The officer then got into his boat, and went on board the steamer, and the *Mobile* made sail on her voyage."

Is this not enough to inflame the public mind of the country? Rome was fierce, bloody and inexorable; but, even in her darker days, when word came home that one of her "citizens" had been insulted in a distant land, while under the protection of the Roman Eagle, Janus opened the gates of his Temple, the youth, both of noble and plebeian blood, entered the legions, and the mighty energies of the proudest empire of earth converged into one tremendous torrent of revenge.

Those very eagles occupied London for four centuries as one of their *outposts*—Are the ancient subjects of heathen Rome to be our masters in our own waters? We hope and do not doubt that President Buchanan will adopt measures to send, if necessary, that spiteful and troublesome representative of British wrath (which bears, by the way, an infernal and Plutonian name) across the river *Styx*.

The heart-rending grief of their families in receiving their mangled remains, can be better imagined than described.

Below will be found the full particulars of the disaster, as given in the

GENTLE HUMANITY.

Shed the horse and thou the mare—Never let the hoof go bare; Trotting over stony stones, Wears away the hardest bones.

Life has many a stony street, Even to the toughest feet; Men and horses find it; Ere through half of life they go.

Streets of blood are in the way, Trod by humans every day, Seen by love's aching eye, While the blinded world goes by.

Yes, if all the sights were caught Wherever the air is fraught, What a gale would sweep the skies Laden with men's miseries.

Gently, then, O brother man, Do the utmost good you can; Good oportunes e'en the least, Kindly set to man's beast.

From the Lafayette Courier, 15th inst.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE LA-FAYETTE & INDIANAPOLIS R. R.

Conductor IRWIN, Engineer and Fireman KILLED!

About 1 o'clock, this morning, the Express train, on the Lafayette & Indianapolis Railroad, coming from Indianapolis, broke through the Potowatoo Creek Bridge, 19 miles from this city. The train was completely wrecked. Jas. Boedinger, the engineer, and Patrick Malone, the fireman, were instantly killed. Conductor Irwin was struck on the head by one of the heavy timbers of the bridge, and died in about an hour and a half. The passengers by a miracle, escaped without injury. A special train from this city, was dispatched to the scene of the disaster at an early hour this morning. The bodies of the engineer and fireman, both horribly mangled, were found under the engine. From their position, it was evident they had fallen from their posts. The body of conductor Irwin, which, after his death, had been removed to a farm house near by, was brought to this city, and now lies at the residence of J. O. D. Lilly, on Wabash street. The remains of the engineer and fireman were brought up at the same time, and conveyed to their former places of residence, in the south part of town. Both were married. The heart-rending grief of their families in receiving their mangled remains, can be better imagined than described.

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STATEMENT OF A PASSENGER.

In compliance with your request, I enclose with hand you a brief and hurried statement of the accident on the L. & I. Railroad.

The casualty occurred this morning about 1 o'clock at Potowatoo creek, seventeen miles east of Lafayette, resulting in the loss of three lives, viz: the Conductor, James W. Irwin, and the Engineer and Fireman. I was in the forward car, and was asleep at the time, but was awakened by a fearful crash, and being thrown violently forward, I at once discovered that the train had broken through a bridge, and that we were surrounded by water. The two stoves in the car were overturned, and the car filled with smoke, almost to suffocation. I immediately raised the windows, and then proceeded to ascertain our situation. The engine was lying in the creek near the Western bank; the tender seemed to have entirely disappeared, but is probably under the wreck; the baggage car was a complete ruin—a large stick of timber fourteen to sixteen inches square (one of the sills of the bridge) having severed its length and entered the forward car through the window, and impaling that car to the length of ten feet. Mr. Irwin, the conductor, had but a few minutes previous to the disaster, taken the front seat when the timber entered the car, and was found on the floor of the car, under the timber, with a ghastly wound in his head. He was immediately removed from the car and with cushions from the seats, shawls, &c., a couch was made for him, but he was already past human aid, and breathed his last at ten minutes to 3 o'clock. The Engineer and Fireman must have been instantly killed; their bodies were submerged and found under a portion of the engine. The Engineer was cut almost entirely in two at his hips, and his body otherwise mangled. The passengers were almost providentially saved from death. I received a slight contusion in the face, and to this point it was that the full horror of the butchery could alone be fully appreciated. The rotten, worthless timbers of the bridge, bent down towards the water, mingling with the ruins of the cars. The massive south side of the bridge leaned inwards, touching the top of the last car. Looking through and underneath these timbers, all that remained of the three cars could be seen.

This, then, was the sight that presented itself to me as I left the train and looked over into the creek. Crossing a temporary bridge, constructed on the north side of the bridge, over which to transfer baggage from train to train, I passed round the west end of the bridge to the south side of the track, and climbing down the embankment stood in the bed of the creek, in order to get a good view of the ruins. And from this point it was that the full horror of the butchery could alone be fully appreciated.

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Leaving the depot I procured a horse and buggy and proceeded to Yorkville, about a mile east where I found Mr. A. Yates of Fulton, the well known canal contractor, had been conveyed. I there learned that his injuries were quite severe and painful, but not so serious as to prevent the probability of his endeavoring to return home that night.

I then returned to the ruins, and found a large gang of hands employed in dragging out the cars, with the machinery used for that purpose. This was a work of time, as they came out piece by piece, but it was proceeded with steadily, despite a very high wind and a drizzling rain, in the presence of a number of spectators.

It was confidently anticipated that more dead bodies would be found amongst the ruins, and intense anxiety was manifested as piece after piece was hauled out.

At length just before dusk, a man named

W. H. Acker, of Yorkville, who was

searching the ruins, raised a cry for assistance.

He had come upon the body of a boy about 12 years of age. The corpse was speedily dragged from the wreck and laid upon the track. The poor little fellow had been beaten in the first car that fell from the bridge, and was found close to the stone abutment. The left side of his skull and left eye were driven through into his brain, which projected from the top of the head. In all other respects he was entirely undisfigured, and his countenance was so sweet an expression, his parted and still red lips appeared so life-like, that you could fancy they were at that very moment writhing with a smile, and giving utterance to some pleasant thought of his own age who, as I afterwards learned, had sat in the same seat with him all the way down, and whose spirit, on that same night, joined him in heaven. The name of the boy was Charley Bettman, that of the girl, Avery Mack.

On returning to Utica, I found the father of the poor boy, Mr. B. Bettman, was lying dangerously ill at the McGregor House—the landlady of which, by the way, deserves the gratitude of every good Christian, for the feeling and effective manner in which she rendered aid to those placed in her care.

Although knowing that this boy was missing, he would not believe that he was dead, but had insisted that they had taken him to some other house. When told of the fullness of his loss, he was like a maniac, and his sorrow was touching in the extreme. He begged and prayed to be permitted to have his boy there in the room; and one moment would deny that he was killed, and the next inquire piteously whether his corpse was much mangled, and whether his wounds could have been painful ones.

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