

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, April 21, 1860.

Printed and Published every Saturday Morning, by
CHARLES H. BOWEN.

1/- The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to Subscribers at \$1.50 per annum.

CIRCULATION
LARGER 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
LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

GOING NORTH.
Morning Train, at..... 5:45 a.m.
Evening Train, at..... 11:25 a.m.
Freight at..... 3:45 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.
Morning Train, at..... 4:30 p.m.
Evening Train, at..... 9:10 p.m.
Freight at..... 8:10 a.m.

R. E. BRYANT, Agent.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR.
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Shelby.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.
DAVID TURNPIKE, of White.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.
WILLIAM H. SCHLATER, of Wayne.

FOR AUDITOR OF STATE.
JOSEPH RISTINE, of Fountain.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE.
NATHUL F. CUNNINGHAM, of Vigo.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.
OSCAR B. HORD, of Decatur.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
SAMUEL L. RUGG, of Allen.

FOR CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT.

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, of Dearborn.

FOR REPORTER OF THE SUPREME COURT.

MICHAEL C. KERR, of Floyd.

LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

The following telegraphic despatch was received last night:—

CHARLESTON, Friday, April 20, 9 P. M.

Editor Review—The city is filled to overflowing with Delegates. Douglas has the inside track, and his nomination is considered by many of his opponents as a foregone conclusion. He will be nominated by Wednesday at farthest. Everything is harmonious.

S.

DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—There will be a meeting of the Democracy of Union Township on Saturday, April 21st, at the Court House, for the purpose of organization—Delegates from other Townships are invited to attend.

THE CLUB MEETS TO-NIGHT.

Let every Democrat in the township meet at the Court-House to-night. Business of importance will be brought before the meeting.

THE REVIEW FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We will furnish the *Review* to subscribers, during the campaign, for fifty cents, in advance.

Dr. Hearndon one of the regular appointed delegates to the Baltimore National Convention, will leave here for Baltimore in a few days. In case our American friends should succeed by some hook or crook in electing a President, the Doctor would be very apt to get a first class appointment. Among the leaders of their party in Indiana he is decidedly the most zealous and devoted of any we know of. His antipathy to Black Republicanism is intense, bitter and unrelenting, and his love for Democracy, about as strong as an elephant's taste for tobacco.

Our fat friend, Jesse Cumberland, is still increasing in weight. His numerous friends throughout the country are talking of trying his muscle this fall. Like his groceries, he is a pure, unadulterated specimen, and who knows but what he may yet bloom in perennial beauty in our Court House square.

SERVE YOUR COUNTRY.

Every man who wishes to serve his country should immediately announce himself for some office. It costs only two dollars to enter. The road to fame and fortune is open to all.

Blair & Cumberland have engaged the services of Mr. George Hough in their new grocery establishment. George is one of the best salesmen in the West, and a thorough, practical business man. His numerous friends are respectfully invited to call around and see him in his new quarters.

The board of Trustees at a recent meeting, passed an order appropriating forty dollars to pay O. P. Jenison to make another survey of territory outside of the present limits of the corporation.

We notice that in several of the towns in our State the citizens have driven out the hordes of traveling vagabond hucksters, that buy up every egg and pound of butter brought to market. These fellows are worse than a pestilence or a famine.—In Cincinnati and all well regulated towns the inhabitants are protected by stringent laws and regulations.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

On next Monday the delegates of the National Democracy will assemble in Charleston, the gay capitol of the Palmetto State. That their action will be eminently conservative we have not the slightest doubt. The fears of strife and contention are entirely groundless. The great leaders of the party knowing the necessity of harmony, will give Black Republicanism no opportunity to divide and destroy by the interpolation of a slave code in the National Platform. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS will be the nominee. The platform will be the one adopted at Cincinnati, and from the moment the wires flash the welcomed intelligence throughout the broad expanse of the confederacy, there will go up a shout of joy and congratulation from millions of conservative and union-loving men. Action, bold, vigorous and concerted, will be the order of the day. The grand old party will again go down to the battle. Well may the minions of sectionalism pale at the dread name of our chieftain and the purity of our principles. The flatteringunction they have laid to their hearts of dissension in our ranks will be dispelled on next Thursday. Instead of shattered and dismembered columns and flying legions, they will hold the Democracy of the Republic drawn up

"In battle magnificently stern away."

Among the aspirants—on the sly—among the Republicans for County Treasurer, is Mr. John Darter. John is exceedingly anxious to serve his country, and is withal a very clever fellow. On the occasion of the last Republican Convention he was snubbed most outrageously, no attention being paid to his claims and services rendered. John has now concluded to take it by the forelock and outwit his competitors. At present he is fitting through the county organizing Republican clubs and epating upon the politics of the day. His sage counsellor and backer is said to be the venerable James Colffe, formerly Postmaster under the reign of President Fillmore. Mr. C. belongs to the fossil type of politicians. John is his pupil and a standing candidate for political emoluments and favor. How successfully they will pull the wires remains to be seen.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.—Henry Ott has just returned from the east, where he has been for some time engaged in making extensive purchases of the above named articles. His stock, which is an immense one, has all been carefully selected from the manufacturers and first houses in the trade of Philadelphia, Boston and New York.—

When it is considered that most of our western druggists make their purchases in Cincinnati, thus buying second hand, it will be readily seen that the merchant who has the capital to purchase direct from the manufacturer, has a decided advantage both as regards price and quality in selling to his customers. This advantage Mr. Ott has, and which will practically demonstrate as soon as his stock arrives, which will be in a few days.

NOTICE TO EVERYBODY.

Everybody and "the rest of mankind" are respectfully invited to visit our office and pursue our exchanges. In a few days we shall have fitted up a reading room for their especial benefit. Files of the latest daily and weekly papers from all parts of the country will be kept constantly on hand. If you call at the *Review* Office, the headquarters of political intelligence.

CORN PLANTERS AND WASHING MACHINES FOR SALE.—Jason W. Corey has now on a fine lot of Corn Planters and Washing Machines which will sell cheap for cash. No farmer should be without his celebrated planter. The Washing Machine is a helmate that is prized by every lady. The Corn Planter has taken the first premium in Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois.

SPLendid FURNITURE.

Ross & White are now in receipt of a very heavy stock of elegant furniture. Persons wishing to purchase sofas, lounges, beadboards of every pattern and style, centre tables, stands, chairs &c. &c. should give them a call. They can sell you a bill of furniture at astonishing low figures.

The immense stock of goods which Messrs. Campbell, Galey & Hartel bought this spring, attracted unusual attention, and their sales have been unusually large. We understand that this firm will, as soon as the spring trade is over, commence building an addition to their already extensive sale rooms, which will enlarge them to just double their present dimensions.

The new change of time on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad, which went into effect on last Monday, is anything but advantageous to our citizens. The mails from the east and north are not received until 9 o'clock at night, too late for distribution and delivery. Will not the able and efficient superintendent of the road Mr. Ricker, endeavor to remedy if possible this evil.

LOOK OUT FOR THE EXPRESS.—Blair & Cumberland are running an express wagon. Groceries purchased at their establishment are delivered promptly at your door. For this convenience no charge is made. Of course everybody will purchase their groceries at Blair & Cumberland's.

For the Review,
AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO ORGANIZE A REPUBLICAN CLUB IN FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.—JOHN DARTER AT THE HEAD OF THE ORGANIZATION OF COUNTY TREASURERS.

DARLINGTON, April 19.

A few days since a Republican by the name of John Darter came to Darlington in this county, from Crawfordsville, to superintend the organization of a Republican club, and to illuminate the proceedings by letting off a spurious article of gas, knowing that the gods of Republicanism would not suffer such an article of gas to be let off in Crawfordsville, inasmuch as it would only tend to their discomfiture; the aforementioned Darter was sent to Darlington to ignite his gas, and illuminate, if possible, the obscure paths of Republicanism; and thus frightened into the abolition ranks some of the softs that voted for Lowman for Trustee at the last election. But Darter's gas was so impregnated with those loathsome ingredients, known as Abolitionism, John Brownism, Free-Loveism and Woman's Rightism, that the strongest stomached Republicans could not bear the load, much to their discomfiture, and greatly to the edification of the uniterred who were present.

The meeting was called to order by John Hutchins taking the Chair, and one Nelson Gaskill, an ardent supporter of Douglas, and his principles, was requested to act as Secretary. To this Gaskill demurred, alleging that his principles were not those upheld by the Darterites, and that such being the case, he could not consistently act in the capacity referred to. The Darterites, alias Brownites, insisted that he should, and to satisfy their craving desire, Gaskill agreed to act. Darter arose with all the pomposity imaginable, and consumed some four hours time in letting the rotten gas pass off into the air. During this exceedingly windy operation on the cart wheel question, the Secretary was obliged to sit still and be most terribly bored.—

Upon the conclusion of Darter's mighty effort, Gaskill was called upon for remarks, the Darterites being silly enough to believe that such dish-water stuff had the desired effect, to-wit—the conversion of Gaskill. To this call, Gaskill felt himself called upon to respond, and the way he made the wool fly from poor Darter was terrible to behold. During the speech the Darterites exhibited the greatest uneasiness, frequently gesticulating violently towards the speaker. Inch by inch did the speaker skin poor misguided Darter, and ere long the proboscis of the latter was in close proximity with the seat of his breeches.—Doctor Williamson set his supreme dignity insulted, and wo-begone Darter darted towards the door, while Gaskill kept continually darting into him. In his attempt at a hasty exodus from the scathing remarks of the speaker, Darter lost his plug, and as a last resort to save the poor devil who was receiving such a merited castigation, the chairman attempted to cough the speaker down. Some one passed as I was there. I rolled them up, and walked on up the tow-path. When near John Taylor's house, I rolled a stone up in them, and threw them into the canal. I passed on to Jacob Cook's Saloon. I then went down to the United States Hotel. After being at H. B. Macey's store awhile, and in the hand wagon and rode home by the way of J. P. Doremus.

I went into the house, gave my wife some onions and candles that I had got at Macey's store. I then took a bottle and went up to the tavern, and Isaac Provost filled it with liquor. Staid there a while, and went home. I sat the bottle of whiskey inside the door, and went to bed. When I awoke, I turned up, took up the bottle, when my wife said, "What! have you got to drink again before you go to bed?" I started for the door, she remonstrated with me, and asked if I was not going to bed. I said, "Yes, but must go out first." It was now between ten and eleven o'clock.

I went quietly down stairs to the lower room, struck a light, and searched my clothes for the ill gotten plunder. I searched every pocket, but nothing could I find. I cursed myself, and wondered what had become of the money. I blew out the light, and quietly left the house and went up the road. In passing the tavern, I heard talking. I did not stop, my business was not there this time. It was quite dark. I saw no one. I walked very fast till I came to the little woods. I then struck a light, but it was blown out in getting over the fence. On I went, feeling my way through the bushes in the dark, until I stumbled over the lifeless body of the poor old man that I had so inhumanly murdered.

I again lit a candle to find his things, but was so much alarmed, and trembled so with fear, that I found nothing but his dinner pail and hat. I took the pail and hat, and by the handkerchief he wore around his neck I dragged him to the fence. I then left the body, and took the dinner pail and hat to the barn beyond the big rock. I returned, reached through the fence, and dragged the body through, put it on my shoulder, and passed on; the that came to take him to the sand-hole instead of the woods, as was my purpose. I walked on and threw him over the bars near the ice-house. I went back, got the pail and hat, and took them to the sand-pit, where I threw it from my shoulder to the pit, with the pail and hat, and covered him the best I could with my hands. Oh! the horrors of that midnight scene; hardened wretch as I was, it made me tremble. I resolved that on the morrow night I would come with a shovel and bury him so deep that he never would be found. The time never came when I had the courage to visit that lonely grave alone.

On reaching home, my wife said, "Where have you been?" I replied, "Down on a boat, playing cards, hoping to win some money." She said, "George, can't you be persuaded to leave off gambling?" I then finished my bottle of whiskey and went to bed, but not to sleep. The liquor did not so drown my sensibilities but that the thought of the crime tormented me all night. I wished that it was in my power to again give life to that poor old inoffensive man.

The morning I wanted liquor very much, and sent my little boy to the tavern to get my bottle filled. I soon drank that I ate but little breakfast. I went over to the mill, and talked with the miller. I

A TALE OF HORROR.

A MURDERER'S DYING CONFESSION.

George Acker was executed in Newark New Jersey, last Friday, for the murder of Isaac H. Gordon. The following is the murderer's confession:

It was in the afternoon of the 18th of October, 1859, while Isaac H. Gordon and I were sitting upon the stoop of the Montville tavern, and he was telling me about his money, that the evil thought, instigated by the devil, and the liquor I had been drinking, first came into my mind, and I said within myself, old fellow, I will waylay you, and have the money. I thought at the same time of the knife he carried.

I started towards Boonton, he soon followed. I met J. M. Van Duyne and Peter Van Drost, also John Norris and Miss Farrand. I pulled up a stake near the saw mill, carried it a little ways and threw it down. Isaac H. Gordon came up. A fight struggle was in my heart. We walked on together till we reached the little woods. I could see no one. On reaching a heap of stones by the roadside, I picked one up—my heart failed me, and I threw it down. Satan then said to me, go ahead, you never will be found out, here is your place; I lifted another, said nothing, and threw it with all my might. It struck him just back of the ear. He fell upon his face on the ground. I seized him and threw him over the fence. I picked up his dinner pail, and while he was insensible, to make sure work of it, cut his throat. As I was rifling his pockets, I heard people passing in the road. They could not see me, nor I see them. I thrust my fingers into his pocket-book, and whatever I found I stuck in my pocket, and put the pocket-book back into his pocket. What has become of the money I know not; I have never seen it since.

I then came out to the road. I saw blood upon my leg; and said to myself, there is a death-mark against me. I stooped down in the road, rubbed my hands in the dirt, looked to see if there were marks on the body, I saw none. At this time John S. Norris came up from towards Montville. My hat blew off, I picked it up and started for Boonton. Mr. Norris drove past me, when his hat blew off. I picked it up, and stepping towards him with my guilty looks, handed it to him. He asked me to ride.—

I said no, I am going to take the tow-path. As I passed up the tow-path the thought of the death mark upon my leg was upon my mind, I must make way with the overlords. I shifted the things from the pocket, and think I put them in my pantaloons or coat pocket. What ever became of the money I took from Isaac H. Gordon, I do not know, I have never seen it since it was a mystery. Nor do I know the amount.

When a little above the lock I went down by the side of the tow path and stripped off my overalls. Some one passed as I was there. I rolled them up, and walked on up the tow-path. When near John Taylor's house, I rolled a stone up in them, and threw them into the canal. I passed on to Jacob Cook's Saloon. I then went down to the United States Hotel. After being at H. B. Macey's store awhile, and in the hand wagon and rode home by the way of J. P. Doremus.

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felt wretchedly, and I began to cry. A customer came in, and I went home. My wife asked, "What is the matter?" I replied, "Landon has been talking religion to me." I soon went to sleep in the rocking chair. H