

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, January 14, 1860.

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.

CIRCULATION

GREATER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE!

Advertisers call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

For President in 1860,

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,

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

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS ON THE NEW ALBANY & SALEM RAILROAD,

GOING NORTH.

Accommodation at 10:30 a. m.
Freight at 2:00 p. m.
Through Express at 9:30 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

Through Express at 5:50 a. m.
Freight at 1:00 p. m.
Accommodation at 2:30 p. m.

It's the Accommodation Train going North, connects with trains for Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Chicago. R. E. BRYANT, Agent.

LAST CALL.

Every man who has neglected to pay his subscription for the last year and those who are in arrears since 1854 are requested to make immediate settlement and save cost, as we intend to commence sueing—We have thrown grass long enough and like the old man in the fable shall try what virtue there is stones.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

This body assembled at the Capital on last Wednesday, and is said to be the largest Convention ever convened in the State. The city is densely thronged, and every hotel filled to overflowing. The Republicans are amazed and frightened at the enormous outpouring of the Democratic masses. Many of their leaders openly acknowledge that the Indiana Democracy will prove more formidable in the approaching campaign than ever. The appointment of Delegates to Charleston, with instructions to vote for Douglas, and the firm and steady adherence to the Cincinnati platform has grievously disappointed the sectional party of Indiana, who cherished the delusive hope that the slave-code doctrine of Bright, Robinson & Co. would be adopted, and the great leader of the Democracy and the author of popular sovereignty repudiated. The action of the Convention is a triumph of the masses over the machinations of truckling politicians and time servers. That arch demagogue Robinson, and his paltry clique have been rebuked, and the glorious principles of the party preserved in all their purity. Let the Democracy of the Union rejoice! Their brethren of Indiana are right on the record; they have wheeled into line with the great States of Ohio and Illinois, and expressed their choice for that gallant chieftain, Stephen A. Douglas, the Young Hickory of the Democracy and the next President of the American Confederacy. We shall publish the proceedings of the Convention in our next issue.

TURNPike MEETING.

Everybody is requested to attend the Turnpike Meeting at the Court House to-day, at 1 o'clock.

The fine sleighing has entirely disappeared. On last Tuesday night we were visited with a heavy rain, which speedily converted the roads to mud and almost impassable condition. To-day they are again frozen, but rough and rugged.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

We have been requested by a number of Republicans to announce that their State Convention will assemble at Indianapolis on the 22d of February.

THE BRAMBLE HOUSE.—We had the pleasure of taking dinner at the Bramble House a few days since. It is the Hotel of Lafayette. For sumptuous fare and accommodations give us the Bramble.

A telegraphic battery is in operation at the Depot. Our citizens can now send despatches to any part of the country.

GREEN STREET SALOON.—Read the advertisement in another column of Isaac A. Marks. Refreshments of all kinds can be had at his elegant saloon.

The days are slowly increasing in length. A few weeks more and Spring, with its warm genial sunshine will be with us.

The Common Pleas Court adjourned on last Saturday. But little business was transacted.

Congress still remains unorganized. The signs now are that there will be no Speaks elected this winter.

Five thousand of the London builders still hold out in their strike, and are reduced to the extreme poverty and distress.

AN EXCELLENT APPOINTMENT.
Major L. C. ELSTON has been appointed as one of the Delegates to the Charleston Convention. The Major is a Democrat of the old Jackson school, and will go his whole length for Stephen A. Douglas.

The Lafayette Courier has borne of the palm in having the largest subscription list, in a contest for the post office printing. LINGLE is a whole team and a dog under the wagon when his supremacy is contested. His paper is a credit to the Star City.

ATLANTIC SALOON.—Our citizens when visiting Lafayette should by all means call at the Atlantic Saloon. Game dinners of every description and style are gotten up on the shortest notice and in the most sumptuous manner.

WOMAN FROZEN TO DEATH.
On Thursday night of last week a very distressing casualty occurred in Calchester, in this country, being no less than the death, by freezing, of Mrs. Isabella Craig. She had been out washing that day, and after night started for home, less than half a mile distant. She never reached her home, but her body was found about ten o'clock Friday morning frozen almost stiff, within a stone's throw of her house. It would seem that after starting home she had accomplished the greater part of the distance, and that she became bewildered and incapable of rightly directing her steps. In this condition she walked round and round a small circle, of not more than thirty feet in diameter. Her path was distinctly marked in the snow. At several places there were indications of her having fallen, and thence struggled or crawled before regaining her feet. Probably for hours she marched this weary road, while the wind mocked her frantic calls, and the driven snow blinded her eyes, and the intense cold fast chilled and congealed the current of life. When she lay down to sleep, as she doubtless thought, but in reality to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, there were no signs of her having suffered a particle of pain—Her clothes were properly about her, her hands properly folded, and the snow undisturbed. Mrs. Craig was born in Scotland, and was almost sixty-six years of age. She was a remarkably stout and healthy woman. We were told that she once carried a stove on her head from Macon to Clochester, a distance of six miles; that she carried at one load eleven bushels of bran from Tennessee to Clochester, four miles; and our informant told us that he saw her carry a quarter of beef, weighing near a hundred pounds, fifty pounds of flour and a basket of groceries, all at one time. —*Macon (Ms.) Eagle.*

The Louisville Democrat shows, in a late article, the suicidal folly of those Southern Democrats who are warring on Douglas on account of his Territorial views, and which are the views of ninety-nine out of every hundred Democrats in the North. If Douglas is to be killed for entertaining them, so must nearly the entire Democracy of the free States. The Democrat puts the case very strongly to such Southern Democrats:

"The South can't do without them in this Union, and maintain a show in the councils of the nation. A war on them is suicidal; and a wrangle with them on a point useless to us, but fatal to them, is unstatesmanlike and unpatriotic. Will not the common sense of the Democratic party stop it? God pity the party in the hands of such engineers! They are laboring with a zeal which nothing but hate could inspire to crush themselves out—What harm do they expect to do Douglas that will not fall with one crushing weight on themselves? When the Northern Democracy are all unsound and all traitors, where are they going to be? What will be the use of their soundness?"

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A MISER.

Michael Baird (or Bear as he is sometimes called) who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miserable miser. His father left a valuable farm of five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He kept a tavern for a number of years—married, and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he reserved so tenaciously that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his children. He never was known to lay out one dollar in cash for any article he might be in need of, he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for conveyance of his whiskey to Baltimore, where, when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him he bartered for necessities for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth four hundred thousand dollars.

Such was his attachment to money that he was never known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage or security that could be given he would not lend a cent. He never vested one dollar to public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest, until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel which he filled. After his death his strong boxes yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars a bushel for one hundred and ten bushels of clover seed, but he would not sell it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it was sold for seven dollars per bushel, and brought in the whole five hundred and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of his sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave directions to his people; he then went to his wagon house and hanged himself.

"A king," says some writer of laconics, "may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies and secure our property, it is well enough; a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn."

Fearful Disaster at Lawrence, Mass.

FALL OF PEMBERTON MILLS.
MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PERSONS BURIED IN THE RUINS.

THE WORK OF EXCAVATION.

ITS INTERRUPTION BY FIRE.
THE SUFFERERS SURROUNDED BY THE FLAMES.

STATEMENTS of the ESCAPED.

A Bereaved Mother's Woe.

Card of the Mayor of Lawrence.
MEETINGS OF SYMPATHY, etc., etc.

LAURENCE, MASS., Jan. 10.—One of the most terrible catastrophes on record occurred in this city this afternoon. The Pemberton Mills fell with a sudden crash at about five o'clock, while some six or seven hundred operatives were at work. The mills are a complete wreck. Some two or three hundred persons are supposed to be still in the ruins. At present it is impossible to give anything like a correct statement of the loss of life, but from the best authority it is believed that at least two hundred are dead in the ruins. Eighteen dead bodies have already been taken out, together with some twenty-five persons mortally wounded, besides some fifty in different stages of mutilation. Mr. Chase, the agent of the mill, and Mr. Howe, the treasurer, escaped by running from the falling building. It is impossible as yet to tell the cause of the disaster.

Our reporter has just come from the ruins, and the scenes there baffle all description. Some two or more acres of ground are piled up with every description of machinery of the fallen buildings. Huge bonfires are burning to light two or three thousand persons who are at work, as for their own lives, to rescue the unfortunate persons, many of whom are still crying and begging to be released from their tortures. Every few minutes some poor wretch is dragged from his prison, and it is heartbreaking to hear their cries as they are drawn out with legs and arms crushed and torn. One man shockingly mangled cut his own throat to end his agony. The whole city seems to be in mourning. Many are running through the streets and frantic cries are searching the ruins. Temporary hospitals have been arranged for those rescued. Many stand by the wreck frigid with despair, after a terrible crash caused by the clearing away threatened death to all who may still be alive in the ruins.

Gangs of men with ropes below, are constantly dragging out large pieces of the wreck which imprison so many. Some of the rescuers were killed in their humane efforts. Since we left the scene of disaster, reports of more of the dead and dying are constantly coming to us. Surgeons are coming in from all directions, and everything that can be done at such a painful moment is doing for the suffering victims of the fatal calamity, the mystery of which will have to be cleared up by an inquest.

SECOND DISPATCH.

11:30 P. M.—At about 10 minutes after 5 o'clock this afternoon, our citizens were warned by the cry of fire, which proceeded from the Pemberton Mill, about four-fifths of which had fallen a shapeless mass, without the slightest warning to the nearly 800 human beings who were then at work. The building was never considered to be as staunch as it ought to be. It was built about seven years ago, and was then thought a sham; indeed, before the machinery was put in, the walls spread to such an extent that some twenty-two tons of iron slates were put in to save it from falling by its own weight.

From the best information that can be gathered, the building appeared to crumble and fall from the eastern corner or end. It fell inwards. The fire department, once repaired to the spot, but there being no fire, they at once set to work with a will to remove the rubbish. They very soon reached some rooms, so that the dead and wounded were taken out as fast as they could be reached.

Mr. Charles Bachelor helped to remove some 26 in various conditions, some still living. Mr. Branch, overseer, has not been found. The City Hall has been converted into a temporary hospital for the dead and wounded, till recognized. Mr. Palmer was deeply buried in the ruins all the time, and thinking there was no prospect of being extricated, cut his throat to end his sufferings. Still he was taken out and lived some time.

The laboring force of the Mill is about 900, and it is supposed that about 700 human beings were actually buried in the ruins. A woman just rescued, says there are some twenty-five more in the vicinity of her yet alive. About half past nine, fire was discovered. This additional horror struck terror to the hearts that had been for a moment of saving more lives.—Still the work of removal went on, the force-pump and engines on the grounds were at once got to work, and have been pouring torrents on, so that at 11:30 the fire does not seem to gain, and hopes are entertained that it will be stayed.

Those near the breaking out of the fire were almost on the point of extracting a woman, not much hurt, but the flames drove them back, and the woman supposed perished.

The Mayor has telegraphed for the Lowell firemen, who will arrive here about 1 o'clock.

12: midnight—Calamity succeeds calamity. In ten minutes the whole mass of ruins has become one sheet of flames. The screams and moanings of the poor creatures can be distinctly heard, but no power can save them.

1:30 A. M.—The Pemberton Mills are now a black, smoking mass of brick, timber and human beings, promiscuously mingled. Probably not less than 200 beings.

The fire, which finally sacrificed the buried human beings, caught without doubt from a lantern of burning fluid, which was accidentally dropped. One fireman dropped down dead in the street from over exertion.

Friends, who before the fire were alternating between hope and fear, are now settling down into hopeless despair.

A portion of the operatives had gone to supper previous to the falling of the building, about 600 remaining. The building was five stories high, 280 feet long by 70 feet wide, with a wing on the west side 45

feet square, shaped like the letter L. It ran 2,700 spindles; 900 operatives were employed.

Three persons are known to have been literally roasted alive. The fire is subdued. Only two bodies have been taken out since the conflagration. Coroner Lamb commences an inquest to-day.

One o'clock, P. M., 11th.—We have but very little additional in regard to the dreadful catastrophe. A large number of the killed were young girls, many of them being the main support of their parents.

The fire was confined to the ruins of the Pemberton Mills.

The loss of property is estimated at \$600,000.

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—The Lawrence catastrophe casts a gloom over the city.

Gen. David Sears, presided at a meeting of twenty gentlemen, to-day, who subscribed \$2,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and appointed a committee to select further contributions.

John Ward, operative in the carding room of the second story, who was miraculously saved with his wife, describes his escape as follows:

"I was in the carding room with the Second Overseer, lighting up. It was five or

minutes before five and we had but a few burners lighted. Suddenly we heard a loud thundering crash overhead, and looking up, saw the scaffolding coming down all over the room; terrified I stood fast to the spot although I knew the building was coming on me; then I heard the Overseer shout. I tried to jump out of the rubbish but something struck me senseless. When I came to, I found myself in the rubbish covered with blood wounds on my face—Finally I crawled up and got to the top and found a lot of ruins hanging over me which like to have taken my life, but I succeeded in getting out. I passed a dead girl and two mangled bodies. When first I was knocked down, I fell under a heavy grinding stone which was too heavy to give way to the weight above. Ward found his wife at the City Hall.

The following is one of the heart-rending incidents:

Margaret Hamilton, aged 14; this was her first day's work; her devoted mother attended, and when asked what injuries her daughter had received, replied, "her arm is broken, and her head is broken, and Oh my God," and here the poor woman burst into tears, "my poor darling is all broken." The unfortunate girl died to-day.

Mr. Haskin, during his stay in the city, has just come from the scene of the disaster.

Miss Olive Bridges of Calais, Me., who worked in the fifth story, seized the hoisting chain of the elevator, and went safely down and escaped uninjured. Before the building caught fire, a number of those imprisoned beneath the ruins could be seen and conversed with. Drinks and refreshments, in some cases, were passed to them. When the fire spread over the ruins they found escape hopeless, and bid adieu to friends, and in several cases gave directions as to the disposal of their effects.

In one part of the building a hole was battered through a wall, and through it could be seen three young women, who said they were not at all injured. One thrust her arm through the small hole and begged to be drawn through it, but before the aperture could be made large enough, the flames drove the men away, and the prisoners perished.

A jury was summoned, who, after viewing the dead, adjourned till to-morrow.

The insurance on the mills was \$115,000, said to be against fire only.

OUR CONTINENTAL TELEGRAPH.—A great American telegraphic enterprise is now in the course of being carried out for uniting the Atlantic seaboard cities with those on the shores of the Pacific, then finally to stretch north, across the Straits by a submarine cable to Asia, thence down through the Russian dominions into Northern Europe. Parties are now engaged in constructing the line on the mail route between St. Louis, (in Missouri) and San Francisco (in California), and about 300 miles are completed at each end. The New York Associated Press, in connection with that of other cities and two in California, have made arrangements for the conveyance of important news, semimonthly to and from California, by the telegraph stations, by the overland mail. When the California mail arrives at the Springfield station, in Missouri, the wires via St. Louis and Buffalo, a distance of upwards of 1,500 miles, and the news will be instantly transmitted through the agency of the Hicks Repeater—a new device by which lines miles may be worked in a single circuit—and given to the public through all the leading journals of the country, in the same manner and to about the same extent as the public have been served with European news from Halifax.

POLITICS IN ROME.—A letter from Rome of the 27th says: All is quiet here.—The Pope will reform when the moon fails.

Louis Napoleon is his support, and if that charlatan does not look out he will humble himself at last.

I am quite tranquil as to final results here. The Dukes will not come back. Romagna will never return under the Pope's dominion, and every day of the present condition is a day gained.

The people are learning that they can take care of themselves without a king. Meanwhile

the finances of Rome are in a ruined state.

Now that the Romagna is gone, Rome cannot support herself, and everything is going behind hand. There are no strangers here, and much suffering among the people exists in consequence. The streets

are full of thieves