

THE REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Saturday Morning, March 28, 1857.

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.
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN Crawfordville!

Advertisements call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

All kinds of JOB WORK done to order.

To Advertisers.
Every advertisement handed in for publication, should have written upon it the number of times the advertiser wishes it inserted. If not so stated, it will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

We wish it distinctly understood, that we have now the latest and largest assortment of NEW AND FANCY JOB TYPE ever brought to this place. We insist on those wishing work done to call up, and we will show them our assortment of type, and we have got them and no mistake. Work done on short notice, and on reasonable terms.

Agents for the Review.
E. W. CARR, U. S. Newspaper Advertising Agent, Evans' Building, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
S. H. PARRY, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; is our Agent to procure advertisements.
V. B. PALMER, U. S. Advertising Agent, New York.

SUICIDE.

It again becomes our painful duty as a chronicler of the times to speak of another sad case of suicide. On last Monday morning our citizens were startled with the announcement that the wife of Mr. Robert Beck had drowned herself in a cistern.

For some time Mrs. Beck has exhibited symptoms of insanity, and on two former occasions had attempted her life, and although closely watched by her friend, she succeeded on last Monday night between the hours of three and four o'clock in eluding the surveillance of her husband, who on waking and discovering her absence immediately alarmed the neighbors and commenced a strict search, which resulted in finding her in a cistern on the premises of Mr. Blair. On taking her from the cistern, which contained about four feet of water, life was entirely extinct. The body was removed to the house, and on Tuesday morning a Coroner's inquest was held, which resulted in a verdict with the above facts. The deceased was a young woman and had been married about four years, and in all her social relations was noted for her kind amiability of temper and christian piety, but her reason became deranged and in a fit of burning insanity she rushed to a suicidal death.

In a recent number of the Crawfordville Journal, we notice an article from the pen of L. Dunham Ingersoll, in which he styles the decision given by Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, as "windy and infamous." Mr. Ingersoll, although a young man and but recently admitted to the bar, is unquestionably a man of ponderous legal acumen and profundity, and we are sorry that he should thus ruthlessly strike down with his sage reasoning and interpretation of the Constitution an old man like Chief Justice Taney.

He had hoped that when the great hard abdicated and retired to rural felicity, that the new dynasty would cease to demolish the great men of the nation and spare the King's English, but we are sadly disappointed. Dunham has put out the light of our great Chief Justice, and now chuckles over his fallen foe with a fenshish ferocity. Cruel, cruel Dunham, "may the rude passions of a Heaven's vengeance" light on you like a June-bug.

The London Times regards a war between Spain and Mexico as almost inevitable. The Spanish Government continues its preparations for the event.

It appears that Col. Titus, the Kansas pro-slavery hero, who went to Nicaragua to fight for Walker, is accused of cowardice, and has joined Walker's enemies.

BLAIR, BROWN & Co.—These gentlemen are now receiving a large and splendid stock of fancy and staple dry goods for the spring and summer trade. Advertisements next week.

The Court of Appeals in the State of New York have decided that railroad companies who do not fence their tracks are liable for cattle killed.

DEIGHTON & CROMBIEHOLME.—We paid a visit to the carriage factory of these gentlemen a few days since, and among their large and varied assortment of vehicles we noticed some as fine carriages and buggies as can be found in any establishment in the west. Those of our readers who wish to see some of the most beautiful specimens of mechanism, in which strength, durability and elegance are combined, just let them call at this establishment and examine for themselves.

Com. Vanderbilt advertises that he will convey passengers to Europe in his steamer Ariel for the low sum of \$80 first cabin and \$50 second cabin.

There is many a good wife who can neither dance nor sing well.

The principal editor of the London Times receives the same salary as the President of the United States—\$25,000 per annum.

SPRING.

Before many days, unless Winter has forgotten something and comes back for it, people will begin to find violets on southern slopes, opening their meek blue eyes in sweet fearlessness, just as if nothing had happened, and the fiercest of winds and wildest of drifts had not been here since violets were, before.

There, as old Cowley said it, "Spring's little infant stands Wrapp'd in its purple swaddling bands," reminding us of everything simple and pure in the past; of their old-time kindred that spangled the garden walk—the garden walk with the "Balm of Gilead" at its foot—and of some who walked with us there, whose feet are in the song of the singers to-day, so beautiful are they, on the hill of Zion.

We cannot imagine a childhood ungraced with the memory of flowers; a rose bush and a lily, a lily and a violet in it. There must be a cluster of poppies, and a sunflower turning its broad disc forever to the light. And what would the bee do without a hollyhock for her orchestra, where, with we often played the Turk, and sacked the small-voiced bugler of the summer fields?

Writing of violets: we are reminded of a little book we read a while ago, called "Piccola"—the little flower. As to the story, there was not much of it; only of a prisoner in some old European dungeon, the weary days, the great, dumb walls, the sinking heart. But there was a court-yard to the prison; a narrow, dismal place with a stone horizon and an earth of stone, and nothing to make it tolerable but the strip of sky that roofed it, and the rain that sometimes fell in it, and the shadows of clouds that trailed noiselessly over the pavement—the free shadows, that went on over the wall and over the turret, and over the moat.

In that court, our poor prisoner walked when the weather would do; and it was something, indeed it was much, to feel there was nothing of man's make between him and heaven.

But the great want of his life was something to love. He was no "prisoner of Chillon"; he craved something akin to him, and one day—a day of a white mark—he found it. It was struggling its way up through the cleft of the stone pavement; it was a flower; it was "Piccola." How jealously he watched it; how tenderly he nursed it; how every ravelled leaf was numbered and was precious; how it won a human love and became a human thing, dignified by that love—this is the story, and exquisitely it is told.

The days grew briefer, and the pace of the lagging months grew brisk, and Piccola, not Prisoner, became the heroine; it was clothed with a loveliness that Romance gives to woman; and the dull diary became "a love story."

Never could we have believed that a nameless flower could so win the heart; that it could so assert relationship, and become one of us, and divide with the prisoner our interest, and share with the prisoner our love.

It demonstrates the quick sympathy which the listening heart may entertain for Nature; the companionship that even humanity may hold with the flower that fades; that all thought is not uttered in words, nor all earthly love embodied in a syllable.

Whoever has an organization that does not require the stroke of a crow-bar to reach, must have been delighted with Spring's magnificent opening on last Sunday. What could be grander, or gentler, or more like the blessed month of May? What could be more like the coming down of a radiant angel, when, a minute out of Paradise, it presses its noiseless foot on flowers? What can sooner soften the hard old mason-work of the heart, than such a day, and clear up the cloudy brow than such a morning?

Men grow frank, as the thermometers rise; they throw open the closet of their thoughts, even with the opening doors and windows that let in the Spring; and little flowers of generous sentiment, that the world's untimely frosts have wilted, look out again with the young violets.

But with the Spring comes May, and with May comes moving day. The house-hunters are already abroad. Ringing at front doors, plunging up back stairs, blundering down to basements, looking into closets, go silk and crinoline; creeping round hovels, clambering up to garrets, groping about in cellars, go calico and rags. Great reminder of moving day in Eden, when the Gardener and his Wife broke up house-keeping forever and a day, and went to boarding out! Unhappy Gardener!

Blessed are they who have homes of their own—old homes—homes with trees around them—forest trees—homes with graves near them—the graves of the household; homes where children were born, and age long waited to be blest; homes full of memories as summer is of song. With them the first of May has no terror; the lilac may leave, but they do not. It is home; divorce alone shall part them, and divorce is death.

THE CRINOLINE QUESTION.—The Philadelphia Inquirer's Paris correspondent, under date of February 12th, says:

"There is a sharp contest on the subject of crinoline between *l'Impératrice Eugénie* and the Faubourg St. Germain. The Duchess St. M.—recently sent over her invites for a marriage party with this printed caution, 'sans crinoline,' and over two hundred ladies, all fashionable and distinguished moreover, appeared without that obnoxious article. They were received with great applause by the gentlemen, as reasonable women."

One sometimes finds queer things in the newspapers, and nowhere queerer, than in the columns of advertisements.

The Weekly Commercial published at New Boston, Illinois, contains the following announcement, involving about as grave an error in the philosophy of living as one often encounters. It runs thus:

"MY WIFE AND I HAVE AN ATTACK of something that we fear is old age. It looks like it, and feels like it. Has been coming on for some time, and gets gradually worse every year. We fear we shall not get well while on the farm."

Said complaint is doubtless worse in consequence of our always having been hard workers. But we can't stand the hard knocks any more. We have no help only as we hire, and we are going to sell our home that we may find time to die."

The author goes on to enumerate the good qualities of the old homestead, such as beautiful groves, bearing orchards, running water, excellent buildings, two hundred acres of land, and all only six miles from New Boston. And this kingdom—for kingdom it is—the unhappy owner proposes to abdicate, and what is very probable, move to New Boston, with a neighbor at each elbow, talking over his head, and seventeen strange broods of chickens in his patch of a garden, from the time of pea planting to potato harvest.

His butter is the color of gold now, and the milk is made of sweet clover; but when he reaches New Boston, he will turn geologist, and buy an article exhibiting strata that would puzzle Dr. Buckland, varying in tint, as they will, from a London brown to an aquish pallor; his cow will be tin, and the cream in the milk will know nothing like a resurrection.

He will set out two walking sticks for a shade each side of his gate, and they will flutter two sickly leaves apiece, as he passes, and thinks of the "grove of young timber," that wooed the summer wind and sheltered the summer birds, hard by his door.

Old age has found him there in the country, walked round about with pure air, and so he proposes to evacuate the fortress and fly to New Boston. If old age creeps now, it will quicken its pace to a Canterbury gallop by the time he reaches the town.

And then, he proposes to sell his home that he may find leisure to die. As if there were any spot in the wide world whence one would rather hail, than home—home in the bosom of Nature; the home his own labor has adorned, and his own memory hallowed. Of all the host that knock at the "Celestial Gate," and it is opened unto them, full many will be from country graves; from sleeping places in the orchards, with the sweet drift of spring blossoms around their pillows; from the lee of the green woods; from the hills their own hands have furrowed. Leisure to die—poor man! When he gets to New Boston, he will have nothing else to do.

But then after all, our abdicating king will be uncrowned in spite of us, and turn into a citizen of New Boston. He will have abundance of time to watch the approaches of age; he will have leisure for the rheumatism; the leaden days like the weights of an old clock, will run slowly down, and he will go out once a week to see "the old place."

Not but that he likes the town, but then the orchard, you know, he planted it, and named the trees in it, and waited for them to grow; and the ice-cold well, and the pleasant shade, and the old-fashioned fire, and the wheat of his own sowing, and the home-made butter, and the elbow room, and the flocks in his own fields—he misses these as the years wear on, and by and by, he concludes that God made the country, and he returns thither, just to be by himself—he and his old wife; and the leaves winnow slowly down from the trees, and the song is all gone out of the woods, and the farm is white and drifted, and there is a great bed of glowing coals upon the hearth; and the old man and his wife sit together in the flush of the home twilight, and the narrow-waisted clock ticks steadily on; and the old man looks out at the window, and up through the branches of the leafless tree, that he brought there in his hand, when he was younger than now; and he sees, as he looks, the stars and the clear heaven, and so, hopefully and trustfully, he bids the world "good night."

A Black Republican sheet, published in the interior of Montgomery county, begins an editorial diatribe on the Dred Scott case by styling the decision of Chief Justice Taney "WINDY and INFAMOUS." State Sentinel.

A LADY THAT "KNOWS THE ROPES."—One of the young ladies that visited the U. S. ship Portsmouth, the other day, who was not supposed to have the slightest knowledge of nautical parlance, asked Capt. Doan why the aftermost sail was like a teary-ranched head over it while, and then "gave it up." "Because it's a spanker," modestly lisped the important young miss.

The Black Republicans are now making desperate complaints because, as they say, President Pierce did not place the army at the disposal of Gov. Geary in Kansas. Yet, as all our readers will remember, the Republicans at the first session of the last Congress put in the army bill a proviso declaring in express terms that no money should be expended on the army till the troops were all withdrawn from Kansas! Such is Black Republican consistency.

SUICIDES TO BE SUBJECTED.—The Town Council of Athens, Georgia, have voted that bodies of suicides shall be given to the physicians for dissection.

New corn in the vicinity of New Orleans is said to be a foot high.

From the Boston Journal, 9th. THE DETECTIVE CLUB SURPASSED BY A LADY.

A few weeks since, some unknown persons entered a fashionable boarding-house near Summer street, kept by Mrs. M., and passed from one boarder's room to another, making assessments of such articles as they liked best, and after making a liberal collection, left the place unseen and unharmed.

Among the boarders whose goods and chattels were thus unceremoniously taken away, was Miss H., a fair daughter of the sunny South, who happened to be spending the winter in the City of Notions. Her loss consisted of a beautiful velvet hat.

As soon as the theft was discovered, the police were consulted and everything done to remove the mystery, but all to no purpose.

But as murder will out, so will larceny, sometimes, and this was not long to remain a secret.

As Miss H. was walking Washington St. one of the pleasant days last week, imagine her surprise in passing a large and masculine looking woman, dressed in the height of fashion, with hoops and crinoline, and having upon her head the very identical velvet hat which she had lost. What was to be done? What could be done? Every step was taking the bonnet farther from its owner, who was alone and a stranger in the city. It did not take her long to decide.

She started in the same direction, and soon was alongside of the velvet hat—Where do you reside, madam?

"I am a widow, and I am going home," she replied. "Are you going home?" "Go on, and don't let me hinder you."

And onward they walked, now to the right and now to the left. At length they entered a dark alley, and after passing several dismal abodes, they halted at a door.

"Do you live here?" "I do—upon the second floor." "Go up, then, for I have business with you." They entered.

After going up two flights of stairs, they reached a room in which they found five women. They entered the room and here our heroine made her business known.

Posting herself by the door, with a calm but defiant look, she demanded of the woman to know where she obtained the velvet hat, also the shawl and basque upon her person. "I bought them," was the reply. "No, you did not; they were stolen; and now take them off immediately."

Had a bombshell exploded in the room, the confusion could not have been greater. But great as it was, it did not intimidate the owner of the velvet hat in the least degree. It only changed the happy and fascinating look of the most beautiful face to the unconquered look of a Cromwell.

"Now be quiet and own up, and bring forward the stolen goods, for it will be better for you. And now seeing that I have found the goods, and the thief, no doubt, I am going for an officer. See that none of you leave the room or disturb an article while I am gone." While descending the stairs our heroine espied a doctor on his way to visit the sick, and asked his assistance.

"I have," said she, "found some stolen property, and have it secure in this house; will you call an officer to assist me in removing it?" The doctor readily assented, and while he sought for a policeman, she still guarded her trust. At length the doctor, with four policemen, arrived, when our heroine transferred the custody of both persons and property to the officers of the law. The remainder of the story properly was soon found, and the lady relieved of her borrowed plumage, was provided with rooms at the Cambridge street jail, where she still remains, waiting the sentence of the law.

We say success to our fair visitor from the South, and may the courage which she displayed, be imitated by our police generally.

SUICIDE BY A RUNAWAY SLAVE.—The Nashville Banner gives the particulars of one of the most singular cases of suicide we remember to have heard of. Two servants of Mr. Jones, proprietor of Union Hall, in Nashville—one a yellow man named Levi, and the other a black named Allen—ran away on Sunday night of last week. It appears that they intended to get on the night train for Chattanooga, but arrived too late. They took the track on foot, and proceeding a few miles, secreted themselves in a thicket until Monday night. They then appeared at Antioch when the night train came along, and the yellow man purchased tickets for himself and servant for Chattanooga. The trick was not detected; Levi passed as a white man, and took his supper with the other passengers, ordering food for his servant at a side table. The attention of Mr. Fox, a merchant of Nashville, was attracted to Levi, and after a little scrutiny he recognized him, though disguised in a suit of fine clothes. On Tuesday morning, before reaching Chattanooga, Mr. F. questioned Levi, and he was satisfied he was running away, colored man and told him he was a prisoner. Levi was wrapped in a blanket, and he managed to draw a pistol from his breast without being noticed, and putting the muzzle to his abdomen, fired and fell upon his seat. Mr. Fox and other passengers fled, under the impression that he was firing at them, and when they turned back he had cut his throat with a bowie knife, and was a corpse. His companion, Allen, was taken back to Nashville.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A man named Dr. Daily, who has been for some three months confined in the jail at Danville, Henderson county, attempted to commit suicide on Saturday evening, the 14th inst. He cut his throat severely with a clasp knife and made other wounds in different parts of his body. He assigns as a reason for this attempt on his life that he will have to go to the penitentiary. He will recover from his wounds.

The New York Mirror, which was a Fremont paper last fall, announces its intention to support the Administration of Mr. Buchanan.

Billy Bowlegs, the great Seminole Chief, is emulating Caesar in the pitch and concentration of his sentences. He tells the whole story of the position of things between General Harney and himself in a brief couplet, thus:

"If Harney catch, Billy hang,
If Billy catch, Harney hang."

THE NEXT SHAPE.—Within the last few weeks Black Republicanism has taken a new shape. It no longer pretends allegiance to the Constitution. Henceforward its platform is to be open, and armed hostility and disobedience to the Constitution of the country.

RASCALITY ABUNDANT.

Under this caption Farneg Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, launches forth a terrible philippic against all the world and the rest of mankind. Hear him:

"The Gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over our country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world; but notwithstanding all this, and more, observation teaches us that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes and dry goods, chickens, ducks, corn and other eatables. Strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money and diseased horses, are all over the country. Gamblers, traveling and local, and resident rogues, are on the alert. Pious

villains, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts, and swearing to them for the sake of gain—Whisky shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law. Drug stores are training up drunks in high life, and affording facility for Sabbath drinking, which can be had nowhere else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and owners of real estate in town are asking double rents to the injury of the business and the growth of towns. Banks and corporations, intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favor. Families persecute and persecute others. Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation are the order of the day generally. In politics there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to mislead and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living crowd into the church, with a view to hide their rascally designs, and more effectually to serve the Devil!"

In a word, rascality abounds among all classes, and in all countries. The Devil is stalking abroad in open daylight, without the precaution to undress himself; and if the present generation could see these things in the Gospel Glass, they are as black as hell!"

SECRETS OF WAR.—The published correspondence between Gen. Scott and the Secretary of War discloses some remarkable facts in relation to the disbursement from the secret service fund during the Mexican War. The amount disbursed by Gen. Scott, for information furnished him by the Mexicans, was two hundred and fifty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-one dollars and forty-five cents. Some of the items are as follows: For money paid by General Scott to a "Mexican officer of rank" for information, ten thousand dollars; to Santa Anna's servant, a deserter, for information, one hundred and fifty dollars; and so on through a long list of payments.

Most beautiful, accomplished and charming lady: will your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension, please to extend your most obsequious devoted and very humble servant that pair of inelegant digests, that I may exasperate the exorcism of this nocturnal cylindrical luminary, in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the vision of our ocular optics more potently.

The above words were used by a young gent. of double-refracted address who whisked a pair of snuffers handed him by a young lady.

ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—The light of the lamp was dying away in the socket; the midnight clock swung heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air. It was the hour when disembodied spirits walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, prow for their prey. The lonely watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood upon his pale brow, the door gently opened—and in came a strange cat.

A FACT.—A nice young woman, very genteely dressed, left a tract the other day at the house of an infidel who, upon being asked if he would read it, replied:

"Certainly, madam, with the greatest pleasure; but," added he, "I am sorry to see you in such business as this—the tracts that you carry to the poor, though doubtless well meant on your part, cannot relieve their wants and necessities in this winter weather; but if instead of carrying them such things you would only furnish them with bread, or the means to get it, you would indeed be an angel of mercy."

"I don't want none of your infidel doctrines preached to me!" answered the christian charmer, as she slammed the door in his face.

PUBLIC OPINION OF CRIME.—The Albany Evening Journal thus tersely describes the popular effect of a great crime:

There are just three stages of popular excitement over a great crime.

First, the bloodthirsty, which is for seizing somebody on the slightest suspicion and stringing him up on the nearest tree—Or it is for poking him into the fire with pitchforks, because "hanging is too good for him." This lasts till the culprit is under sentence, lock and key.

Then the compassionate, when jurors sign petitions for his pardon, and judges regret the severity of the sentence; when turnkeys praise his gentlemanly manners, and clergymen his repentant spirit; when boys obtain his autograph, and women treasure up locks of his hair. These are the times that try the souls of Governors.

And then the contemptuous, which, if dead, sneers over his coffin; if living, bids him go starve out of the way of honest men, and rails at the judicial and executive clemency which it just before besought.

This is the history of every murder from Abel down to Burdell. The public always hates criminals before conviction, pities them when convicted, and scorns them when set free. We do not quarrel with human nature for its fickle phases; we must take it as it is. But it should be the watchful care of the ministers of law that they are not hurried by the first, capoled by the second, or hardened by the third.

Mr. Buchanan is very wealthy—Some say he foots up to \$300,000. The present Cabinet probably controls more duets and corner lots than any Cabinet we ever had.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The Legislature has adjourned without having accomplished much good for the State or worked out much reformation for party in power. But few laws of any significance or interest to the people have passed and received the signature of the Governor. The great question of the common schools—a law providing for defraying the necessary expenses of carrying on the State Government—legislation on the subject of temperance—the re-appraisal of the real estate of the country—all these vital subjects of legislation remain unacted upon. Of the three hundred and fifty bills introduced into the House of Representatives, only about forty have become laws, and in the Senate, only about ten. The last General Assembly for all practical purposes may be well regarded as a decided failure.—*Declarator Republican.*

So says a prominent Republican newspaper, whose editor was a member of the House of Representatives. He asks, "Who is responsible?" for the failure to pass the important laws which he enumerates? He answers the question satisfactorily in his own article. The House passed all necessary measures, while the Senate defeated them. The Democratic majority in the House could have defeated these measures as well as the Senate. They had just as good an excuse for doing so. They had important measures of their own which they were anxious to have passed, but the Black Republican majority, breaking a quorum and resorting to other tricks of legislation, determined that no vote should be taken on these measures. "The Democratic majority, therefore, consented rather than important acts of legislation demanded by the best interests of the people and the State should be defeated, to indefinitely postpone those matters of a political cast which were the bones of contention and stumbling blocks in the way of legislation."

Now look to the Senate. In that body the Black Republicans were in the majority and were responsible, as were the Democrats of the House, for the success or failure of legislation. But knowing the material of which the majority was composed, the Democratic minority determined to leave them no excuse for failing to pass the necessary measures. The expulsion of Woods under circumstances without color of excuse, would have been sufficient reason for the Democrats to refuse to proceed to any other business till that great wrong was righted. But the Democrats, who were right, feared the majority stubborn and intractable, consented to drop the subject and proceed to legislation. Again when the majority determined to push through resolutions confirming Cooper, Rice, and Bobbs in their seats, the Democratic minority might have been excusable in using their constitutional rights to prevent such a monstrous iniquity from being consummated. But they contented themselves with simply voting no on the resolution, so anxious were they not to throw any obstacle in the way of legitimate legislation. They manifested a constant determination not to permit party to interfere with their duties as Legislators.

Thus matters stood up to Thursday, the 5th of March—Saturday, the 7th, being the last on which bills could be acted on, though all other business could be acted on as well on the following Monday as on any other day of the session. On Thursday, the revenue bill came up for a third reading, which, with calling the yeas and noes upon its passage, would not have occupied ten minutes of the session. But then it was that the Black Republicans postponed the consideration of the bill till four o'clock on Saturday, the last day on which business of that character could be transacted, and at an hour when it was known the Senate would be engaged in the discussion of the Miller and Shroyce contested election, which no one supposed would or could be decided by that time. The Democratic Senators made repeated efforts to take up the revenue bill, the apportionment and liquor bills, but without success. The Black Republicans uniformly voting down all such motions.

Does any man need longer to ask "who is responsible?" for the failure to enact these measures?—*New Albany Ledger.*

THE GEARY "BUGBEAR" REFUTED.

The "startling developments" touching affairs in Kansas, published by the Missouri Democrat as having been disclosed by Gov. Geary in a conversation with the editor of that paper, have been "shorn of all their fine proportions," by the denial of Geary himself.

The Pittsburgh Post, of Friday, in reference to this point, has the following: "Governor Geary arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, from Kansas. A throat ailment has deprived him to some extent of clear utterance; in other respects, he appears in good health. He leaves this morning enroute for Washington. We are indebted to him for a copy of his Farewell Address to the people of Kansas. As many idle stories have obtained circulation relative to the course of Governor Geary, it is but fair to assume, what he directly reiterates, that he is responsible for nothing but what appears over his own signature."

Will the Journal and other Ethiopian papers of this State, inform their readers that the column and a half of "Kansas horrors" with which they regaled them, a few days since, on the authority of the St. Louis Democrat, was but a rehash of the dish on which they have supped so often? Common fairness demands that they do that much, at least.—*State Sentinel.*

CITIZENSHIP OF NEGROES.—Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott decision, explicitly admits the distinction between citizenship of the Federal Republic. A man may be a citizen of one without being a citizen of the other. The Dred Scott decision does not disfranchise persons of African descent whom a State (as Rhode Island for example) has declared capable of voting for State officers. Any or all the privileges of citizenship may be conferred by any State upon negroes, and they may be called citizens thereof, but they never can become citizens of the United States. And so the Supreme Court has decided.

A DARK TRANSACTION.—Jack Slingerland, a pure blooded African, a sort of protégé of Hon. John I. Slingerland, of Bethlehem, N. Y., who, though black as the ace of spades, is a freeholder and well to do, has recently eloped with the white daughter of a neighbor and has been united to the fair lass in bonds matrimonial. Jack is 23, the young lady is 17.

Those who lie upon roses while young are apt to lie upon thorns when old.

DREADFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS IN BRIGHAM YOUNG TO BE SUPERSEDED AND A MILITARY POLICE TO BE SENT INTO THE TERRITORY.

A letter was received at Washington, on Friday last, from W. W. Drummond, United States Supreme Judge in Utah Territory. It gives a sad and deplorable picture of matters in that Territory. The following is taken from the letter:

The leading men of the church are more traitorous than ever. Only a few days since all the papers, records, dockets, and nine hundred volumes of the laws were taken out of the Supreme Court Clerk's office and burned. And this is not the only instance of the kind. I say to you again, and through you to the President, that it is impossible for us to enforce the laws in this Territory. Every man here holds his life at the will of Brigham Young, and here we are without protection. I am firmly of opinion that Habbitt was murdered by Mormons under direction of Brigham Young, and not by the Indians. Murder is a common thing here; and Mormons cannot be punished with a Mormon jury, witnesses, officers, and Governor to perjure—It is too cruel and must not be endured. A man not a member of the church is murdered, robbed, castrated and imprisoned solely for questioning the authority of the church.

The following singular story we find in one of our exchange papers:

WILD WOMAN IN ALABAMA.—Marengo county, Ala., has seen the portrait of a wild woman that recently appeared in the woods and hills of that neighborhood to a party of hunters. She is a medium sized woman and quite naked, with the exception of moccasins. She runs with great velocity, leaping on all fours over every impediment, like an antelope.

An editor, who was one of a hunting party, who also saw her, says she was accompanied by a large ram, of remarkable whiteness, by whose wool she held on when running up the hills and springing over rocks. The ram appeared very much attached to this wild and singular creature, and protects her. It appears that some fifteen or twenty years ago, a little daughter of a French woman residing on the banks of the Tombigbee river, was lost as well as a pet lamb of hers. They were never after heard of, so that many supposed the little girl and her lamb had been drowned. The question now is, can this wild woman of Marengo county be the same? It is highly probable, but how she has existed for fifteen years in the woods, away from all intercourse in the world, is a mystery.

A MURKIN APPROACHING.—Mr. Samuel Caswell, an extensive miller and corn merchant, in Linerick, writes to the London Times as follows:

A most fatal epidemic has been for some time past ravaging the herds of central Europe, and has now reached Londonburg, where one proprietor is said to have lost three hundred head in a night. The time of its arrival in Hamburg—whence cattle are weekly imported to the English markets—must now, in all human probability, be a question of days. In 1745, the same, or a like epidemic, was introduced into England by means of two calves from Holland, (vide "Youatt on Cattle," art. "Malignant Epidemic Murrain.") In the second year after its introduction over 40,000 cattle died in Nottingham and Leicestershire, and almost as many more in Cheshire."

The Louisville Journal's Washington correspondent furnishes the following anecdote:

An anecdote is told of Mr. Breckenridge. It appears that, on Friday, he entered a barber-shop, and, after getting shaved, discovered that he had no change in his pocket to pay for the service. This fact he at once made known to the man of the razor, who, unaware of the character and position of his customer, began to murmur, intimating that that was an old trick of some of the visiting gentry, but taking care not to speak loud enough for Breckenridge to hear him with distinctness. The next morning the Vice President called and paid the bill, and not until then did the barber discover that he had operated upon the face of that distinguished gentleman. Of course, he danced around with all imaginable politeness. As to the neglect to pay the