

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 28, 1855.

Hay is selling for twenty dollars in the streets of Terre Haute!

The Evansville *Engquirer* says a distillery in that vicinity will lose \$150,000 by the operation of the new liquor law.

Hon. U. F. LINDER is a candidate for the Supreme Judgeship in Illinois, made vacant by the resignation of Judge TREAR.

JOHN W. HOLCOMBE, formerly associate editor of the *Laporte Times*, died at Natchez, Mississippi, on the 7th inst., of pulmonary consumption.

The election in Virginia takes place on Thursday, the 24th of May, instead of Thursday the 26th of the present month, as we stated, by mistake, a few weeks ago.

Several Know Nothing deputy sheriffs have been held in heavy bonds to answer a charge of being concerned in the murder of Capt. ISMAEL, at Cincinnati.

The Cincinnati Kansas Association have purchased the steamer Hartford, and about one hundred persons left for their new homes in that Territory on Monday last.

A man named SOLOMON SMITH shot and killed his own father in Bourbon county, Ky., one day last week. The murderer fled and has not yet been taken.

It is said that N. P. WILLIS has prepared an elaborate review of "RUTH HALL" which is soon to appear in print.

COMING BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.—The House of Representatives of Wisconsin, by a vote of 44 to 27, have restored the death penalty in that State. The Senate have yet to act upon the matter.

GREAT REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—Gen. SUTTER, once the richest, is said to be now among the poorest men in California. To poverty are added the infirmities of old age.

The Turks have a very simple method of making pantaloons. They fasten two coffee bags to a vest, and the thing is done. The bags answer for legs, and the vest for a waist-band.

KINDNESS OF THE ADMIRALTY.—*Punch* says, "Out of deference to the age and infirmities of the senior naval executives, the admiralty intended for the future, instead of styling them 'Admirals of the Fleet,' to dub them 'Admirals of the Slow.'"

Hon. JOHN KERR, who was the Whig candidate for Governor in North Carolina in 1852, and in 1853 was elected to Congress by the same party, is a staunch opponent of the detestable doctrines of Know Nothingism. He is up for reelection and is making right and left at the secret conspirators.

Council Bluffs, a few years ago, was the habitation of bears, and wolves and other wild animals—now the *Chronotype* says it contains a population of between 2,000 and 3,000, consisting of Buckeyes, Suckers, Wolverines, Badgers, Hoosiers, etc., together with all the adjuncts of civilization.

From the fact that JENNY LIND cannot, or does not sing as well as she did before she became a mother, the editor of the *Lynn News*, with malice aforethought, perpetrates the following:

Jenny's become a mother, and no more can sing, 'tis said, as sweet as before. 'Tis nothing strange, for higher stars they say lose their distinction in the Milky Way.

THE FEELINGS OF THE LATE CZAR NICHOLAS TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES.—A New Orleans gentleman sojourning in St. Petersburg, in a letter to the *New Orleans Bulletin*, touches for the authenticity of some reported conversation of the late Czar NICHOLAS upon foreign affairs, toward the conclusion of which he said:

"Yet one consolation is left me in the midst of all this ingratitude and villainy, and that is the silent sympathy of that high-minded people on the other side of the Atlantic, the only hearts in which I hear an echo of my struggles against united Europe. Never have I forgotten the smallest kindness shown to me by the least of my subjects; let my children never forget what they owe to America, and if ever an hour of danger, darker around the Union, let her find a faithful ally in my family."

LOGANSPORT INSURANCE COMPANY.—A public meeting has been held in Logansport, Indiana, which resulted in the exposure of this bare-faced swindle. The *Journal* of that place gives one of the good results of the meeting as follows:

"It was brought out that but 10 per cent. of the capital stock of the Company was ever paid in, and that an amount was borrowed by each (with one exception) equal to his subscription to purchase stock in the Valley Bank; that the issue of money was in proportion of about \$47 to \$1 paid in; that the stockholders had made no provision for redeeming the money, but were expecting the Bank to do it; that \$59,000 was yet in circulation, in addition to \$13,000 then in Bank ready to be burned when the Insurance Company took it up."

A MISSISSIPPI MIRACLE.—The *Quiltman* (Mississippi) *Intelligencer*, of the 16th March, says that a week or two previous, a woman in Kemper county, in that State, gave birth to a child covered all over with hair. It lived three hours, and spoke three distinct words—"seven years' famine." But the strangest thing about it is, half the population of Kemper believe it, and are struck with terror at the portentous warning.

Washington Items.

DIRECTIONS TO POSTMASTERS.—The First Assistant Postmaster General has issued the following directions to postmasters:

"Books not weighing over four pounds may be sent in the mail, prepaid, at one cent an ounce, any distance in the United States under three thousand miles; and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper. If not prepaid, the postage under three thousand miles is one cent and a half, and over three thousand miles in the United States three cents an ounce."

"It is a violation of law to enclose or conceal a letter or other thing, (except bills and receipts for subscription,) or to make any memorandum in writing, or to print any word of communication after its publication upon any newspaper, pamphlet, magazine, or printed matter. In all such cases letter postage should be demanded, and if the person addressed refuse to pay such letter postage, the package should be returned to the postmaster from whose office it came, to prosecute the sender for the penalty of \$5, prescribed by the 30th section of the act of 1835; and all transient printed matter should be distinctly postmarked at the mailing office."

Postmasters are allowed one cent for the delivery of each free letter, except such as come to themselves, and two mills each on newspapers (to subscribers) not chargeable with postage. They are not allowed any commission on printed matter made free by the frank of a member of Congress. "Daguerotypes when sent in the mail should be rated and charged with letter postage by weight."

LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER APPOINTED.—Lewis M. Trombly has been appointed light house keeper at Clinton river, Michigan, in place of Robert Melchior, removed.

HIRAM POWERS.—To-day, at noon, in the sanctum of the Star, a fine bottle of Longworth's "Sparkling Catawba" was duly opened and disposed of in compliment to our absent fellow-citizen, Hiram Powers. At the same moment Mr. P. was to have opened one of the same sort in his studio in Rome, in compliment to his many friends of the American press who aided him in getting the order given to him by Congress at its last session. His old friend and patron, Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, ever mindful of the fame and fortune of our talented countrymen, sent us the wine through the hands of S. York Atlee, Esq., Wash. Star.

CHURCH WITHOUT A WORSHIPPER.—The Boston correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer* says that "the anomaly exists in Boston of a church without a single worshipper, residing in the city of the faith of those who built it. It is believed that not a single Quaker now resides in Boston. Diligent inquiry of the Friends and of others has failed to bring to light a living Quaker as a resident of Boston for several years."

Astronomy—Has it a Meaning?

Says Giljillon: It seems to us that in this science we are fast approaching a point where we need the guidance rather of a new Plato than a new Bacon or Newton. The telescope of Lord Rosse has sounded our present astronomy to its real depths. Few more great prizes are reserved, we suspect, in that starry sea. We have attained the knowledge that the stars are old, that they are of one stuff, and that there is no visible end to their numbers. What more of any moment, in this direction, by our present methods, is ever likely to be reached by us? It is like walking through a pine forest of vast extent and uniform aspect; a few miles tire and satisfy us. So now, the news of "stars, stars, stars," pouring on us in everlasting succession—all like each other, all distant, all inscrutable, and ever silent, the moral history of all unknown—produces very little effect, and the midnight heavens of modern astronomy become again, as to the eye of childhood, a mighty and terrible pageant or procession, the meaning and the purpose, the whither and the whence, of which we do not understand. And we are tempted to say to astronomers, as they prate of their new firmaments, and planets, and comets, "We knew something like this long ago; can ye not give us some light on the meaning of these distant orbs? or read us off some worthy lessons of moral interest from that ever-widening but never-clearing page?" And to cry out to the stars, "Speak as well as shine, ye glorious mutes in the halls of heaven! Shed down on some selected and favored ear the true meaning of your mystic harmonies? Hieroglyphics, traced by the finger of God on the wall of night, when shall the Daniel arrive to interpret you, and to tell us whether ye contain tidings of hope or of despair? Stargazers have looked at you long enough, and mathematicians weighed and measured you; when shall the eye—the Russian eye of a true seer—lift itself up to your contemplation, and extract the heart of your mystery? If not, men may soon turn away from you in disappointment, and look with as much hope on the bright foam-bells of an autumn ocean as on you, the froth of immensity."

A rather amusing scene was witnessed at the Columbus (O.) post office the other morning. The editor of the *Fact* relates it. A rough, uncouth looking customer inquired for a letter at the general delivery. He received one; and not being sure that it was for him, he asked the clerk to read a few lines to him. Dave Brooks, with his usual urbanity and natural desire to accommodate, read as follows: "Dear S—, This letter comes a hoppin'. I take my pen in hand to inform you that we are awl well, and hope you are enjoyin the same blessing. I am sorry to hear you have been on another drunken spree—" "Stop," shouted the attentive listener, "stop, I say; that ere letter's for me; here's your five cents, and fork that ere document over!" And amid a general laugh of the bystanders, he vanished.

Opium Eating.

Among the evil practices abroad in this community, opium eating deserves to be mentioned, both on account of its extent, which is much greater than is generally supposed, and its pernicious influence. We happened to know, the other day, of a drug-store in a back street that had six regular opium customers; and upon further inquiry, we found that nearly all the second class drug-dealers had more or less of this sort of customers, who are females, almost without exception. Persons addicted to the habitual use of either opium or laudanum, endeavor to avoid notice by patronizing small shops, and purchasing such insignificant quantities at a number of different places, as to avoid suspicion. The habit is most commonly formed during a period of illness, (as the drug, at first, is very offensive to the taste,) and, by not being abandoned on recovery, becomes strengthened by indulgence. It produces a dreamy sensation, serving to release the victim from the pressure of ordinary cares and perplexities, and affords an artificial refuge for which unaided nature does not provide. The subjects of this vice are noticeable from the dull, bleary aspect of their countenances, sallow complexion, and haggard frames. The practice should be universally frowned upon and repudiated.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

PROFANE SWEARING.—It is related of Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language.

"See friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy—my son—was born and brought up in a heathen country, a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now."

The man colored, blurted out a sort of an apology, and moved away, looking not a little ashamed of himself.

If there is any custom more silly than dueling, it is that of using profane language; but it is as common as lying, and there is hardly a dirty-nosed urchin in the street that will not swear as bravely as any "gentleman" that walks Broadway.

Manuscripts of the Poet Burns.

A gentleman writing from England, gives the following account of the sales of a portion of the autographic production of the poet Burns:

I think I have already informed you of the extensive sale of Robert Burns' manuscripts, belonging to the late Mr. Pickering. If I have not, I will tell you, that owing to the invincible obstinacy of Mr. S—, who was buying for parties in America, the prices were of the most astonishing magnitude, £30 was paid for Bruce's address, though four copies, in the poet's hand-writing, are in existence. The letters sold at from £3 to £5 each generally, and sometimes more. Some lots, were, however, struck off cheap, such as a letter with the song of "Bonny Dundee," with an extra stanza signed R. B. £2 1s, the "Brigs of Ayr," 74 pages of foolscap, £6 5s, "Wood and Married and A," with another stanza on the back, 30s. "On Cassinack Banks" and "Auld Lang Syne" sold for 10 guineas. The original Excise Commission for £5 12s 6d, "To Mary in Heaven," £7 10s.

Since the Pickering sale, Mr. Peter Cunningham (son of Allan Cunningham) has disposed of his Burns' manuscripts, from which "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was bought for the British Museum at £20 10s. This lot created much excitement in the breast of a friend of mine, who opened the ball with £5 5s, and not waiting for an opponent passed on to £10 10s, and then jumped to £20. Here his fire was exhausted; he seemed to breathe with more freedom, and resigned it to our national depository. The letter to Dr. Moore, containing the poet's own life, went to the same place for £13. It was some years ago discovered in a box of waste paper and rubbish at a pawnbroker's. A letter enclosing the poem of the "Daisy" sold for £3. In the same sale was Fielding's assignments of "Tom Jones," with receipts for the payments in advance attached, which brought £4. Mr. Cunningham recently bought it for less than £2. A letter of Sir Walter Scott produced £3 16s, and the manuscript of Kenilworth, very imperfect, was sold for £14.

"Encourage Emigration," said Patrick Henry, "encourage the husbandmen, the mechanic, the merchants of the Old World to come and settle in this world of promise; make it the home of the skillful, industrious and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power, and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land the most powerful on earth. Yes, sir! they will see her great in arts and arms, her golden harvests running over an immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now affect to rule the waves."

SPECULATION.—Many years ago, a man named Wm. Bennett, entered a half quarter section of land in South Chicago. He was afterwards compelled to leave the State for some crime. Rumor said he was in the Missouri Penitentiary, and many efforts have been made to find him by those who desired to purchase the land. Meantime it has been improved, and has passed through various hands, and is now worth a million and a half of dollars. The Chicago Press says a well known gentleman of that city has been down South somewhere, has found Bennett, and has obtained a deed for the entire tract. He will commence actions of ejectment against those who are on the land.

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.—A letter from an officer on board the United States ship St. Mary's, dated at St. Mary's Anchor, Peru, published in the *Burlington Free Press*, gives a ludicrous description of the mode of mounting a horse. The women do all the work, and the men are good-for-nothing set of gamblers and thieves. The women ride on the hind quarters of their horses, without a saddle, cross-legged, with the load on the horse in front. They mount the animal by taking hold of his long tail, making a loop by doubling it up, and clapping with one hand the upper and lower parts of the tail, and then putting one foot in the loop and the other foot on the joints of the horse's legs, they ascend as if going up stairs. They usually stand erect on the horse, before sitting down. The horses never kick or stir.

BUSINESS FIRST, THEN PLEASURE.—A man who was very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work for the day was finished, and never spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but a half hour's work to do in a day, I must do that first thing, and in an hour. After this was done, I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed a habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do. It is to this habit that I now owe my present prosperity. Let every boy who reads this, go and do likewise, and he will meet with a similar reward.—*Wright's Casket.*

How Fishes Live Under Ice.

When fish-ponds or other small collections of water are completely frozen over, it must not be supposed that the fish live very comfortably at the bottom of their forty degrees temperature. They can stand the cold very well, perhaps as well as the heat; but, like human beings shut up in a close room, they are poisoned by their own breath. The wintry sun is too feeble, after its passage through the ice, to exercise much influence on the aquatic plants, which would otherwise decompose the carbonic acid; and this accumulating, would prove fatal to the fish, if we did not break holes at the surface to admit the air, and let out the mephitic vapor. On this friendly service being rendered, the fish are seen rushing up to the aperture, as dancers in a crowded room, when the exhalations become stifling, fly to the open window to gasp. They often rush to their own destruction; for the fishermen know what they are about. Nature is as beneficent as man on such occasions, and less selfish. Although the ice on a large pond or lake prevents the admission of heat from the top, there are agencies at work below to counteract the danger. The springs by which the lake is fed, coming from the comparatively warm earth, throw up a column of water, which gradually thaws the ice on the surface, or renders it thin enough for the fainting fishes themselves to throw open the sash. When the cold is too intense for this process—when the very springs are frozen, and the covering of ice rests like a sheet of solid iron on the lake—what becomes of its inhabitants? The earth, unable to emit, exercises its power in attracting water into its bosom, and thus a vacuum is formed beneath the ice, which, unable longer to sustain the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere, gives way, and admits air, and light, and life, into the waters beneath. Were it not for their danger of suffocation, the fishes in keen frosts would be better off as regards temperature, than land animals; and, indeed, persons who have accidentally fallen through the ice, usually remark that the water felt much warmer than the air.

THE LOCATION OF HELL.—A curious sermon was delivered last Sunday at the Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation, at Manhattanville, by Father Walworth, a son of Ex-Chancellor Reuben Hyde Walworth, of Saratoga. Father Walworth is one of the comparatively recent order of the Redemptionist missionaries of the Latin church, whose members are already scattered throughout the United States. The topic of his discourse was the location and torments of hell. He undertook to demonstrate that hell was situated in the inside of this earth, commencing about twenty-one miles from the surface, where granite begin to melt. He also affirmed that heat was the predominant characteristic of this abode of the damned, and illustrated the proposition by reference to the uniformly high temperature of everything which has reached us from that quarter of the globe.—*New York Evening Post.*

A DUELING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see that my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a Christian humor."

"It is not alms that I ask for," said the man, "I am a poor carpenter with eight children; and my wife is sick; and having heard that these two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

Grand Larceny.

The Cincinnati Times, the western organ of Know-Nothingism, which has hitherto dubbed its faction the "American Reform party," is out in favor of giving it a new name. It calls its party the "American Democratic party." The old Whig party made desperate efforts to flinch from the Democracy their name, and now Know-Nothingism is attempting the same game. Like a thief who is caught in his rascality, these fellows give themselves a new alias every time they are defeated.—*New Albany Ledger.*

CHARITY.—Two classes of people in a certain village undertook to raise funds for the relief of the poor. One held a dancing party in the evening, and raised \$75; the other whose conscientious scruples prevented their attendance when dancing was a part of their exercise, appointed a society to receive contributions in the afternoon, and the amount received consisted of one dollar in money, two pieces of pork, and 5 lbs of butter.

Daughter, Sister, Wife, Mother.

Woman, in the nobler acceptation of the word, is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Whether as a daughter, sister, wife, or mother, she invites admiration. As a daughter, she refines the atmosphere of a household, checking the impetuosity of her brothers, and forming an invisible but chastening link between husband and wife. Look at a home where there are no daughters! Where is the music, ringing laughter, the sweet confidence, and the softening influence of a toilet, neatly arranged hair and the modest seclusion which even the roughest boys during holiday times respect? Depend upon it, daughters are a powerful element in civilization. They tame the very roughest asperities of fathers, impose a restraint on the angry volubility of wives, and in a matter of course, instinctively understood kind of a way, enforce the maintenance of a pure discipline and regularity, and a decorum which keeps some of the angel light always shining by the domestic fireside. As a sister, how supreme is her lightest word, how potent her authority over the most unruly brother? And then looking at a brother in after life who has enjoyed the blessings of a sister! How polished his demeanor; how gentle his courtesies to the opposite sex! Habitual respect for his sister has drilled him into a legitimate appreciation of all women. He neither disparages nor does he suffer disparagement of woman in his presence. As a lover he is manly—for having a sister to guard and cherish, his courtship is tinged with a chivalrous respect for the honor of the lady to whose hand he aspires. Indeed we might almost indefinitely multiply instances of the power a sister exercises over the future life of a brother, but will content ourselves with the observation, that we have always found greater contentment, more genial temper, a larger amount of urbanity, polish, and talent in families graced by daughters than those which have none.

But the influence of daughter and sister, life-teeming though they be with all sweetness and gentleness—must yield in value to that of a wife. Man is a wreck without a wife, a mere peripatetic, feeding on thistles and treading on thorns.

His daily existence is a walking shadow of humanity. He is scarcely conscious of the dignity of his nature—his soul is fallow, and the few scattered daisies on its surface only make him the more conscious of his desolation.

When held down in the polypos embrace of his many passions, his only consolation is a fierce idolatry, which in time consumes all that is good and noble in his disposition. Man owes an infinite debt to marriage, and language is too feeble for the eulogy of a wife. She is the corner-stone of society, the guardian angel of every bliss, every earthly virtue and happiness. She it is who makes the strong man docile, the savage one tame, and the great one human. Where she is there is a paradise; where she is not there is a howling desert. Her smile, like the glow of early summer's morn, gilds everything around her with a radiance that quickens all the ennobling impulses, and lifts human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. Nothing beneath the stars is more lovely than marriage; and as the purity and dignity of marriage rests chiefly with the wife, to her be all honor and glory. As the oldest living English poet has finely expressed it: "She is a light shining within when all without is dark." And if we travel from the wife to the mother, how glorious, how touching is the transition from the devotion of the one to the self-denying fervor of the other. The mother is the next step of the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. Her unselfishness, watchfulness, and hope in her offspring are as beautiful as solemn.

In olden times the ladies used to wear a head dress of very unsightly shape, which they called a "top-knot." The fashion ran into great extravagance, and at length attracted the attention of the pulpit. It is related that on one occasion, a celebrated preacher denounced these top-knots as prohibited by Scripture, and quoted from one of the Apostles the command "top-knot come down!" He frightened some of the ladies prodigiously; but some of the more curious, referring to their Bible, were eased in their consciences by finding that the whole of the text read, "Let him who is upon the house-top not come down!"

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The Rochester Advertiser received from a miller in that city, who has made a thorough examination, a statement of the surplus wheat in all of the region of country in the west, whose products will find an Atlantic market through the several routes of Buffalo, Oswego and Ogdensburg. This shows the aggregate of wheat to come forward this spring is not over 1,500,000 bushels—equal only to about 300,000 barrels of flour. This is exclusive of the amount to come from Canada, concerning which we have no definite information, though we believe it will be of great value. In any event the prospect for bread is not very flattering.

The county commissioners at Cincinnati are about to advertise for proposals for iron rails, boxes of great strength and the like. This is necessary to preserve the Know-Nothingism from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Where are we going?

"For we are but yesterday, and know nothing."
The above literal extract from the Scriptures (a fit motto for the Know Nothing organization. Verily the Buntings "are but of yesterday," and they could not have taken a better name than Know Nothings. Their present condition shows it. The great body of them have been awfully gulled and inveigled into this midnight secret society. Abolitionists, Free Soilers, Whigs, and a good many green Democrats fused with the Know Nothings; not only fused but joined the society. They became very patriotic, and very religious. Their cry was "down with the Pope," and "Americans must rule America." Abolitionism or Free Soilism and Know Nothingism became thoroughly identified. They went into the trap as a fool goeth to the correction of the stocks, or as a bird to the fowler's snare. But they're got to come out of it certain! They are coming out of it! May be they'll learn some sense the next time!

"He who of old would rend the oak dreamed not of the rebound."
Know Nothingism originated in the North. It had its origin from the fact that the infamous NAB BUNTING was condemned to beat rock at Blackwell's island for twelve months. Fosses and McCready were two rival actors in New York. Fosses an American, McCready an Englishman. Fosses had been to England, where he was hissed on the stage. McCready came to New York and was hissed at the theater by the law of retaliation. A row ensued among the *phyllos*. NAB BUNTING led the American side—bloodshed ensued—and NAB was sent to Blackwell's island. He ought to have been hung long before for crimes of far greater magnitude. NAB having been a quasi martyr to the "American cause," originated the Know Nothing society. "And that tells the whole story" of the origin of the K. N.'s. But for the sequel. Would you suppose that considering its infamous origin from a quarrel among rowdies, about theatrical performances, time out of mind held in holy horror by the clergy, that so many reverend divines throughout the whole country would join them and become its chief supporters? They've had great success at the north, but we tell you they've got to come out of it. Know Nothingism will be dead in the north before six months! And why? Because it don't now suit the Abolitionists. The New York *Tribune* and *National Era*, with SEWARD and other distinguished Free Soilers and Abolitionists are opposing the Know Nothings, not from principle, but to make the question subservient to Abolitionism. Know Nothingism traveled from the North to the South, and having got a foothold there, it is going to sweep the country, and just as rapidly it will decline at the North.

The K. N.'s in the South use this argument: a very good one for them: "We want to prevent the North from acquiring a preponderance of power. Nearly all the foreigners who come here settle in the North, and they are opposed to slavery, and will vote against us. Therefore we will oppose their naturalization. On the other hand, the Abolitionists and Free Soilers use the same argument in favor of foreign immigration: to keep the balance of power in the North.

My dear abolition friend! you have been sold; there is no use denying it! You've got to come around! You are doing it now. As, with spectacle-besided nose you open your *National Era* or *Tribune*, (first thanking God you are not as other men are) and read their overwhelming distastes against the Know Nothings, don't you feel that you have sold the fool in joining them? Certainly you do. And then you take down the book of Job for consolation in your tribulation. Substituting mentally the word "Know Nothing" as you read. "Let the night perish in which it was said Know Nothingism is conceived. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it!"

And my clerical friends, do you think that the cause of true religion, which we have always heretofore understood to be quite cosmopolitan in its operations is much advanced by your politico-religious sermons on the "American question?" Read the following extract:

"Two hundred members of the Baptist church at Masontown, Fayette county, Pa., left the church recently because the pastor was a Know Nothing."

In view of all this may we not pause and ask "Where are we going?"

A few weeks ago a man named GEORGE HERRMAN came here and established a butcher's shop on West Main street. It was quite a desideratum in our town, and everybody was delighted with the skill and taste of Mr. HERRMAN. The room where he sold his meat was as clean and looked as pretty as any milliner's shop. His slaughter house was on the outskirts of the town, at the same place where Mr. ORWELL killed, and it is kept in a much more cleanly manner by Mr. HERRMAN than by Mr. ORWELL. Mr. ORWELL was not molested; but Mr. HERRMAN has been prosecuted for keeping a nuisance.

ORWELL was a *Know Nothing*—HERRMAN is a *German*. Can this be the reason that he is prosecuted? Mr. HERRMAN deserves to be prosecuted. There is no probability that he will be fined, but he will be put to some expense, and we think that the citizens ought to indemnify him by contribution. We protest against these petty annoyances of strangers who come here to ruin their home among us.

See the advertisement of BARNES & Seward-house and lot for sale. No doubt a good bargain can be had.

A "Palaver" with our Readers Concerning Divers Matters.

"Lo! the Winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth; the time for the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Sensational Song.

We are not particularly partial to those Miss Nancy descriptions of "the beautiful Spring" with which we are so often regaled in prose and verse in the corners of the newspapers, and at school exhibitions. We would rather enjoy these things with our own eyes, ears, and olfactory nerves than to take them at second-hand. Yet, notwithstanding the nauseating cant about these things, Spring is a beautiful season; and half-witted poets, and ambitious would-be Washington Irvins can't spoil the sentiment entirely.

But it is not with the eye of fancy merely, that we contemplate the advent of the beautiful spring weather with which we have been blessed during this month. Taking a more utilitarian view of the subject, when we consider the want and destitution resulting from the short crops of last year, and the almost universal depression consequent thereon, we have reason to rejoice at the propitious opening of the present season, and to render our heartfelt thanks to Him who bringeth the Spring in due season, and giveth sunshine and rain, and sendeth waters upon the fields.

We observe that our farmers in this and the adjoining counties are exerting themselves with extraordinary industry in putting in much larger crops than ever before. Our town people, too, having experienced during the last year the want of vegetables, are putting in every foot of ground at their command, to make gardens. Every thing seems favorable to abundant crops this season. The grass, too, is growing luxuriantly; and the "loving kine responsive to the milk-maid's song," have a human look of thankfulness in their large and placid eyes. Our apple and peach trees, loaded with blossoms, are flinging their fragrance to the breeze, filling the air with odors as sweet as Persia in the feast of Roses.

Death of Patrick Henry Randolph.

We are sorry to learn of the death of a veteran printer, PATRICK HENRY RANDOLPH, formerly a compositor in this office. He died a few days ago at Salem. He was the first man that ever printed a newspaper in the town of Bloomington. He and JESSE BRANDON, Esq., started the paper together. Mr. RANDOLPH was about sixty-five years of age at the time of his death. He learned the printing business more than forty years ago, with THOMAS RITCHIE, of the Richmond *Enquirer*. From Richmond he removed to Kentucky where he edited and published a newspaper with signal ability. He married in that State; but from some cause the marriage was unhappy, and the consequence was extreme mental suffering in Mr. RANDOLPH which resulted in partial insanity. Still he could work at his trade, and was a good typographer. He was an excellent speller, and could instantly detect the slightest error in grammar or construction. He was related by consanguinity to JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke; and though he seldom mentioned the fact, he evidently prided himself in being of one of the "first families of Virginia." The deceased was a man of a very fine mind by nature, and at times conversed with the greatest fluency and even eloquence. But he is gone; and is now "at rest with the kings and counselors of the earth." His form has been knocked into *pi*. But when the great proof-reader shall look over his work, we trust and believe that it will be found to be clean proof.

Chicago has lately been the scene of terrible riots, growing out of attempts to enforce the liquor laws. The Germans assembled at the Court House on the 21st, where some license trials were going on. They marched up to the Court House and assembled a large crowd, with life and drum. The police interfered, and for two or three days a number of riots were going on, and several persons were killed and wounded. The military were called out to protect the jail, and quell the riot. At the last advice, on the 24th, every thing was quiet.

Take the Papers.

We see posted up in the post office at this place a list of names to whom letters have been mailed since April 1st, postage unpaid; and of course, by the late act of Congress they were not sent. This may result in great inconvenience and disappointment. We published the change in the law in the *News-Letter* before the 1st of April.

MORAL.—Take a good newspaper and read it.

GOD'S LADY.—A lady, has just come to hand. Altho' only one-half the year is completed, God's still keeps up his 100 pages of the choicest matter; besides his usual number of engravings. "The motherless daughter," and the fashion plate for May, are splendid steel engravings. A large number of patterns for children's and ladies' clothing of every description, is contained in the present number. Price of the *Lady's Book*, \$3. One copy of the *Lady's Book* and one copy of the *News-Letter*, for one year, will be furnished at \$4. The money to be paid in advance, of course.

We learn from the New Albany *Ledger* that A. C. JACOBS, formerly of this place, indicted for counterfeiting, has taken a change of venue from Floyd county to the Clark Circuit Court.

DR. LEWIS' MOTHER'S FRIEND.—Among our new advertisements this week will be found one of Dr. Lewis' Mother's Friend, a medicine which, although but lately brought before the public, is having a great run. It is for sale in this place by Dr. ORS, at the old stand of J. B. MURLEY.

The next session of the State University will commence on next Thursday, the 3d of May.

Our Prospects.

Our readers will remember the announcement made in the first number of our paper, that it was our purpose to establish a permanent newspaper in Bloomington. Since that time more than fifteen months have elapsed; and notwithstanding the illiberal and ungenerous attempts that some persons have made to discourage our enterprise, we have had the satisfaction of seeing our paper well sustained. It is true that some of the old-fashioned, straight-jacketed abolitionists have left us; but for every such subscriber lost, we have gained three or four staunch old-line Democrats and Whigs.

If we have succeeded thus far and kept up a good paper, under the disadvantageous circumstances during the "hard times," what might we not do, if our friends and the public generally would exert themselves in our behalf?

The laborer is worthy of his hire! We have thus far worked faithfully for the interests of Monroe county. We have exerted every faculty of soul, mind, and body to give you a good paper that should be an honor to this town and county; and shall our reward be only dust and ashes in our hands?

Give us a generous, liberal support in the way of advertising and subscription, and we will be enabled to increase the usefulness and interest of our paper in a corresponding degree. Will not each one of our subscribers call upon his neighbor, and induce him to subscribe? This would be but little trouble to you, and of great benefit to us.

DYE'S BANK NOTE PLATE DELINEATOR.—We have received from the publisher, Mr. JOHN S. DYE, 172 Broadway, New York, a copy of his *Bank Note Plate Delineator*. It is published in Parts—the copy before us being Parts I and II, embracing a fair sample of the genuine plates of every denomination of each bank in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maryland. By this book, (when you have the full set,) you can tell in a moment whether any note on any bank in the Union is spurious or altered. It is furnished at \$1.—*Dye's Bank Mirror* and the *Delineator* are furnished together at \$2. Hon. JOHN P. DUNN, our late Auditor of State, says of this new work:

New York, April 11th.

J. S. DYE, Esq.—I consider your *Delineator* the greatest Commercial production of the age, great, because it covers the whole ground. It is always ahead and on either side of the counterfeiters driving them back while all other *Delineators* only follow in their wake. It is the preventive and not the cure the people want, and to you the honor of this great discovery belongs. If the price of the Book was \$50 every business man would find it to his interest to have it at once. Its value cannot be counted, and I trust your efforts will be met by a liberal support from all business men.

Yours, &c., JOHN P. DUNN.

Larceny.

On Sunday last, while Jacob ROMANS and family, living a few miles from Bloomington, were absent from home attending church, his house was entered, and two hundred and seventy dollars in gold and silver was stolen. ANDISON SLOOM and WILLIAM F. HARVEY, two boys living in Bloomington, were arrested for the crime. We learn that SLOOM confessed their guilt, and nearly all the money was recovered. They are now in jail.

It is becoming quite common for newly-married folks to send the printer a gold dollar instead of "the delicious wedding cake." The latter is, perhaps, more poetical, but the solid charms of the former are more attractive at the present time. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The Jeffersonville *Republican* of the 20th of April says: "We are forced to confess that summer has come down upon us like an avalanche!"

Quere! Does summer come in Jeffersonville so early as the 20th of April? As to the avalanche ("a snow-slip.")—Webster, we can't understand the force of the comparison.

STATE SENTINEL.—Since this sterling Democratic sheet passed into the hands of Messrs. WALKER, HOLCOMBE, & CORROM, it has improved not only in typographical execution, but very much in the quantity and also the quality of its editorials and selected matter. Mr. CORROM, the publisher, will please accept our thanks for a regular exchange of his daily with the *News-Letter*. We would advise those who wish to take a good daily or weekly paper from Indianapolis to subscribe for the *Sentinel*. Price of subscription: Daily, \$6; Weekly, \$2.

The Show.

Of course all lovers of fun will go to see Yankee Robinson's Athenaeum next Thursday. He has a big show, and everybody will be delighted with the side-splitting *bon mots* of the imitable Yankee. Every one should go provided with a hickory stick and a good jack knife, with which to manufacture "North Carolina buttons," to supply the places of those they will lose during the performance.

The butt-end of March was a hard one about Lake Superior. A correspondent of the Green Bay *Advocate*, writes, March 26, that "the snow came in flakes, sheets, blankets, and pillow-cases, and the wind whistling hornpipes and hurricanes." And then from the Iron Region: "We had the most severe snow-storm of the winter on the 18th, 19th, and 20th; the snow fell fifteen feet on a level." Wouldn't the writer bate a few feet?

The next session of the Monroe County Female Seminary (Mrs. McPHERSON'S School) will commence on next Wednesday, the 2d of May.

See the advertisement of the sale of the late residence of JONATHAN MOORE, deceased. It is a large two-story brick, on the north-east corner of the public square.

Resolutions of the Neotrophian Society.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father thus to remove from our midst, by death, our highly esteemed friend and beloved sister, CAROLINE STRICKLAND, of Point Commerce, Ind., (formerly a resident of Bloomington,) and late member of the Neotrophian Society of the Bloomington Female Seminary:

Resolved, That we, as members of the Neotrophian Society, as a token of respect to her who has been summoned from among us, adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have lost an amiable companion, education a friend, and our Society a firm advocate and zealous member.

Resolved, That while we love to "kiss the chastening rod," and deeply mourn the loss of her who so lately moved happily and cheerfully among us, our warmest sympathies are with the friends and relatives of the deceased, and for consolation we will look with them to the "rock that is higher than we."

Resolved, That we will long and faithfully cherish the memory of Dear CAROLINE; and in token of our love and respect we will wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased, and other copies to the editors of the *News-Letter* and *Western Times* for publication.

M. E. ROBINSON, Committee.
E. J. SLUSS, Committee.
E. MCQUELLELAND, Committee.

NEOTROPHIAN HALL, April 26, 1855.

[For the News-Letter.]

To a Girl Getting Over a Fence.

"How beautiful are thy feet with shoes,"
Morocco new and bright!
But lovelier far thy pedals are,
Unadorned—snowy white!

I saw thee on the highest rail;
I saw thee look around—
I turned my face another way,
And looked upon the ground.

I only saw those blue-veined feet,
And turned away to grieve,
That I might never see thee wear
The bridal dress of Eve!

ANCHORITE.

BROOKS & CAMPBELL.—We invite the attention of merchants and others who visit New Albany, to the establishment of Messrs. BROOKS & CAMPBELL. You can get just as good, if not better bargains there than in Louisville. Then why not patronize the gentlemanly and accommodating proprietors of this establishment? See their new advertisements in this number of our paper.

Some unknown person burglariously broke into the post office at this place, last week, and stole three or four dollars.

The entire Democratic ticket was elected over the Know Nothing ticket at Quincy, Ill., on Monday week by 250 majority.

WM. PATTERSON, who was shot by the Know Nothing rioters in Cincinnati, died from the effects of his wounds on Sunday.

The Secretary of State has at length "come down." He publishes the State Bank law in the Indianapolis papers.

"RATS DESERT A SINKING SHIP."—The N. Y. *Herald*, which always endeavors to smell out the strong side, gives signs of abandoning the Know Nothings, whose cause it has been advocating for some time past.

A meeting of the citizens of Lafayette, opposed to the Know Nothing nominations for city officers having been called, a gang of K. N.'s headed by GOLOVE S. OKRU, thrust themselves into the house and succeeded in breaking up the meeting.

The brave and chivalrous Nunnery Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has been celebrated in rhyme. We clip the following from the Boston *Post*:

The Siege of Roxbury.

Onward the Nunnery Committee!
No man was dismayed,
Although the volunteers knew
It was a terrible blunder.
There was not to make reply,
There was no reason why,
But to know nothing.
Into old Roxbury
Rode the seventeen.

No Jesuits to right of them,
No Jesuits to left of them,
No Jesuits in front of them,
No nothing, but women.
Bully they rode and well,
With four good horses,
In two ambulances,
Rode the seventeen.

When will their glory fade?
O, the great search they made,
From cellar to dormitory,
In a pond blaze of glory.
All the world wonders!
Twenty-four to nineteen!
Honor the Nunnery Committee,
Gallant seventeen!

On to the Norfolk House,
Mine host will provide.
Refreshments are needed;
It's tiresome to ride.
Charge then, this turkey—that ham,
Charge the hills to the State,
We're fighting for glory and—Sam.
Then backward they rode,
Each to his place of abode,
The noble seventeen!

The mail agents on the southern end of the New Albany and Salem Railroad are perfectly worthless. We have deposited several letters in the letter-box on the cars, and they are almost invariably carried beyond their destination, and are received only by the return cars. We hear several persons complain of similar neglect of duty.

The next session of the Bloomington Female College, (Prof. SNYDER, Principal,) will commence on Monday, April 30th.

Tornado—Life Lost—The Suspension Bridge thoroughly tested by Wind, and Triumphant—Vessels Lost.

From a passenger who came up in the cars from Brockport, yesterday, we have received the following memorandum of particulars of a terrible tornado which swept over the region of country along the line of the Rochester and Niagara Railroad, yesterday morning about 7 o'clock.

At Brockport the wind was so violent as to tear down fences, uproot and twist off trees, and demolish chimneys by the wholesale. Huge hailstones, big as hens' eggs, fell in large quantities.

At Albion the blow was not so violent, but it was very dark; obliged to light lamps, to see to eat breakfast. (Was eating mine when the blow came on, there.) The Irishmen on the canal enlargement ran terrified, for shelter; heard one cry, "Howly mither of Jas! is this an airthquake?" All along the road, between Brockport and the Suspension Bridge, the fences were strewn like cob-houses kicked by spunky boys. In many places, large trees were blown or twisted off at their trunks. Near Pekin, Niagara county, several large trees were blown across the railroad track. Three or four houses in that neighborhood were blown down. Heard a farmer say, who got on the cars at Pekin station, that timber in his woods had been damaged to the extent of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars.

At Niagara—mouth of the river—the extensive car manufactory of Brainard, Pierce & Co., was almost entirely demolished; damage about \$20,000. The building was of wood, some 200 feet long; and about 70 wide. A great number of dwellings were unroofed, and some utterly destroyed. The gable-end of the Scotch Presbyterian Church was blown in, slick and clean, and the building generally injured. A daguerrean wagon standing in the street was keeled over, and the artist and his little son seriously hurt, the latter supposed fatally. A railroad car standing on the track was lifted up, bodily, and carried some four rods. Two schooners seen just before the blow came up, off Niagara, were not to be seen after it had passed over, and were supposed to have foundered.

At the Suspension Bridge the blow was most violent doing more or less damage. The men who had just commenced work on the Bridge painting, &c., ran off when they saw the gale coming, and some were blown violently from one side to the other; one narrowly escaped being blown over into the River. The wind howled and screamed through the gorge, a perfect rush. One of the workmen said it "blew like Hell let loose." The bridge, however, sustained not the slightest injury, and no vibration was perceptible, when the gale was at its highest pitch.—*Buffalo Democracy of Thursday Morning*.

A Tragical Affair.

A Mr. Alexander J. Forbes, an old resident of Buffalo, and recently returned from California, where he had been absent about three years—finding his family on the eve of being materially increased, and having satisfied himself that the author of this disgrace was a Mr. Michael Shaler, a clerk in the employ of Mr. George Gage, grocer on Seneca street, proceeded this morning about 11 o'clock to Mr. Gage's store, and after asking for an account which Mr. Gage had against him, draw a revolver and rapidly discharged five shots at Shaler—only one, however, took effect—passing through the right breast and out at the back. Shaler now lies in rather a critical condition, although it is supposed he will not die.

As soon as the act was done, Mr. Forbes at once gave himself up to the officers—he was entirely calm—expressed his regret that the man Shaler was not killed—said he had good and sufficient cause for the perpetration of his apparently rash act.

The case of Forbes seems a peculiarly distressing one. He appears quite an intelligent man, and apparently was prompted by no other motive than that of in some measure repairing the great wrong which had been done to him. He was formerly in the employ of Messrs. Culler, Stearns, & White, as a cabinet maker; afterwards had a shop of his own on Exchange street, and then left for California, where he has labored assiduously for the past three years, during which time he had remitted over \$3,000 to his wife. Shaler was supposed to be his particular friend, and on his return, Forbes brought a richly mounted case, costing him some \$65, and presented it to him as an evidence of his esteem.

We are told that Shaler was warned by Mr. Forbes, as soon as he learned the amount of his disgrace, that he had better leave the city. Shaler paid no attention to the advice, and the result followed, as above detailed. We learn that the examination of Forbes has been postponed until the state of Mr. Shaler may be satisfactorily ascertained.—*Buffalo Commercial, 7th*.

A Ghost in Love.—A farmer who had lately become a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate, "If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!" Wretch! exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A., to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B." Mary her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom! This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B. herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said that the farmer admiring the girl's trick, had the banns published for his marriage with her.—*Gateshead (Eng.) Observer*.

THE MAILS.

Arrivals at and Departures from the Bloomington P. O.

From New Albany (by Railroad) arrives at 9:32, A. M.; and departs North immediately.

From Michigan City (by Railroad) arrives at 10:25, A. M.; and departs South at 10:45, A. M.

From Columbus (by two horse back) arrives every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12 M.; and departs every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10 A. M.

From Bloomfield (by hack when necessary) arrives every Tuesday and Saturday, at 4 P. M.; and departs every Monday and Friday, at 8 P. M.

From Indianapolis, via Martinsville, (by two horse back) arrives every Tuesday and Friday, at 12 M.; and departs same days, at 1 P. M.

From Point Commerce, via White Hall, (horse-back) arrives every Thursday, at 1 P. M.; and departs same day, at 1:30 P. M.

[From the Indianapolis Daily Sentinel.]

Value of Indiana Free Bank Money.

Below we give a report of the value of Free Bank paper, which was appointed to fix the value of Free Bank paper. These gentlemen were selected from among our best business men. There is no important difference between this classification and that made by the Association of Free Bankers at the late meeting. There is a very general feeling among all classes of people, in the city and country to be governed as we can learn, the value of Free Bank money; and the following list gives satisfaction:

First Class, Specie Paying, Far.

Bank of Indiana Farmers and Merch's Bank
" of Brookville Indianapolis
" of Syracuse Gramercy Bank
" of Elkhart Hoosier "
" of Rockville Indiana "
" of Gosben Indiana Stock Bank
" of Mt. Vernon Kentucky Stock
" of Salem Lagrange
" of the Capital Merch's and Mech's Bank
" of New Albany New Albany
" of N. American N. Y. and Va. State Stock
" of Warsaw Bank
" of Monticello Bank
Canal Bank, Southern Bank of Ind.
Crescent City Bank Savings
Cambridge City " Traders "
Central Farmers Bank, Westfield Indpls

Second Class, Worth 90 Cents to the Dollar.

Bank of Fort Wayne New York Stock Bank
" of South Bend Tippecanoe
" of Perryville Upper Wash
Delaware county bank Wayne Bank, Logansport
Great Western Wayne " Richmond
Huntington city Wash River bk, Jasper
Indian Reserve Wash River bk, Newville
Kalamazoo Wash River bk, New Co
North Western ydon

Third Class, Worth 75 Cents to the Dollar.

Agricultural bank Greene county bank
Atlantic Merchants bank, Lafayette
Bank of Covington Merchants' " Springfield
" of Albion Marshall county bank
" of Attica Northern Indiana "
" of N. America, Newp Orange
" of Bridgeport Public Stock
" of Rochester Perry county
" of Warraville Plymouth
" of Reservoir Shawnee
" of T. Watworth Steuben county
" of Rockport State Stock Bank, Marion
" of America State Stock " Jamestown
" of Auburn State Stock " Logansport
" of Albany State Stock " New Albany
Brokers' bank State Stock Security Bank
Buffalo county bank Traders' bank, Nashville
Farmers and Merch's bank Traders' bank, Terre Haute
Keweenaw Western bank, Plymouth
Farmers' bank, Jasper Wash Valley bank
Government Stock Bank

The New County Land Bill.

It is enacted, &c., That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether of regulars, volunteers, rangers, or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, seaman, ordinary seaman, marine, clerk, and landsman in the navy, in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since 1790, and each of the survivors of the militia, or volunteers, or State troops, of any State or territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the Interior for one hundred and sixty acres of land; and where any person shall have been mustered into service and paid, shall be entitled to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as will make, in the whole, with what he has heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres to each person having served as aforesaid; Provided, the person so having been in service shall not receive said land warrant if it shall appear at the master rolls of his regiment or corps that he deserted, or was dishonorably discharged from service.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That in case of the death of any person who has been so entitled to a certificate or warrant as aforesaid, under this act, leaving a widow, or, if no widow, a minor child, or children, such widow, or, if no widow, such minor children shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land that such deceased person shall be entitled to receive under the provisions of this act, if now living: Provided that a subsequent marriage shall not impair the right of any such warrant, if she be a widow at the time of making her application; and provided, further, that those who are considered minors who are so at the time this act shall take effect.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That in case of any certificate or warrant be issued for any acre less than four acres, except where the person shall actually have been engaged in battle, and unless the party claiming such certificate or warrant, shall establish his or her right thereto by recorded evidence of said service.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That said certificates or warrants may be assigned, transferred, and located by the warrantees, their assignees, or their heirs, according to the provisions of existing laws regulating the assignment, transfer and location of county land warrants.

As a SPRING and SUMMER MEDICINE, Carter's Spanish Mixture stands pre-eminent above all others. Its singularly efficacious action on the blood, its strengthening and vivifying qualities; its tonic action on the liver; its tendency to drive all humors to the surface, thereby cleansing the system according to Nature's own prescription; its harmless, and at the same time extraordinary good effects, and the number of cures testified to by many of the most respectable citizens of Richmond, Va., and elsewhere, must be conclusive evidence that there is no humbug about it. The trial of a single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical of its benefits.

* See advertisement in another column.

The condition of the stomach is of vital importance. No man, woman or child can be healthy unless the work of digestion is regularly, thoroughly, and vigorously performed. With three-fourths of civilized society, this is not the case. And yet the remedy is within the reach of all. Hood's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, will surely create a regular and healthy action of the stomach as oil will lessen the friction of machinery. Let the victim of dyspepsia or indigestion in any of its forms, try it, and we guarantee a good appetite, physical vigor, firm nerves, sound sleep by night, and increased cheerfulness by day.

A Wonderful Discovery

Has recently been made by Dr. Curtis of this city, in the treatment of Consumption, Asthma, and all diseases of the lungs. We refer to Dr. Curtis's Hygeana, or Inhalant Hygean Vapor and Cherry Syrup. With this perfect health; as an evidence of which he has numerous certificates. Speaking of the treatment a physician remarks:—It is evident that inhaling—consistently breathing an agreeable, healing vapor, the medicinal properties must come in direct contact with the windpipe of the arterial cavity of the lungs, and thus escape the many and varied changes produced upon them when introduced into the stomach, and subjected to the processes of digestion. The Hygeana is for sale at all the drug stores throughout the country. (From the New York *Dutchman* of Jan. 14th.)

See advertisement of Medicated Inhalation in another column of this paper.

Exhibitions of "American" Principles. We will, for the edification of Kentucky...

Great Literary Enterprise. NO LOTTERY. NO HUMBUG. FOR the more general diffusion of choice literature...

NOTICE OF THE DISCONTINUANCE OF THE U. S. LAND OFFICES AT JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA, AND WINAMAC, INDIANA. Under the provisions of the second section of the act of Congress approved June 12, 1834...

War with the Old System of Building! Precious year Carpenter Work ready made, of seasoned lumber, and save 30 per cent. HINKLE, GUILD, & Co., 305 West Front Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHAW, BUELL & BARBOUR. IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 55 Pearl Street, CINCINNATI, O.

NEWS-LETTER. BOOK AND JOB PRINTING HOUSE. W. E. B. would especially call the attention of the public to our facilities for doing PLAIN AND FANCY JOB WORK.