

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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NO. 10.

BLOOMINGTON NEWS-LETTER

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BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1856.

The late Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a new libel law. The old maxim was, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." This act reverses it; the greater the truth, the less the libel. Under it malice is not inferred.

The Post Office Department has caused to be prepared a new stamp, with the head of JEFFERSON, of the value of five cents, expressly to prepay postage on foreign letters.

Very great excitement prevails throughout Upper Canada, at the decision of the Legislative Assembly, fixing Quebec as the permanent seat of Government.

Oregon is taking measures to be admitted into the Union; it is said her population now is 50,000, with more wealth than any other community of 50,000 people on the globe.

Last week, 123 Belgian immigrants, men and women, with forty children, arrived at Boston, bound west. They bring with them \$40,000 in cash.

The Auditor of State reports the value of cattle in Indiana at \$8,000,000.

The Steam Navigation of the western waters is said to employ fifteen thousand officers and men.

The State Sentinel says that a new Fusion paper, with M. C. GARDNER, now of the Madison Courier, as editor, is about to be started at Indianapolis.

PENSION AGENCY.—The Sentinel says the Pension Agency has been removed from Evansville to Indianapolis. The books and roll of the agency have been ordered to that point.

The money recently redeemed by the old State Bank will not be put in circulation again, but will be retired for cancellation, preparatory to closing up the business of that institution.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—EDGAR PURCELL, an intelligent young man, of Indianapolis, was struck by lightning on the evening of the 1st inst., and instantly killed.

STEAM POWER ECLIPSED.—The London Morning Chronicle announces an important discovery. It is stated that a great experiment was recently tried at Vincennes, in the presence of General Lahitte and the officers of the fort. The secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and that power may, therefore, be now considered as the sole motive henceforward to be used. A small mortar was fired by the inventor, at the rate of a hundred shots a minute, without flash, smoke or noise. It seems that the same power can be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustion. A vessel propelled by this power is said to skim the seas like a bird, and to fear neither storm nor hurricane. The inventor has already petitioned for a line of steamers from L'Orient to Norfolk, in the United States, which passage he proposes to accomplish in 48 hours!

SOMETHING GAINED.—The London Times says all the parties to the war, (save Turkey and Sardinia, which are not deemed worthy of notice,) have gained something. England has gained the knowledge that her military system was worthless; France has gloriously proved the contrary as respects hers, and Russia has learned that universal conquest is a delusion, and that she had better stay at home and mind her own business. The German powers, by minding their own business, have prospered in their trade, saved a vast expenditure of money, and kept their lands from a terrible heritage of widowhood and orphanhood.

[From the Louisville Courier.]
Testimonial to an Editor.

The office of the Louisville Democrat was the scene, last night, of one of the most interesting and pleasant transactions that we ever witnessed. A large number of the personal and political friends of Mr. Harney, the editor, were assembled for the purpose of participating in the ceremonies of presenting that gentleman with a testimonial of the regard in which his long, arduous and self-sacrificing editorial labors are held. Gentlemen who, in times past, belonged to different political parties—men of all classes—embracing many of the leading members of the mercantile, manufacturing and professional interests of the city, joined in this tribute to the honesty, boldness and ability of manner, which have always distinguished the columns of our respected cotemporary.

Mr. J. S. Lithgow, of the firm of Wallace, Lithgow & Co., read an address to Mr. Harney, signed by a committee of citizens, presenting him with a very elegant and costly service of plate.

Mr. Harney responded briefly and with much feeling. He expressed his inability to give utterance to the gratification that he experienced in thus being made the recipient of so splendid a testimonial to services that had been honestly and faithfully performed, in obedience to his convictions of the right.

Having concluded his remarks, Mr. Lithgow then stepped forward, and placed in Mr. Harney's hands a purse, containing five hundred dollars in gold, as a further evidence of the substantial esteem in which the citizens of Louisville hold that gentleman.

The party then adjourned to a room in the rear of the editorial sanctum, where most bountiful provision had been made for spiritual enjoyment—champagne flowing in enlivening torrents. Other speeches and sentiments followed, and the merrymaking continued until a late hour. Afterwards, the large crowd, accompanied by the Saxehorn band, visited the office of the Times, this establishment, as well as the residence of Mr. Harney, where music and speeches and shouts were the order of the night.

The following is a copy of the address read by Mr. Lithgow:

LOUISVILLE, April 29th, 1856.

MR. JOHN H. HARNEY, Editor of Democrat.

A number of your fellow-citizens of Louisville desire to express to you their high estimation of the valuable services you have rendered in defence of the sound principles of civil and religious liberty, and in exposing the crimes which have been the source of incalculable mischief to the interests of our city.

Many of those in whose behalf we speak, are largely concerned in the prosperity and manufacturing interests of Louisville; but they feel that her prosperity cannot be hoped for until her citizens and municipal authorities manifest a thorough determination to secure to persons and property an exemption from mob violence, a determination not only that crime shall be punished, but that all the power of the city, moral and philosophical, shall be arrayed to prevent it.

It is idle to invite capital, labor and skill to Louisville, whilst the sad history of the past stands unrelied by any adequate assurance that natural and constitutional rights and immunities shall be respected in the future. With an abiding confidence that the deep night of Louisville degradation will ere long yield to brighter prospects, it is neither the part of wisdom or justice to conceal the truth, nor to deceive by false assurances.

The undersigned have been deputed to convey to you these sentiments, and to ask your acceptance of the accompanying service of plate, as a testimonial of their high appreciation of your editorial labors.

Very Respectfully,
J. S. LITHGOW, JOS. SWAGAR, W. H. STOKES,
JOHN GILL, LEVI TYLER, C. O. ARMSTRONG,
T. THORNTON, ED. STOKES.

The following is the inscription upon the pitcher presented:

A tribute of respect
to
JOHN H. HARNEY,
Editor of the Democrat,

By citizens of Louisville, for his efficient advocacy of the principles of
CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

And his bold defence of law and order against bigotry and lawlessness.
April, 1856.

MR. HARNEY replied as follows:
GENTLEMEN: I must ask your indulgence, for I am not at fault in a response to such a compliment as this—one so much above my deserts. You must allow me to ascribe it to partial friends, and to the goodness of the cause, which is worthy of the highest regard. I have told Louisville the truth; I expostulated with her in advance; I remonstrated against the proceedings I saw before us; I foretold the consequences, but I was unheeded.

It is the part of the faithful man to tell his friend the truth; not to tempt him into crime, and flatter him in his guilt to profit by his vices. This I have tried to do for Louisville. A few years ago her character stood high, her credit yielded to nothing; but how is it now? Her name is a byword all over the world. She must bow her once

proud head in guilt and shame. Whenever Louisville is named, men think of deeds of horror that make them shudder. Once a citizen of Louisville abroad felt proud of his home. It is not so now. So vitiated is opinion here, that murder, if the victim is a foreigner or Catholic, is regarded as a venial offence, perhaps a meritorious action.

I value this demonstration, gentlemen, for it is a pledge that you will do what you can to redeem Louisville—our beloved home, the metropolis of our old cherished commonwealth—not merely from party rule—that would be a small matter—but from misrule, from a bloody despotism. And we shall do it, as sure as there is power in truth—as sure as Heaven rules. The cause is just and right, and must succeed.

Louisville must be redeemed and placed in her former position, when the Constitution and laws of Kentucky shall be superior, and all her citizens secured in the rights guaranteed to them.

I accept, gentlemen, with pride and pleasure, this testimonial from the Democracy of Louisville, and shall cherish it in remembrance of esteemed friends, and of the cause of which it will remind me.

The Vegetable Garden.

No labor pays better than that given to the vegetable garden. Much of it can be taken from the mornings or evenings of Saturdays, so that no time is lost from the regular business of the week.

The earliest vegetables are the asparagus and pie-plant. Both of these are perennial, and with a good coat of manure in the fall, and forked in the spring, will continue to yield largely for several years. Every garden should have them, yet but few have the asparagus, and not enough the pie-plant.

The seeds of the first should be planted in May, drilled, in rows eighteen inches apart, and a few inches apart in the row. The soil should be deep and rich, as all garden soil should be.

At one or two years old the plants should be set out, and a bed made in this way:

Dig a trench the length of the bed, and at the right hand side of it, throwing the ground at the outer side. Fill the trench half full of manure, well-rotted is best, and commence digging another trench, of the same depth, by the other, throwing the top soil upon the manure in the first ditch, and the second course, or under soil upon it. Fill this ditch half full of manure, as in the first, and dig a third trench; proceeding in this way until all the bed is trenched and manured, filling the last one with the soil taken from the first.

Next spread a heavy coat of manure on the bed, and fork it in, so that the under soil, now on the top, may be made rich. Rake it well.

The plants should be set out from twelve to fourteen inches apart in the row, and the rows the same distance; but when five rows are planted, a space of two feet should be left for a walk. The longest roots of the plant should be cut off, so as to be no longer than the majority. Insert the plant by drawing away the earth where it is to be set, to the depth of four or five inches, and carefully spread out the roots around the top or crown. Never crowd them into a place too small, but give them room. Cover the roots with the best soil near, and then draw the ground back over the plant, so as to cover it up.

The shoots will soon come up, and during the first year keep the bed free from weeds. If the plants were two years old when set out, the asparagus may be cut lightly the second year after being set out. In the fall, rake the bed; cover it with manure four or five inches in depth, and in the spring fork it in.

The bed for the pie-plant should be prepared the same way, and the plants set out about two and a half feet apart. Manure should be spread over it in the fall, and early in the spring should be forked in, with some unfertilized horse manure immediately around each plant. To have it very early, a barrel with both heads out may be set over each plant, and unfertilized manure piled outside, so as to create a warmth around the barrel.

Thus made, the beds will last a lifetime; the pie-plant needing an occasional taking up to be divided.

It is no excuse to say "I don't care for vegetables." Nobody, at first, likes tomatoes, but every one does after using them. So it is with the asparagus and pie-plant. We pity the person that does not like them.
Ind. Journal.

"At the late city election in Davenport, Iowa, a Black Republican clergyman was detected in attempting to vote three ballots in one."

We take the above from the Detroit Free Press. That clergyman had, doubtless, preached himself hoarse over the alleged outrages said to have been committed in Kansas upon the ballot boxes. It will not do to place much reliance in the honesty of these Black Republican preachers, who, ten to one, are wolves in sheep's clothing.—Lou. Democrat.

The Countess WALEWSKI, wife of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, had a daughter on the day that peace was signed, who was immediately christened EUGENIE LA PAIX WALEWSKI.

The Wild Man Again.

A correspondent of the Caddo Gazette, writing under date of the 28th ult., from Paraliifta, Arkansas, on Upper Red River, states the cold during the present winter has been in that region the severest within the memory of man. The rivers were frozen solid; the plains presented an unbroken sheet of snow. The writer relates the following story of an attempt to capture the wild man, who has been so often met with in the borders of Arkansas and northern Louisiana:

"In my travels, I met a party from your country in pursuit of a wild man. They had struck his trail at a cane-brake bordering on Brant Lake and the Sunflower prairie. I learn from one of the party that the dogs ran him to an arm of the lake which was frozen, but not sufficiently strong to bear his weight, which consequently gave way. He had, however, crossed, and the dogs were at fault."

One of the party, mounted on a fleet horse, coming up, encouraged the dogs to pursue; but finding it impossible to cross with his horse, concluded to follow the lake round until he could ascertain the direction taken by this monster of the forest. On reaching the opposite side of the bend, he was surprised to see something in the lake like a man breaking the ice with his arms, and hastened under cover of the undergrowth, to the spot where he expected him to come out. He concealed himself near this place, when he had a full view of him until he reached the shore, when he came out and shook himself. He represents him as a stout, athletic man, about six feet four inches in height, completely covered with hair of a brownish cast, from four to six inches long. He was well muscled, and ran up the bank with the fleetness of a deer.

He says he could have killed him with his gun, but the object of the party being to take him alive, and hearing the horns of his comrades and the howling of the dogs, on the opposite bank of the lake, he concluded to ride up and head him off, so as to bring him to bay and secure the prize. So soon, however, as the wild man saw the horse and rider, he rushed towards them, and in an instant dragged the hunter to the ground, and tore him in a most dreadful manner, scratching out one of his eyes, and injuring the other so much that his comrades despair of the recovery of his sight, and biting large pieces out of his shoulders and various parts of his body.

This monster then tore off the saddle and bridle from the horse and destroyed them, and holding the horse by the mane, broke a short piece of sapling, and mounting the animal, started off at full speed across the plains, in the direction of the mountains, guiding the horse with his club. The person left with the wounded man informed me that the party was still in pursuit, having been joined by a band of friendly Indians; and thought that if they could find a place in the mountains not covered with snow, or canebrake in the vicinity to feed their horses, they might overtake him in a day or two."

Church Property Confiscated.

The most important intelligence received from Mexico for many years, is that the present government, having conquered the rebels at Puebla, has commenced the confiscation of the church property. The N. Y. Post says:

It is impossible to say what is the exact or even approximate value of the property thus confiscated. Some authorities set down the whole ecclesiastical property of Mexico as high as \$400,000,000—though it is said that one-fourth of the whole is unproductive. This vast wealth yields the clergy an annual income of \$12,000,000. The church establishment, thus supported, consists of the Archbishop of Mexico and nine bishops, whose aggregate income is \$539,000. The number of parochial clergy is 3,677. There are also ten cathedrals, and one collegiate church. The regular clergy comprise 1,978 monks, chiefly Franciscan, and there are 156 convents.

Ecclesiastical property in Mexico has hitherto been free from taxation, and the management of all property bequeathed to the church for pious uses, such for instance as raising chapels and saying masses for the souls of the donors, has always been in the hands of the clergy. It is more especially this last species of church property, estimated by Baron Humboldt, some fifty years ago, to be worth \$400,000,000, which it is intended to confiscate. The greater part of this vast property is administered by chaplains, who perform no parochial duties whatever. Dr. Jose Mora, one of the most intelligent men in Mexico, thought Humboldt had underrated the extent of these donations, which he estimated at \$80,000,000.

JENNY LIND has written a letter to a lady in Philadelphia, in which she deeply sympathizes with BARNUM in his financial troubles, ascribes to him noble qualities, and expresses her intention of placing a sum of money at his disposal.

The wheat crop of Indiana and the great Northwest never was more promising than the present season.

Beautiful Extract.

The editor of the Knickerbocker attributes the following to IK MARVEL, and it is certainly worthy of him. Read it without tears in your eyes, if you can:

"Last evening we were walking leisurely along, and the music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it."

"It was sweet 'Corinth' they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanching; and we were in a moment back to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit was turned into gold in its light; and the minister, who we used to think never could die, so good was he, had concluded 'application and exhortation,' and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was Corinth."

"It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and the prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended, and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes, that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes, that sang air,—the eyes of one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives and both mothers, and both died. Who shall say they are not both singing Corinth still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the 'ladder,' and to our young ears, their tones were the 'very soul of music.' That column bears still their penciled names, as they wrote them in those days, in life's June, before dreams of change had come o'er their spirits, like a summer's cloud."

"Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tones have died upon the air; but they linger in the memory, and shall yet be sung in a sweet re-union of song, that shall take place by-and-by, in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more."

[From the Sullivan Democrat.]

The Know Nothing merchants of Louisville, who are so anxious to trade with the people of Indiana, and that Americans shall rule America, are contriving ways and means to conceal the fact that in their process of ruling, the "Americans" have ruined Louisville. They have gradually discovered that the intense lying of the Journal is not sufficient—that the stain of blood and fire steeped and burnt into the town at the August election, cannot be washed out by Prentice and printer's ink; so they have just made an attempt to muzzle the Democratic and Independent presses of the place, that the shame and sorrow and decay of the town may be concealed and retained for home consumption. On the 17th inst., the Louisville Chamber of Commerce adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the public printers of our city be requested to discontinue the discussion of the prosperity of this city, so far as the said printers may have connected the same with the issues of political parties.

The Democrat meets this with true grit, and concludes a strong article on the subject thus:

"Begin to reform if you want the city to improve; denounce the lawlessness and the crime that have disgraced this city; expunge the indorsement of it from your city records; pledge yourselves that law will be supreme in Louisville, that person and property shall be secure, and that you will tolerate no more party law or lynch law; put an end to the low ribaldry upon men on account of the place of their birth, and the scoffs and sneers at others for their religious; spurn such a beastly basis for a political party, and the causes of the evil we complain of will be removed. Until there is a reform we shall not be silent; we, as one of the public prints, respectfully decline the request."

The Times also stands fire, saying of the proceedings of the committee:

"The committee to whom was intrusted the duty of communicating these orders from the meeting of merchants, 'presume the resolution was not intended for publication.' We presume, however, to publish it, and avail ourselves of the opportunity, to announce to the 'merchants of this city,' that whenever we desire their advice or instructions as to our duty as public journalists, they will be informed of the fact; and that, until that time they can save themselves the trouble and labor of conveying instructions to us, in resolutions 'not for publication.'"

"The merchants of this city,' in large or small numbers, may allow themselves to be made the tools of the Louisville Journal, for party purposes, if they are fond of the vocation. They must excuse us however. We intend to expose and castigate

the corrupt faction as long as it exists.—If the gentlemen whose pockets are willing under the operation, and whose dry goods and queensware do not disappear from their shelves as rapidly as in the old time—before the inauguration of the proscription order, desire to shut our mouths, there is one, and only one way of doing it. Let them rebuke and crush out the criminal demagogues who instigated the arsons and murders of last August; let them give some assurance of their disposition to rescue the city from its present misrule; let them take some steps towards securing to the Catholic and the foreigner the enjoyment of their rights, under the Constitution and the law of the land. Until these things are done, the 'merchants of this city' may meet and pass any number of resolutions, and they will be treated just as this one is treated—with profound contempt."

A Sham Naval Fight.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times thus describes the "sham fight" that was "got up" to please the President, on the occasion of his visit to the new ship of war, the Merrimack:

Half an hour more was then spent in examining the vessel, her polite officers kindly pointing out to us poor land-lubbers the device and use of the many strange apparatuses and fixings to be seen above and below deck. It soon began to be whispered around that we were to have a sham battle, and whilst everybody was inquiring of everybody else if such a thing was actually to take place, the drums commenced beating to quarters. In an instant, everything seemed to be in the greatest confusion. Officers shouted incomprehensible words through tin trumpets. The men leaped hither and thither like insane monkeys, handling ropes and preparing their big guns for service. Powder boys swarmed up from the lower decks, with huge cartridges in leather buckets, and in a few minutes all the dread paraphernalia of battle was in readiness. The monstrous pivot guns were wheeled around and pointed with the greatest ease—the men were armed with pistols and cutlasses, and stood at their posts, and all was ready. Meantime the visitors had generally managed to stow themselves as much as possible out of the way, and waited with great anxiety, (especially the ladies and your correspondent, who is awfully afraid of guns,) the commencement of the battle.

"There was silence deep as death. And the boldest held his breath For a time."

as Campbell says in his "Battle of the Nile."

But we did not wait long for Capt. Pendergrast, taking his speaking trumpet, gave the command, "First starboard battery, ready, fire!"—and bang! went half a dozen of the huge 68 pounders, with a roar that shook the great ship from truck to keel.—But that was nothing to what followed, as battery after battery, in rapid succession, exploded around. But loud above the roar of the 56 and 68 pounders, I could distinguish the mighty booming of the two great pivot guns, which throw balls and shells of nearly two hundred pounds weight. They could only be fired about once in two or three minutes, while the other guns seemed to bellow incessantly. The cannonade kept up some twenty minutes, until we were nearly stunned by the absolutely terrific din, and the ship was completely enveloped in a thick canopy of sulphurous smoke. Then the call of "boarders away!" resounded hoarsely along the deck, and a part of the crew, seizing their pikes and cutlasses, rushed desperately to the place where an imaginary enemy was supposed to be, and then ensued a terrible thrashing of pikes, clashing of cutlasses and popping of pistols, until the aforesaid imaginary enemy was triumphantly beaten off, and the marines, anxious to have their share in the glory, loaded and fired into the air with great expertness and bravery. And then it was discovered that the imaginary foe was attempting to board us over the stern, and all hands—officers, sailors and marines—came tumbling back, flourishing their weapons and looking excessively valiant. And then the firing commenced over again, hotter than ever; and in the midst of the storming noise, the sharp and clear tones of a bell gave warning that the ship was on fire. (All imagination, of course.) A portion of the guns ceased firing, and the crew, seizing the hose and water buckets, prepared to deluge us with cold water, but Capt. Pendergrast concluded to dispense with this performance.

"It strikes us that there is a world of wisdom" in the following quotation—brief as it is:—"Every school-boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string to hold it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half-a-dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger fling than the bachelor who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody."

The Hartford (Conn.) Times says that since the death of Bishop O'Reilly, of that State, on the Pacific, there is a chance that all the Catholic property in that State, which was held in his name, will now revert to the state.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ASHBEL P. WILLIAMS, of White.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
ABRAHAM A. HAMMOND, of Vigo.
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
DANIEL McCLELLAND, of Morgan.
FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,
JOHN W. DODD, of Grant.
FOR TREASURER OF STATE,
AQUILLA JONES, of Bartholomew.
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
JOS. E. McDONALD, of Montgomery.
FOR CLERK OF THE SUPREME COURT,
WM. B. BEACH, of Boone.
FOR REPORTER OF THE SUPREME COURT,
GORDON TANNER, of Jackson.

FUSION PLATFORM.

"Abolitionists to rule America."
"Let the Union slide."

Watchword for the Campaign.
"Put none but NIGGERS on guard to-night."—FRED. DORC-LASS.

Case of Williams and Wife.

The whole of this week has been occupied by the Circuit Court in trying PLEASANT WILLIAMS and NANCY WILLIAMS, his wife, on a charge of stealing upwards of \$3,100, (mostly in gold) from ALEXANDER McCLELLAND, last September. It is the most remarkable case that ever occurred in this county, and few parallels can be found in the annals of criminal jurisprudence. The money was stolen on Sunday, in broad daylight. McCLELLAND had his money concealed in the garret above his bed-room in La Berrew's building. A portion of the building, separated by a hall from McCLELLAND's room, was occupied by WILLIAMS, as a residence and store room. About 12 o'clock, WILLIAMS and wife returned from church, whither they had gone 15 or 20 minutes later than usual, and raised the alarm that they had been robbed of about \$150, which was concealed in a bed. They also averred and proved that the store-room had been rummaged. McCLELLAND came, and found that his bed had been tumbled, but nothing else in his room was disturbed. He went up into the garret and found that his gold was gone. Suspicion fell upon WILLIAMS and his wife; a search-warrant was procured; the house was searched, but the gold was not found. WILLIAMS and his wife, at the time of the search, made statements to the effect that nearly all of their money had also been stolen. A few weeks afterward, WILLIAMS deposited \$2,660 in gold with Jacob Young, with whom he was not intimately acquainted. WILLIAMS afterwards stated in the hearing of Mrs. YOUNG and HARRIET WHISTMAN, that he had left \$440 in gold with MORRIS C. HUNTER, for safe keeping. Mr. H., however, has stated on his oath that he never received it. Mr. WILLIAMS made another statement to Mrs. YOUNG, that if he got into trouble, he had \$3,100 in gold to help himself with. Mrs. WILLIAMS, in a conversation with Mrs. YOUNG, said among other things, in speaking of the gold, "that old white-headed devil never came by it honestly, any how." (Mr. McCLELLAND's hair is very white.) Mr. YOUNG having become satisfied that it was McCLELLAND's money, refused to give it up to WILLIAMS, and informed McCLELLAND that he had it. One of the pieces of money left with YOUNG was identified by McC., (as far as such identification goes.) He swore it was a California coin, lighter-colored than U. S. gold, made at the Assay Office in San Francisco, and dated in 1853. Mr. HOLZMAN swore that he let McC. have such a coin, and Mr. TURNER swore that he let Mr. H. have it. The two latter witnesses, however, did not remember the date. A great many other strong circumstances were proved, which we have not space to give in detail.

On the other hand, it was proved by Miss MINOR, about 13 years old, that she saw a man go into the building between the ringing of the first and second bells of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Adams, who came home with Mrs. W., testified to having heard some one running—heard a door slam—saw tracks in the back yard, and potato vines rise, as if recently trodden upon. It was also proved by W.'s adopted daughters that W. brought a considerable amount of gold—\$20 pieces—to Bloomington from New Albany. Defendants also proved a good character. They have long been members of the Methodist Church.—Several other important facts were proved in favor of the prosecution, and also in favor of the defendants, which we could not give in detail without occupying several columns. Altogether, it was a remarkable and interesting case. Five or six lawyers were employed on each side. On Friday night a large crowd, including fifteen or twenty ladies, assembled to hear the argument, which was concluded at 11 o'clock. The jury were charged this morning, but up to the time of our going to press, had not returned their verdict.

A very destructive fire occurred at Chattanooga last Monday week. Loss estimated at \$70,000.

Election News.

The Democrats have carried the elections of Philadelphia by a majority of 4000.

The Know Nothings have been defeated in the city election at New Albany by about 400 majority.

The Democrats have carried the election in Lafayette, Ind., by over 200 majority, where they refused to hear Judge Perrie, in 1854, in defence of his vote in favor of the Nebraska bill.

The Democrats have succeeded in the city election at Indianapolis, by about 300 majority, over the combined hosts of Abolitionists, Know Nothings, Prohibitionists, &c., &c.

The Democrats have carried Vincennes and Terre Haute by considerable majorities.

George G. Dunn.

Mr. George G. DUNN passed several days in this place during last week. He kept himself rather private, and had no interview with the people in a public manner.

We suppose the members of the secret order had the necessary interviews with him, as he is now declared a candidate for re-election, openly, by his immediate friends.

We have considered him a candidate for some time, notwithstanding his terrible bad health. It appears that he is greatly improved in health. His LUNGS are sound.—All a mistake about consumption, &c.—Well, as to health, we wish him the very best.

Under the plea of sickness he has come home, and had sufficient strength to hold private interviews with "the heads of messes," and is now ready to try his luck for re-election. We say with all sincerity, we are glad he is to be a candidate. We hope, as his health returns, he will face the people, confront his competitor, when one is selected, and by an open and public trial receive the judgment of the district.

No man in Congress has been censured more than Mr. DUNN. Other members, even LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, who, like himself, have visited home for a short period, have met the people publicly, and defended and explained their course. He has not done so.

Does he hold himself accountable to the people, or to the secret order? If the latter has usurped all power in the district, we call on the people to put it down. And they will do it. Mr. DUNN will go down with it.

The bottom of the river has fallen out at Atchison, Kansas, and the water, logs and drift wood were all pouring into a great whirlpool.

New Cabinet Shop.

In another column will be found the advertisement of L. D. BAKER, Esq., who has opened a Cabinet Shop on South Main street, opposite the Christian Church. Mr. B. has a good lot of Furniture on hands, and is working a strong force. Those in need of anything in his line, should give him a call, as no doubt they can get work put up in any desired style, and upon as good terms, at this establishment as at any shop in town. It will do no harm to go and examine for yourself.

MODERN SCRIPTURE INJUNCTIONS.—Go ye into Kansas and preach the Gospel according to GARRISON. Let your loins be girt with the New York Tribune, put on the helmet of abolition, the breastplate of Know Nothings, the bowie knife of Arkansas, and a SHARP'S rifle—and preach disunion to every creature.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—We have received the May No. of Graham, and a cursory glance at the fine steel and wood engravings and reading matter, convinces us that it is little, if any behind the best numbers ever issued of this long established and popular magazine. ABRAHAM H. SEZ, under whose control the magazine has been much improved, has sold his right, title and interest in the same to Messrs. WARSON & CO., by whom it will hereafter be conducted.—Messrs. W. & Co., we learn, are gentlemen of large capital, among the best printers in Philadelphia, and will push the magazine along with energy and spirit.

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.—We are indebted to T. B. PETERSON, of Philadelphia, for a copy of the above humorous book. We doubt whether a funnier book has ever been written in this country. Its humor is unique and decidedly original. The scene is laid in Georgia. It reminds us of that droll book which everybody has read, "Georgia Scenes." We believe that we have laughed more over Major Jones' Courtship than any work we have ever read. If you wish to "laugh and grow fat," read it, by all means. If you can get through the chapter which relates the Major's adventures when out gathering grapes with "the gals," without taking a "jimeny fit," you are made of sterner stuff than we are. This remarkable book may be purchased by addressing T. B. PETERSON, 109 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

MAJOR JONES' SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.—Published by T. B. PETERSON, 109 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Price 50 cents, has just been received. Written by the author of Major Jones' Courtship, it is characterized by the same happy vein of fun and drollery. There is no nostrum in the apothecary's shop more conducive to health and long life than the reading of these books.

A new minister from Nicaragua arrived in the Orizaba, and has proceeded to Washington. WALKER was at Grenada with all his troops, and the Costa Ricans were encamped on the San Juan, twelve miles up. A letter from Grenada, April 23, reports that the English were sending a fleet to Greytown, and had given notice of the blockade of the river!

The Bloomington Bank is now in operation, and a good many of its bills are in circulation. Persons residing in the country, or elsewhere, who have money on hands which they do not wish to lie idle, can deposit it in bank, draw interest on it, and get it out whenever they wish to use the principal. The bank is perfectly safe. In addition to the legal securities deposited with the Auditor of State, the stockholders are gentlemen of large means, in real and personal property, and of undoubted good credit. Col. R. W. ARIN is President, and Wm. C. TARRINGTON, Cashier.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—We have received the April No. of this excellent Review. Its contents are, "The Know Nothing Party," "The Cincinnati Convention," "Ode on Music," "Hon. James L. Orr," "The Fragment of a Student's Life," "Editor's Table," and "Political Aspects of the Slavery Question."—A Speech delivered by Hon. R. W. THOMPSON, at Terre Haute, Indiana," which we had before read in pamphlet form. It is a most excellent and masterly speech, and we are glad that Mr. BUELL has published it, and thereby given it the wide circulation which it deserves. The portrait of Hon. JAMES L. ORR, of S. C., has a striking resemblance to our handsome candidate for Attorney General, Hon. J. E. McDONALD.

Steamboat Burnt—Rock Island Bridge in Ruins.

On the 6th inst., at 6 o'clock, A. M., as the new and splendid steamer, ERIN ARROW, was going through the new bridge at Rock Island, the current caught her when partly through, swinging her round against the piers, smashing the cabins and setting her on fire, which caught the bridge and burned up one span. Boat and cargo a total loss. No lives lost. Some dozen boats at the landing were steamed up, and when the bridge fell, all started their bells and whistles, rejoicing at the partial destruction of the bridge.

Senator DOUGLAS comes out of the affair with Col. H. LANE with undoubted honor and increased reputation, however some of the Beecher rifle republicans, who predicted and desired a duel, may represent it. The course which Mr. DOUGLAS pursued as to the correspondence with LANE, was decidedly approved, in a note over their own signatures, by Messrs. R. THOMBS, JOHN B. WELLER, J. D. BRIGHT, J. L. ORR and JOS. LANE. Besides, it is approved of by public opinion throughout the country; and the more decent "friends of freedom in Kansas" now condemn LANE for trying to palm off a spurious document upon Congress, thereby defeating even the chance of the territory for admission as a State under the proceedings of ROBINSON, LANE & Co.

A young man who was convicted of bigamy at Newburyport last spring, upon serving out his term of punishment, was met at the railroad station by his first wife, who took him to a clothing store, gave him a new rig, and then presented him with \$300 she had earned since he deserted her, and they departed together for their former home in New Hampshire. If he isn't faithful to her for the rest of his life, he ought not to live long. It is only the women that furnish such instances of constant and forgiving love.

Donelson—Why he Left.

Why Donelson left the Democratic party is thus explained by the Maysville Express:

"So odious was Donelson to the Democratic party, even as early as the summer of 1852, before the election of Gen. Pierce, that the Democrats in Congress would not elect him printer of the House, although he was then editor of the metropolitan paper, and the party had a large majority of the members. They refused to let his name be associated with that of his lamented partner, Gen. Armstrong and gave the office to the latter. The editor of this paper nominated Gen. Armstrong to the House, and happens to know well what were the relations of Donelson at that time to the party. Gen. Armstrong was elected printer on the 27th day of August, 1852, some time before the election of Gen. Pierce. A short time after this very unequivocal indication of the feeling of the party towards Major Donelson, he sold his interest in the Washington Union to Gen. Armstrong and retired to private life, a soured and dissatisfied man.

"Upon the inauguration of Gen. Pierce, Major Donelson was among the most important of the applicants for foreign appointments, but was refused by the President. He then labored for one of his sons-in-law, Mr. Wilcox, of Mississippi, and it was not until he had failed in both efforts that he openly denounced the administration, and turned traitor to the principles of his party."

SUSPICIOUS.—Charles—"Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?"

Clara—"Yes, yes, the poor little dear; have you seen him?"

Charles—"No, not exactly—but here is a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage."

KEEP IT BEFORE THE WORLD!—HURLEY'S SASSAPARILLA.—This medicine may be taken at any season of the year, but particularly during the spring and summer months. Gentle though potent in its action, it so rectifies the blood and juices that cutaneous affections, such as spots, blotches, pimples, &c., are rapidly cured; and so adapted to all constitutions that it is deservedly esteemed by the many thousands that have taken it. It is the best Family Medicine known. Ark. Shield.

We notice that there is at present in operation near Boston, a jumping locomotive, which only touches the ground once in a mile. It is perfectly round, the machinery in the centre, and is coated externally with India rubber. So soon as the patent is secured, the proprietor supposes that thousands of them will be seen "bobbin' around" the world; so that to the man in the moon the earth will look like a big cheese covered with "skippers."

Second Battle of Rivas.

SIX HUNDRED COSTA RICANS KILLED! AMERICAN LOSS THIRTY!

[From El Nicaraguense, April 12.] Rivas has again been the scene of a bloody conflict. On the morning of the 7th inst., intelligence reached Granada that immediately after the departure of the American troops from Rivas, a force of 1,500 or 2,000 Costa Ricans entered and took possession of the city. As the information was authentic, there was no time to be lost on the part of Gen. Walker in making ready to repulse the enemy. By daylight on the 8th inst., a force of 500 men, including 100 native troops, were on the march from Granada, to engage the presumptuous invaders. Gen. Walker in person was at the head of the army. His force encamped the night of the 10th, within 9 miles of Rivas, and in the meantime it had been ascertained beyond doubt that the city was held and fortified by 2,000 Costa Ricans and Chamoristas. Early on the morning of the 11th the march was resumed with the prospect ahead of a lively engagement. Evidently to the surprise of the enemy, the Democratic force, instead of entering the city by the usual route from Granada, came in by the road leading from San Jorge or Virgin Bay.

The troops, without halting, were assigned their respective positions, and instructed as to appropriate points of attack. The battalion under Lieut. Col. Sanders was ordered to enter by the street leading along the west side of the plaza, and as the troops were discovered by the enemy ascending the eminence which concealed the approach to the city, they were saluted with a volley of musketry, which gave indications of a firm and obstinate resistance. On both sides of the plaza a brisk and incessant fire was kept up by the enemy, but the fearless and undaunted forces of the Democracy charged them with so much rapidity that in less than five minutes the Americans were in the entire possession of the plaza. The Costa Ricans, shunning an open fight, betook themselves to the barricades and fortified houses, and from those places of protection continued an unrelenting fire. Their cannon, too, with thundering voice gave testimony of the efficiency of their preparations for defence. To prevent the destruction that must inevitably ensue from so fatal an engine of war, the determination was instantly formed and carried into effect by Lieut. Sanders, of taking it from the enemy. The order to charge was given, and the gallant Lieut. Col., followed by his intrepid soldiers, rushed, heedless of peril, into the face of the menacing danger, and with the loss of only four men, succeeded in capturing that essential weapon. The ammunition belonging to it was also taken, and a few minutes only elapsed before the weapon that was destined for the destruction of the Americans, was pouring a fatal fire upon the discomfited Costa Ricans. Chagrined and enraged at the loss of their gun, they made several bold attempts to recover it, but its thundering tone, rapidly followed by the deadly discharges of the Mississippi rifles, drove them back to their places of concealment. In the meantime fifteen or twenty riflemen had stationed themselves on the roof of a building from which they could plainly discover a large body of the enemy on the back streets. A continuous fire was kept up by these gallant fellows, and at least a hundred of the enemy fell from their destructive fire.

[From the Louisville Courier]

Indiana Know Nothings.

The Know Nothings of Indiana have been swallowed up, body and breeches, by their abolition brethren. Nothing whatever is left of the former. They are merged, absorbed, fused, annihilated—their identity destroyed forever, and the motto swearing that Americans shall rule America, been substituted by one that declares niggers must control the political issues of the State.

E. B. Bartlett, Esq., of Covington, President of the Know Nothing National Convention, left Indianapolis just after the Convention had got fairly under way. It is currently reported that having gone to Indiana to look after the interests of the order, he soon discovered a nigger in the wood pile, and sent for Mr. Sheets, the President of the order in that State. Rumor further says that Mr. Sheets, who had made a strong fusion speech the evening before, declined to see his chief, whereupon Mr. Bartlett left, declaring that if he would not see him, he should at least hear from him. Mr. Sheets, it is said, is expecting such a revelation of his authority as Lieutenant Governor Ford was lately complimented with.

DRUNKENNESS NOT CURABLE BY LEGISLATION.—The October number of the Westminster Review, has an elaborate and very able article upon this subject, and one which deserves the careful consideration of every temperate lover of temperance. The tectatals of Great Britain are making great efforts to procure the enactment of the Maine Law there, and the justice, feasibility and expediency of the measure are examined thoroughly in the article in question, in the light of reason and of the reports and statistics of the temperance societies of America and Great Britain. The writer avers, at the start, that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of drunkenness, which produces such a frightful amount of misery, degradation, and waste of money and of life, and he pronounces this the great curse of England, Scotland and Ireland. He then condemns the Maine Law, because it is impracticable, and wrong in the abstract.

It is obvious that if the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks could be entirely prevented by law, drunkenness would cease; and therefore law is demanded. On this proposition the writer in the Westminster says:—"The world would be a very different world, if great evils were so easily cured, and if ten lines in a statute book could crush vice and make virtue triumphant. Experience tells a different tale. It tells us that a law is in itself powerless, and that it is only strong when it is the outward and formal expression of what men really wish. Even if a law, such as the Maine liquor law, were obeyed, which it might be for a time among an orderly and law-loving people, there would be no escaping, in one shape or other, the penalty of so gross an infringement of the true principles of a State government. It would be an evil worse than that of drunkenness, if a nation learnt to lean on the rotten reed of external enactments, and thus sapped the very foundations of right, and destroyed the springs of all moral action."

The rebuilding of the bridge recently burned on the New Albany & Salem Railroad, is rapidly progressing. The superintendent is vigorously pushing forward the work.

From Oregon.

The Indian Wars—The Cascades in Possession of the Indians—The Town in Ashes—Steamboat Burnt—Continued Fighting. We have intelligence from Oregon to March 27th, from Washington Territory to the 21st, and from Crescent City to the 30th. The news is of a somewhat startling character. The Portland Oregonian of March 28th says:

On Tuesday night, 25th inst., the Indians, supposed to number 800, attacked the Cascades, and at our latest dates had full and complete possession of the only pass by which communication can be had with the regular forces or the volunteers now in the field. The Indians have burned every building at the Cascades. They have captured and destroyed the steamer Mary, killed a large number of the citizens, and yesterday were fighting with the forces in the block-house.

Upon the receipt of the news that the Cascades had been attacked, a public meeting was immediately called in this city, (Portland,) and over forty men volunteered at once to go to the rescue. The steamer Fashion was dispatched at an early hour yesterday, with these volunteers and such arms as could be procured.

Another company is now being enrolled, who will go up to-day, to the aid of these few gallant men, volunteers and regulars, numbering not over 100 men, struggling against some 800 of these fiends in human shape, called Indians.

Another letter was received this afternoon from Vancouver, stating that the Indians were within six miles of that place, laying waste the country, and murdering all ages, sexes and conditions. Large numbers of inhabitants from the adjacent country are constantly coming into this city for protection and safety. The whole country is in a state of alarm and confusion. God only knows what or where will be the end of this war.

STILL LATER.

We have just received the following letter from Mr. Slater, who left the Cascades yesterday afternoon. The letter will explain how matters stood at our latest intelligence:

ON BOARD THE EXPRESS CANOE.

Thursday, March 27, 1856.

Dear Sir: Yesterday I wrote you a hasty note, informing you of the news we had from an express from the Cascades. This was startling to us; but there was room for doubt. I wrote then in such a state of mind, now I write from actual knowledge. The Cascades are taken by the Indians.

We started from Fort Vancouver this morning at 2 o'clock, with Lieut. Sheridan and forty men, on board the steamer Belle. We got to the Cascades about 10 o'clock to-day, and found the houses still smouldering and burning. The torch had laid in ashes all that was to be seen. We landed on the Oregon side; opposite to the site of Mr. Johnson's house. Lieutenant Sheridan and a part of his men went to Opposite Point's Island. We discovered some persons whom we could not distinguish to be white or red men. Captain Wells stationed sentinels on the bank to prevent a surprise. Lieutenant Sheridan soon returned, bringing the intelligence that the entire town was in ashes, the steamer Mary burned, and that they were still fighting at the block-house. About twenty had been killed.

In Washington Territory, the volunteers, 110 in number, had an engagement with the Indians on the 10th of March. In Judge HAYS' report of the battle, it seems that but four whites were wounded, while some 25 or 30 Indians were killed. The Indians were completely routed, and put to flight.

The following is an extract of a letter from Philadelphia to the Baltimore Sun. The body guilty of the meanness here alluded to is largely Know Nothing, and their conduct is eminently characteristic of that party:

The refusal of the City Council to allow the use of Independence Hall to Mr. Buchanan, to receive the citizens, causes much regret among men of all parties.—The refusal was based upon the ground that Mr. Buchanan was a prominent candidate of one of the parties for the Presidency; that he had opposed the interests of the people of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania by advocating the present tariff, and further that he was only a private citizen, and that the use of the hall had never been granted except to public men. On the other hand, it was shown that but a few weeks ago its use was tendered to Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts; on several occasions to visiting military and fire companies; and some years ago to the noted Indian warrior Black Hawk, and his friends, while now opposition is made to its use by an eminent citizen of Pennsylvania.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Argus]

Stranger than a Fiction.

There is a bit of romance connected with the marriage of Mr. — to Miss —, announced under the proper head, in this paper, a few days ago. The parties have long resided in this city, and are of the first respectability. Some months ago the lady became considerably attached to the gentleman, and by a perfectly philosophical, though perhaps somewhat rare coincidence, the gentleman entertained a tender regard for her. Neither breathed to the other the secret of which each was tenderly conscious—that happiness was only to be found in each other's society. Little thrilling dalliances—tender looks—lovers' soft tones—everything except the words "I love you," that could say it, fell from the lips of each, and yet the words remained unspoken.

The gentleman dreamed a very pleasant dream—that a fair lady called him husband; of rosy children, making him sweetly, purely happy by their innocent prattle; they were his children; they twined their little arms about the neck of the lady of his heart, and called her mother. He folded her to his heart; she was very gentle; they were both very, very happy. "Dearest —" the effort to address the object of his affections awakened him from delicious slumberings and dreamings. He was wide

awake; as wide awake as if he had slept till he could sleep no more. He turned unasily in his bed, to court those pleasant pictures back; but that was the human form he touched—human breath upon his face. The moonlight that fell upon that fair face revealed the beloved features of the being who to him was dearer than all else.

His bosom heaved, his eyes dilated, and he gazed upon the quiet slumberer in unutterable, unconscious astonishment. The lips moved; a fair hand brushed back the glossy curls from the high, round brow, her eyes opened wakenfully, and the beautiful girl gazed wildly upon the face that bent upon her with such earnest, mute astonishment. It was the idol of his heart—occupying the same couch with himself.

Let us pass quietly over the explanation of how, allured by heart sympathies, she had wandered through long corridors, dark passages, to the chamber of the man she loved, in a somnambule sleep; of the maiden blush that suffused her cheeks on discovering her trying position; of the earnest protestations of the absence of design; of the flood of tears which appealed for secrecy. She is happy—very happy—with the husband of her choice; and the husband is proud of the beauty and accomplishments and virtues of his wife.

The Union.

The following eloquent extract we clip from a report of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT's oration at the Webster banquet in Boston, Jan. 18th, the birthday of the great statesman:

"And from the wars of those old Assyrian kings and conquerors, whose marble effigies, now lying on the floor of William Appleton's warehouse, after sleeping for twenty-five hundred years on the banks of the Tigris, have, by the strange chances and vicissitudes of human things, been dug up from the ruins of Nineveh and transported across the Atlantic—a wonder and a show—I say from the wars of Sennacherib and Nimrod himself, down to that now raging in the Crimea, there never was a battle fought whose consequence was more important to humanity than the maintenance or overthrow of that constitutional Union which, in the language of Washington, 'makes us one people.' Yes, better had Alexander perished in the Granicus, better had Asirubal triumphed at the Metaurus, better had Nelson fallen at the battle of the Nile, or Napoleon on the field of Marengo, than that one link should part in the golden chain which binds this Union together, and the blessings of a federal confederation be exchanged for the secular curses of border war."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Great Cure of Piles.

HUNTSVILLE, N. C., Nov. 1, 1853.

Dr. C. M. JACKSON: Dear Sir—Allow me to express to you my sincere thanks for your discovery of a medicine which, to say the least of it, has effected a cure that all other medicines I have taken have entirely failed to do.—'Hoodland's German Bitters' have cured me of the most stubborn and aggravated case of the PILES that perhaps ever fell to the lot of man. My case is not a stranger to this community, as I am well known in this and the surrounding counties, and can truly say that my recovery has astonished all my friends and relations, as I had tried everything recommended, and nothing did me any good, until I was prevailed upon to try the Bitters.—You are at liberty to make any use of this communication, for the benefit of the afflicted, you may think proper.

Yours, truly,

WM. J. ATWOOD.

See advertisement.

The rapid changes of weather in our variable climate are peculiarly trying to the constitution of the weak and delicate. Rheumatism, Pain and aching of the bones, Neuralgia, Hacking Cough, &c.; not only affect them, but seize hold on many who are now most vigorous and healthy. To all such we cannot in too strong terms recommend the use of Carter's Spanish Mixture. It cures disease by purifying the blood; and expelling from the system all the impurities which tend to generate or retain disease; it is perfectly harmless, and has gained for itself a reputation as an alternative and strengthening tonic, which is not approached by any medicine now before the public. As a remedy for scrofula and the very worst forms of depraved blood, no medical discovery yet made equals it. The proprietors of this valuable remedy are in daily receipt of letters from all parts of the country, detailing cures by Carter's Spanish Mixture, after all the efforts of Physicians and the regular remedies of the profession had signally failed. We take great pleasure in calling the attention of the afflicted to its merits as a medicinal agent of singular and extraordinary efficacy.

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F. BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.—This is truly a family medicine; at this season, when affections of the stomach and bowels are so common, no family, individual, or traveler should be without it. It is peculiarly efficacious in summer complaints of children, and is known and prescribed by the medical faculty. See advertisement.

HORACE WATERS, Esq., 333 Broadway, N. Y.: Dear Sir: Having examined your Piano Fortes from scientific and appropriate tests, I am enabled to form a satisfactory judgment of their merits, and it is with pleasure that I can speak of them as among the most celebrated and improved makes of the day.

For power, brilliancy and richness of tone, elasticity of touch, and beauty of finish, they will not suffer in comparison with those of any other manufacturer; and those desirous of obtaining a really good Piano Forte, one that will prove an equivalent for their means, will find such a one in your beautiful instruments.

THOMAS BAKER.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS a certain remedy for Indigestion and Liver Complaint.—Maria Armstrong, 97, of Elgartown, N. J., suffered more than most people from indigestion accompanied by liver complaint. Several very clever medical men told her she was in a consumption, and her friends despaired of her ever recovering, as she had tried everything they thought likely to benefit her, without success. At last she tried Holloway's Pills, which quickly assimilated with the blood, removed the obnoxious matter, and thoroughly cleansed and renovated the system. The result is that she was perfectly cured, and now enjoys the best of health.—These pills are also a certain cure for all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

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EVERY READER will please notice the advertisement descriptive of Mr. SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and send for the printed catalogue of all our Illustrated Works.

To the uninitiated in the great art of selling books, we would say that we present a scheme for making money, which is far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia.

Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the publisher \$25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices,) carefully boxed, insured and directed, affording a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable and order accordingly. Address, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William st., New York.

