

Bloomington News-Letter.

A Weekly Democratic Newspaper--Devoted to News, Politics, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, &c., &c.

A. B. & J. C. CARLTON, EDITORS.

J. C. CARLTON, PUBLISHER

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BLOOMINGTON.
SATURDAY MORNING APRIL 14, 1855.
The election in Virginia comes off on the fourth Thursday of the present month. The result is looked to with great anxiety by all parties.
The Franklin Jeffersonian says that a young gentleman by the name of Oliver McLaughlin, eloped from the "Bluffs," with the wife of Mr. Crawford, last week.
When a man has a great deal of fault to find with a newspaper which he never fails to read, it is a sure sign that he has not paid for it. People seldom find fault with their own property.
Davenport, Iowa, on Saturday week elected city officers. The Know Nothings were beaten.
The dwelling house of Wm. Mason, in Lawrence county, accidentally took fire a few days since, and was totally consumed.
The Massachusetts House of Representatives have passed to a third reading, a bill prohibiting the exclusion of colored children from any of the public schools; and the act will probably pass both branches with but slight opposition.

RAILROADS AND EXPRESS COMPANIES.—There is some jealousy of Express Companies at the South, on the part of railroads. A late Savannah paper says there was a meeting of the Presidents and representatives of all the railroads between Washington City and Montgomery, Alabama, at Augusta recently, when it was determined, unanimously, to stop the express business over the roads represented. It was contended that the express companies are accumulating large fortunes, while the railroads do all the work.

Mr. Rosdick, the member of Parliament whose resolution of inquiry into the war with Russia, caused the resignation of the English ministry, it is said to be a very diminutive man. He is smaller than Lord John Russell, and no doubt the smallest public man in England. He measures in his stockings a little rising four feet. He is eloquent, but very bitter in his invectives.

Russia's Power.—The great extent of Russia is well expressed by Dr. Quincer, who in one of his essays says:
"Russia, a mighty empire as respects the simple grandeur of magnitude, builds her power upon sterility. She has it in her power to seduce an invading foe into vast circles of starvation, of which the radii measure one thousand leagues."

CHEAP INFANTS.—They give away children now in New York, on account of the hard times, before they are born. We copy the following notice from the New York Herald:
Any lady wishing to adopt an infant from its birth, (in the early part of next month,) may hear of a good opportunity and have an interview with the mother, by addressing "B," box 187.

It is more than probable that many of the readers of the North-Western Gazette during its waning days, will recognize the gentleman referred to in the following paragraph from the Cincinnati Gazette of the 5th inst.:
Young Mr. Connelly, one of the reporters of the Columbian, who was among the Germans when the firing took place, being pursued and shouted after as a Know Nothing, made good time, but fell, wounding one of his hands.

The following "riddle," was handed us for publication several days since, and should have appeared last week, but was overlooked. It may serve to amuse some of our juvenile readers, in studying it out. The answer will be given next week.
[For the News-Letter.]

When this great globe upon each pole,
Received its order for to roll,
I lay inactive beneath
Its surface, without life or breath,
And there I lay, till tyrant man
Espied me, and conceived the plan
Of stealing me from where I lay,
That I might serve him night and day;
But when he had me in his power,
I proved to be so dull and sour,
He could not make me say or do,
Until he did my form renew;
For that he cast me in the fire,
And moulded me to his desire;
Then brought me forth out of the flame,
To speak the greatness of his name.
'Twas then my voice began to sound,
My eloquence to spread around;
I soon was heard for to contend
For and against both foe and friend.
Underlook the Christian's cause,
By reason and by nature's law;
And not in government I came,
Contenting to support the same;
I at the same time did undertake
The cause of both Church and State.
And thus I have always been spent,
But still I never will relent
For anything that I did do;
For I conceived it naught but true
That all was right, and so I tried
To say a word for every side.
In the present day do teach
My divines the way to preach.
The statesman too is taught by me
His country to enslave or free,
And how they often gain their cause
By application to my laws.
Although my voice does now resound
Through every land and sea around,
I was, if I've been rightly told,
More than fifty hundred years old
Before my voice was ever heard
Or I tried to speak one word.
And now, in fact, to tell the truth,
Though I have spoke in age and youth,
Yet after all I've said or done,
I never was heard by any one
That lived beneath the sun.
Now if this riddle you'll expound
I'll think your sense and knowledge sound.

BRUTALITY.—Last evening a poor wood-sawyer was going home after his hard day's work, with a small bundle of cold victuals in his hand, and his saw and horse on his back, he was knocked down and brutally treated by two or three rowdies, on Plum street. This is one case. We also learn, that while the large crowd was assembled around the Mechanics' Institute last evening, a poor hard working German, going home from his work, with his tin can in his hand, was attacked in the same way, knocked down and stamped upon. He was rescued by gentlemen who were there, and sent home. Such acts as these are simply infamous. They are committed by rowdies who should be as severely punished as the law will permit. —*Cin. Gazette, 5th.*

And who is to blame for the presence of such a spirit of mobocracy but the paper uttering the above, and the Cincinnati Times? From first to last, during the past canvass, the two papers just mentioned have been filled with the grossest misrepresentations and exaggerations in regard to our naturalized citizens.

CHILD BORN IN A STAGE COACH.—A few days since, a lady who was riding in a stage from Pontiac to Flint, Mich., desired to alight at one of the houses on the road, asserting that she was not well. The passengers, however, insisted on her remaining till they should arrive at the next hotel, which was a short distance off. The result was, that when the coach reached the public house, the woman had given birth to a child.

SACK RELIGIOUS.—The editor of the Boston Herald has been getting a new coat, or has been reading the Bible very recently. The unusual events has produced the following:
Verily there is nothing new under the sun.
For a description of sack coats read Ed Samuel, 10th chapter, 4th verse.

RAILROADS AND THEIR VICTIMS.—Mr. Maine, of Suffolk, made an affecting speech in the Senate yesterday in his new Railroad bill for the preservation of life "on through trains." He said he spoke "for the silent dead," when a profane spectator outside the bar observed that he had a "thundering large constituency." —*Boston Atlas.*

The late Lord Robertson is commemorated by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott." It was Robertson who gave the author of Waverley the sobriquet by which he was in later years known among his familiar friends. "Hush," said Robertson one day, as Scott's tall, conical, white head was seen advancing above the crowd in the parliament house to the fire-place, round which a bevy of young barristers were gathered. "Hush, boys, here comes old Peveril: I see the Peak."

The following gem is from the pen of Dickens:
"She died," said Polly, "and never was seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow."
"The cold ground," said the child shuddering.
"No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people are turned into angels and fly away to Heaven."

By Telegraph.

Arrival of the Baltic.

New York, April 6.
The Baltic has arrived, bringing dates to the 24th.
The St. Louis arrived out Saturday.
The four points guaranteeing the placing of the Danubian Provinces under the protection of the Four Powers, was unanimously agreed to.

Breadstuffs and provisions are steady, and prices are unchanged.
The money market is easier. Consols for money are quoted at 92½.

The new steamer, City of Baltimore, from Liverpool to Philadelphia, has been taken up by the French Government for six months, and left Liverpool for Marseilles, having in tow the American ship Ticonderoga, also employed by the French Government.

The Czar has made several speeches—mild to the diplomatic body, strong to the army, and on the whole, the language is interpreted in a pacific sense.

The first of the four points, which has been unanimously agreed to at the Vienna conference, reads as follows: The abolition of the exclusive protectorate of Russia in Moldavia and Wallachia, the Sultan being placed under the guarantee of the five powers.

The latest dispatch, dated Vienna, Friday evening, says that the conference is progressing favorably.

The second point was either settled to-day or will be to-morrow.

It must be repeated that the question of peace or war will not be decided until the third point is settled.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times telegraphs under date of Friday evening—The news from Vienna appears favorable to peace, and the people are disposed to believe that the conference will be attended with a happy result.

Count Nesselrode will proceed to Vienna when negotiations will become critical.

The new Czar gave strong evidence of abiding by the plan traced out by his father, and that he will make no concessions.

Rumors are current of the new basis of arrangement, including the freedom of the Black Sea, the opening of the Danube, and the erection of the Turkish forts, etc., in Asia.

Advices from Constantinople state that the Porte is determined to maintain the undiminished sovereignty over the Dardanelles, and protests against the Christians of the empire being placed under any foreign protection. The Porte also desires the participation of Prussia in the conference.

Ali Pacha, minister of foreign affairs, has been summoned to Vienna.

The official reports of the storming of Malkoff's redoubt, on the night of the 23d of February, the French publish as one of the most gallant achievements of the campaign.

Gen. Osten Sacken telegraphed to St. Petersburg on the night of the 10th: We erected a redoubt about 300 yards in front of Kormiloff's bastion. Our works are carried on with success.

Nothing of importance before Eupatoria. Gen. Burgoyne remains in the Crimea at the request of Raglan.

The health of the allied troops is satisfactory.

The English position is well fortified.

The Russians have received reinforcements.

At the allied council of war, held on the 4th, the recommencement of active operations was resolved upon.

Raglan's last dispatch, dated March 8th, says: The weather is fine and dry. The sick are deriving benefit from the change.

The new British battery of 3 guns caused two small Russian steamers to leave their moorings. The Russians are receiving large reinforcements and provisions and munitions of war.

Omar Pacha's force, on the 3d of March, amounted to 35,000 men and continually reinforcing.

Letters state that the Russian preparations indicate an eventual evacuation of Bessarabia without a contest.

The Grand Duke Constantine directs the fleet and ministry of marine to make a levy of recruits throughout Russian Poland.

In the House of Lords, Lords Lyndhurst and Clarendon spoke severely against the vacillating policy of Prussia.

The proceedings of Roebuck's committee are drawing to a close.

France.—Napoleon reviewed the Imperial Guards and made a short but patriotic speech.

The new Belgium ministry formed, but only held office one day. The crisis therefore continued.

The Legislative Assembly of Denmark unanimously voted an impeachment of the ex-ministers.

The French attempt to storm Shanghai proved a failure.

The Anglo-French squadron of twenty-five steamers are on their way to Genoa to embark with the Sardinian troops for the Crimea.

Odesa advices to the 14th are received. Prince Menshikoff died of fever.

The Russians sunk three or four ships of war at Sevastopol.

The French hospital at Constantinople

has been burnt to the ground—96 persons perished. The palace of Beglerbeg is to be repaired and put in order for a hospital.

The Pope sent an embassy of condolence and friendship to Alexander.

It is stated that Gortschakoff has been ordered from St. Petersburg to take Eupatoria at any price. He is preparing to obey.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6.
The officer that went in pursuit of Baker is back again.

We learn by a steamer that arrived from Havana that no trace has been discovered of the sloop-of-war Albany that left Havana on the 31st.

She brings accounts of the execution of Estramps, which took place on the 30th. Consul Robinson, under instructions, demanded his trial under the treaty of stipulations, but notwithstanding the protest, he was tried by a military court and condemned, having confessed his design to secure the independence of the island. He showed the greatest indifference to his fate. At the execution he showed an intention to address the multitude, but the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound. His voice was heard above the din, shouting, "Liberty forever! Death to all Kings!"

The other prisoners were condemned to long imprisonment.

CINCINNATI, April 6, M.
The city clerk has issued certificates of election to all the Democratic candidates, the judges of the Eleventh and Twelfth wards having made the returns under oath. It is not likely that the election will be contested.

RICHMOND, Va., April 4.
The election to-day—Know Nothing majority 1,223.

Immense Inundation of the Rhine—Seventy Villages Submerged.
[From the London Daily News, March 13.]

ROTTERDAM, March 10.
Accounts from the Lower and Upper Rhine, and from the province of North Brabant, continue to be of the most distressing description. We hear of houses undermined and beaten down by the inundating waters, while others more capable of resisting their violence, stand with their roofs peering above the surrounding flood. In one instance, in a village near Dusseldorf, the inhabitants had not the time to effect their escape before the waters dashed in, sweeping all before them.

Many poor creatures were drowned, though not so many, happily, as under the circumstances might have been expected. To those who escaped, the only place of safety was in the higher stories of their dwellings; and many instances occurred of people being obliged to seek safety on the roofs of their cottages, whether no assistance could be conveyed to them in consequence of the enormous masses of ice dashing about on the surface of the encroaching waters. The village of Veenendaal has suffered severely; the inhabitants have left—i. e., have been driven from their homes en masse, and may be seen bringing with them their children, their furniture, and what provisions they could save seeking shelter in their neighboring villages.

The church, which is situated on a rising ground is almost the only building uninjured by the flood, and it is consequently filled with poor creatures shut from any other shelter. I hear many of them are there unable to move through sickness.

Even when the water may have returned to its channel (and at the time I write it has begun to fall) a fearful scene of devastation will await the return of the inhabitants. Of winter crops there will be none—not a potato nor a chair remains; the village must in a manner be rebuilt, reprovioned, and refurnished, before its inhabitants can occupy it again.

In North Brabant the flood is not so general, but it has broken down the dykes, so that the damage caused will prove of a fearful character. Several bridges have been carried away, and the town of Boisdue is a diminutive island amidst a waste of water and ice. The surrounding villages are deserted, but when the dykes are repaired, they will again, for the most part, be habitable. In one village, however, 10 houses were at once swept away by the flood, and seven of their occupants were drowned. It is 144 years ago since Holland was before visited with a similarly destructive flood.

A gentleman who lives in this city, and who was in Cincinnati on the day of the election there, stated yesterday morning, that if the election in Cincinnati was to be had over again, the know nothing ticket there, would be worse defeated than it was on Monday. He said that every man of any respectability repudiated the party there, and none but bullies and black guards could be found to speak in favor of the disgraceful faction of Ned Buntline. This gentleman when he went to Cincinnati was a know nothing—he came back a strong anti-know nothing.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien That to be hated needs but to be seen."
Louisville Times.

If Prosperity is the only test that a vulgar man can't pass through. If a man has anything mean in his disposition, a little good luck is sure to bring it out.

The Birds of Spring.

From Wolfert's Roost.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and during the present season have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visitors we have during the early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather.

He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing of the night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours his song was more remarked.

He sat on the leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus; when, after their long and dubious voyage, the field-birds came singing round the ship, though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land.

A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth now and then a few plaintive notes between the frosty pippings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted my book of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending but welcome of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visitors, who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Pe-wit, or Pe-wee, or Phoebe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being; and seeks the habitation of man. A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive early in the spring, just when the crocus and snow-drop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. "The Phoebe birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been; and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardener may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my opinion, is the Bobolink, or Bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; the "rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and

sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosom of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin, was doomed to be mewed up during the living day in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room; it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot.—Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task; no hateful school; nothing but holiday frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
The sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year."

"Oh! I could fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring!"

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have known him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he is a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sated from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear, he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand," with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table."

In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling—Bobolink no more—he is the *Real Bird* now, the much-sought-for tit-bit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform? Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure! Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

AMERICAN MUSKETS FOR FOREIGN USE.—There is great activity at present among some of our American gun manufacturers, induced in part by the war in Europe. The Windsor (Vt.) Journal says that the Robbins and Lawrence Company of Windsor, have just contracted for the manufacture of muskets to the amount of some four or five hundred thousand dollars. The contract is made for a company in London, and the arm to be manufactured is the Minié rifle, with some modifications. The fulfillment of the contract will require an additional force of some two or three hundred men. Two establishments in Massachusetts have also received similar orders, one of which for 20,000 rifle muskets.

Know Nothings—The Cincinnati Riots.

"Can it be that such things are,
And do become as like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

We have read the accounts of the late riots at Cincinnati with the most painful interest. The Know Nothings of that city have a fearful responsibility resting upon them for the destruction of human life and the violation of the sanctity of the ballot-box. We have read all the accounts of the difficulty, and there can be but one opinion, that it was a gross and villainous violation of the rights of American citizens, without excuse and without any plausible pretext. It was evident that the anti-Know Nothing candidates would be elected by upwards of a thousand majority, and the Know Nothings, wild with fanaticism, took the ballot boxes by force from wards where the anti-Know Nothings were strongest, and burnt the tickets! And this in the nineteenth century! in a Christian country—by men professing to have a special mission to purify the political elements of the country!

And yet, this is a result that might have been easily foreseen by the originators of this diabolical scheme of uniting Church and State; for such it is, in its tendency. Of all wars, a war of races is the most terrible and unrelenting, except a war that is instigated by religious intolerance and fanaticism. This Know Nothing war combines them both! What good was ever accomplished by such intolerance and fanaticism? Witness Palestine! Judaism! Ireland! Where are the myriads of Christians that marched to Palestine to reclaim the Holy Sepulcher? Its battle fields were whitened by the bleaching bones of millions, and yet the Holy Land was not rescued from the hands of the Infidels! After centuries of persecution by Christendom against the Jews, they yet remain true to the House of Israel their numbers increased, and their faith unbroken. What good has English persecution of Catholic Ireland done? Has it made a Protestant of a single Irishman? Not one! But it has produced a fierce animosity that can never be neutralized.

Turning from the terrible spectacle of misery, crime, and bloodshed produced in other countries and other ages by religious fanaticism and intolerance, at the bare mention of which the world turns pale, we might hope that in our own beloved country, renowned throughout the world for our religious freedom, that the trail of the serpent of religious fanaticism and bigotry could not be found. Least of all would it be expected that in a country whose citizens boast of their independence, boldness, and frankness, such large numbers of our citizens would consent to form themselves into secret midnight societies, bound together by the most horrible oaths, for the purpose of depriving a portion of their fellow-citizens of equal rights! Never talk again of Inquisitions—of Jesuitism—or of the secret society of Thugs of India! Would to Heaven that we had a few Tom Jeffersons, yet living, to warn the people of the dangers to be apprehended from this wild fanaticism!

E. B. Collins.

The Secretary of State, Doctor COLLINS, refuses to publish the new State Bank law, as required by the Act, in the Indianapolis papers. He comes out in the *Republican* with a long official manifesto, about a column in length, in the style of a *veto message*, giving his objections to the Bill! O, most puissant Doctor COLLINS! who cares anything about your objections? This manifesto is the merest twaddle we ever read. Who conferred upon Dr. COLLINS the veto power? We don't approve of the law; and still less do we approve of Doctor COLLINS. He has made himself supremely ridiculous.

The men who elected him are ashamed of him. The New Albany *Tribune*, Indianapolis *Journal*, and other Fusion papers are down on him like a thousand of brick. This beautiful state of things comes from the "moral reform party"—the immaculate Know Nothings, who were to turn the corrupt old liners out of office, and put in "good and competent men!" Heaven save the mark!

Doctor COLLINS says that "he shall be governed by the expression of public opinion as to publishing the Bank law with the other laws of the State!"

If he wants to know the public opinion of the people of Monroe county, let him learn that he is regarded as having shown himself a great ass.

The Bedford *Standard* should be a little more circumspect as to its sources of information concerning the State University. We do not believe that Mr. PEARSON would wilfully misrepresent facts; but he does sometimes permit himself to be badly deceived, as in his last article about the arrest of Dr. DAVIS and some of the students, forfeiture of recognizance, &c. Mr. P. certainly can have no good reason for his hostility to the State University.

W. H. TAGGART, from Brown county who has been sojourning in this place a few days, on a pleasure excursion, was robbed of his watch, at the Mayes House, on Thursday night. He left his watch in his hat when he went to bed, and it was gone in the morning.

He signed his political death warrant on Saturday," says the New Albany *Tribune* of Col. W. C. PARSONS, for voting the anti-Know Nothing ticket at the Louisville election. Col. PARSONS is a talented old line whig, who is unwilling to give in his adhesion to the *Thug* party. He preferred an open and manly controversy, to meeting a clandestine enemy in the dark. And for this he must be ostracized, must he? *Nous verrons.*

Martinsville Election.

We were in Martinsville on the day of the April election, and witnessed one of the most exciting contests we have ever seen on such occasions. The only issue was Know Nothingism, and both parties used their utmost efforts. The result was a brilliant victory over the Know Nothings. Last fall the majority was the other way. The anti-Know Nothings had their tickets printed and headed in large capitals: "Anti-Know Nothing ticket."

PHILIP COOK, R. H. TARTLETON, and JAMES CUNNINGHAM were elected Justices; A. JARRETT, Township Trustee; B. HAYWARD, Township Treasurer; A. FINLAR, (Scotchman,) Township Clerk; J. TAGGART, GEORGE GILPIN, and J. WARRER were elected Constables. All the "anti" candidates were elected by an average majority of about 60. The "old liners" were highly elated with their victory, and the disciples of "Sam" were chagrined in a corresponding degree. The old liners hung out their banner on the outward walls, at their headquarters, over McClure & Parks' office, in honor of their victory; and at night, the boys had an illumination.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.—Among the new advertisements, our readers will find the advertisement of PETER R. SROG, Esq., of New Albany. Mr. S. has a fine establishment, buys his goods in the same market that the most extensive dealers of Louisville do, and we can't see why he is not able to sell on as favorable terms as the merchants of that city. Country merchants in this neighborhood should give him a call and examine his stock and prices, at any rate.

The Reaction.

Cincinnati, which gave a K. N. majority of 5,000 last October, now gives a Democratic majority of over 1,000.

Madison, Ind., which went overwhelmingly Know Nothing last Fall, now elects seven old line Whigs and six old line Democrats over the K. N. ticket.

Evansville elects the whole Anti-Know Nothing ticket by over 100 majority. Last Fall it went K. N.

The democrats carried Orleans in Orange County at the April election. More votes were polled than at the October election. This was the strong hold of Know Nothingism in Orange county.

Rushville elects the Anti-Know Nothing ticket by a majority of over two to one.

In Michigan City the Union ticket was elected over the Know Nothings by a considerable majority.

Aurora, Know Nothing last Fall by 14 majority, now elects the Old Line ticket by 150 majority.

Maysville, Ky., heretofore largely K. N., now elects the whole Democratic ticket.

Dayton, Hamilton, Toledo, New Richmond, Chillicothe, and several other cities in Ohio, have wheeled into the Democratic line and give decided anti-K. N. majorities, and those places in which the K. N.'s have succeeded, it has been by greatly reduced majorities.

Know Nothingism is on the wane! At Covington, Evansville, Martinsville, and various other places in this State, the Hindoos have been beaten. Notwithstanding the villainous practices of these midnight Thugs against the sanctity of the ballot-box, they were badly beaten at Cincinnati, and all the Democratic candidates were sworn into office.

The Martinsville Theater.

Gave a farewell benefit one night last week—which wound up with a lottery, in which our friend Lewis C. SMITHSON was the fortunate possessor of the ticket, which drew the stage furniture, scenery, &c.

A Ball.

Was given by the young gentlemen of this place at KAN'S City Hall, on Thursday evening last. It was well attended and every thing went on with perfect decorum. An excellent supper was prepared for the occasion. The company dispersed at a reasonable hour and nothing occurred to mar the propriety of this most healthful, innocent, and cheerful exercise.

Lotteries.

We are perfectly disgusted with seeing at almost every town in this State, where we have lately traveled, posters stuck up for one-horse lotteries, "gift enterprises," &c. Now, some very good people—even Christians—buy tickets in these swindling concerns; but don't you know, honest friend, that it is gambling—and the worst kind of gambling—for it is always a one-sided game? The thing ought to be discouraged—it is morally just as bad as sitting down to a four-handed game of "old sledge" with 25 cents ante.

The synopsis of the new Bounty Land Law, which will be found in to-day's paper, we have determined to continue for a few weeks, as a matter of reference for those who wish to make themselves acquainted with its main provisions.

At Lynn the other day, a Sabbath School teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next scholar, an Irish child, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn't an Irishman!"

IMMIGRATION ON THE DECLINE.—The number of immigrants arriving at New York from foreign countries during the quarter ending March 31, is officially stated at 15,567. This shows a large decrease, compared with the arrivals of the corresponding season in 1854, when the number was 23,718.

C. B. BENTLEY, Esq., has been appointed Post Master at Brookville, in place of Mr. KING, deceased.

The K. N.'s vs. The Thugs.

The Thugs of India are a very conscientious people. Bound together by secret oaths in a covenant for theft, robbery, and murder, they are yet very conscientious against shedding blood. They are the "moral reform party" of India. Stealing upon his victim in the night the Thug throws around his neck a diabolical instrument like a lasso or sling shot, with which he strangles him to death. But he sheds no blood. He is too conscientious for that! The Know Nothings are equally conscientious; they are the "moral reform party" of this country, and yet they stab their victim in the dark, and purify the elective franchise by burning ballot-boxes and "killing the d—d foreigners!"

The Tippecanoe Circuit Court, says the *Lafayette Courier*, Judge PATTER on the bench, commenced its Spring session on Monday, April 9th. There are over 400 causes to be tried, and the session will be a long one—six months will be necessary to clear the cumbersome docket.

The average Democratic majority at the recent election in Cincinnati, was 1,300. The Know Nothing majority in the same city in October last was 6,400. The whole number of votes cast in October was 17,637. The whole vote at the recent election 17,783.

MORE KNOW NOTHING OUTRAGES IN CINCINNATI.—We learn from the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Tuesday, that a party of "Americans" mobbed a German, went into his private rooms, insulted his wife and whipped his children. This will do for such a party, but such dastardly acts would disgrace men forever.

It is said to be the invariable practice throughout Holland to bid down instead of up at an auction. An article is set up at any price the auctioneer pleases; if nobody bids, he lowers until some person cries "Mine," and that person who so claims it is then entitled to it; a practice congenial to Dutch taciturnity.

The Ripley Circuit Court last week sentenced Mr. MURN to the penitentiary for two years for forging a note for \$25. Mr. MURN is probably the richest man in Ripley county. It is supposed his property is worth near \$100,000.

ARMON, the Cincinnati murderer, still remains cheerful, although his allotted space of life is drawing to a close. It is said that he still entertains hopes of a commutation of his sentence.

The Know Nothings of Cincinnati are endeavoring to make a martyr out of MURKIN, the rowdy who went from Covington, Ky., to control the Cincinnati election. They talk about his being "murdered by the Dutch." If he had said at home, it is thought by the best judges, that "the Dutch" would not have molested him. They killed him in self defence.

The interesting ceremonies of baptism and confirmation were administered on Sunday, in Madison to ten candidates in Christ.

Mr. GREEN, the "Reformed Gambler," is speaking in Iowa, upon his favorite topics.

If you want to buy an excellent pair of Shoes or Boots, very cheap, call at TUNNEY'S.

Horrible State of Affairs in Cuba.

Whilst England and France are squandering millions of money, and sacrificing the lives of their subjects by thousands, in waging a war against what they call the barbarism of Russia; and for the advance of Christian civilization, they are upholding a despotism in Cuba which has no parallel. The murder of Pinto is but one of a long catalogue of evidences of unsurpassed cruelty and barbarism. There is no liberty in Cuba; there is no property there—no safety of life or honor in Cuba. A tyranny, against which even Europe would revolt, you can see any clear day from the promontories of Florida. There it is, the death of intolerance, the agony of military torture, the horror of the Inquisition, the ever-increasing and agonizing demonism of the slave trade, all in one, all collected from the barbarities of ages, brewing and withering under those clouded mountain-tops to the east. And that is what England and France propose to protect!

There are no laws in Cuba, save such as a nomadic governor, equally remorseless as to life or money, chooses to make for himself. There is no press there. A rigid and armed wall excludes the people from the world, and the world from them. They seize mails there, open letters, and seize those to whom they are addressed. There is no trial there, by jury or otherwise. A secret tribunal decides on life and death, without calling a witness or arraigning the accused except to torture him into confession, or relying for evidence upon a convicted felon.

No civilized man or woman can go out of that island save as its governor wills—no civilized man or woman can enter save with his permission. A brave soldier is tried in secret there, or not tried at all, but doomed in secret; he is pinned in public view in an arm-chair, and his neck twisted off, and the bells of religion sing a sanctified chime. They shoot men in the back there, and order African savages to brutalize themselves, and drag the noble and dead victims naked through the streets. They shoot Americans in the back there—men who never knelt save to their God, and always die with their face to the enemy. They kill women there. The armed and public spy walks masked there through the streets and points out the victims of his vengeance. Night after night hords of Africans are poured into that "society" to threaten with universal assassination the people of the whole community, should they revolt or should a disgusted world revolt for them. Priests sing their hymns to the garrote, and pray for the slave-slay. That island lies in sight of Florida, in American waters, and there and such is the status quo which an Anglo-French alliance would protect with British and French fleets.—*Wash. Union*

The Desecration of the Ballot-Box at Cincinnati.

The eyes of the whole country have been turned in painful anxiety to the scenes enacted in Cincinnati on Monday and Tuesday of last week. We publish elsewhere, from the *Commercial*, the only paper in that city which took no part on either side, an account of what took place, which, we have no doubt, may be relied on as correct.—From this statement there can be no question but that the destruction of the ballot-boxes was one of the most horrible desecrations that ever took place in a country pretending to recognize the existence of the elective franchise.

The Know Nothing party in Cincinnati and throughout the country are endeavoring to relieve themselves of the load of obloquy which attaches to these outrages, first by asserting that there was some excuse for the violence, and second by saying that they were perpetrated by drunken men and boys without the connivance of the order. Unfortunately for them, all the facts go to show that the destruction of the ballot-boxes tally papers, and poll books was deliberately planned and carried out for the purpose of foisting upon the people of Cincinnati a set of men who had been beaten by over thirteen hundred votes at the election. A brief recapitulation of the facts will show this plainly enough. Let us see: Towards the close of the day of the election it became pretty manifest that the Know Nothing ticket was defeated. It was then that a crowd of so-called "Americans" proceeded to the Eleventh ward, which was known to have given a very large majority for the Democratic ticket, seized the ballot box, broke it to pieces, and trampled the tickets under foot. The counting of the votes in the other wards having been nearly completed on Tuesday morning, the Know Nothings perceived, to their dismay, that notwithstanding the loss of the Eleventh ward, the Democratic ticket was elected. Another gang then proceeded to the Twelfth ward, where the Judges were counting the tickets, deliberately and noisily seized the tickets, the poll books, and the tally papers, thrust them into the stove, ran up the American flag, and gave three cheers for "Pap Taylor" and the American ticket! After these dark, damning deeds were consummated, Taylor and the other defeated candidates on the Know Nothing ticket went to the city clerk's office and made written demands for certificates of election, thus showing beyond all question that they were willing and anxious to profit by the destruction of the ballot-boxes.

The nation has passed through many a heated political contest. Men's passions have been aroused and the fiercest excitements have been witnessed; but in all these bitter conflicts between Democrats and Whigs, the ballot-box has, by common consent, been regarded as the final arbiter between the contestants. When the people, in their majesty have passed upon parties and upon men, all have quietly and in most instances cheerfully submitted to the decision. It was left to the secret order of Know Nothings—to the party which takes upon itself the sole guardianship of "American" principles—to set the example, first, of beating men from the polls, and then of destroying ballot boxes and burning tickets to carry their end.

If the scenes which transpired in Cincinnati last week are not sufficient to arouse the people of the country to the dangerous character of the new organization, then we shall be greatly disappointed.—*New Albany Ledger*.

SAN FRANCISCO, AFTER THE CRASH.—A San Francisco correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* thus describes them in Montgomery street after the crash:

"A distinguished officer in the United States army remarked to your correspondent two days since, that in walking thro' Montgomery street, (our Wall street,) watching the anxious countenances of men running to and fro, women crying and moaning over their supposed losses, and the extremely agitated and excited state of the community, he found his mind and thoughts were exercised very much as they were the morning after the battle, whilst walking over the battle-field, for the purpose of seeing who were dead and wounded—to see who of his many friends had fallen.

"Yes, it is even so; the mind of a benevolent, Christian man, be he an officer of the army or a civilian, cannot look upon the passing scenes of this week just closed without feeling sad. 'How are the mighty fallen!' These words are true, and every way applicable at the present moment to the parties in the house of Page, Bacon & Co., and Adams & Co. There are individuals in both concerns who have recently considered themselves independently as rich, and poured out money like water in expensive living, and splendid equipages, but who to-day are absolutely poor. What a change in the supposed circumstances of a man, even in the course of ten days!"

EXPERIENCE IN ADVERTISING.—DR. HERRICK, proprietor of HERRICK'S Sugar Coated Pills, from which he is now reaping a fortune, says: "My confidence in the power of advertising is such that were I engaged in the fat wood trade, I would advertise the superiority of my kindling wood over that of any other. If you have an article to sell, let the people know it—they will find you and purchase. Will the reader make a note and old fogies copy?"

LADIES IN BOOTS.—The fashion in the city for ladies, is boots with yellow tops, turned over, the boots of calf or morocco—fitting gracefully on the foot and around the limb that runs out of the foot. The boots are high-heeled, with a miniature on each.—The dress is looped up on one side with a bow of ribbons, in the style of a jupe, thus displaying the aforesaid limb (in the boot) and the buff turn-over. This style is decidedly Spanish, and we apprehend it will find few admirers in this region.—*Cleveland Leader*

The Monroe Common Pleas Court commences in this place on next Monday, the 16th inst.

DEATH OF A GREAT MAN.—We deeply regret to have to announce the death of the Hon. Joseph G. Marshall, of Madison, Ind. He died at the house of Mr. R. K. White, on Broadway, between Third and Fourth, whence his remains are to be taken to Madison at 10 o'clock this morning. He had been afflicted with bronchitis for about five years, and the disease, being much aggravated by a long speech which he made before the Supreme Court in February last, became consumption. He left home two or three weeks ago on his way to the South in the hope that his health might be benefited by a genial climate; but, on his arrival in Louisville, he found himself too ill to go further and remained here to die.

In the death of Mr. Marshall, Indiana and the West have sustained a most serious loss. He was a good man and a great man. The purity of his heart was ever unstained, he discharged his duties in all the relations of life with fidelity and zeal, and the power of his intellect and the vigor and effectiveness of his eloquence as a lawyer and a statesman won the unbounded admiration of all who listened to him.—The hearts of a whole people will throb with grief for the death of such a man.—*Lou. Jour.*

On Saturday last the city council of Cincinnati passed an ordinance, purchasing the river landing east of Mill creek, from the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad company for \$500,000, payable in city bonds in five annual instalments. This will enable the company to complete the work at once. There was considerable opposition to the ordinance.

The following article is from the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which is neutral in politics, but rather favored the Know Nothings before the election:

Another Bill Poole.

Joseph B. Monroe, of Covington, Kentucky, whose remains are to be paraded through our streets to-morrow, with all the pomp and circumstance of public woe, was shot down in the streets of this city in the progress of a riot, in which he and his party were the aggressors. Whether he was invited here to participate in the doings on that occasion, is only known to those who are in the secret counsels of the party in whose behalf he had enlisted. Whether he had been in attendance upon the proceedings of the election of the previous day, and came over to aid in putting a finishing touch to the outrages of that time, is so far as we are aware, not known. He lost his life in an act against the peace of the city, and contrary to the laws of civilized society in every part of the world. It was an act not demanded by the circumstances of the case, nor justifiable by any rule, human or divine. Under the influence of a most insane fanaticism, he and those with whom he was associated, attempted a warlike invasion into a part of the city which, in consequence of threats was armed for their reception, and paid the penalty of his madness and his folly. He died as a fool dieth!

This man is called a martyr—a martyr to American principles! He is represented as having fallen in defense of his country—as having shed his blood to sustain principles vital to the safety of our republic; and a reputation is to be attempted here of the hideous farce recently enacted in the city of New York, when an essay was made to place Bill Poole by the side of Warren and Parker, and the patriots of the Revolution, who fell gloriously, fighting for American liberty. With that august band of deified humanity, it is now proposed to seat Joseph B. Monroe, and the people of Cincinnati are called upon to aid in the process. There are those among us, doubtless, who will respond, and it is not improbable that there will be found among our journalists such as will discover that from this day forth, Monroe's name, in the hearts of thousands here, will be associated with all that is patriotic in love of country, and all that is heroic in the defense of one's native land.

SUPPOSE THE CASE HAD BEEN REVERSED.—If at the late election the know nothings had succeeded in electing their ticket, and a Democratic mob had gone to the polls of those strong Whig know nothing wards—Fourth, Tenth and Fifteenth—and destroyed the ballots, what a cry of indignation would have been heard from the opposition party all over the Union. How we would have been denounced, and justly too, as an organization that paid no regard to law and order—that was endeavoring to substitute the rule of brute force for the will of the majority, fairly and legally expressed. How our nominees would have been scourged if any of them had attempted to usurp a position for which he had not been elected, and founded his claim upon the destruction of the ballot-boxes referred to. What honorable man would have sustained such a procedure?

The boot is now on the other leg; the Democrats have elected all their candidates by including the Eleventh and Twelfth Wards, whose boxes were destroyed by a know nothing mob. We shall see if any know nothing candidate will claim an office under the circumstances of this canvass, knowing as he does that every man on the Democratic city ticket has been elected.—If he does he proves himself an unprincipled knave, wholly undeserving of the respect of the community, worthy only of general scorn, and contempt.—*Cin. Eng.*

Anderson's Commercial College.

The attention of young men desiring to fit themselves for conducting business of any kind in a scientific and economical manner, is called to the advertisement of Anderson's Commercial College, to be found in another column. Below we give an extract from an address delivered by the President of the College to the students:

The history of the rise, progress, refinement, and wealth of any town, city, county, or nation, is dependent upon its commerce. Hence the commercial advantages of any place point out with unerring certainty its true destiny and ultimate renown. Commerce, indeed, is the foundation of enter-

prise, wealth, and refinement. What has elevated Great Britain, once a mere speck upon the globe, once a barbarous and uncultivated nation, to be, as it were, the mistress of the land and sea? It is her commerce, which extends to all countries, and to all nations, her great and immense influence, are felt over the civilized world. It was the genius of America that gave it a clear and concise language, adapted to all commercial transactions. By the laws of commerce we grasp for wealth, we are protected by the laws in the enjoyment of it. We are dependent upon one another—one man acts as a common mediator between him that produces and him who consumes the luxuries of life.

We are called upon then to give to those who succeed in that practical knowledge of things that will enable them most honestly to discharge their duty through life. The great failures which are so frequent—the loss of confidence and character—is, in most every instance, the ignorance of the science which it is either my good or bad fortune to advocate. I would not have you understand that without a knowledge of Book-Keeping we cannot acquire wealth; "but as far as any science tends to enlarge the views of any man in his pursuits, so far, and most unquestionably, does Book-Keeping affect the merchant. Mathematical beauty and precision mark the outlines of its developments, and the mind while unfolding business operations which are in the pathway of his daily pursuits is expanded to operations which extend beyond the remote cities of our own country to operations upon the shores of distant climes and nations. With views thus enlarged, and the mind extended, the man who would have been satisfied with the operations of a day's ride now ventures to laden the steam-car for a week's journey, and he who would only have ventured his property in the remote borders of his own land, now becomes one of the moving springs of trade, which keep the vast commercial world in motion. Look around us. What do we see? A busy populace rushing forward to fill a higher or lower position in society. The young rising with hope, the old decaying with disappointment. A man who was but yesterday in penury and want, seizes upon some practical science, and we see him to-day rising with a rocket's rapidity, dazzling the circle of his acquaintance. A few generations and man will not appear in society as a selfish planet in the horizon lighting its lone path of grandeur, but all will be as noon-day, aided by the light of light, whose quickening rays cast indiscriminately the same warmth all over the habitable globe. In the great rush of practical sciences the subject of accounts will most unquestionably find a place commensurate with its importance."

There is as much use, gentlemen, in Commercial Colleges to educate the merchant as there is in schools to educate the youth of the land.

The short time that is allowed for a discourse will prevent me from entering into details and giving examples, showing the advantages of Double Entry Book-Keeping over Single, and the advantages I do claim over many other teachers in giving instructions. My best recommendations are those who have been under my care. To them I refer. By the influence of their proficiency I expect to be sustained, and although Double-Entry is denounced by many, yet it comes from those who are ignorant of the science; its advocates are among those who understand it. CORR. in a lecture delivered in Ohio, uses the following language: "The study of Book-Keeping is exhilarating and elevating in its operations upon the mind. It prompts to honesty and industry by strictly accounting for the fruits of daily enjoyment. It forms a check to the rash and indiscreet by holding a caricature of their own drawing, in a blushing record of all ill-devised schemes. It expands the mind from the grovelling sycophancy of the peddler to the lucid operations of the merchant whose every sail wafts new luxuries upon the wings of every wind." In my avocation I find men who by years of application in the counting-house, become expert Book-Keepers, and although strong advocates of the science, yet think the counting-house the place to learn it. I have stated in Lectures before, that I could give a scholar more instruction in the College Rooms, in a few months, than he can get by years of application in business. And why is this? In the first place, no man can teach what he does not understand, and not one in twenty can teach what he does understand, and, secondly, if the book-keeper does understand the art of teaching, he has not time to give the necessary instruction or to turn tutor to junior clerks.

But if this science can really be taught at a college why are not the graduates of our ordinary Colleges and Universities expert practical and scientific book-keepers. In the first place there is so much to learn at our Colleges and Universities, and so short a time to do it in, that it is impossible to become expert in any science. A general knowledge only is expected, and capacity to become expert in any branch of science or learning by subsequent study and application. But suppose no pecuniary advantages were to flow from the application of a thorough knowledge of book-keeping, would it not still be a source of great satisfaction to be able to know at any moment the precise condition of affairs—daily gains or losses. Or the precise gain or loss upon any article of merchandise, or branch of business, within a day, week, month, or year, as the case may be. It would enable one to alter or change his business understandingly, at any time, to avoid losses and failures. And, lastly, the moral effect. Suppose in some great commercial convulsion, by which thousands become bankrupt in a day, one should find amidst the general wreck, his business having been conducted prudently, and his books having been kept accurately, methodically, and neatly, he exhibits them with pleasure. They show the honesty, prudence, and sagacity of the man, of which his posterity may be proud, leaving no blot to stain his place point out with unerring certainty its true destiny and ultimate renown. Commerce, indeed, is the foundation of enter-

NEW STORE!!

At the West corner of the square
has just received, and is opening a new and well
selected stock of
Fancy, Staple, Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS:
His Goods having been bought for Cash, he flatters
himself to compete with any house in

himself that he can
place, in point of prices. Quick sales and
profits being his motto. He would say to all, ex-
amine his goods and prices, and judge for y-
ourselves. No charge for showing Goods.

PLEASANT WILLIAMS.

NEW BR.

IF Mrs. Williams will, in connection with
Store, carry on the **Milliner's Business**, in all
various branches—and would call the attention
ladies of the country and town to their large as-
sessment of

BONNETS AND RIBBONS,

Of every quality and style. They have also on hand a well-selected assortment of Edgings, Insertions, Embroidered Under-sleeves, French-worked Collars (neat patterns), Embroidered Chemisettes, Linen Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Silk, Linen and Cotton Gloves, &c., &c. All of which will be sold at very low rates, for cash or approved country produce.

LAND WARRANT NO. 40,710, issued to Isaac Statzell, private in Capt. Bunch's Company, New Jersey Militia, is in the possession of E. Stone, Bloomington, Ind., which can be had by the owner or his lawful assigns by calling on the undersigned and paying

March 3, 1855—1w3

STATE OF INDIANA. } SS:
MONROE COUNTY, }

AT the January Term of the Court of Comm
Pleas, 1855, said court ordered the estate of S
Credit

phen Alexander, deceased, to be insured for the benefit of his estate. The estate is therefore required to file their claims against the estate for allowance in said Common Pleas Court, before final settlement and distribution, or they will be entitled to payment.

PAUL STINE, Administrator.
Feb. 3, 1855-4w-(prices \$1 87½)

DR. D. B. MALONE,
Eclectic Physician and Surgeon,
H^AVING permanently located in Bloomington
would respectfully tender his professional service
to the citizens of the town and surrounding country.
Office at my residence, South-east corner of the Ph

lie Square.
April 15-11tf

HIGHLY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
TO THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE,
DR. A. L. ADAMS' LIVER BALSAM
FOR CURE OF ALL LIVER AFFECTIONS.

COMES GREETING!
DR. A. L. ADAMS' new theory of disease is awak-
 ing the inquiry in the minds of all who read it.
 How is it that Americans have been so long and so
 wishfully immured in darkness and ignorance on the sub-
 ject of disease.

Dr. A. L. Adams' Liver Balsam,

The great anacea of Disease, is offered to the relief of the States and Territories for the entire cure of Liver Complaints in all stages. Bilious Fever, Ague & Fever, Chronic Lung Fever, Dropsical Affections, Consumption, Coughs, Asthma, Jaundice, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Bowel Complaints, Rheumatism, Piles, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Nervousness, Costiveness, Indigestion, Female Complaints, &c.

Only Reliable Medicine ever Discovered,
(being purely vegetable) for the permanent cure of the
above diseases. The most skeptical have become

most sanguine votaries, and pronounce the Liver Balm to be the

Only Reliable Harbinger of Health to the Afflicted, Everywhere.

Testimonials come up from every track it has made, swollen with expressions of gratitude for the relief received by its use. And in submitting this, the Liver

Iron Grasp of the Monster Disease,
and at once procure one bottle of Dr. A. L. Adams' Liver Balm.

Sold by J. T. Cox & Co., Bloomington; W. W. Unger, Graff, Gosdorf; Reeves, Parks, & Pratt, Ellettsville.

Proclamation to the Invalids of Bloomington
READ WHAT YOU READ.
Pulvermacher's Hydro-Electric Voltaic Chain
Producing instant Relief from the most Painful Diseases

ALL NEURALGIC DISEASES,
RHEUMATISM, Painful and Swelled Joints, Neuralgia of the face, Deafness, Blindness, St. Vitae Dance, Palpitation of the Heart, Periodical Headache, Pains in the stomach, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Itch.

The chains were first introduced into New York less than a year ago, and after being subjected to the thorough trial in every Hospital in the city, by Drs. Valentine Mott, Post, Carnochan, Van Buren, readily discovered that they possess Strange and Wonderful Power in the relief and cure of the above class of diseases they at once recommended through the various

city, their general use, and their sale and the success that has attended their use, is *unparalleled*.
Previous to their introduction into this country, they were used in every Hospital in Europe, and are secured by patents in France, Germany, Austria, Prussia, England; and also in the United States.

"Think Close and Ponder Well."

The *Principles* upon which it is claimed that the Chai produce their marvelous cures, are, first—that all Nervous Diseases are attended and produced by a deficient supply of Nervous Fluid, and an agent that resembles closely Electricity, or Electro Magnetism; and second—that the Electro Magnetic Chains, by being worn over and upon the part and organ diseased, furnish to the exhausted Nervous system

the Nervous system, by its powerful stimulating effects, the Nervous Fluid which is required to produce a healthy action through the entire system. No Digesting Nostrum is allowed to be taken while using the Chains, but a rigid observance to the general laws of health are required. Brisk Friction upon the part diseased adds much to the effect of the Chains, by increasing their Magnetic Power.

Female Diseases.—The *Electro Chains* are rapidly superceding all Nostrums taken into the stomach for the relief and cure of this class of complaint. By simply applying a 30 link chain (first moistened with

gaps) attaching one end upon the spine, past above the hips, and the other upon the abdomen, and allowing to remain for three or four hours at intervals, during each day. The usual severe pains incident to *Prolapsus Uteri*, are almost instantly relieved, and by continuing their use for a few weeks the most inveterate cases have been permanently cured. More than one hundred cases of *Prolapsus Uteri* have been cured.

In **Chronic Rheumatism**, they seldom fail effect **instant relief** from the most **acute pain**, and **an** **tire**, a perfect **cure** of this complaint so incident to **climate**. Rheumatism is a disease that is always **tended** with a **diminished** amount of **Nervous Fluid** (Electric Magnetism) at the part diseased.

The Electric Chains can be sent by mail to any of the United States by addressing

Price of Chains, \$3 and \$5, and will last for years
are ever ready for use, and can be used with safety
either a child or adult.

Card to Ladies.
Ladies who are *enciente* are requested not to use the
for so doing, *miscarriage* is frequently produced.
JOSEPH STEINERT, Agent, New York
July 1. 1854-22r1.