

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, April 17, 1858.

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For the Crawfordsville Review, furnish to Subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2, if not paid within the year.

8, H. PARKIN, South East corner Columbus and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent to procure advertisements.

CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE! Advertisers call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Secretary of State, DANIEL MCCLURE, of Morgan.

For Auditor of State, JOHN W. DODD, of Grant.

For Treasurer of State, NATHANIEL E. CUNNINGHAM, of Vigo.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction, SAMUEL L. RUGG, of Allen.

For Attorney General, JOSEPH E. McDONALD, of Montgomery.

For Judges of the Supreme Court, SAMUEL E. PERKINS, of Marion.

ANDREW DAVIDSON, of Decatur.

JAMES M. HANNA, of Vigo.

JAMES L. WORDEN, of Whitley.

LECOMPTON.

On last Wednesday, the 14th inst., the House of Representatives took up the resolution from the Senate, asking a committee of conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the Lecompton bill. The motion was agreed to—yeas 103, nays 108; the Speaker then voted in the affirmative. On the motion to appoint the committee, Hale and Pendleton, of Ohio, and English, of Indiana, voted in the affirmative. We have no idea that the House will ever agree to any proposition that does not require a ratification of the Constitution by the people, as a condition precedent to the admission of the State.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.—We are in receipt of the far-famed Blackwood and the Westminster. Every lover of a high order of literature should grace his library with the British Reviews. See advertisement in another column.

THE ATLANTIC FOR MAY.—This highly classical periodical has been received—no man who appreciates a high order of literature should be without the Atlantic.

GODEY FOR MAY.—This elegant periodical has been received. Its fashion plates are as beautiful as ever, and its contents a casket of the choicest literature.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—This fine periodical is on our table. Everybody should subscribe for Arthur's.

If you wish to see a beautiful stock of goods, call at the establishment of ELZORTH & HARDING. They are selling at very low figures. Advertisement next week.

Owing to a large amount of work which we have had on hand during the present week, we are obliged to omit a number of new advertisements. They will appear in our next issue.

We notice that quite a number of new and beautiful signs, the handiwork of T. H. WINTON, have been put up by our merchants since the opening of spring. WINTON is unquestionably one of the best painters in the west. If you wish a neat and fine job of work, he is the very man to do it.

KANSAS NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The New York Tribune thus construes the suffrage clause in the last Kansas Constitution:

The Leavenworth Constitution says nothing about color or race. If negroes are legally citizens, then they vote like other citizens; if not, they don't vote. We rejoice that the Free State men have been consistent and faithful to principle."

A STRANGE DELUSION.

The Park County Republican relates the following singular instance of delusion in regard to religious duty:

It becomes our sad office to record one of the most sad incidents which has ever fallen under our observation. Mr. Aaron Stewart, late a citizen of Boone county, but for some five months a citizen of our town, has been in a state of depression of spirits for about two months past. Religious excitement seems to have overpowered his reason, and on Monday night, after the return of himself and wife from church, he conceived the idea that the Scripture required him to sacrifice his right hand and other members of his body under penalty of eternal punishment. He left the house without making known his object, and after perpetrating dangerous wounds upon his person with a knife, he next proceeded with a knife to cut off his right hand. After striking five several blows, ranging from the centre of the hand to some inches above the wrist joint, and severing the hand from the arm, except some of the tendons, he walked to the door, fell into it, and fainted. Dr. Rice was called in, and dressed his wounds, and at present writing he is still alive, although his wounds are dangerous.

The first barrel of whisky over distilled in Louisiana, arrived at New Orleans on the 1st of last March.

[Correspondence of the New York Times.]
SAD CALAMITY IN JEFFERSON COUNTY—BURNING OF A WHOLE FAMILY—HEROIC CONDUCT OF A JAILOR'S WIFE.

WATERTOWN, N. Y. Mon. April 5. The inhabitants of this place have had two rather exciting topics on their tongues for the past few hours, the first relating to a shocking affair in the adjoining town of Le Roy; the second to another affair not so shocking in our own neighborhood.

The first is I learn by actual personal investigation, somewhat thus: A farmer named Daniel Constock has been living with his four little daughters, Mary, Maria, Colona and Cora, alone in his house, which is located fourteen or fifteen miles from here, on what is known as the Philadelphia Road. His wife has been absent some two months, in Auburn, under medical treatment. Last (Sunday) night about nine o'clock, it was discovered that the residence of Mr. Constock was in flames, and before assistance could be rendered it was burnt to the ground, together with its five inmates! It would seem from the position of affairs, as I found them to-day, on the ground, (the oldest of whom was only ten years) were all asleep together in one bedroom in a corner of the house. The first indication they had of the fire was, probably, not until the building was full of flames, for it is apparent the fire "took" from a keg of ashes in the wood-house, which is some distance from the bed-room in question, and, in burning its way to the bed-room, it must have enveloped everything in flames. Rushing in the darkness from the bed-room, the frantic children flew in different directions, blinded by the smoke and flames, while the unnatural father, who loved his money more than his offspring, ran up stairs to get his box of valuables, while he might have easily opened the bed-room window at the outset and placed himself and children beyond danger—for the bed room was on the ground floor. But, alas for human frailty!—his miserly habits ruled him, and his blackened bones and ashes were found, after the fire, lying across his box in the cellar, where he had fallen.

The second topic of which I spoke is more agreeable to dwell upon. Early on Sunday morning, three prisoners, named Wilson, Eddy, Misick and Ward, by feigning the sickness of one of their number, got the jailor at this place, Mr. Baker, in their power, gagged and bound him, and locked him in a cell. This done, they robbed him of his money and the keys of the prison, and were calmly taking their leave, when they were "brought all up standing" by beholding the jailor's little wife pointing at them through a railing a loaded revolver, and calmly informing them that she would put a bullet through the first man who attempted to come forward. A conversation, something like this, followed:

Prisoner.—The devil you will! You don't know how to shoot it.

Mrs. Baker.—Try it and see, if you like! I have been practicing with this pistol for the past few days, and I promise you I will kill the first man who comes forward.

Prisoner.—Well, if that's your game, we'll be quits with you. Now, take your choice, young woman—either let us pass out in peace, or submit to have your husband's brains knocked out against the walls of the jail. Which do you like best?

Perhaps that won't be gay, nor nothing, just to see him laying out there cold and stiff with his brain laying around? Ha! I'd—d—d pretty picture, ain't ye?

D—d pretty wife you are, ain't ye, to get your husband killed? Come, now, what d'ye say? Let us out and it'll be all right—won't ye? [And the speaker moved forward a step.]

Mrs. Baker.—The first man who steps over that sill dies?

And there that brave woman held those men at bay for something like half an hour, until help came, and they were driven into their cells.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE GIRL IN A TRANCE—FURTHER PARTICULARS.

On Friday week before last the Poughkeepsie girl relived a little, and Mr. Garrison, who was present, advised that she should be raised up, so that the blood would circulate, when she exclaimed, "Don't touch me; see Jesus, see Jesus—ain't he beautiful?" He is sitting on a dazzling throne; angels are giving him praise!—and then exclaimed, "I'm going back again," and again swooned. While looking at what she thought to be hell, she said, "Jesus reached forth his ily white hand and dragged me from the pit. In heaven is a tree; the angels are climbing up and down, giving God the praise. My friends" she then exclaimed, get ready! the judgment day is near at hand. I do not expect to be here with my friends long, and if you knew what I know no one would live longer in their sins!—She attends meetings regularly, and is getting quite strong. Many in Poughkeepsie believe that she was laboring under nervous excretion; but she has lived the last seven months with Mrs. Garrison, and during that time has never once complained of sickness, and she is also a very strong-minded girl, and not at all nervous. Friday night, at the same church, two persons also, while at the altar, fell back in a trance, but did not remain in that state longer than two hours.

GLOOMY REPORTS FROM IOWA.

Before disobeying the injunction of the old saying, "better let well enough alone," our people in the middle sections of the country, who annually get a raging "Western fever," had better, before leaving, learn a little of how much they would probably better their condition by going upon the cheap but undeveloped lands of the new territories. The experience of an Iowa farmer, published in the *Western Farmer*, may aid them in reaching mature conclusions on the subject. It says:

We have warm, rainy weather now; mud nearly knee deep. Everybody is complaining of hard times. Wheat is worth forty cents per bushel, delivered on the railroad at Wilton, and that in rags at fifteen cent per bushel discount. There has been good wheat sold in Tipton, within a few days past, at twenty cents per bushel in gold. A number of my neighbors have sold a large part of good corn at from ten to twenty, and a half cents per bushel, and as good corn as most of the crop in the country. Corn is heating and spoiling in almost every part of Iowa. I have conversed with a number of owners of threshing machines, and they say that the wheat of Cedar County will not quite average, for the last year, twenty bushels per acre. Merchants and creditors are suing and selling property for a song. Some are giving up their land after the first payment has been made and considerable improvement done. Some farmers are paying five per cent. per month for money. There will not be as much wheat sowed this year as last. Some are going to quit almost entirely for the present year. They think it will not pay to raise wheat at the present prices, or at the prospect of future rates.

TO BE HANGED—Loefner, the Cincinnati murderer, is to be hung on the 30th of April.

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FRANCE.

The indications become each week stronger and stronger that one of those violent and sanguinary revolutions for which France is noted among the nations, is not far distant.

The intelligence by the steamer America, which we publish in another column, goes still farther to prove that Louis Napoleon is convinced that the storm is not far distant. According to this the artillery in the various towns of France is to be dismounted and placed in the arsenals, the pretext for which is that their condition is such as to render their use dangerous! Undoubtedly their use would be dangerous to Louis Napoleon and his dynasty, and the fear that they would be used at no distant day for this purpose was unquestionably the cause of this sudden order for dismounting them and stowing them away in the arsenals, the keys of which buildings, of course, are carried by Louis Napoleon's creatures.

By the arrival which preceded the last we received intelligence that the French mercantile houses had ordered their bills payable in London instead of Paris, they having no faith in the stability or length of existence of Napoleon's government. This is significant, for merchants are pro-verbially clear-sighted men.

A spirit of restlessness and discontent pervades the whole of France, especially Paris, which it has been truly said, is France. A recent intelligent letter writer states that everywhere you hear but one expression: that the Emperor or his ministers—no matter who—is driving matters too far; that what might have been supportable under the dread of universal anarchy, or a reign of terror in 1852, is perfectly intolerable now; that the evil is daily increasing; that little by little every vestige of liberty is disappearing; that the French people are becoming the laughing stock of the world, and that, if not reduced to absolute Egyptian bondage, they are, by the suppression, one after another, of every independent organ of communication, brought to a state of utter Egyptian darkness. The Presse and the Steele must no longer be sold in the public thoroughfares of the metropolis or of any of the chief towns, and the censorship exercised over the articles published is so rigid that even the more liberal journals become as little interesting as their official compatriots. Not a day arrives but with it accounts from the provinces in the shape of private letters, which do but speak of continual arrests. In Paris itself men are hauled before the police on the most frivolous pretexts, and after a few days'—sometimes a few hours'—detention, dismissed with no indemnification for the loss or inconvenience they may have sustained. The capital literally swarms with police, and when about 3 o'clock, which is the hour when the Emperor or some of the imperial party may be expected to take the air, the peering glances and sudden, sharp turns of the head, which, from officials, are called "the emperor's looks," are quite obnoxious. 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