

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, May 22, 1858.

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

The Crawfordville 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.

Advertises call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

Notice to Advertisers. Hereafter all legal advertisements will be charged as transient advertising—one dollar a square, (of ten lines), for the first insertion; and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

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 Crawfordville, 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 county 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 pleasantry, which our friend Rubie Fink has been playing off. Joseph Addison Gilkey, of Ripley township, an unsuspecting and innocent youth, was induced by Rubie, 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. Rubie 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 Crawfordville 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. He knows 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. A. & S. R. R. near the Horner farm. It will be repaired so as to admit the passage of trains by the first of next week.

GRAMPH FOR JUNE.—This elegant Magazine has been 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 Horner, another Milton, another Shakespeare, another Jesus Christ?—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

OUR UNHAPPY NEIGHBOR

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. Schooler. Whether he is indebted to us or we to him, is a matter that none but the ill-bred and unmanly 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. Schooler 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 special 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, forgetting that any black-guard might do the same thing. We have no disposition to indulge in vulgar and unbecoming personalities, or to pry into any of our neighbors' private affairs. The first only exhibits to a community, a lack of moral training in youth, and is disgusting to the well-bred and refined gentleman. The latter is a disease, the unhappy victim of which is truly to be pitied. We are aware of the mental deficiencies of our neighbor, and it would be folly for us to find fault with nature, eccentric as she sometimes is. We shall not quarrel with him through our paper or stand off like some beardless urchin and call him names. Our readers feel no interest in anything of the kind. If dear Jere wishes to abuse us, it will be much more manly and in better taste to do it to our face.

The Journal of this week abounds in some pretty tall specimens of highfaluten. Bughum, 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, scorned, 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."

Bughum reminds us of a certain chap that some years since turned up in Arkansas. Failing to find employment sufficiently remunerative to earn a livelihood, he determined to run for Congress. His education being very limited, he committed to memory the declaration of Independence, which he declaimed 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 ornament to the State, and they accordingly elected him. Bughum 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. Bughum 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 NOTTE'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 late 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 poignards; God who counts the hours of tyrants, keeps for them worse catastrophes than assassination!

The effect says a spectator was unexpressed, 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 NEEDLE 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 Keane.

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."

"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 Plutonic name), across the river *Styx*. Let the Macdonalds 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, Sonora and Nicaragua men?

Recent developments prove, beyond a doubt, that the outrages perpetrated, within the last two months, upon the American flag, in the Southern waters, are the result of a preconcerted design on the part of the government of Great Britain to interfere in American affairs in the neighborhood of Cuba. The pretense of the English that they are stopping the slave trade will not do. Their pretensions were very extensive more than forty years ago, but they were denied and exploded by Jackson at New Orleans. The following dispatch only strengthens our conviction in regard to the object of the British Government—

Diplomatic notes are stale and weather-beaten; the rule of honor requires at least an exchange of shots:

"Boston, May 17. 'Captain Loring, of the brig *Ringold*, arrived here last night. He reports on the 30th ult., after leaving Sierra Morne, he was fired into by a British cruiser, one of the balls buried in the mainmast close to the captain's head. They were afterwards boarded by the bully boat's crew, who insisted on examining the vessel's papers."

Since writing the above we have received fuller particulars. Captain Gage, of the American bark *W. H. Chandler*, has furnished a report, which has appeared in the *Herald*, in which he says eleven American vessels lying in the harbor of Saugua La Grande were boarded by a British cruiser. All the captains whose vessels had been searched had joined in a protest—

Says the *Herald*:

"The Captain (Gage) had conversation with other captains subsequently to the searching of their vessels, and he was informed by all that a rigorous search of their vessels had been made, and that the officer even went so far, in some instances, as to bore casks with an auger, in order to make the search unusually strict. In some of the vessels the bearing of the officer was more than impertinent—it was insolent and commanding. When he arrived at the brig *Scorn*, of Boston, there was no officer on board, except the second mate. He ordered him to hoist his flag, and added that he should have done it before, when he saw an English man-of-war boat approaching with her colors flying. The captain was also informed that on every vessel he visited he drank rum, brandy, gin or some other such beverage."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Henry Ward Beecher intends spending a few weeks in Kansas during the coming summer.—*Exchange*.

The reverend gentleman, the professed disciple of the "Prince of Peace," will, of course, take his *Stark's* rifle, which he exhibited in the Church of the Puritans during the FREMONT campaign of 1856, with him into the Territory. To kill such of the "border-ruffians" as he may come in contact with. He will be the guest, we suppose, of his friends JIM LANE and the Rev. Mr. KALLOCH.

A BOY HANGING HIMSELF TO FRIGHTEN HIS PARENTS.—In Middlesex, Yates county, N. Y., a few days since, John R. Francis, aged about 15 years, went out into a cisco, attached to his father's barn, and suspended himself by the neck with a rope.

He told some little children who were with him to run into the house, as he was going to hang himself, and from this it is supposed that he did not intend really to commit suicide, but expected some one would come and release him.

GENTLE HUMANITY.

Shoe the horse and shoe the mare—Never let the hoof go bare; Trotting over flinty stones, Wears away the hardest bones.

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

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

Yes, if all the sighs were caught Wherewith the air is fraught, What a gale would sweep the skies Laden with man's miseries.

Gently, then, O brother man, Do the utmost good you can; Good overweighs evil the least, Kindly act to man or beast.

From the Lafayette Courier, 15th inst.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE LAFAYETTE & 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 Potato Creek Bridge, 19 miles from this city. The train was completely wrecked. J. C. Bolding, the engineer, and Patrick Maloney, 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 at 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 Walsh 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 on receiving their mangled remains, can be better imagined than described.

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

STATEMENT OF A PASSENGER.

In compliance with your request, I herewith 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 Potato 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 the two stoves in the car were overturned, and the car filled with smoke, almost 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 stiles of the bridge) having traversed 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 previously to the disaster, taken the front seat, where 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 fragments. I drove up into each other like the rounds of a telescope, within the space of forty-four feet, or a little more than the length of a single car.

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 catastrophe could be fully appreciated. The rotten, worthless timbers of the fatal track called the bridge, broken through like many pine logs, bent down towards the water, mingling with the ruins of the bridge. The massive south side of the bridge leaned inwards, touching the top of the last car. Looking through and underneath those timbers, all that remained of the three cars could be seen.

Leaving this scene of horror, I walked along the track about a mile, to the Whitesboro' station. There, everything appeared so quiet that I began to suspect I might have spared my legs and returned to Utica. But I was mistaken. Entering a baggage car that stood solitary and alone on the side of the track, I found two dead bodies; one, that of a colored man, most horribly mangled, both legs being crushed to pieces as if by a steam roller, and the rest of the body but little better; the other, that of a white man, evidently in fair circumstances. The latter represented a frightful appearance. The head was crushed to a jelly, the brains all smashed up and protruding. The upper neck and shoulders and both arms appeared to be broken into splinters. He must have been killed on the very instant, without feeling the blow.

The first, and the front part of the second, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other, the whole being smashed literally to pieces between the stone abutment and the front part of the last car. The second or middle car, in its descent, had plunged down head first, and its rear end was consequently raised. It was on this rear end, with its iron work still attached to it, that the third car had run; opening to receive it as it came crashing through just at a sufficient height to take the tops of the seats and the heads and shoulders of the passengers, crushing them into a jelly. As I clung to the rafters of the bridge and looked through into the ruins, my very soul sickened within me as I beheld splattered upon and adhering to the sides of the cars, the blood, the flesh, and the brains of the mangled sufferers.

Upon inquiry at the station, I ascertained that some of the injured were there, and passing round to the rear of the building—for the front was carefully closed—I

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ALBANY STATESMAN. GREAT RAILROAD DISASTER.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

UTICA, Wednesday Morning.

I reached this city at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. As we approached the station, it would have been evident to me, that some great calamity had stricken a panic through the community, had I been ignorant of the occurrence of the terrible disaster which was the occasion of my visit. A number of persons were gathered in the depot, conversing in separate groups, in a subdued tone, and every face wore a saddened expression. Here and there a man or woman with a scarred and bruised face—a head covered with patches—an arm or a leg bandaged, was the centre of attraction; and the large number of those injured who were crowded in the sitting rooms, awaiting the arrival of trains to hurry them away from the scene of their misfortune, gave me at once an intimation that the earliest reports that had reached us at Albany were not exaggerated, but had rather under estimated the extent and the fearful character of the accident.

Many females were pacing the room in tears—some for the suffering of relatives and friends, and others from nervous excitement occasioned by the fearful occurrence. Immediately our train stopped, two ladies from a forward car sprang out on the platform, and accosting the first person they encountered, inquired with choking voice and agonized look for one of the injured. Alas! it was only to learn the worst. He was dead; and a mother learned that she was childless—a wife that she had lost a beloved husband! They entered the sitting room slowly and sadly, and taking seats side by side on the bench, leaned their faces together and wept in silence. Hope, that had kept their spirits stretched to the utmost tension, was suddenly killed, and they seemed to have no further energy to move—no desire to talk or ask more—no words—no sighs—no loud demonstrations of grief—nothing but silent, bitter tears to show the anguish of their hearts.

A run of three miles brought us to the spot where the cruel work was done. As we approached the broken bridge, slowly and cautiously, the appalling character of the disaster gradually disclosed itself. Fields in the vicinity were alive with persons—flocking to and from the scene of the tragedy. On this side of the bridge, on the track and apparently uninjured, stood the engine and tender that had been attached to the Cincinnati Express, the down train. The baggage car and first passenger carriage had been wrenched off by the tearing away of the remainder of the train, thrown on to their sides and badly broken. The top and side of the baggage car were driven in, and the trucks and axles badly broken, by the sudden wrench and violence of the fall. Between them and the bridge, the track for a little distance was uninjured, showing conclusively that the locomotive and baggage car, and one passenger car had passed safely over before the bridge fell. On the north track, on this side of the bridge, were some of the baggage cars and the one passenger car that had been attached to the up train. A portion of these had also been upset and broken.

Some idea of the horrible nature of the catastrophe may be formed from the following facts: The space between the stone abutments of the bridge is thirty-four feet, and the fall to the bed of the creek is about ten feet. The length of a passenger car is thirty-five feet. Three cars lay lengthwise within this space of forty-four feet—none of them turned out of the direct line, but shot down as straight as they stood a moment before on the track. One hundred and four feet of cars, therefore, crunched and human beings, lay crushed into fragments, or driven up into each other like the rounds of a telescope, within the space of forty-four feet, or a little more than the length of a single car.

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 catastrophe could be fully appreciated. The rotten, worthless timbers of the fatal track called the bridge, broken through like many pine logs, bent down towards the water, mingling with the ruins of the bridge. The massive south side of the bridge leaned inwards, touching the top of the last car. Looking through and underneath those timbers, all that remained of the three cars could be seen.

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ENTERED. In a small bed-room, containing one bed, were two females. One of them, an elderly widow lady named Mary Bachelor, residing at St. Johns, Michigan, sat propped up on a rocking chair. She had been struck in the back of the neck and head, and was in a critical condition. Her collar bones and neck were badly injured, and the back of her head was broken. It was necessary that she should be placed in a position that added to her suffering in those other portions of the body in which she was hurt.

The other lady was Mrs. Julia Broderick, of Charlestown, Mass. She was laid upon a settee in the same room; the front of her skull was crushed in, and the dangerous character of the injury was evident in the dreamy, half-conscious state in which she lay. Her husband sat by her side, endeavoring to recall her to consciousness, the tears coursing each other down his cheeks as he gazed upon her. They were young people, and he was entirely unmanly. I spoke to him some words of consolation, for my heart was touched to witness his grief, and he endeavored to reply. But his voice failed him, and he could only press my hand, and bending his face down to the bosom of his wife, he wept like a child.

I next visited the back room, where two male persons lay in a dangerous condition. There were no beds in the room, and both were placed on narrow, uncomfortable settees. One was a German named William Snover, living in the Bowers, New York. His injuries are very severe and painful. A frightful gash over his left eye-brow severed the brow from the face, and cuts so deep into the eye as to render it improbable that the sight can be preserved. There are also some half dozen other wounds upon the head, and his body is much bruised. He has apparently received severe internal injuries.

The other inmate of the room was a fine looking young man, whose name is supposed to be G. C. Knowles. He was entirely delirious, and no intelligent replies could be obtained from him. The name given above was marked upon his shirt. He has received a very singular injury. There is a hole in the top of his skull, and not larger round than a two cent piece, and apparently the skull has been driven into the brain. For some time after the accident, he did not appear to be seriously hurt, but he gradually grew delirious. He once stated that he came from New Hampshire. I questioned him as to his residence but his only reply was, "How is this? What have they done to me? Where did it happen?" and similar disjointed sentences. He also spoke of being with the Indians. His recovery appears to be hopeless, and the chances are that he will gradually sink under congestion of the brain.

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, 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. Ackers, 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 seated 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 wore so sweet an expression, his parted and still red lips appeared so life-like, that you could fancy they were at that very moment wreathed with a smile, and giving utterance to some pleasant thought of childhood in the car of the little girl 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 his 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 efficient manner in which she rendered aid to those placed in her care. Although knowing that the 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.

The Louisville Democrat always has terse and pointed things. Here are two spicy hits:

Alabama said to Congress, if you don't give me Leconteville, I will go right out of the Union. She is just about as smart as the boy who exclaimed, "ma, if you don't give me that cake, I will go right off and catch the measles."

The editor of the Washington *Star* says that, when he saw Mr. English separate himself temporarily from the Democracy, he fairly held his breath in amazement. If he had held it till this time the world would have been much the loser.

AN INDIANA EXCITEMENT.—The Lafayette Journal says great excitement prevails there on account of the ruin of a highly respectable lady. The guilty author of her ruin, who has also heretofore occupied a respectable position in society, and is a member of the church and a Sabbath school teacher, was immediately waited upon and a promise exacted from him that he would marry his victim on the following morning.

He died during the night, and at the last accounts the girl's friends were in hot pursuit of him.

WHAT AN ENGLISH MAN THINKS OF THE MORMONS.

An English girl named Elizabeth Cotton, who was induced to join the Mormons and emigrate to Salt Lake, writes home to Leeds, England, as follows:

I am afraid I never shall see you again; but still I live in hopes. We started from Salt Lake some time since to come back again, but the Mormons met us, and we were compelled to go back. On arriving at the Salt Lake I was not a little surprised to see the men running after the women and asking if they were married; but I have not got married yet, and I do not intend to. Many of the men have eight or ten wives, and they sleep with one two nights, and another two nights, and so on—and this is Mormonism. But this is not all, for Brigham Young has sixty wives, and they had twelve sons in one year, and how many daughters I do not know. What they preach about is, stealing, and cutting anybody's throat; and if you ask anything about it you are told it is none of your d—d business. I know one young woman of fifteen who has had four husbands in five months, and that gives you an idea of Mormonism. Ann Jubb came along with us across the plains, and when she got to Salt Lake there were so many men running after her that she got married, and she is the second wife, and they call her Ann Webb, but she is far from being comfortable, and would be glad to be back again. If I was in England, and any Mormon older came to the house where I was, I would give him a pretty warm reception. Mormonism in England and Mormonism in Salt Lake are as different as chalk and cheese.

The Legislature of Oregon, at its last session, divorced sixty couples.

FIVE VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.—Notices of which can be seen in our columns this day, and we invite the sick and afflicted to give them a careful perusal. We allude to Dr. Easterly's Iodine and Sarsaparilla, Dr. Carter's Cough Balsam, Dr. Easterly's Fever and Ague Killer, Dr. Baker's Specific and Dr. Hooper's Female Cordial. These medicines are universally acknowledged by Physicians, Druggists, and all that have used them, to be much superior to any others now in use. The fame of these preparations seems to be spreading wider and wider every day, and the number of cures which they daily perform make them indispensable to almost every family. They are kept for sale by T. D. BROWN, Druggist, Crawfordville, Indiana, Apr. 24, 1m.

DIED.—At Newtown, Ind., on Monday evening, 17th inst., of Cancer, JOHN HARTMAN, Sen., aged 80 years, 1 month and 23 days. He was born in Bettsford county, Virginia, March 24, 1778.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Crawfordville, Indiana, on the 10th day of May, 1858, which if not taken out within three months, will be sent to the General Post Office, as dead letters.

Persons calling for the same will please say "Advertised."

A. Addison Elizabeth; Allen H.; District Attorney; B. Betton, Joseph; Banton, John; Barnum, J. R.; Bakko, George; Ball, Peter; Back, Fletcher; Barker, Martin; Bedford, Zae; Barnum, Bolivar; Bowers, Martin; Burr, George; Bonnell, Lewis H.; Brown, Isaac.

C. Carroll, Thomas; Canine, John; Canady, Mary; C. Clements, Basil; Clarke, David; Cline, land, Elizabeth; Clark, John G.; Chambers, Nelson; Crawford, T. C.; Cooper, Samuel; Crawford, Mary E.; Crain, Jehiel or Daniel B.; Collier, Dr. Geo. C. W.