

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

VOL. III.

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1856.

NO. 5.

THE
BLOOMINGTON NEWS-LETTER
Is published every Saturday Morning, by
JAMES C. CARLTON.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One copy one year, \$1.50
Six months, 1.00
Three months, 75c
For advertising rates, see page 10
No name entered on the subscription book until the subscription money is paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square, 3 months, \$3.00
Two squares, 3 months, 4.50
Three squares, 3 months, 6.00
Fourth of a column, 3 months, 9.00
Half column, 3 months, 13.00
One column, 3 months, 23.00
One square, 6 months, 5.00
Two squares, 6 months, 7.00
Three squares, 6 months, 9.00
Fourth of a column, 6 months, 13.00
Half column, 6 months, 20.00
One column, 6 months, 35.00
One square, 1 year, 10.00
Two squares, 1 year, 15.00
Three squares, 1 year, 20.00
Fourth of a column, 1 year, 30.00
Half column, 1 year, 45.00
One column, 1 year, 80.00

Special notices (10 lines), three insertions or less, one dollar; each additional insertion, under three months, twenty-five cents.
Special notices (always inserted next before the advertisements, on third page, and leading) 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

Advertisements, unlimited as to time, are inserted until a discontinuance is ordered, and charged accordingly. Advertisers will take particular notice of this part of our rates.

Legal advertisements are to be paid for when inserted, or the agent furnishing them will be held responsible for their payment.
For advertising rates, Five Dollars, for two squares or less; for every square above two, One Dollar extra.

BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1856.

The Newport (R. I.) News hoists the name of MILLARD FILLMORE for President, but leaves "that other individual," ANDREW JACKSON donelson, to blow his own horn.

There are 384 churches, 148 ministers, and 21,486 members of the Baptist denomination in Indiana. The anti-mission Baptists have 189 churches, 93 ministers, 6,864 members.

The Democrats have carried Eden, says an exchange. This is an important victory, for according to tradition, it was carried by a Black Republican at a very early day—the victory having been achieved, as all other victories of that party are, by bribery and deception.—Woodstock Age.

One of the most unscrupulous Old Line papers published in the State, is the Bloomington News-Letter. It is perfectly reckless in its assertions, and totally devoid of candor and honor in its warfare against the opposite party. A paper of this character must necessarily exert but a limited influence with an intelligent community. So palpably false are most of its assertions relative to the acts and doings of the American party, that no sane man will for a moment give them credence.—Greencastle Banner.

The editor of the Banner is christopher w. brown. Verbum sapient.

JUDGE DOUGLAS' SPEECH.—The Washington Sentinel says: "Yesterday, the galleries and lobbies of the Senate were filled to overflowing to hear the speech of this young but eminent statesman. We could hardly help envying him the compliment that was paid him by the presence of such a concourse of his countrymen, whom he held bound in silent attention for more than two hours. The speech was unanswerable, and will go to the country as one of the ablest that has ever been delivered in the Senate. This is high praise, but it is sincere, and we believe, just praise."

Never in the history of American politics has the nomination of any party for the Presidency fallen so flat upon the country as that of Fillmore.—Clarksville Jeffersonian

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he holds his mouth open. He says "it is as impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaws closed, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell closed."

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree.—Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless man?

Mr. D'ALEMBERT, a Frenchman, has just published a book of travels in the United States. He is an extravagant admirer of the ladies of America, and has demonstrated his sincerity by marrying one of them, a Miss PHILLIPS, of Philadelphia. In dilating upon the fearful frequency of duels in the United States, he asserts that the following placard is to be seen over an editor's office, out West: "Subscriptions received from nine to four; challenges from eleven to twelve only. Wipe your feet, if you please."

"I turned to my father and asked him why it was that women were so often robbed by pickpockets in public carriages. 'They must,' I observed, 'be conscious that the rogues are feeling about them.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but a fellow feeling makes them wondrous kind.' I was struck with the force of the remark."

Kansas Meeting in New Haven.

A party from New Haven, Conn., being about to start for Kansas, a meeting was held in the North Church of that city, on Thursday evening, the 20th ult., to raise money to provide the party with proper weapons of defence.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER made a characteristic speech, in which he spoke of the impossibility of reconciling the opposing elements of liberty and slavery, and illustrated his views as follows:

The story has been told of a fellow who wished to take a drink of alkali and acid, who took down first the one and then the other, instead of mixing them beforehand, and thus experienced the effervescence internally. Now, if some one had said,—"Drink first the acid and then the alkali, and don't foam," the prescription would have been just about the same as saying,—"Swallow down the one element of Liberty in the Constitution, and then the other of Slavery, and don't get excited nor effervescent!" We have been told to take both down without feeling it, and to show no effervescence whatever. It may be in the power of some to undergo such fermentation, but it is not in the capacity of my stomach.

At the close of Mr. B.'s remarks, Prof. Silliman stated that he believed in meeting the exigencies of the occasion, and therefore requested to be put down for one of Sharpe's rifles.

Mr. Russell and Rev. Mr. Dutton rose, both at once. Mr. Russell speaks first: "Put me down for one."

Rev. Mr. Dutton, (pastor of the church.)—One of the deacons of the church, Mr. Harvey Hall, is going out with the company, and I, as his pastor, desire to present him with a Bible and a Sharpe's rifle.—[Great applause.]

F. P. Pie.—I will give one.

Stephen D. Pardee.—I will give one for myself and also one for my wife.

Mr. Beecher.—I like to see that; it is a stroke right and left. [Great laughter.]

Charles Ives.—Put me down for three.

Thos. R. Trowbridge.—Put me down for four.

Dr. J. J. Howe.—I will subscribe for one. A gentleman here said that Miss Mary Dutton would give one.

Dr. Stephen G. Hubbard.—One.

Mr. Beecher here stated that if thirty-five could be raised on the spot, he would pledge twenty-five more from Plymouth Church—fifty being a sufficient number for the whole supply. [Clapping of hands all over the house.]

Prof. Silliman now left Mr. Beecher to speak for the bid, and sat down to enjoy the occasion.

Mr. Killam.—I will give one.

Mr. Beecher.—Killam—that's a significant name in connection with a Sharpe's rifle. [Laughter.]

Prof. W. A. Norton.—One for me.

Mr. Vining.—Another for me.

Mr. Moses Tyler.—I will pledge one of Sharpe's rifles from the Junior class of Yale College! [Great applause.]

Prof. Silliman.—(rising in his seat, and sweeping the gallery with his eye).—There are four classes in Yale College! [Immense sensation.]

Henry Trowbridge.—One.

John G. North.—One.

Mr. Beecher.—I think Kansas will now know there is a North! [Great applause.]

Wm. Kingsley.—One for me.

Lucius L. Olmstead.—One.

Mr. Dunlap.—I will pledge one for the Senior Class in Yale College.

It was now ascertained that instead of twenty-five, twenty-seven rifles had been subscribed, the cost of which, together with the amount received at the door for admission fees, made the collection for Kansas in the North Church, one thousand dollars! The meeting then adjourned.

England Recruiting Among the Hessians Again.

A correspondent of the Independence Belge writes as follows, under date of Hamburg, Feb. 8:

"In spite of the prospects of peace, which is regarded as certain by the merchants and business men engaged in trade with Russia, the English government is still engaged in recruiting its armies among the States of Northern Europe, and new orders to this effect have recently been transmitted to this city from London. Last week several vessels, having on board a large number of new recruits, left the banks of the Elbe and the shores of the Black Sea, depositing their cargoes on the island of Heligoland, where England is at this moment forming her 5th regiment of light infantry. At the same time, quite a large number of German officers have already received commissions in the regular army from the British Secretary of War; most of these officers, as well as their comrades, have served in the former army of the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The government of the Electorate of Hesse is already prosecuting those of its subjects who have accepted rank in this regiment. This causes great astonishment among the people, for they remember very well under what circumstances and at what a price so many thousands of Hessians were furnished England in her war against the North American colonies."

Henry Clay on Catholicism.

The following letter from Kentucky's—America's—eloquent son, was addressed to GARDNER JONES, President of the University of Notre-Dame du Lac, near South Bend, Indiana:

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have received and attentively perused your letter which, at the instance of the President and Faculty of the University of Notre-Dame du Lac, you addressed to me on the 4th inst. In that letter they have done me the honor to express their approbation of a speech of mine in the Senate of the United States, the object of which was to heal all differences, and amicably to adjust all controversies arising out of the existence of slavery in the U. S. Such testimony proceeding from a highly respectable body of gentlemen, retired from the world, and regarding justly the interests which belong to another and future state of existence, as paramount to all others, affords me an inexpressible degree of satisfaction.

Nor is this at all diminished by the fact that we happen to profess different religious creeds. For I have never believed that that of "the Catholics was anti-American, and hostile to civil liberty." On the contrary, I have with great pleasure and sincere conviction, on several public occasions, borne testimony to my perfect persuasion that Catholics were as much devoted to civil liberty, and as much animated by patriotism, as those who belong to the Protestant creed.

I am not surprised that, in the seclusion of those whom you represent, great solicitude should be felt for the safety and preservation of that Union, which is our surest guaranty of peace, order, liberty and public happiness. I hope and believe that dangers which appeared to threaten it have diminished; but there is still great occasion for the exercise of a spirit of concord, mutual concession and harmony.

I request you to present to the President and Faculty, assurances of my respectful acknowledgments, and accept, yourself, those of your respectful and obedient servant.

H. CLAY.

Matrimony.

On the subject of leap year, and the rights and privileges of the ladies, the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"Don't be prudish, ladies, we beseech you, any longer. Matrimony is the best condition for us brutes of men, as well as for your charming selves, and you will really be doing a service by seizing all starchy bachelors of this leap year, and impounding them in matrimony. Some old rogue once said that matrimony was like those wire rat-traps, where a hollow cone, the big end out, invites the victim to enter by the sight and smell of toasted cheese within; but when he attempts to leave, the sharp wires of the little end of the cone hint pointedly at the impossibility. This story is a wicked libel on matrimony, ladies, which is not a rat-trap, any more than you are toasted cheese. The man who don't know that matrimony is good for him, is so far forth demented, and the sooner he is put into the husband's strait-jacket, the better for him. You have a prescriptive right to soften our rougher natures. Dr. Franklin aptly said that the sexes were halves of a pair of scissors, and neither was good for much without the other. Children don't know what is good for them; neither do we men always. So, as leap year is here, make an onslaught, one and all, on the bachelors, and let it be as fierce as a farm-wife makes on her poultry at Christmas. It's the destiny of turkeys to be eaten, and of men to marry the girls.—So forward march."

How to BE LOVED.—Here is a secret worth knowing. WILLIAM WIRT, in a letter to his daughter, thus insists upon the importance of the small, sweet courtesies of life. Depend upon it, he is right. He says: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield who cared for nobody—no, not he,—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same care. Let all persons, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls small, sweet courtesies, in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment,—at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing."

A GEM FROM CHARLES KINGSLEY.—Says Kingsley: "Did you ever remark, friends, that the Bible says hardly anything about religion—that it never praises religious people? This is very curious. Would to God we would all remember it. The Bible speaks of religious men only once, and of religion only twice, except where it speaks of the Jews' religion, to condemn it, and show what an empty, blind, useless thing it was. What does this Bible talk of, then? It talks of God; not of religion, but of God. It tells us not to be religious, but to be godly. If Jesus Christ came to you in the shape of a poor man whom nobody knew, should you know him?"

Pistol Shooting.

Owing to the frequent and urgent solicitations of many of my friends, I am induced to make the following propositions:

1. I will hit a dollar to the end of a twig two inches long, and while a second person will hold the other end in his mouth, so as to bring the coin within an inch and a half of his face, I engage to strike the dollar three times out of five, at the distance of ten paces or thirty. I will add, in explanation, that there are several persons ready and willing to hold the stick or twig described above, when required.
2. I will hit a dollar tossed in the air, or any other object of the same size, three times out of five, on a wheel and fire.
3. At the word, I will split three balls out of five, on a knife-blade, placed at a distance of thirty feet.
4. I will hit three birds out of five, sprung from the trap, standing thirty feet from the trap when shooting.
5. I will break, at the word, five common clay-pipe-stems out of seven, at the distance of thirty feet.
6. I engage to prove, by fair trial, that no pistol shot can be produced, who will shoot an apple off a man's head, at a distance of thirty feet, oftener than I can.—Moreover, I will produce two persons willing and ready to hold the apple on their heads for me, when required to do so.
7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced, who will hit a quarter of a dollar, at a distance of thirty feet, oftener than I can, on a wheel and fire.

I am willing to bet \$5,000 on any of the above propositions, one-fourth of that amount forfeit. So soon as any bet will be closed, the money will be deposited in the Bank of the State of Missouri, until paid over by the judges, or withdrawn, less forfeit. I will give the best and most satisfactory reference that my share shall be forthcoming when any of my propositions are taken up. Any one desiring to take up any of my propositions, must address me by letter through the St. Louis post-office, as the advertisements or notices of newspapers might not meet my eye. Propositions will be received until the last of September next.

EDMUND W. PALL.

No. 140 Sixth street, between Franklin Avenue and Morgan street, St. Louis, Missouri.

COMMENT.

I am unable to see anything very extraordinary in the propositions of Edmund W. Pall. Any person acquainted with the merest rudiments of the pistol, could execute any or all of the proposed feats without the slightest difficulty.

"Owing" to my entertaining these opinions, without "solicitation from friends, and unbiased by unworthy motives," I am induced to make the following propositions:

1. I will suspend two dollars by a ring from a second person's nose, so as to bring the coins within three-fourths of an inch of his face, and with a double-barreled shot gun, at a distance of thirty feet, will blow dollar, nose and man at least thirty feet further, four times out of five. I will add, in explanation, that in San Diego, containing a rather intelligent community, I can find no one, at present, willing or ready to have his nose blown in this manner; but I have no doubt that I could have obtained such a person from St. Louis, by Adams & Co's Express, in due season.
2. I will hit a dollar, or anything else that has been tossed in the air, (of the same size), on a wheel, on a pole or axletree or on the ground, every time out of five.
3. At the word, I will place five balls on the blade of a pen-knife, and split them all.
4. I will hit three men out of five, sprung from obscure parentage, and stand within ten feet of steel-trap, (properly set,) while shooting.
5. I will break, at the word, a whole box of common clay pipes, with a single brick, at a distance of thirty feet.
6. I engage to prove, by fair trial, that no pistol-shot, or other person, can be produced, who will throw more apples at a man's head than I can. Moreover, I can produce more than sixty persons in this town, willing and ready to hold an apple on their heads for me, provided they are allowed to eat the apple subsequently.
7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced, who, with a double-barreled shot gun, can hit throwing a back-handed comerset, can hit oftener a dollar and a half on the perimeter of a revolving wheel, in rapid motion, than I can.

Any one desirous of taking up any of my propositions, will address me through the columns of the Pioneer Magazine, California. Propositions received on the first of April next.

JOHN PHOENIX.

No. 1365, Seventeenth street, Vallejo. "Se compra oraqui up stairs."

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—On one occasion while Dr. Franklin was in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, he was busily engaged in some matter, just as the Chaplain was about to pray. The preacher waited for the doctor to cease his attention to the object of his pursuit and attend to him, but finally the preacher spoke and said: "If the Hon. philosopher will give his attention, we will pray." Franklin, without raising his head, replied, "Pray away."

Owning Up.

The Meriden Transcript, an opposition print, acknowledges that about two-thirds of the stories about the outrages of the Missourians in Kansas are really ridiculous. It says:

"The great hue and cry constantly kept up about Kansas affairs, is getting to be really ridiculous. We confess that we are heartily sick of it. One day the Republican prints treat us to long accounts, headed with big capitals, of the outrages committed upon free State men, and the very next day, a modest paragraph informs us that the story, after all, was 'slightly exaggerated,'—a telegraphic hoax or some other humbug. The whole thing is beginning to smack strongly of political jargon. One is only safe in believing just about one-third of the accounts that reach us through the New York Tribune and similar prints, from the Territories."

Joseph Brady, the Abolition schoolmaster who was recently mobbed in Lexington, has written a letter to the Indianapolis Journal, declaring that he has always voted the Democratic ticket; that he voted for Polk in '44, for Cass in '48, and for Pierce in '52.—Lou. Journal.

So did Col. Whitley, one of the editors of the Journal, and Gen. Pilcher, and Major Andrew Jackson Donelson, vote for Polk in '44, for Cass in '48, and for Pierce in '52,—but we do not think the Democratic party has been seriously weakened or damaged by their defection. At any rate, it now bids fair to survive the loss.

Lou. Courier.

Turkish Mode of Keeping Time.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing from Constantinople, says:

Honest, civilized nations reckon their time from a point almost fixed, the moment of the sun's crossing the meridian. The Turks, however, imagine because the sun dips below the horizon at different times, therefore noon, by induction, is an equally changeable point. Hence, from time immemorial, sunset has been adopted as the standard, and is invariably considered twelve o'clock; noon meantime, being represented by 6 o'clock; varies according to the season from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. At a glance you will detect the inconveniences arising from such a faulty system; the best constructed watches cannot keep Turkish time without being regulated once every twenty-four hours. This the manufacturer for the Eastern market well knows, tinkering up watches which make no pretensions to time, but whose only recommendation consists in going.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

Patrick McShane's Letter to John M. Botts.

Arrah, Mr. Botts, are you for being made President, after all you've said and done against us poor Catholics and foreigners? And faith I'm not exactly a foreigner, nor a native either, but what you may call a foreigner on my father's side, and a native on my mother's side. You see the way of it was this, Mr. Botts. When we determined to leave swate Ireland for this blessed land of liberty, my father insisted that we should all stay at home until I was born; but my mother said no, she wanted to have me a free-born son of Hail Columbia. So off we all started; and when I thought we had been on the water long enough to reach America, what does I but get born, just a little this side of half way to this glorious country, as it then was, greatly to the disappointment of us all, but particularly of my mother and me. Well, we all came on together to the city of Orleans, where we landed, and the first land Iver I touched was the land of America; and if that don't make me a native American, faith, I'd like to know what would. Well, we all moved on to Kentucky, where my father worked, got naturalized, and bought him a little plot of land; and there he brought me up, in a retired way, as good an American as the best of them. When the Mexican war comes on, to be sure, and didn't Patrick McShane shoulder his musket, and fight all through it, without turning his back the first time? When I came home, dad says to me, "Well, Pat, I hear you fought bravely for your country." "Faith dad," says I, "you may well say that, for there's many a dead Mexican that will rue the day they ever he saw Patrick McShane. But they've left their mark on me; for you see I've brought back three fingers less than I carried to Mexico, and one leg a little shorter than the other." Here my mother puts her fore-finger to her eye, and she squeezed out a tear big enough to melt poor Pat's heart in. "Och mither," says I, "what signifies a little limping and bad writing through life, compared with the fine, rich country I've helped to get for my native land. And here, mam," says I, "here's a little comfort that I brought home to you; it's all the pay I got in the war, saving a little that I spent with my friends, for a drop to drink Jimmy O'Polk's health with, occasionally. To be sure and if it hadn't been for you, mother, I never should have been born in this land of liberty." So saying, I shuffled all the yellow boys into my mother's lap. But only made her cry the more; and faith, Mr. Botts, though I'm ashamed to confess it, my own eyes filled up and emptied them selves three times, before I could stop 'em, for, do you see, it's not in an American Irishman's heart to see his mither weep for joy and for sorrow, all at one time, and to keep his own eyes under command. At

last, when she could spake, she said, "No, Patrick, ye're now unfit for hard work, so take your money, and set you up a little store in Louisville, and make the most of it." So I took my mother's advice, and set me up a little grocery, and got along very well.

One day last year, as Billy McCarty and I were walking down street, "Pat," says he to me, pointing to a large house, "that's the house in which the Know Nothings meet every night." "The Know Nothings," says I, "and who are they?" "Faith," says Billy, "I know nothing about them, but they say they are the true American party."—"By me troth, Billy," says I, "that is just the party I shall be after joining."—"But," says Billy to me, "Pat, they won't let you join 'em." "They won't," says I, "and why won't they?" "Because you are not a native American," says Billy. "Well now, just let me alone for that, Billy," says I.—So that night I goes to the house, and knocked at the door, when a great giant of a fellow comes to the door, and says to me, "Well, and what do you want?"—"And pray what should I want at this house, but to join the true American party that ye've got locked up here?"—"Can you give the sign?" says he. "Yes, a couple of 'em," says I. "Do you see this hand with two fingers on it?" The other three were buried in Mexico, with the honors of war, fighting for my country. And do you see I've got a little hitch in my gallop, with a scapet, I think they call them, gave me in the same way. I reckon that's sign enough of a true American."—"But can you give the grip?" says he. "Faith," says I, "my hand is not in much plight for gripping, as you see; but I'm ready to give you any manner of grips you need, according to my ability."—"Are you a native American?" says he.—"Every inch of it," says I, "seeing the first land Iver I touched was native American land."—"That can't be," says he, "for you have got the brogue as broad as a table."—"Och, me jewel," says I, "and does the brogue make me an Irishman? Didn't I learn it from my parents here in old Kentucky?"—"No," says he, "and if your parents are Irish, that's enough for me to know, you've no business here." So saying, he slammed the door in my face. "Ah!" said I, "and this is the true American party, is it? Well, it's worth watching."

Not long after this, what did I see but Know Nothings running all over the country, just and abusing Catholics and foreigners try for nothing at all, at all. Nevertheless there were many true sons of the soil who stood up for us manfully.

About a week before the elections, I was called away sixty miles from home on business, and as I expected to be gone near a week, I got dad to come and take care of my shop for me, as he had done at times before, and he brought mother with him. The Monday morning of the election found me forty-five miles from home; but I rode hard in hopes of getting to Louisville in time to vote. What, think you, were my feelings, to find my little shop a bed of coals, and my father's and my mither's bones among them? I did not weep, Mr. Botts, I could not, for the bloodhounds were still prowling about the streets; but I hardly thought of them; like one that walketh in sleep, I groped to my father's little farm.—There were the things as they had been left, but all new to me in the feelings they inspired. There was the chair in which my mither sat when I tossed my battle earnings in her lap; there—but I cannot speak of these things; Know Nothings still float over Louisville, and justice still sleeps over my parents' ashes. I am a lonely wanderer in the land for which I spilt my blood; a cripple for the honor of those who murdered my best beloved. No one in this broad land calls me son, brother, or father.

And you are nominated for the Presidency, Mither Botts, by the party whose champions have done such things, and you feel yourself honored by the nomination. The letter which commended you to that party was addressed to Louisville, the scene of the hell-born riots to which I have referred, and which must have been before your eyes when you wrote it. You cannot hurt me, Mither Botts, I have nothing to gain or lose now, in this "San"-cursed land; but hundreds of thousands, from my father's land, as true to the country as I have been, have much to lose; and you are just the man to grind them to powder, if you can get the power. Give me the man for a tyrant of the Nero stamp; who, having no religion himself, sets up religious tests; who, knowing no true love for the soil of his birth, cannot conceive how one can love the soil of his adoption; who, standing between the tombs of Washington and Henry, will purchase peace at the price of his dearest rights; and who would lick the foot of an Abolitionist for his help to mount in to office. You have an oath upon your conscience, Mr. Botts, that disqualifies you for the Presidency, and if you forget that, the people will remind you of it. All virtue has not fled the land yet, thanks be to God; and while virtue prevails in it, you are not to be feared, even by Catholics and foreigners. You will be driven back to your den, to plot new schemes of proscription, anarchy and bloodshed. I shall vote against you, Mither Botts; or I'll my little body down by the ballot-box. Brass knuckles, ner revolvers, nor bowie knives, nor fire and fagot, shall keep me from it.

PATRICK MCSHANE.

A NEW MAP
OF
MONROE COUNTY,
Shewing

Showing

THE TOWNSHIP, RANGE, SECTION, AND QUARTER SECTION LINES; THE CIVIL TOWNSHIPS; THE OUTLINE OF EACH PIONEER'S TRACT OF LAND, WITH THE OWNER'S NAME THEREON; THE STREAMS; CANALS, RAILROADS; PLANK ROADS; STATE AND QUARTER ROADS; TOWNS; VILLAGES; POST-OFFICES; PUBLIC BUILDINGS; CHURCHES; SCHOOLS; HOMES; MILLS; &c.; THE TOWN OF BLOOMINGTON, WITH ITS ADDITIONS AND SUB-DIVISIONS.

Map.

Compiled with great care from the U. States Surveys, and County Records.

THIS is a Map that every man in Monroe county should have a copy of. It is calculated to prevent him from all litigation in land claims.

Scale, two Inches to the Mile.

Published by DAVIS & KENNEY, at Bloomington.

R. S. DAVIS,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

October 20, 1855-341ft.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution to me directed from the Clerk's office of the Monroe Common Pleas Court, I will expose to public sale at the Court House door in the town of Bloomington, on Saturday, the 15th day of March, 1856, the rents and profits for seven years of the following real estate, to-wit: Lot number twenty-one [21] in the town of Harrodsburg; and also lots numbers five [5], six [6], and seven [7], in Sutherland's addition to the town of Harrodsburg, in Monroe county, Indiana. And on failure to make the full amount demanded by said execution, I will, at the same time and place, offer for sale said real estate to the highest bidder for cash in hand. Taken as the property of Jacob Grabel to satisfy said execution in favor of Alexander Sutherland, and against the said Jacob Grabel.

Sale to be between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 4 o'clock, p. m., of said day.

P. L. D. MITCHELL, Sheriff M. C.

February 23,—513.

Corn-Shellers.

WE respectfully call the attention of Farmers and others having corn to shell to our improved Corn-Shellers. These Machines are warranted to be equal in durability and speed for shelling to *any hand machine in existence.* Our Machines not only shell off the corn in a rapid and satisfactory manner, but it also separates the cob from the shelled corn, and by the assistance of a Fan attached to each Machine, it thoroughly cleans out all the chaff, so that the corn is perfectly cleaned when it comes from the Machine.

Those who have used the old fashioned machines, that throw the corn, cob and chaff all in one pile can well appreciate the superiority of our Machines ~~over~~ all others.

Price of a Machine, all complete, \$14.00.

SEWARD & CHASE, Manufacturers,
Bloomington, Ind.

December 15.—42nd.

DR. LEWIS'

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THIS compound I have proved by practice of more than twelve years, and it has ever proved efficacious in the cure of diseases for which it is recommended, where there was any hope.

M. J. LEWIS

Dr. LEWIS—I take great pleasure in informing you that I consider your Mother's Friend one of the very best compounds now offered to the public, and especially to afflicted females. For my wife it has worked wonders after a long and tedious illness of many years with other medicines. After she had become much debilitated and almost helpless, from the long continued use of useless drugs, she resorted to your Mother's Friend in connection with other prescriptions which you recommended. These she continued for a short length of time, when she recovered, and now enjoys the blessing of good health. One of my neighbors who was afflicted in a manner similar to that of my wife, took the same articles and it produced a most wonderful and speedy cure. It should be found in every family.

SAM'L B. WOACK.

NEW ALBANY, 1854.

Dr. LEWIS—I have used and thoroughly tried your Mothers' Friend, and find it to be one of the best compounds for female weaknesses now extant; and further say that it may well be styled the Mothers' Friend for after all specifics have failed, it has performed cures that appeared almost incredible.

JOS. CADWALADER.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., 1854.

Dr. Lewis—Dear sir: I cannot withhold my testimony as to the value of your Mothers' Friend. It has been used freely in my family in distressing complaints, and always with the best effects. It is decidedly the most valuable medicine for female complaints generally, I have ever known.

W. C. TAYLOR.

WORTHINGTON, Ind., 1854.

Dr. Lewis—I have sold for the last two years your female medicine called the Mothers' Friend, and I can testify that it cures all the great troubles of women, general

never sold an article that gave someone dissatisfaction.
R. E. ANDREWS

SALAM, Ind., 1854.

DEAR FRIEND—Thy letter has been received, and it is with pleasure that I certify to thee and the world that thy preparations called the Mother's Friend stands without a rival in medical practice. I have used it, and its effects surpass any preparations of that order I ever saw, in those distressing and weakening diseases to which the sex is liable. It quiets the nervous action

tion, and restores the natural secretions. Therefore I can safely recommend it to the special attention of my female friends every where, believing they will find it a friend indeed.

DR. J. TRUEBLOOD.

HOBBSVILLE, July, 1854.

Dr. Lewis—I have been using your Mothers' Friend in my practice, and it acts promptly as directed and for the uses for which it is recommended. One of my patients had been afflicted in a manner to be unable to ride on horse-back for four years, but after taking one

bottle of your Mothers' Friend, she rode six miles and back the same day. Yours,
 DR. EDWARD SMITH.
 CHARLESTON.
 Dr. LEWIS—I have used two bottles of your medicine called the Mother's Friend in my family, and feel disposed to recommend it as the best medicine in the limits of my knowledge for weakly females, and ear-

pedially for those who are afflicted with what is termed
the change of life. DR. B. W. JAMES.
This medicine is for sale in Blomington, by
JOSEPH ORR,
At the old stand of J. B. Munky.
April 23, 1855—9y1.

Geo. Boelenbacher
ON HANDS AGAIN

THE undersigned would respectfully announce to his old customers in general, that he has again commenced operations in Bloomingburg, and having recruited his stock with a fine lot of the best kind of material, is now prepared to get up anything in the

Boat and Shoe line in as good style as formerly, and
as good as any workman in this part of the country.
GEO. BOELENBACHER.
September 22, 1855-30tf.

"NATURE'S GUIDE,"
By Dr. A. R. KINKELIN,
PUBLISHED BY

THIS is a remarkably skilful work, and one which possesses intense interest for all classes. Its tone is that of high moral feeling, and while it glances at a hidden cause of feeble adolescence, a still feebler manhood, an impaired intellect, and too frequently also, of an early death, it contains no phrase or expression of an impure or immature character. The author is known for his successful treatment of the powerful maladies which are the bottom fruits of intemperance, and his

Newberry Hotel!
Newberry, Greene County, Indiana.
B. GAINES, PROPRIETOR.