

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!

THE OLD LINE



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, August 20, 1859.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

CHARLES H. BOWEN.

For the Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION
GREATER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN
Crawfordsville!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of

1,000 SUBSCRIBERS.

For President in 1860,
STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,

Subject to the decision of the Democratic National Convention, to be held at Charleston, South Carolina.

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS

The members of Union township are requested to meet in convention on Saturday the 3d of September, for the purpose of transacting important business. It is earnestly desired that every Democrat in the township will make his arrangements so as to be present on that day. It has been suggested by many that the township select their candidates on that day instead of waiting until the day of the county convention, when it would be impossible from want of time to make a fair and satisfactory decision. We are inclined to favor the suggestion believing that it is the fairest way to arrive at a satisfactory choice. The matter can be discussed on the day of the meeting, and if it is thought expedient, the vote can easily be taken and a choice soon arrived at. In the meantime the several candidates can rally their friends and the one that has the longest pole on that day will of course knock the persimmons. To the candidates we say pitch in.

We received a call a few days since from the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks. Mr. H. has kindly consented to be present at the Democratic Convention on the tenth of next month.

The Journal speaking of the Democracy of this county, says that "the people go for Snook." If he is nominated our neighbor will think so when the ballots are counted out.

TOMATOES.—Our worthy Marshal C. B. Nelson, a few days since, presented us with two of the finest tomatoes of the season. They were of beef-steak and earwax red varieties, and weighed 2½ and 2½ pounds.

ARRIVAL OF THE "JUPITER."

Quite an excitement was produced among our citizens on last Wednesday evening, about half past six o'clock, occasioned by Professor Wiss's air-ship "Jupiter" passing over the town. The Professor ascended from Lafayette at half past two o'clock, with the intention of proceeding to the Atlantic seaboard, but owing to the poor quality of the gas he was unable to reach the Eastern current, which he claims exists at a height of three miles above the earth. The "Jupiter" sailed lazily to the southward, passing almost directly over the town, at an altitude of two miles and a quarter. At seven o'clock she was seen to descend rapidly, in a south-west direction, and a number of our citizens immediately started out with buggies to render any assistance that might be required. It was soon ascertained that the Professor had effected a landing five miles from town, on the farm of Mrs. Benefield. The Professor was brought to town by Dr. T. W. Fry, and on his arrival at the Crane House was greeted with three hearty cheers. The Professor stated to a number of our business men that he designed in the course of another year establishing a regular line of air-ships between New York and St. Louis, and that if our citizens would subscribe stock to the amount of \$50,000, he would guarantee that Crawfordsville should be one of the principal stations. His projected air-ships are calculated to carry fifty passengers, with ten thousand pounds of baggage, and to make the trip in ten hours, including stoppages. Stock to a considerable amount was subscribed, many thinking it a rare opportunity to make up for investments lost in the New Albany & Louisville Railroad. Paul Knapper is reported to have taken five hundred dollars worth.

The Professor is much displeased with the quality of the gas furnished him by the Lafayette people, and at the suggestion of the Hon. James Wilson he intends to have it analyzed. The Professor left the next morning on the early train for Indianapolis.

THE CHEAP STORE.

Bromley's is known as the Cheap Store, and justly deserves the name, for he has been guilty of selling goods twenty-five per cent. below all others. This cheap house has just opened a magnificent stock of Ladies fine Shoes and Gaiters; also Men's cloth Shoes, and a new cut of the Ledger Hat, just the article for every man. Bromley has marked his entire stock down about 20 per cent., for three weeks, as he is determined to reduce it as low as possible before going East for new goods. Let all come with their cash and trade.

DEMOCRACY OF Montgomery County WILL MEET IN MASS CONVENTION! ON SATURDAY The 10th of September,

For the purpose of nominating candi-
dates for

AUDITOR, CLERK and COMMISSIONER.

Able and eloquent Speakers will
be in attendance.



LET THE



OLD GUARD! THE ZOUAVES!!

Of the Eighth District rally on

that day and select their standard bearers for the fight in October.—Remember, we are on the eve of the great Presidential election of 1860.

HUMBUGS

Among the many humbugs of the day, which are designed for money making, is a new one which would do credit to the shrewdest inhabitant of the land of steady habits and pine hams. The mode of operation is about as follows: A Professor Robbins, for instance, announces to the citizens of a town that he desires a gathering together of the misses and masters of the town for musical purposes. The children congregate and have the elephant explained. It is the desire of the Professor to produce an Operetta—that he desires the children to assist him—dazzles their minds eyes with visions of spangles, stars, stripes, flowers, fairy wings, improbable shepherd crooks, impossible bows and arrows, fancy dresses wonderfully short at both ends, wreaths, crowns, forests, fairy grottos, furs, feathers and tinsel. The children take stock, and the Professor takes fifteen cents from each for an elegant collection of songs which would not strike one as very cheap at one-third the money.

David Knox has leased the Crane House from Mr. Taylor for one year.—Dave will make an excellent landlord.

Samuel C. Willson and Lew Wallace have formed a co-partnership. They are fine lawyers and will make a strong team.

DISSATISFIED.

We understand that Wm. H. Newton and Judge Holloway are very much dissatisfied at a little article which appeared in our last issue, in which we expressed our belief that David Ridge was the strongest man that had yet been named for County Auditor by the Republican party. Our reason for making the statement was, that Mr. Ridge had always been successful, when a candidate, in carrying Union township, a feat which few of the Republican nominees have ever had the good fortune to achieve, and one which Wm. H. Schooler, one of the most popular men in the county, invariably failed to do. These gentlemen who are so much displeased with our remarks, contend that Thomas Powell is by far the most available man. They say that he can carry Democratic votes that no other Republican can command, that his appointment of (Newton) appraiser, will of itself secure a large number of votes from the ranks of the Democracy, that James Gilkey, the present Auditor, will give him his support, and that his inveterate hatred and contempt of Old Liners will enable him to carry the entire strength of the Republican party. If all of these allegations are facts, Powell certainly, is a man of very heavy calibre, and with such backing as Newton and Holloway can give him, he will probably out-bid Ridge in convention, and may possibly succeed in running a creditable race.

Mr. Ridge's friends on the other hand, contend that he is the strongest man in the county, that the hostility of Mr. Newton cannot certainly injure him more than a hundred votes in the county, if he should see proper to bolt, and that his nomination is equivalent to an election. With all due allowance and respect for Mr. Newton and Judge Holloway's opinions, we must beg to differ with them in their conclusions, and still assert our belief that Ridge is the only man in their party that has the ghost of a chance to succeed in the coming election. The hard-boiled work that he has performed for his party, and the money that he has spent in successive campaigns, justly entitle him, in our humble judgment and sense of justice, to the nomination.

An Episcopal Ordination to the Priesthood, will be held in St. John's Church, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., by the Right-Rev. George Upfold, Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by a number of the clergy. The present incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Geo. T. Dougherty, has accepted a call to become Rector of the church, and will hereafter hold services three Sundays in the month. The ladies of the parish have procured a carpet and made other improvements for the comfort of the congregation. A collection will be taken on Wednesday to assist in defraying the expenses already incurred.

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LAST HOURS OF A CONVICT.

STRANGE CONDUCT BEFORE EXECUTION.

At New Orleans, Friday, Jas. Muller, convicted of the murder of James Magione, a fellow-Irishman, whom he stabbed while taking a drink in a bar-room about a year ago, paid the penalty of the law by hanging.

Having asked for the favor of being permitted to decorate his own coffin, he was accommodated. On Wednesday a neat black-walnut coffin, with ornaments and the other proper material was taken to his cell. He tucked gold fringe, metallic crosses, and other religious emblems of death, all over the lid and sides, and with a neatness and taste which no undertaker could have surpassed. On Thursday he lined the coffin with the materials furnished him; and several times, while so doing, laid himself out in the coffin to see that it was full large to allow him to lie gracefully when dead. The coffin fixed to his notion, he set about fixing up the cell for the last moments of his priest. He ate well, slept well, prayed daily with his priestly comforter, Father Dufau, and in all his deportment with the officers of the prison and his visiting friends, appeared to be light-hearted and cheerful. He prepared for his death with as much nicely and attention to small details as most men show when about to be married. He died as easily as all doomed men do, when properly hung.

THE SONS OF MALTA.

The Sons of Malta, as well as a good many others, will enjoy the following good joke, which is told by the Seneca *Advertiser*, and is said to have occurred in one of the interior villages of Ohio:

A worthy member of the Methodist Church, slightly touched with Millerism, had never read in his Bible, nor in the newspapers of the Sons of Malta, and had no idea that such an organization was in existence in his town. The order determined upon having a parade at 12 o'clock precisely, in *regalia*, making them look for all the world as if just arisen from slumber. "With the drapery of their couch around them," the Sons issued from their council room, the procession moved slowly along, and in their route passed by Deacon A—'s house, the strains of music and the sound of feet awoke him from his dreams. Drawing his curtain aside he saw the ghostly order filing by, and rapidly concluded the day of judgment was at hand. Calling to his wife and children, he exclaimed: "There! there the day of judgment is come!" The spirits of the dead of the Methodist grave yard are going to join the spirits in the Lutheran grave yard, and none of you are ready but me! I told you it would be so!"

Indiana will raise this year a larger corn crop than she has ever yet produced.

Vive la Humbug!

The weather is dry and cool.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

A writer in the *Home Journal* of last week gives an interesting description of the son of Napoleon, "that child of such brilliant hopes and unhappy destiny," whose premature death has been (though falsely it would seem) charged to his grandfather, of Austria. The writer was in Vienna in 1854, where he met one Max, whom he employed as a guide, and who recited to him the following: "He is speaking of the son of Napoleon:

"He came to the halls of his maternal ancestors," said my informant, with his education to be commenced, and his character molded. Of course, it was the desire of his grandfather, that he should be educated as a German prince, and if he manifested, as he grew older, any enthusiasm for the military profession, it would be encouraged; but still it was deemed good policy that he should be cut off from all communication with the political agitators of France.

When I first saw the prince, his frame

had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy. There was a paleness of the cheek and a languor in the expression of his eye, that indicated a great delicacy of constitution. At the time I first saw him he was just springing into manhood, and took great delight in military exercises, of which he had attained great proficiency. His attention to his military duties—he having great ambition to excel—soon devoured his feeble frame, and it was in the last month of his life, while he was sinking beneath the ravages of his disease, that I was called upon to attend him as his body servant, and often did I wheel him about in his garden chair among the leafy glades of beautiful Schönbrunn—attending him until he breathed his last sigh, in the same apartment his father had occupied when finished with the glories of the conquest of Vienna. It was a cruel story, that the Napoleonists circulated all over Europe, said Max, "of his being poisoned by order of his grandfather. Never did I behold such affection as existed between the aged Francis and his grandson. Never did a day pass, during the last year of his life, when time could be had from official duties, that his grandfather was not by his side for hours, lauding him on the most endearing epithets and the most devoted attention.

The Prince was evidently very fond

of his grandfather, and often used to speak of his affectionate kindness with tears in his eyes. I have said that he took great delight in military exercises. It was on the 15th of June, 1831, that the Prince, who had been appointed Lieutenant Colonel, took the command of a Hungarian regiment, when in garrison at Vienna. I was present, with an immense crowd, who had come to witness the spectacle. It was

very evident to all, when he first made his appearance, that Death would soon claim him for his own. He could hardly stand upright on his horse; but there was a fire in his eye, and a wonderful strength in the tones of his voice, which evinced how great the struggle his pride and will were making against his physical weakness. In his everything announced the incipient symptoms of that fatal disease which attacks more particularly the sensitive and the bearded, and which, while the eye blinks with fire, and the cheek yet glows with rosy freshness, is insidiously undermining health, and slowly but resistlessly gnawing at the vitals.

I heard Dr. Malgate, on this occasion shortly after the drill, the regiment had gone through under the young Prince's orders, say to him quite earnestly, "Monseigneur, I desire you to remember that you have a will of iron in a body of glass, and that this indulgence of yours in such active exercise, must in the end prove fatal."

The next day Malgate considered it his duty to make a representation on the state of the Duke's health. Both patient and physician were summoned into the imperial presence. Malgate repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young Prince and said: "You will repair immediately to Schönbrunn." The young Prince bowed respectfully, but as he was

about to leave, he gave a glance of excess, and, though he had made his appearance, that Death would soon claim him for his own. He could hardly stand upright on his horse; but there was a fire in his eye, and a wonderful strength in the tones of his voice, which evinced how great the struggle his pride and will were making against his physical weakness. In his everything announced the incipient symptoms of that fatal disease which attacks more particularly the sensitive and the bearded, and which, while the eye blinks with fire, and the cheek yet glows with rosy freshness, is insidiously undermining health, and slowly but resistlessly gnawing at the vitals.

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