

# THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, May 29, 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.

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## CIRCULATION

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C. H. BOWEN,  
JERRE KEENEY.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Secretary of State,  
DANIEL McDURE, 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 10 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.

The Democratic Congressional Convention will be held at Lebanon on the 10th of June.

## THE MASS MEETING.

On the 4th of next month, there will be a Mass Meeting of the Democracy, held in the Court House yard. Let every Democrat in the county, be in attendance. The time has come for action. The eight district must be redeemed, and niggerism vanquished. Remember the frauds practiced in Fountain county, to defeat the Democracy. Come up as one man, and re-organize for the fight.

The Rev. J. M. Westfall of Lafayette, will preach in McClelland's Hall, Friday evening, June 4th. Subject—The nature and design of Divine punishment.

A correspondent writing to the *Journal*, thinks that the charge of Wilson's debauchery in the fall of 1857, is a base slander. We dare any Black Republican in Crawfordsville to disprove the charge of his drunkenness. Read the correspondence in another column of a Republican.

Jerre refuses to answer our question of last week, as to whether he pretended to have more self-respect than the Hon. (?) James Wilson. Come Jerre, answer the question. Don't equivocate by talking about our being sued by Potter, and everybody refusing to stay the judgment against us, but Wilson. That's not to the point. Have you really more self-respect than your congressman?

The Goatsquirt puppy of the *Journal*, thinks because we employed Willard to attend to a law suit of ours we are under obligations to say nothing about his base debauchery. Don't fool yourself Jerre.

If the Janus faced hound of the *Journal* seriously designs to keep up his abuse of us, he is at liberty to go ahead.—We ask no odds of him. We have heretofore treated him like a gentleman, and used nothing but the most decorous language towards him, but he does not seem to be susceptible of appreciating decency or common courtesy. If the puppy has construed our gentlemanly courtesy towards him, through a fear of personal abuse and low billingsgate he is greatly mistaken.

## W. R. PARISH & CO'S.

Is the place to get the worth of your money, if you want to get the worth of your money, buy your hats and caps of W. R. Parish & Co. they have all kinds, from a twenty-five cent straw, to a six dollar beaver hat all of the best quality and latest styles. They have more straw and children's hats, than all the other houses in Crawfordsville, and will sell at less figures. Give them a call before purchasing elsewhere.

PILE OF SPECIE.—The New York Times says the stock of bullion now in that city is the largest ever known. The banks and Sub-treasury hold \$40,584,278.

For the Crawfordsville Review.

MR. BOWEN:—As a Republican, I detest every principle of the present Democratic party. With them I hold no affinity, yet I am not so blinded by party feeling, that I cannot distinguish between right and wrong. In last week's *Journal*, I noticed a communication, signed "Union," in which the writer speaks assuredly of James Wilson, receiving the vote of Montgomery county, in the coming Republican Congressional Convention, and attempts in a very lame manner, to cover up his disgraceful debauchery. Now I challenge any Republican in Crawfordsville, to disprove the charge of Wilson's drunkenness, immediately after his election. I appeal to Henry S. Lane, Judge Naylor, and to every prominent Republican in town, as to the truth of the charge; and as men of veracity, they cannot deny what they know to be true. As a Republican, I appeal to the party, to know whether we are to sanction and countenance beastly debauchery, and at the same time, claim temperance as one of our cardinal principles. What assurance have we, if we re-elect Wilson, that he will not again compromise the honor and dignity of the party? Will the miserable stereotyped apology, that "he has reformed," be any assurance for the future? How many times has he not reformed, and in every instance, broken his solemn pledges? Ask the question of your temperance organizations and societies, and the answer will be—too true. Last fall, hundreds of Republicans who were known to Wilson's disgraceful conduct, solemnly avowed that they would never again support him, that he had betrayed them too often, and that no more nine-months repentance would suffice in the future. I am one of that number, and shall live up religiously to my promise, and I believe nine-tenths of the party, will do the same. The Republican party of the Eight District, I predict, will nominate a man for the coming race, who can lay claims to sobriety, for the era of electing drunkards has passed, and I can assure "Union," that the party intends to profit by the past sad lesson it has learnt, and will not again, trust its honor, its dignity, and its glorious ensign of liberty and purity, into the hands of a notorious drunkard. The Republican party, has plenty of good men to carry its standard in the approaching contest, among which we might name Col. J. R. M. Bryant, Doctor McFarland, and John Beard, of our own county. The nomination of any one of these gentlemen, will be satisfactory. They are men of character and respectability, and will not bring dishonor upon themselves or their party. Let the Republicans think of these things.

## REPUBLICAN.

The *Journal* of last week, in order to cover up and palliate Wilson's debauchery of last fall, resorts to a silly charge made by the present proprietors illustrious predecessor, D. M. Cantrill. The author of the lie, is at present, we believe, living in Indianapolis, and the great distinguishing act of his life, while conducting the *Journal*, was fraudulently squandering his mother's means and subsistence, and throwing her upon the charity of the town. This, Mr. Keene knows to be true, and we are surprised, that he should resort to such a source, to collect his filth to throw at us through his paper. He knew when he made the charge, that he wilfully lied, and we brand him as a liar, and we question very much, if he has the effrontery to repeat the lie to our face. He may stand off like any hound of low degree, and bark at us, and our equanimity will not be disturbed. We intend to show Wilson's debauchery up, and shall not be intimidated by the wearied-faced puppy of the *Journal*.

The hatchet-faced pup of the *Journal*, is undoubtedly sorry that he ever sued Sheriff Schooler. The poor devil, undoubtedly would like to make some apology to Mr. S., in his paper, if he only knew how to go about it.

The thing of the *Journal*, says "Sheriff Schooler, can make fifty per cent by dealing in our paper." We doubt if he would like to buy his at any price.

## EDITORIAL LIFE.

There is so much of truth in the following, from the pen of Captain Marryatt, that we must be allowed to quote it. But few readers ever think of the labor and care devolving upon an editor, one who justly feels his responsibility. Captain Marryatt says:

I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself, it appears nothing—the labor is not manifest; nor is it in the labor, it is the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil, a constant weighing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to the severest drudgery. To write for a paper, is very well; but to edit one, is to condemn yourself to slavery.

The highest waterfall in the world is in the Sandwich Islands, and is stated to be between four and five thousand feet high. The stream on which the fall occurs runs among the peaks of one of the highest mountains, so high that the water actually never reaches the bottom, so great is the distance, and it ascends to the clouds again.

TELEGRAPH FROM CUBA TO THE UNITED STATES.—A firm in Havana has obtained permission to lay down a submarine telegraph from Cuba to Key West, Florida.—The work will speedily be proceeded with.

Mr. Editor:

As the people of the State will soon be called upon to array themselves under the banners of one or the other of the political parties, and select men to fill various important offices, it is highly important that we should assiduously canvass the principles and precedents of the parties at issue, and decide upon that which is right, consistent and honorable; for as citizens, we are interested in sustaining only those measures that will redound to the general good of all. In all communities where the majority rule, there are always two great political parties. Other organizations are only segments that derive their consequence from being attached to one or the other parties, and generally succumb in corrupting them both by making terms upon which they will surrender the balance of power.

The elections of 1852, completed the downfall of the great whig party. Their previous defeats in national elections, had caused despondency in their ranks, and induced them to take hold upon sectional and local expedients to sustain themselves.

These proved to only weaken them by producing discord and jealousies, until finally, the death of their great founder left them without leaders that had a heart for the contest or principles that they cared to sustain, and no bond of union, only a hatred of their victorious opponents.

No party in the constitutional government ever occupied a prouder position than the Democratic party at that time; their triumph was complete, and the means used to secure it was such as to sweeten the moments of victory.

The contest was for principles drawn from our constitution and the nature of our government, endeared to them by persecutions and long associations. These were defended by reason and arguments, and completely sustained by a tribunal of the most enlightened voters upon earth.—Nothing seemed wanting to add to the felicity of the occasion; the party had sustained itself through the hazards of war, and the corruptions of peace, and many of its opponents were ready to turn and defend the doctrines they once so bitterly opposed. But not so with all of them.—With a large number the hatred of their victorious opponents still rankled, and the foe they could not conquer in open fight, they determined to beat by deceit and stratagem. They commenced the campaign by springing local issues, arousing religious and sectional prejudices. Fomenting discord between citizens, of foreign birth and the native born, and with all this they effected to be the great conservators of public morals.

The new party thus organized, had no record to sustain, they adured all responsibility for the past, and had no maxims for the future, only that indefinite word, *Reform*.

They assumed any name that accident might suggest, adopted any platform that seemed expedient at the time, changed it without regard to consistency whenever it seemed expedient, or their new position gave the least hopes of success. They denied the doctrine of all parties that desired only the good of the people, that is, a strict accountability for the consequences of the measures they proposed; and have waged an opposition, the most reckless and unscrupulous that ever characterized a party among a free people, more resembling the energies of a faction in Mexico or Central America, than enlightened statesman contending for great principles in an Anglo-Saxon community.

We propose in a few articles in the *Review*, to address the voters of Montgomery county, particularly the Democrats of 1852, with those who were induced to forsake their party standard, honored by the glorious achievements of the past, and the rich promises of the future. We wish to recur to the course of the parties since then, and hold up some of the old landmarks that it would be well to keep in view during the stormy canvass that is before us.

The points of attack were well selected. To one class of citizens, they held themselves up as the great conservators of public morals, and to another class they promised emolument and office.

The temperance question at that time had enlisted the sympathies of a large class of community. Temperance societies had been organized in every part of the land, and the principle of moral suasion was universally popular; already had dram-drinking nearly went out of use, and liquor selling become odious. But this was not sufficient for these disinterested guardians of public morals; a temperance party must be organized, and everybody must be branded with the basest epithets unless he was ready to make temperance a test in voting. It is in the memory of every man how they denied starting a new political party, and published in their resolution that they had no intention to draw off voters from their old associations but only to elect temperance men—nothing more. Who can look back upon their record since these pledges were made, and not feel how shamefully each one of them has been broken.

They succeeded in passing a law, that both our courts and people declared to be oppressive and unconstitutional, and because that measure was not carried into effect, they seem to have abandoned all sympathy or connexion with the cause of temperance. They have not even had respect enough for their past platform, to select men of temperate habits, but have supported notorious inebriates, bought

For the Review.

up grogery influences to carry elections, and have pandered to the most vitiated and corrupt appetites. How stand the case now? What a debt of gratitude the good citizens of the county owe to this moral, conservative and temperance party for their labor in the last five years in our town. Instead of one grogery, we have twenty, and at least that increased proportion of liquor drank, and that of the vilest fluid that ever robbed a family of its father, or society of its peace and good name. And these great moralists and no-party men refused privately to take any interest in the matter, and publicly in the Legislature refused to allow a law to be passed for the suppression of intemperance, merely to accomplish party purposes. And in their last State Convention, wholly ignored the question unless they expect to accomplish the purpose, by so changing the Supreme Court, that they can revive their favorite measure without condescending to canvass it before the people. We ask every voter to look over the record of these matters for the last five years, and ask himself what claims the men or party can have upon their suffrage that have so abused public confidence.

S. P.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

We published last week a call for a Democratic Congressional Convention, signed by JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Chairman of the Tippecanoe county Central Committee; the Convention to assemble at Lebanon, Boone county, on the 10th of June.

The notice was published under the impression that the Central Committees of the different counties in this District had conferred together, and had agreed that the call should be made at the time and place spoken of in that notice. We find in this that we were mistaken, and consequently this week we withdraw the notice.

The last Crawfordsville Review says the Central Committee of Montgomery county has not been conferred with. On consultation with the members of the Central Committee of this county, we find that they have not been advised of any such movement, and have not made any arrangements about the matter. We have heretofore suggested a later period as the time, and our own town as the place for holding the Convention. We still adhere to our former opinions; and while we shall advocate the claims of Covington as the point for holding the meeting, we shall not insist upon any place is selected; but we most emphatically protest as to that time. In saying this, we but speak the sentiments of a large majority of the Democrats of Fountain county.

There are many of our farmers who would like to attend that Convention, but from the unfavorable season it will be impossible for them to be present, at so early a period as the 10th of June, and it is but just to them that the time should be put off until a later period. In view of these circumstances we would suggest the propriety of withdrawing the call, and let the Central Committees of the different counties in this District confer together. It is very desirable that there should be a large attendance at that Convention.—*Covington Herald*.

We have had an interview with Mayor Williams and in consideration of the call being acceptable to the majority of the counties, we have concluded to accept the 10th of June as the time for holding the Convention.

## THE AGGRESSIONS ON OUR COMMERCE.

Our exchanges are full of indignant comments on the recent interference of British cruisers with the merchant vessels of the United States. We are not surprised at this; for such an interference is at war like with our national honor and our commercial interests. The position of this Government upon the whole question of the right of search or visitation was fully stated in the letter of General Cass to Lord Napier, which was communicated to Congress a few weeks ago, and this position, we feel sure, will be maintained, whenever necessary, by the whole power of the country. We can not believe that Great Britain has deliberately issued instructions to her naval commanders, in contravention of it, and we earnestly hope that the wrongs complained of may be promptly disavowed by the British Government, and their perpetrators suitably punished. What is of even more importance than this, we look to such measures taken by Her Majesty's authorities as will prevent similar proceedings in the future. Nothing is better calculated to awaken hostile recollections in this country against England than any attempt on the part of Her Majesty's ships-of-war to interrupt the free commerce of the United States upon the high seas.—There is scarcely any injury either which the people of this country would resent more quickly or more unitedly than a deliberate insult by a foreign nation to the "stars and stripes." It will be seen that suitable measures have been adopted by the President to meet the difficulties complained of. Our minister in London has been directed to make the proper representations and demand for their reparation to the British Government, and our ships-of-war in the Gulf have been ordered to render full protection to our merchant vessels in that quarter.—*Washington Union*.

A "SPECIMEN" OF BRITISH COURTESY.—We observe, by the New York papers, that an American vessel had arrived, or was expected in port, with a cannon ball imbedded in her mainmast, fired by a British cruiser, under pretence of bringing the American vessel to. Under these circumstances, we suggest that the said cannon ball be brought to this city, and be placed on exhibition in the rotunda of the Capitol as a specimen of British civility—such as are now presented to American vessels in their own waters.—*Wash. States*.

REMEDY FOR HOG CHOLERA.—We learn from a reliable source, says the Richmond Democrat that a tablespoonful of alum, pulverized fine, mixed with sweet milk, and sweetened with sugar, given to the hog, will prove a certain cure. If the animal does not drink it, drench him.

SACRILEGE.—The bones of Ethan Allen have been stolen! Perhaps his skeleton even now graces the dissecting room of

THE PLUNDER IN INDIA.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, writes from Lucknow as follows:

Our men were in high delight with the gay dresses of the eunuchs which they found in some of the rooms, and it was with difficulty they were induced to take off the crowns of lace and peacock's plumes, and bird of paradise feathers, and the sword belts they stuck over their heads and shoulders. Here, as in every other building, there were quantities of kites, the flying of which seems a favorite amusement of these childish but ferocious races. Goats, horses, the stately Cyprus cranes, tame monkeys, apes, antelopes, numbers of parrots in cages, were also appropriated by the men. But it was scarcely a place for zoological investigation. Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, of Wilson's staff; his brother, Captain Johnson, the deputy quarter-master general, headquarters camp; Lord Seymour, Lieutenant Stewart, Bengal engineers; and myself were looking at one of our men who had decked himself out in a fantastic eunuch attire, when a shot, evidently from one of the rooms of the court, passed between us, and as they had been fired at before from the same, they moved off to another spot. Very soon afterwards a man of the 90th was shot through the body, and Lieutenant Colonel Kelly, to whom I had been speaking a moment before, was struck by a spent ball on the head. I moved off out of such an unpleasant neighborhood, but as I passed out of the court the rascal, who appeared to be secreted in one of the upper rooms, sent a bullet within an inch of my cap and escaped my retreat.

In this seige there is no such pleasant vantage ground as Cathcart's hill or a well-protected parapet, from which one can get a view of what is going on without any risk except that of long-range shot or stray shell, and more officers have been killed and wounded here after our actions are over by the enemy hidden in holes and corners than in the actual service in the field. In the next court which was sheltered from the fire by the walls around it, our men had made a great seizure of rich plunder.—They had burst into some of the state apartments, and were engaged in dividing the spoils of shawls and lace and embroidery of gold and silver and pearls. In a nook of this court, where there was a little shade, we retired to rest ourselves, as there were no means of reaching the front, part of the buildings being on fire, and explosions of mines feared every moment. Two men of the 90th were before us, and assisted by some of the 38th, we saw them appropriate money's worth to make them independent for life. The rooms of this nook had been used as stores by the king or some wealthy member of his household, and each of these men went in only to emerge with a richer trophy. In one box they found diamond bracelets, emeralds, rubies, pearls and opals—all were so large and bright and badly set that we believed at the time they were glass. In another was a pair of gold mounted and jewelled duelling pistols, of English make, and the bill, stating that his majesty the King of Oude owed the maker £280; then out they came with bundles of swords, gold mounted and jewelled, which they at once knocked to pieces for the sake of the mountings, leaving the blades behind them.

Next came out a huge chemical laboratory, then a gold saddlecloth, studded with pearls; then gold-headed riding canes; then cups of agate and jade, gold mounted and jewelled; then—but I must really stop this brokers inventory. The happy possessors of these riches were quite mad with excitement. "Is this gold, sir?" "Is that a diamond?" "Is your honor sure that's a real gold?" "Is this string of little white stones (pearls) worth anything gentlemen?" It was a great drawback to have a conscience under such circumstances, as a greater not to have a penny in one's pocket for in this country no one expects an old stager on the lookout for lost carries a farthing about him, and as one of the soldiers observed, "These here concerns only carries on ready-money transactions." He was an experienced operator, that gentleman. If a native soldier came in and walked off with anything which he found in a dark corner, out pounced our friend upon him, rifle in hand, "Leave that there I tell you; I put that there myself" and there was something in his eye which explained his meaning so clearly that the article was at once abandoned, and if found to be valuable was retained; if not, was "made a present of." Close to us were large boxes of japanned work, containing literally thousands of cups and vessels of jade, of crystal, and of china, which the soldiers were listlessly throwing on the ground and breaking to atoms. Had the enemy made a strong attack on us at that moment, not one-half of our troops could have been collected to repel it. And such were the scenes through every court of the many mansions of the Kaiserbagh.

## HORRIBLE RAPE BY A NEGRO.

A most revolting rape was committed by a negro on a Miss Blatchly, a school-teacher at North Branford, Connecticut. The New Haven correspondent of the Hartford Times says that the outrage was committed by a burly negro, named Franklin, who was more aggressive than at first reported. He is about thirty years of age. The fellow, according to his own statement made to the jailer, met the young woman in a lonely path to her school, through which she was going to her school in the morning. Possibly he had ascertained that she would be likely to take that path as the nearest to the school, and so placed himself there on purpose. He seized her and dragged her into a thicket, where, in spite of her cries, he held her fast. He states that she struggled furiously, and bit and scratched him, shrieking for help, for upward of an hour. She at last became utterly exhausted and unable to resist him, and he accomplished his base purpose. His face bears bloody evidence of the desperation of the struggles of his victim. The girl is said to have told a somewhat different story about his being frightened off by a man's voice. It appears callous and brutal, and talks of his crime coolly.—Speaking of his poor victim, he remarked to the jailer, "Dat was a pooty smart woman"—or words to that effect. This is an appeal to those who earnestly advocate equality which is irresistible. He should swing loftily.

The young man who cast his eye on a young lady coming out of church has had it replaced, and now sees as well as ever.

From the N. Y. Tribune, 3d.

MORE AMERICAN VESSELS BOARDED. Arrival of the Bark John Howe.—Collision between British and American Jfrs.—The American Ship Clarendon visited by an armed British force.—Her Captain struck by the English Commander.

The bark John Howe, Captain Nichols, arrived at this port on Saturday from Sagua la Grande. We learn from Captain Nichols, that about the 13th of April, on his passage from Havre to Sagua la Grande, and when off Anguilla, he was boarded by a boat from the British war steamer Buzzard, and the officer in command without any ceremony sprang upon deck and immediately asked the name of the vessel, who commanded her, where she hailed from, her owner's name, and so forth; and being invited to the cabin he demanded to see her papers, which were shown him. He then departed. Captain Nichols states that his ensign was then flying, and that it had been hoisted on the first approach of the steamer. After arriving at Sagua la Grande, and while lying in that port, he was again boarded by a boat from the same vessel and his papers demanded, although his ensign was flying. His reply was, they were at the Consul's office. The officer examined the vessel and scrutinized the hold. Captain Nichols thought, from the appearance of the officer, and the bold manner in which he acted, that he was somewhat intoxicated. Captain Nichols offered him a cigar, (having no liquor on board) which he refused, but requested a glass of water, which was given him, and he departed.

Capt. Nichols informs us that the ship Clarendon, Capt. Bartlett, having on a cargo of sugar, bound for New York, while lying in the port of Sagua la Grande, was also boarded by a boat from the same steamer. The officer in command of the boat immediately jumped on board, and proceeding to the cabin, commanded Captain Bartlett to hoist his ensign, which the Captain refused to do, deeming the whole proceeding an insult. The officer then demanded his papers, when he was told that they were at the Consul's, and that if he knew his business he ought to be aware of that fact. The officer then departed, saying he would report to the commanding officer of the steamer. Capt. Bartlett refused to hoist his ensign. Several shots (blank cartridges) were soon after fired by the steamer, in order to intimidate Capt. Bartlett, and compel him to hoist his ensign, but without effect. Capt. Bartlett then noticed that they had lowered away two of their large boats, each containing about 60 men, with any quantity of small arms, when he took his ensign and laid it on the cabin table. Soon after the boats arrived alongside, and the commander of the steamer in person, came on board, when Capt. Bartlett received him politely, but protested against the whole of the proceedings, and would not allow any of the men from the steamer to come on board, threatening to shoot the first that attempted to do so. Capt. Bartlett and the British commander then went into the cabin, when the commander of the steamer ordered him to hoist his ensign. He replied, "There it lies, upon the table, and if your commission is worth enough, hoist it yourself." The British officer, pistol in hand, commenced firing the captain, saying that he "would save the vessel, and take her to the port of New York" to which Capt. B. replied, "that was exactly what he wanted him to do," when, whether intentionally or by accident he could not say, Capt. Bartlett was struck on the breast by the hand which held the pistol. Captain Bartlett then presented his pistol and said, "Sir, keep your hands off me or I will shoot you." The officer replied, "I did not lay my hands upon you." When Capt. B. rejoined, "You did, Sir." The officer inquired if the sugar on board belonged to Capt. B., when he replied, "I never owned a hog'shead of sugar in my life." The same question was asked in regard to the launches (boats for conveying the sugar from the shore on board), and the same reply given. The officer, completely covered, then went on deck, and in a perfect rage bellowed forth, "lower away the gangway ladder," when Capt. B. quietly said, "Sir, did you order that ladder to be lowered?" The officer replied, "Will you please have it lowered?" Capt. B. then gave orders for it to be let down, and the Britisher departed without accomplishing his purpose.

A YANKEE CAPTAIN AMONG THE DOMINICANS.—The following letter from an American captain to the agent of his vessel in New York, gives some graphic and straightforward facts touching the troubles at St. Domingo:

PORT-AU-PLATTE, St. Domingo, May, 1. DEAR SIR:—For your information, I have to say that I arrived here safe. We had a very smooth passage, wind light all the way, we had the wind ahead until we got to Turks island. Port-au-Platte is blockaded by seven men-of-war, and I was the first vessel that got in since the blockade, and I don't know as I should have got in if I had known that the place was under blockade. We had a strong breeze when we fell in with the fleet, and they commenced firing on us, first with blank cartridges; but when the balls commenced to come, I began to open my eyes. We were going at the time about ten knots, and a big sea, so I concluded they could not hit us, so I put her through and got in safe. When we got within gun shot of the port, they opened on the enemy, so I was between two fires. We anchored and went on shore. I thought the people would have killed me with kindness.—They wanted to carry me all over town in their arms. We are the first vessel that has got in since the blockade. The enemy has seven men-of-war off the port all the time. The Dominicans have five men-of-war schooners now in port, and I had the offer of taking command of the Commodore's ship. They are so much taken up with me that I don't know what to do with the people. They won't take no for answer. I can get a big price for the Wing of the Wind, but they want me to command her, and that won't suit me as I have a dislike for gunpowder. I expect to leave here in six days. We are all well. H. B. PEARSELL.

The late Governor of Canton, Governor Yeh, who is now a prisoner at Calcutta, on board the *Inflexible*, protests that he never tasted cold water in the whole course of his life, and thinks that if he did it would be the death of him! His drink has always been weak tea.

THE following is from Dr. John G. Bunting, who has been experimenting with Alexis St. Martin, the man with a hole in his stomach, made by a bullet, through which can be seen all the processes or stages through which the different articles of food must pass in the act of digestion:

Hot bread never digests. Bear that in mind, reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light and tempting biscuit at tea, or the warm loaf which looks so appetizing upon your dinner table. Hot bread never digests at all; after a long season of tumbling and working about in the stomach, it will begin to ferment, and it will eventually be passed out of the stomach as an unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but never digests—never becomes assimilated to or absorbed by the organs that appropriate nutrition to the body. It is a first-rate dyspepsia producer. The above is truth, and it has been repeatedly proved from actual observation through the side of Alexis St. Martin.

To cure corns, soak the foot in warm water for a quarter of an hour every night, after each soaking rub the corn patiently with the finger, using half a dozen drops of sweet oil; wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn. Continue this treatment until the corn falls out; and by wearing moderately loose shoes it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days. Paring corn is always dangerous, besides making them take deeper root.

A BALD-HEADED CANARY BIRD.—It is said that a Canary bird which recently died in Brooklyn, New York, was twenty-six years old. He had been blind for a year, was bald-headed, and his feathers were bleached almost white.

At the interment of the remains of Herbert, the author, the clergyman who had a charge of them declared that the rules of his (Episcopalian) church forbade him to read the ritual over a suicide, and the body was buried without the usual ceremonies.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH CHAMBER.—The Rev. Henry Wood, a chaplain in the United States Navy, writing from St. Helena, says that in the room where Napoleon died there is now a threshing machine in operation, and stalls for the horses that move it in his bedchamber.

The Canadian Parliament has passed to a third reading a bill to amend the naturalization laws, and reducing the period of residence, subsequent to which foreigners can claim naturalization from five years to three.

Mr. John W. Farmer has closed his Free Dining Saloon in New York, and reports that during the season he gave away 230,893 meals, the entire expense of which was paid by himself.

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.—The respective monthly exportations of 45,000 and 90,000 dozen of eggs, upon which Findlay and Wooster have based their claims, as the emporia of that business in Ohio, in yield to Mansfield, which, during the month just past, sent off 110,904 dozen.

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. Eastley's Iodine and Sarsaparilla, Dr. Carter's Cough Balsam, Dr. Eastley'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, Crawfordsville, Indiana, Apr. 24, 1m.

NOTICE.—To heirs of partition to sell Real Estate. STATE OF INDIANA, ss: Montgomery County, ss: NOTICE is hereby given that Daniel Douglas, Jr., Administrator of the estate of John Douglas, deceased, has filed his petition to sell the real estate of the decedent, his personal being insufficient to pay his debts, and that said petition will be heard at the next term of the Court of Common Pleas of said county.

Wm. C. VANCE, Clerk of the C. C. P. May 29, 1858. No. 45-38.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!! CIGARS! CIGARS!! WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. THE most choice brands of Tobacco & Cigars will be sold at the lowest figures by A. ROLFE, Tobaccoist. May, 23, 1858. No. 44-1m.

NEW BOOK. HAVING been appointed by the author, SOLE price, full of facts well stated, of incidents and scenes, full of interest, portraits and historical reminiscences, delineated with a master's hand. We heartily wish the work, as we were sure to deserve an extensive circulation.—Western Christian Advocate.

"The book is rich in biography, anecdotes and localities. The work is so fragmentary in its character, that one paragraph in no way describes it. We simply commend it to our readers, as one of uncommon interest and originality."—Home Journal. April 10—No. 88-8m.

"Books of this class are eminently valuable in a historical point of view. They are the observations of a contemporary—of incidents, intelligent, active men in life, which are infinitely more important than all the reasonings, collections, and deductions of the professional historians. The volume is very readable, abounding in anecdotes, and personal reminiscences of Courts, judges, civilians, poets, and artists, of all kinds. The author has sound sense, and good judgment, with a skillful pen."—Harpers Weekly.

"This book is rich in biography, anecdotes and localities. The work is so fragmentary in its character, that one paragraph in no way describes it. We simply commend it to our readers, as one of uncommon interest and originality."—Home Journal. April 10—No. 88-8m.

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