

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, April 21, 1860.

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

The Crawfordville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance.

CIRCULATION
LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN
Crawfordville!

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 5:30 a. m.
Evening Train, at 7:15 p. m.
Freight at 11:30 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.
Morning Train, at 4:20 a. m.
Evening Train, at 6:10 p. m.
Freight at 11:30 p. m.

R. F. BRYANT, Agent.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Shelby.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
DAVID TURPIN, of White.
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
WILLIAM H. SCHLATER, of Wayne.
FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,
JOSEPH RISTINE, of Fountain.
FOR TREASURER OF STATE,
NATHL F. CUNNINGHAM, of Vigo.
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
OSCAR B. HORD, of Decatur.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
SAMUEL L. RUGG, of Allen.
FOR CLERK SUPREME COURT,
CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, of Dearborn.
FOR REPORTER SUPREME COURT,
MICHAEL C. KERR, of Floyd.

LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

The following telegraphic dispatch 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.

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 county are talking of trying his muscle this fall. Like his groceries, he is a pure, undiluted 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. Jennison 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 capital 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 millions of sectionalism pale at the dread name of our chieftain and the purity of our principles. The flattering union 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 behold the Democracy of the Republic drawn up.

Among the aspirants—on the sky—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 time by the forelock and outwit his competitors. At present he is flitting through the county organizing Republican clubs and exhorting 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 he 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 peruse 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 want to get posted during the campaign call at the Review Office, the headquarters of political intelligence.

CORN PLANTERS AND WASHING MACHINES FOR SALE.—Jason W. Corey has now on hand a fine lot of Corn Planters and Washing Machines which he will sell cheap for cash. No farmer should be without his celebrated planter. The Washing Machine is a helpmate 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, headsteads 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 & Harter 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.

AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO ORGANIZE A REPUBLICAN CLUB IN FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP.—JOHN DARTER AT WORK FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF COUNTY TREASURER.

DARLINGTON, April 19.
A few days since a Republican by the name of John Darter came to Darlington in this county, from Crawfordville, 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 Crawfordville, inasmuch as it would only tend to their discomfiture; the afore-said Darter was sent to Darlington to ignite his gas, and illuminate, if possible, the obscure paths of Republicanism; and thus frighten 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-an's Rightism, that the strongest stomach of Republicans could not bear the load, much to their discomfiture, and greatly to the edification of the untutored 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. Such 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 felt 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 seething 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. Failing in this, Williamson jumped up, and in his rage charged Gaskill with stating falsehoods. Upon this Darter tremblingly arose and asked for the privilege of saying a word. This was granted him, when the poor idiot squeaked out that he would like to see Gaskill talk that way to Col. Lane; that Lane could wind him up; and that if Gaskill didn't think so he would bring Lane up. To this weakness, Gaskill replied, that he—Darter—had better bring Lane the next time he wanted to organize the sleepy heads of Franklin; and as much as intimidated that the Republicans were in a bad run of stumps when they sent such a consummate ass as Darter away from his dunghill.

At this juncture the claret begun to run from the chairman's nose, and Darter and Williamson fearful that all his Republican blood would run out, went to his assistance and calling upon the ennuhs around, began like pious men as they are, to baptize the faithful in the holy fluid.

Thus ended Darter's mighty attempt at an organization in Darlington. Wake snakes!

A DOUGLAS MAN.

The Organization of Democratic clubs throughout the County is going on briskly. Montgomery may be safely set down for a good two hundred Democratic majority this fall.

THE LADOGA RURALIST.—We have received the first number of this paper, just issued in the flourishing little town of Ladoga. It is published by D. A. Burton. We wish this new institution for public favor abundant success.

Another movement is on foot to build a market house. We trust the enterprise will succeed this time.

Our energetic Sheriff Wm. K. Wallace, is erecting a couple of fine brick store rooms on Green street.

The wheat generally throughout the country is looking fine. There is every prospect of a large crop.

Professor Lord of mammoth balloon notoriety, last week made a successful ascent and descent at Charleston, S. C., in his "experimental balloon Pioneer." In a communication to the Charleston Courier, he says that having reached the never-fading eastern current, "I could not but wish I were on board my large balloon, 'City of New York.' How quick I would change the scene below from land to water, and when day broke next morning many hundred miles would separate me from the western shore. But I consoled myself by thinking that the day is not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of demonstrating the feasibility of crossing the Atlantic and circumnavigating the globe in one-eighth the time it now takes, without danger, and as comfortably as if we were seated in our parlors at home."

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.

In 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 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. Hiram Ven Duyn came about ten o'clock for me to go and work for him about an hour.

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 Montville, he soon followed. I met J. M. Van Duyn and Peter Van Dross, 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 faint 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, I 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 what 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 Nottville.—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 at the bridge. 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 overalls. 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 is 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 upon 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, got into the band 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 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 over to Jonathan Provost's store for a paper of tobacco.

As I went home, I picked up the bottle of whiskey, took it up stairs and sat on the table. I sat down, looked guilty, ate no supper. Took a drink of the whiskey to quiet my guilty conscience, and nerve me for the job I had on hand. I then went to the closet, and slipped a bit of candle into my pocket unknown to my wife. I turned around, 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 threw left the body, and took the dinner pail and hat to the bars beyond the yard. I returned, reached through the fence, and dragged the body through, put it on my shoulder, and passed on; the tho't 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. Ob! the horrors of that midnight scene; hardened wretch as I was, it made me tremble. I resolved that on the next 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.

In 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 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. Hiram Ven Duyn came about ten o'clock for me to go and work for him about an hour.

I must have more grog, and I asked my wife for money. She said, I have but little, and want it for the family. I replied, there is no if nor about it, I want it.—She, bursting into tears, went to the bed room, and came back with a half dollar, and said, here, take it; if you think more of Ike Provost than you do of your family, give it to him. The boy soon returned with the whiskey. We drank, and went to the field to work. I came home at noon and emptied the bottle. I saw not another sober hour until I was beyond the reach of that destroyer of soul and body, confined in this prison. I drank, not only because I loved it, but to stupefy remorse.

I not only looked guilty, but I felt guilty when the body of Isaac H. Gordon was being exhumed from that sand pit, where I had buried it more than a week before.—That was a sight—an awful funeral—when I, the murderer, the undertaker, the procession, alone, in the still watches of the night, with none but the eye of God upon me, with my hands scooped the sand upon that lifeless body.

A ROGUES' SET OF MARTYRS.

The Black Republicans just now have several incipient martyrs who are anxious, in a small way, for somebody to hurt them. They are too ardent towards to walk up to martyrdom as old John Brown did, so that necks will be endangered, but they are nevertheless endeavoring to make people believe that they are terrible sufferers in the cause of freedom.

The first of these is Hyatt, who is now luxuriating in the Washington jail because the Senate of the United States will not back down and acknowledged that he is right. The Senate, including nearly all the Black Republicans, think it easier for the contumacious Hyatt to come to them than for them to go to him, and so he is left to vegetate within the four stone walls of his prison.

The second is Sanborn, of Massachusetts, who furnished old Brown with money and means with which to invade a State of the Union and commit murder and treason. The Senate wishing him to tell what he knew about the affair, and accordingly dispatched an officer to serve a summons on Sanborn was frightened out of his five senses, and showed fire and murder until a mob was collected who rescued him from the hands of the officials. He alleges that he fears for his personal safety, and well he may if his full connection with old Brown should come to the light and the law be allowed to take its course.

The third is Cassius M. Clay, who is lately out with a statement that his neighbors contemplated assassinating him because he was a Black Republican. The committee who were to do this fearful deed published a statement in which they state that "Mr. Clay has been most cruelly named." So far from any such design, his name has never been mentioned in a meeting of that committee, except incidentally. So he can not be accommodated to a martyrdom just now.

The last is Booth, of Wisconsin, who, like Hyatt, is luxuriating in jail, serving out a term for violation of law. The martyrs just settled another little matter which has given him some trouble and was likely to give him a good deal more.—After his trial for the seduction of a little girl who was in the habit of remaining over night with his children, he procured the removal of the case to Dane county for the second trial. This now said that he has settled the matter by paying the girl two thousand dollars and inducing her to leave the State.

These are the set of men who are endeavoring to foist themselves upon the public as sufferers and martyrs for freedom's sake.—Detroit Free Press.

THE DEAD KILLING THE LIVING.—The London Times, speaking of the cemetery nuisances in that city, says that in the seventy-one churches in London, every available space between the floorings has been used for ages as a repository of the dead. Even now these vaults are in some cases gorged with corruption, and all along the aisles and porches of the sacred edifices are graves filled with human remains. In most instances the only partition between the living and the dead is a thin slab of stone and a few inches of earth. These offer but a very imperfect barrier to the escape of noxious effluvia; and slowly, therefore, but incessantly, the gaseous products of decomposition are effused into the atmosphere of the church. But at the night services, or during the winter season, when the air is rarified by the warmth of the fires or burning gas, the rank vapors are drawn out in uncontrolled profusion. It is impossible to say what mischief has been done by this. Not enough, however, is it to have seventy-one little stone cemeteries in the shape of churches in the very heart of the city crowded city, but we have also eighty-eight burial grounds, all belonging to the several parishes, and they cover a superficial area of about 47,572 square yards. All this matter, the remains of human remains, contains nearly 36,000 tons of human remains. Years and years must go by before this can pass through its appointed changes, and be once more the constituents of the living body or the harmless elements of mineral compound.

The Shelbyville Volunteer, thus notices Col. Lane's speech in that city:—It was a noticeable fact that the Democrats present were generally pleased at the effort—probably at the Republicans' chagrin. The Republicans, on the contrary, looked sullen and crest-fallen—they showed no hilarity of feelings; they marched to the music of the band they had employed as demurely and indifferent as criminals to execution. The feelings of the majority may probably be more accurately inferred from the remark of a staunch Republican from one of the out townships, while canvassing the merits of the speech from the Court house, to the effect that if Lane "could not make a better show than that," he acted wisely in declining to canvass the State in connection with Hendricks.

EXTRAORDINARY RECEIPTS.—It is stated that the receipts at the doors of the Convention Garden Theater, London, for the season of 1801-1811, amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, which is presumed to be the largest amount ever taken in the same period, in that or any other theater.

WHO WOULD BE A HEATHEN?

Mamma, I wished I lived away.
Away across the great big sea,
Where I could see the sun and moon play,
And then how happy I should be!

I wish you'd be a heathen, too.
And then we could all have bread,
And good warm clothes and butter,
And brother Willie, too, and Ned.

The folks would come and see you then—
Mamma, you look so sick and pale—
And bring some bread and butter,
When they hear my sisters crying wail.

Mamma, can't Christians be heathens, shed,
Except on heathen? Can't they give
To sister Sue and me some bread,
And let your little daughters live?

I went to church to-day and heard
The preacher for the heathen pray;
But not the first imploring word,
For hungry little Christians say.

My little dress was worn and thin,
And I sat shivering in the cold;
While other little girls put in
The box their shining sums of gold.

They told me that this was to buy
For little ones the children bread;
Oh! mother, I wish I had some gold,
Could be as heathen and be fed.

They laughed at me of old faded dress,
And put on many naughty airs;
I thought of God in my distress,
And hid my face behind my prayer.

Mamma, shan't we be heathens, too,
So we can have some clothes and bread—
I and my little sister Sue,
And brother Willie, too, and Ned?

THE BETTER LAND.

Beautiful are thoughts of thee,
Oh, land of fabled bliss,
Land, where the glorious summer
Hath no ray of gloom.

Where the flowers do not die,
Where the leaves are ever green,
Where sorrow hath no place of rest,
The heart no funeral bell.

Where no dark threatening skies,
No sad loud sound of waves,
No warning of impending doom,
No lone remembered graves.

No wars, pale death and pain,
No anguish, no despair,
No wild pulse-beat of passion,
No sad, repentant prayer.

Where ceaseless songs of angels
Breathe the only music of the air,
Where love seeks no nepenthe,
For its full heart of pain.

Where rest from life's sorrows,
Dimly foreshadowed scenes,
The sweet completion of our dream,
Down-shining in my dreams.

Land! oh! land, I long for thee
As for home, when far away!
As the pilgrim for the shrine,
The wanderer for the bay.

For the voice of the beloved
In thine Elysian bowers.

THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER UNBROKEN.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Rome, March 17th says:—
The Government here fully understands how shakily its position. The signs are too unmistakable to be misunderstood, and the Pope has given command to his troops not to attempt resistance in the anticipated revolution, but let it be, as far as possible, a bloodless one.

When the report reached him of the balloting in Tuscany and the Romagna, he is said to have shed tears at his desertion by so many even of the priestly order, who proved themselves to have been men before they were Roman Catholics. He is having a dreary time of it; he has the misfortune to consider it his duty to support an institution which the age insists shall be removed. He is an amiable man, judging from his looks, his words and actions, but his lot has fallen in evil days for Roman Pontiffs.

On Wednesday night last there were small handbills posted up all over the city, calling for a vote upon the question of annexation of Rome itself to Sardinia, and Thursday morning was spent by the police in pulling them down.

A REMARKABLE METEOR.—At a late meeting of the London Philosophical Society, Mr. Nisbett noticed the remarkable meteor seen on the night of Saturday, the 10th of March, and which had caused such terror in Drogheda, and other parts of Ireland. He described it as one of remarkable size and brilliancy. It was one foot one way and six inches the other; and gave a light equal to the moon at full.

CHANCERY MARKET.

The market continues to gradually improve with firmer feeling on the part of holders at \$5 50 to 5 60 for superfine flour.

Wheat—the prime qualities in good demand—prices firm at \$1 35 to 1 38.

Corn—is in good demand at 44 to 45c for ear in bulk.

Rye—95c.

Oats—the demand continues good and receipts light. They are quoted at 43c.

Barley—85 to 83c.

Hay—steady at \$18 to 19 per ton.

Cheese—dull at 7 1-2c.

Butter—prime fresh in demand at 18 to 20c.

OCTOBER ELECTION.

Mr. BOWEN—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention, held on the 2nd of April.

HENRY NICHOLSON.

Mr. BOWEN—Please announce the name of ANDREW J. FULLER as a candidate for the office of County Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention.

MANY THANKS.

Religious Notice.

REV. B. F. FOSTER will preach at McClelland's Hall on Saturday night, the 24th of April. Also on Sunday morning at 10 a. m., and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

(April 21, 1860-2w.)

Ruinous Prices!!

JUST RECEIVED, FIFTY-SIX PIECES OF FANCY DRESS SILKS, TO be sold at 30 c. per yard less than cost of importation. Prices ranging from FORTY CENTS to three dollars & 75 cts. at

SNYDER'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

April 21, 1860.

A NEW lot of Embroideries, Sleeves and Collars, and Edgings and Finery, at reduced prices, at

SNYDER'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

STEEL Extension Hoop SKIRT, at 25 & 42 CENTS.

Boots & Shoes and other goods at very low prices, at