

Bloomington News-Letter.

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

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

J. C. CARLTON, PUBLISHER

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BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING MAY 5, 1855.

It is estimated that at least a quarter of a million of dollars changed hands on the celebrated race of Lexington against time.

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

A waggish contemporary, referring to the occultation of the planet Venus, talks of the occultation of Bacchus by the Maine Law.

Since the commencement of the year 1855, the weekly sale of the Illustrated London News has been upwards of 130,000 copies.

The stockholders of the Crystal Palace Association have obtained a verdict against their late President, P. T. BARNUM, of \$15,000.

The Democrats of the second district of Virginia, have nominated the Hon. A. R. HOLMADAY for Commissioner of the Public Works.

A tape worm ninety feet long was taken from the stomach of a woman the other day at Adrian, Mich.

Ex-Governor SEABROOK, of S. C., died at his residence at Strawberry Hill, on the 16th inst.

A land of liberty is a land of newspapers. "I had rather have newspapers without government," said JEFFERSON, "than a government without newspapers."

In Boston they continue to find their Cochituate water fishy, and, what is very remarkable, the same fishy flavor is perceived in their milk. In a panful of milk just delivered by a milkman, a city customer found, the other day, the *Traveler* says, a small fish, alive and in motion. Harvard College may explain the phenomenon.

Take the hand of the friendless, smile on the sad and dejected, sympathize with those in trouble, strive everywhere to diffuse around you joy and sunshine; do this, and you are sure of being loved.

The Legislature of Washington Territory has passed a prohibitory liquor bill, which is to be submitted to the vote of the people, for their approval or rejection, at the next election.

FIRE.—The store-room of P. SHAFER & Co., at Lexington, in Carroll county, together with the post office, was entirely consumed by fire on Saturday night last. Loss about \$2000—no insurance.

An honest Dutch farmer of the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were in the right way to Heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "when ve ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis is de pest vay, but it don't make moosh difference which road ve take, for ven ve git dere, dey never ask rich vay ve come, and it ish none of der fishness—if our wheat ish goot!"

SWEET.—This is the light of the "sugar-season" in Vermont—a State which makes about six millions of pounds of the saccharine article annually—worth, it is estimated, \$650,000. A very pretty item, certainly. The subject is decidedly a sweet one, and reminds us of a toast which Saxe sent to a Vermont festival held in Lowell, Mass., sometime last year. It ran thus:

"Vermont—Famous for the production of four great staples—men, women, maple sugar, and horses.
The first are strong, the last are fleet,
The second and third are exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

The Contented Man.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the garden of the Tuilleries there is a sunny corner under a wall of the terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding the view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of Autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the favor of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sun-beams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly ante-revolutionary. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the *ancien regime*; his hair was frizzled over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*; a style strongly savoring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant, though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his *devoirs* to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the *politer days* of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favorable predisposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good humored remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through the alley of the Tuilleries with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. Once he had been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head up on his shoulders; several of his neighbors having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a *louis* in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which, from its color, he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chophouse, and the little mahogany-colored box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre!

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbor in the very act of extorting music from a huge violinello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on the cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a means of support. He procured a violin,

offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here, therefore, he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavored to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the center of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurant in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James' Park, and endeavored to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, he lived independently, and, as far as I could learn, happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hotel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; "it was but," as he said, "changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house." His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favorable terms; among them was a favorite operadancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. She had been a *protgee* of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favorites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes—they had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shriveled little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees; he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt toward them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty, he made light of it, and, indeed, had a good-humored way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, and yet cost nothing. "When I walk through these fine gardens," said he, "I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seigneur himself to display a greater variety of beauty." Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of maintaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theater, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me, I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end; I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole," said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good-humor, "when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune."

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them; but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them to the surface. This may be called the result of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

P. S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was not at Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where

I saw my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gayety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune," echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they have given me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him; he daily repining at the superfluities withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is repining attendant in the ante-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gayety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate, for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could not again make him a happy man.—*Wolfert's Roost.*

Camels for the U. S. Army.

It will be recollected that by a recent act of Congress a certain amount was appropriated to enable the Secretary of War to try the experiment of introducing camels on this continent as beasts of burden and for military purposes. (As the Navy Department have occasion to send stores to our squadron in the Mediterranean, the storeship Supply, now at the New York yard, has been selected for this purpose, and, on her return voyage, will bring the camels. This vessel will be commanded by Lieut. David D. Porter, of the navy, and will take out Maj. Wayne, an officer of the Quartermasters' department of the army, to purchase the camels, and on her homeward voyage will bring them to the United States. The vessel will be prepared with all despatch for sea. There is no doubt that the experiment of introducing camels as beasts of burden, and for military purposes, in the south-western part of the country, will prove entirely successful. Their great endurance, ability to carry large burdens, and the length of time that they are enabled to exist without water, will render them a valuable adjunct to the army in the section of country for which they are intended.—*Washington Union.*

WALL STREET OUTWITTED.—A day or two since, a confidence gentleman, of prepossessing manners, but rather a rough exterior, called at a broker's office, inquired for one of the principals, who had not yet arrived from his residence up town, and in the meanwhile entered into familiar conversation with the clerks, to whom he related some of his adventures, which were very interesting. The broker presently came in. The confidence man immediately addressed him with a familiar cordial greeting, and said: "Don't you remember me? My name is Sherman. You gave me \$5 some four or five years ago, when I had the misfortune to lose my horse. I was then driving a cart, and I shall never forget your kindness. I have just arrived this morning in the U. S. brig Porpoise from Japan; and I have brought you a number of curious presents, among them a beautiful Japan poodle for your wife all of which I will bring on shore to-morrow." He at the same time asked the gentleman sundry questions about the family, which showed he knew something of them, and thus threw him off his guard. He added that there was \$900 due him for pay, and as he had no money about him, and requested a loan of \$5 until the next morning. It is almost needless to say the poodle has not been heard to bark, the curious presents are not forthcoming, the Porpoise is not in port. The confidence man perhaps came in the *Shark*, and our friend is "taken in and done for."

Political Preachers.

In an able article on this class of persons the Cincinnati *Commercial* remarks:

Sixty ministers of the Gospel in the State of Massachusetts have left the souls entrusted to their care, and are playing the fanatic and the fool in the Legislature. Angels might weep and devils laugh at the fantastic tricks of men who, in the eyes of all the world, are writing their own disgrace in characters indelible. Consorting with all grades and kinds of the unwholesome, linked in bonds of unity with the atheist and the unbeliever, these men are hastening to exemplify how little civilization we have in the middle of the nineteenth century, how little religion there can be in the free light of the gospel, and how much justice can be trampled upon in a country whose constitution profess to guarantee equal rights to all. What is there in the professions of such to lead us to hope that the time is rapidly approaching when the word of God will have free course, and a speedy triumph over all opposition? Is it to be found in the fact that among the most zealous of the preachers of the spurious gospels of the day are to be found in strange conjunction, the professed minister of Christ and the open unbeliever in his name? It is to be found in the fact that under the influence of a common fanaticism these two extremes meet and coalesce in loving union?

A Religious Rascal.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* of Monday week, has the following notice of a precious wolf, who has been operating thereabouts in sheep's clothing:

A man by the name of Charles A. Bowen alias Charles Sage, claiming to be a Baptist missionary (?) from New York, was arrested at West Union Chapel, about four miles from this city, last Friday, and taken to New York in custody of an officer from that State. The facts in the case, so far as we were able to learn, are these: This Bowen (which is his real name) came to this city last fall, in the capacity of a preacher, book-peddler, and school-teacher. He is a resident of Livingston county, New York, where he stands indicted for perjury, and was put under bonds in the sum of \$2,500 for his appearance at court, a man named Darlin Havens going his security. No sooner was he out of the "clutches of the law," than he took "French leave" of his friends in that State, and made for the West. On arriving at Cumberland, in this State, he concluded to stop, and went to work as a missionary of the Baptist denomination, the better to conceal his guilt, and to impose more readily upon the good people in that vicinity. His first object was to endeavor to build an academy by subscription; he went to work soliciting the "material aid," and succeeded in raising \$1,800, himself taking a share. When the day came for paying his first instalment he was unable to do so, and not being able to give security for its payment, as was desired, he left that region and came to this city, where he has been ever since, practising his old games of deceit and hypocrisy. In the meantime he became acquainted with a young lady, residing near West Union Chapel, and on Saturday, the 14th inst., left the city to get married, and returned again early Monday morning. The officer from New York being on the look-out for his "bird," assisted by our worthy Marshal, succeeded in making his arrest, and took him on to New York, leaving his young wife to weep over his fate, and her own sad, sorrowful, mis-placed love!

A CANADA BEAR STORY.—On Monday of last week, Mr. Samuel Morningstar, a farmer residing in the south part of Wainfleet, in this county, together with a hired man, was engaged in splitting rails on the north end of his premises, he heard an unusual rustling noise among the leaves and bushes between him and the marsh, and upon looking up, discovered a bear coming down upon them with quick steps, mouth open, and eyes intently fixed as if determined upon making a prey of one or the other.

The men being thus taken by surprise and being without guns, made a bold "show of fight" with their axes, which drove the animal up a tree.

Bruin, however, having resolved upon a good dinner that day, soon returned to the ground; but the choppers in the meantime had prepared themselves with substantial clubs, which put the gentleman to flight for a short distance, when he mounted a second tree.

At this stage of the affair, Morningstar's dog came up, which brought bruin again to the ground in right earnest, and a fierce battle between him and the dog ensued.

The latter was evidently getting the worst of the fight, when Morningstar, being an active, courageous man, availing himself of a lucky moment, leaped upon the bear's back, and at the same instant clutching him firmly by the loose flabby flesh on each side of the jaw and neck, held him firmly until his comrade ran better than a quarter of a mile for his axe, with which, upon returning, the animal was dispatched.

The bear was two years old, and of a large size, though of course at this season of the year and after such a winter as we have had, not very fat. Bears and wolves, formerly plenty in unsettled marshy portions of Wainfleet and Humberstone, are now—the former seldom and the latter never met with—and deer are becoming very scarce.—*Welland (C. W.) Herald, April 5.*

A HARD HIT.—A young blood of this ilk, distinguished as being a natural knave, nothing recently became enamored with the idea of cultivating a moustache. After some weeks of assiduous labor devoted to this specie of hairsuit agriculture, his exertions were rewarded by the appearance of a downy growth, not unlike the first suit presented by dame nature to the young and tender offspring of geese. Complacently stroking these cherished appendages with the finger and thumb, he approached a young lady with the remark, "Miss A., do you not think my moustache becoming?"

"It may be coming, but has certainly not yet arrived," was the tart rejoinder.

A CRUENR COMING.—It is stated that N. P. Willis has been preparing an extended criticism upon "Ruth Hall," which will be published.

A love-sick swain, in describing a kiss, says it is a draught that passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs.

A coroner's jury in Warren county, Miss., lately returned a verdict "that the deceased died from the visitation of God or some other disease unknown to the jury."

Removal of Judge Loring.

By referring to the telegraph dispatches in another column it will be seen that the Massachusetts Senate have concurred in the resolution of the House for the removal of Judge Loring from his office as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The circumstances attending this arbitrary exercise of power are as follows: Judge Loring holds, besides his judgeship, the office of United States Commissioner. In this latter capacity the fugitive slave Anthony Burns was brought before him. The evidence being conclusive that Burns was a runaway slave, Judge Loring could do no less, and comply with his oath, than deliver up Burns to his owner. For this plain discharge of duty, the Judge has been denounced and vilified by the whole abolition host of New England, and when the Know Nothing Legislature of Massachusetts assembled a Committee was appointed to take into consideration Judge Loring's case. When the report came up for action in the House that body adopted a resolution directing the Governor to remove the Judge, and now, as we have seen, the same resolution has been passed by the Senate; and we presume that in a few days Judge Loring will be ousted from his office for the crime of faithfully administering the laws of his country and obeying one of the plainest requirements of the constitution.

It must be remembered that the body guilty of this atrocious proscription is composed, with only two exceptions out of four hundred members, exclusively of Know Nothings—the party which pretends to be the only National American party in the country. The South will see, though possibly not till too late, what they have to expect from the northern members of this party. The fugitive slave law is to be repudiated and nullified, and those whose duty it is made to enforce it are to be proscribed and hunted down.—*N. A. Ledger.*

TOWNSHIP LIBRARIES.—The last third of the township libraries is now in process of distribution to the counties, and will shortly be apportioned to the several townships of the State. The protracted delay of their reception has been a matter of deep regret to all, but it is unnecessary now to go into a detailed account of the cause of it. Care will be taken to prevent a like disappointment in future. With this third of the libraries will be distributed to each township, copies of the State Board Agricultural Reports, also a copy of Barnard's School Architecture. There will likewise be sent to each County Auditor fifty copies of the "Third Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instructions," for general distribution, after the township Board of Trustees have received a copy. The friends of Education wishing a copy of said report, will please call on their County Auditors.

Editors throughout the State will confer a favor by giving this notice a conspicuous position in their columns.

CALEB MILLS,
Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Indianapolis, April 13, 1855.

ASTOUNDING FECUNDITY.—The Sonora *Bulletin* says that they have got "one of the California mothers" in that place. A lady who has been a resident some years, had four children in one year, and twins the next, or six children within the space of two years. She is now the mother of fourteen children, and is still in the prime of life. The *Bulletin* insists that its statements are true, but forbears giving the name of the matron, for fear of giving offense.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—At an association dinner a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Mr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the Doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?" The Doctor beat.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28th.

New Orleans papers of Sunday have been received.

The Washington *Union* of this morning contains a long article on our affairs with Spain. It states that the President regards the recent bringing to, and examination of, American vessels as a violation of international law, and as indignities to our flag, and aggressions upon our rights which will not be tolerated.

Com. McCauley is not to agree with Spanish cruisers to the right of search or visiting our vessels but to say to them, "You can claim no right of search, visiting or examination of any vessel rightfully bearing our flag upon the high seas, under any guise or pretext, in my presence, or within my reach. If you attempt it, the act will be done at your peril."

A subscriber writes to the editor of a western newspaper: "I don't want your little paper any longer." To which the editor replies, "I wouldn't make it any longer if you did; its present length suits me very well."

NAROLSON III has repurchased Malmal.

Circuit Court.

Case of Jacobs, charged with counterfeiting, was continued by the Prosecuting Attorney until the next term of the Court, on account of the absence of a witness, ALVIN REEVES.

BUCHANAN'S CASE.—The defendant in this case, charged with arson in burning the College, made an application for a change of venue on account of the prejudice of the Judge, as stated in his affidavit. The statute not authorizing the transfer of the case to another county on such an affidavit, the Court appointed Judge STEWART, of the Supreme Court, to try the case in Bloomington, during the next regular term of the Monroe Circuit Court; and the defendant gave bail in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance.

CASE OF RAINS.—The case of the State vs. WILLY RAINS, for manslaughter, in killing a woman named FRANCES FOX, about three years ago, was tried on Tuesday and Wednesday.—RAINS went in the night to the house of HIRAM FOX, drunk. A quarrel ensued. FOX would not let RAINS in—ordered him off the premises. In about a half hour RAINS broke into the house with a large hickory club in his hand, struck FOX and knocked him down, and then jumped on him. Mrs. FOX sprang forward to part them. RAINS bit her finger severely; and (as she said on her death-bed) struck or kicked her on the small of the back. She died about two weeks afterward, alleging that RAINS was the cause of her death. Dr. YOUNG, her physician, thought the wounds alone were not sufficient to produce her death; but that these, together with the fright and exposure, brought on the disease of which she died.

The Jury, after remaining in their room all night, represented to the Court that it was impossible to agree. They were accordingly discharged, and the case was continued until the next term of the Court.

Mr. Robert Kidd.

The celebrated elocutionist, who lectured in this place last Spring, will be in Bloomington, and will deliver a lecture at the Methodist Church, on Thursday evening, May 10th.—Among other things, select readings will be given from our standard poets and authors, together with a large and interesting variety of Recitations, Imitations, and Personations of Tragic, Sentimental, and Amusing characters, including "the Greenhorn," "the Dandy," "the Proud Man," "the Passionate Man," "the Drunken Lawyer," "the Hypochondriac," &c. We speak from what we have seen and heard, when we say that Mr. K. has no superior in this country as an elocutionist. We fully endorse the following notice from the Lafayette Gazette, of the 29th ult.:

Prof. Robert Kidd gave an entertainment at the Court House on last Wednesday evening, assisted by several young men, members of his class in elocution, which was well received by a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Kidd has given one course of lessons on elocution in this city, and has just commenced his second, with a very large class, which was made up before he was through with the first. As a teacher of elocution, he has no superior in the United States, and those who obtain instruction under him may consider themselves truly fortunate. If men and women would practice a correct rule of reading and speaking, take a less quantity of drugs and more air into the stomach and vocal organs, there would be fewer cases of consumption and bronchitis. No one can attend his lectures without receiving valuable instruction and amusement.

A National Convention of Editors and Printers.

Throughout the country, editors and printers seem to be awakening to their true interests, and are holding local conventions, to counsel together, and regulate many of the evils which have grown up among them for want of a concerted action. The evil which is working the greatest harm, and one to which their attention is not sufficiently directed, is the credit system now in practice among them, and especially for advertising and subscriptions. It is calculated, by those capable of judging, that one hundred thousand dollars are annually lost by newspaper publishers in doing advertising without the cash in advance. Perhaps the same amount is annually lost on subscription lists in the same manner. These large sums could be saved if a mutual understanding could be had, and publishers and editors protect themselves, as other professions and trades are doing every day with encouraging success.

THORNTON READ, Esq., the new Prosecuting Attorney of the Circuit Court, has given promise during the present term of the Monroe Circuit Court, of proving an excellent Prosecutor for so young a man. His coolness and self-possession are admirable. His indictments are drawn with a degree of skill that would be creditable to much older prosecutors.

SWEET PRASE.—Last week, a woman named SWEET, eloped from Butler county, Ohio, with a young schoolmaster, named PRASE. She had lived happy with her husband for near twenty years, and was by him the mother of seven interesting children. She took with her her youngest child, an infant, (leaving six with her husband,) and about \$2,000 in cash and negotiable notes. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who died about a year ago, leaving a very handsome property to her.

In Cincinnati they are manufacturing portable cottages for Kansas and Nebraska in large numbers. They have generally two rooms. No nails are used, and they can be put up or taken down in a very few hours. The scarcity of timber on the prairie makes it an object for a settler to carry with him not only his furniture, but his house. It is stated that a cottage of two rooms requires three thousand feet of lumber.

"Moving!"

Dear reader! there is something very startling and significant in that word "moving!" "Push along—keep moving," an excellent motto, more laconically expressed, in Young America style, by "Pitch in!" But motion—motion is the great law of Nature, and especially the law of the great Yankee nation. We saw a wagon pass the office last Tuesday filled with "movers"—going, we suppose, to the Far West, maybe to "the Zenany," maybe to Iowa or Kansas. A woman was driving the horses, and the children, four or five in number, were stowed away in the wagon, among the "plunder." The chairs were tied on behind. Two men rode on horseback; one had a gun on his shoulder.—Three or four dogs with long ears and yellow spots over their eyes, followed the wagon. It was a humble procession; but they seemed full of hope and courage. They had left home and friends and old and memory-haunted scenes to make their home among strangers, hoping that in some more fertile land, and genial climate, they might reap the full fruition of their cherished hopes. God bless them and prosper them! Who knows but some one of those white-headed boys may be a future Senator in Congress from some far western State? Little did ANDREW JACKSON think he would ever be President, when, a boy only fourteen years of age, sick with the small-pox, he waded forty miles through the swamps to the Waxhaw, in company with his widowed mother, who was riding bareback on a horse, supporting his wounded brother.—While we think of it we will mention that there has been a good deal of "moving" among the people of Bloomington the last few weeks.—Houses are very hard to get.

N. B. Would it not be a good investment for some of our citizens who have the means, to put up a few good and neat dwelling houses? Speaking of moving, we are reminded that we, too, have been "moving." It is a dreadful job—you know that if you ever "moved"—and this is our apology for whatever lack of interest you may have observed in the last issues of our paper. We have moved to the country—a short distance—and are enjoying all the comforts of a rural life—not excepting "the bug in the ear," mentioned by FANNY FERN's dearly beloved brother "HYACINTH," better known as N. P. WILLIS, poet, and author of Letters from Idlewild. From our elevated position on Prospect Hill we can look down with patriarchal pride upon the beautiful city of Bloomington, reposing in its misty shroud of fog, like a sleeping beauty enjoying her evening siesta. Think not, O ye denizens of Bloomington, that we are watching, like Joxan under the shadow of his gourd vine for the destruction of the devoted city. We think that there are enough of the righteous yet remaining to save the town. We hope the malediction shall be withheld yet a little while. And while the night winds creep from leaf to leaf; while the stars are yet winking with their unapproachable beauty; (such beauty as one only sees in the country;) while the apple and the peach trees are flinging their delicious aroma to the breeze, we are affected with a peculiarly cosmopolitan and catholic view of the human family in general, and of Bloomington in particular—and to the attic city of the West we are constrained to say: With all thy faults we love thee still.

The Rev. Dr. FISHER, formerly President of the Miami University, and father of Rev. J. M. Benson, Pastor of the New School Presbyterian Church in this place, died at College Hill, Ohio, on Sunday morning. Dr. B. was a native of Scotland, and much beloved by all who knew him. At the time of his death he was Professor of History and Political Economy in Farmer's College.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for May, is upon our table. It is an excellent number, and entirely sustains the good character of this long-established magazine. The engravings, on steel and wood, that adorn the present number, are very fine. This magazine, together with a large, splendid steel engraving of the "Portraits of the Presidents," 18x24 inches in size, may be had for \$3. For \$4, (in advance, of course,) any one can get the News-Letter and Graham's Magazine one year, besides the premium plate of the Presidents.

MR. WISE'S PROSPECTS IN VIRGINIA.—The Whig Know Nothing press have lately circulated the report that Mr. Wise had written letters to friends out of the State, informing them that he had no chances of election. The Richmond Enquirer of the 24th inst., brands the story as a vile fabrication, and adds that Mr. Wise is perfectly well assured that he will be the next Governor of Virginia, as is every other intelligent and impartial person in the Commonwealth. Never, for one moment, has he had any misgiving of the result of the election.

On last Wednesday night we had a fine shower of rain, which dissipated the fears of the people that we are to have another drouth. Vegetation is springing forth luxuriantly, and the season gives promise of abundant crops.

The communication signed "ALLIANCE" is declined; first, because the author's name is not given; and, secondly, because there is no sense in it.

We understand that Mr. KIDD who is to lecture here next Thursday evening, designs getting up a class in Elocution. We are acquainted with Mr. KIDD, and know him to be a gentleman eminently qualified to teach Elocution, and we take pleasure in recommending him to this community. Go and hear him lecture, and then judge for yourselves.

C. H. LAMEN, Esq., has removed his office to the south-east corner of the public square, just round the corner from the News-Letter office.

For advertisement of fine silk cape lost.

ADVERTISING.—Here is a little reason from the New York Tribune for the benefit of those who are slow to comprehend the advantage of advertising:

We frequently hear in our business correspondence flattering evidences of the value of advertising in the Daily and Weekly Tribune. And the question is often asked us why we charge so much as fifty cents a line for advertising in the Weekly and ten cents a line in the Daily. We cannot do better than subjoin, as an answer, a letter received last week from one who has tried it:

"CINCINNATI, Friday, March 9, '85. Publishers of the New York Tribune: GENTLEMEN: I perceive that my little advertisement has run out in your paper, an omission I am unable to afford. Enclosed is a draft for one hundred dollars, and when this has exhausted its advertising capacity, I will successively transmit others, ending by a legacy to my heirs to continue the same forever. Very respectfully, yours, HENRY HOWE."

The Chicago Tribune, a bitter Know Nothing paper in Chicago, speaking of the recent riots in that city, says: "The Irish, to their credit, took no part in the matter, and on Sunday evening went quietly home from church, without forming crowds or stopping with any."

The arrest of Mr. KENDALL, the New Orleans postmaster, for stealing money from letters, has created considerable excitement in that city.

PERCUTATION.—The following result of the omission of a comma is rather ludicrous. In an interesting article about the inauguration of the hospital building in New York, the writer is made to state that "an extensive view is presented from the fourth story of the Hudson river!"

The Boston Wits and the Peeping Committee.

The following is from some one of the Boston papers—which we don't know, as we find it floating about a waif:

- Bill of Fare.
NUNNERY INSPECTION DINNER.
KORROCK HOUSE.
- Soup.
 - A la Sam.
 - Fish.
 - Smells a la Paul Pry.
 - Roast.
 - American Eagle, larded.
 - Entrée.
 - Pork and Beans a l'Americaine.
 - Broiled Hasty Pudding a la Star Spangled Banner.
 - Oyster Pie a la Native.
 - Cal's Head a la Gridiron.
 - Deviled Kidney a la John Rogers.
 - Stewed Goose a la Cayenne.
 - Garn.
 - Squab Egglets.
 - Goshings a la Miss.
 - Young Owls.
 - Turtle Doves a la Patterson.
 - Mainsurs.
 - Gov. Gardner's Inaugural Address.
 - One copy of the Bloody Cart Wheel.
 - One copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs.
 - One copy of Ovid's Art of Love.
 - VEGETABLES.
 - Sweet Potatoes.
 - Some Pumpkins.
 - PASTRY.
 - Vol au Vent a la Investigation.
 - Omnibus Pie, with Gooseberry Fools inside.
 - Coffee and Cream.
 - Three half-pints of Something in a Bottle.

We can now travel from this place to Indianapolis by 11 o'clock, A. M., of the same day of leaving Bloomington, on the accommodation train; and return again on the same day. We learn that we are indebted to Col. JOHN MCCREA for this excellent arrangement.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—TENTH VOLUME CLOSED.—The May Number, which is before us, of this best of monthlies, closes the Fifth Year and Tenth Volume. It is equal to any of its predecessors in every particular. The splendid electrotype illustrations of Harper's Magazine, are equalled by those of no other magazine in the United States. It may be had at the Drug Store of Dr. OSM, at 25 cents a number. Subscription price, \$3 a year.

We would call the attention of farmers to the advertisement of Messrs. W. H. TRENKLE and AUGUSTUS HORTSMAN, Mr. TRENKLE is preparing to start a Steam Carding Machine, and Mr. HORTSMAN a Steam Wool Spinning Factory, in this place. Success to enterprise and industry, say we.

Dr. OSM, at his Drug Store on the West side of the Square, has just shipped an splendid Soda Fountain, from which we anticipate many rejuvenating draughts of elegant, ice-cold soda water during the coming hot summer months.

The notorious BILL STROCKER, the counterfeiter, who escaped from the Clark county jail last fall, has been arrested at New Orleans and now awaits a requisition from the Governor of Indiana.

SHAWNEE BANK.—JOHN H. REA gives notice in the State Sentinel that the Shawnee Bank at Atolia, this State, having resumed specie payment, he will redeem her notes, at his office in the State Bank building, in Exchange on New York city, at the same rates Exchange is bought for bankable paper at the State Bank.

We are just in receipt of the May number of the Ladies' Christian Annual, published at Philadelphia by JAMES CHARLES, at \$1 a year. It is a good magazine, and contains much excellent reading matter—namely illustrated with very good wood cuts.

A. H. BROWN (late of the Sentinel) and J. M. CUMMINS have leased the Athenaeum at Indianapolis, for the purpose of establishing upon a permanent basis a well regulated theater.

MARTIN COUNTY COAL.—We see it stated that a car-load of Martin county coal has been sent down to New Albany for trial. It is believed that this coal will be found equal in every respect to that brought from Pittsburg. It is free from sulphur, burns with a clear blue light, and leaves but few cinders. The mines from which this coal is taken is about a mile and a quarter of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. The supply is supposed to be almost inexhaustible.

The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted nails, and says the oxide of lead, with which nails are painted, is a dangerous poison and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

Dr. HUNGATE, Mail Agent on the N. A. & S. R. R., will please accept our thanks for late New Albany and Chicago papers.

Dr. Wm. STASOR has been indicted in Marshall county for causing the death of a patient by giving wrong medicine. He is now in jail.

The "Daniel Webster Carriage" was sold at auction last Saturday for \$17 50! The Boston Times consoles the purchaser, assuring him that as it becomes older it will grow in value. It certainly can't get much lower in that way!

As the locomotive was backing down the track at Canandaigua village, near Rochester, on Monday afternoon, it ran over and instantly killed J. L. HALL, Esq., a lawyer, severing his head from his body. Judge FISHER and another person, standing on the track, were also seriously injured, the former so severely that his life is despaired of.

The new Democratic Mayor of Cincinnati is enforcing the ordinances for the preservation of order and quiet, with great success. A paper from that city, of last Monday, says:

"The city was singularly quiet yesterday. The coffee houses, beer houses, confectionaries, cigar shops, &c., were all closed, and order reigned in town. The new broom sweeps clean, and may it never weary in well doing."

The Salt Lake mail arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 17th, at 6 P. M. The news is unimportant. BRIGHAM YOUNG continues to act as Governor. The snow on the mountains is very deep. There was no detention or molestation by the Indians, who are peaceably disposed. They have returned the stock formerly stolen, and are anxious to make amends for the past.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—The Legislature of Wisconsin has just enacted a law providing for placing a copy of WEBSTER'S Unabridged Dictionary at the expense of the State in "each school and each department thereof" of the public schools of the State.

The following painful and romantic affair will be read with interest.—Some three years ago, a German left his wife and child in Nash, Mass., and went to the West to seek employment. Not hearing anything of or from him, the wife concluded he was dead, and about two months since married another German, with whom she lived happily until last week, when the first husband came on from St. Louis, Mo., where he had lived in the interim, to take her and his child to his new home. After much grief and perplexity, she concluded to go to St. Louis with the first husband, leaving the second one nearly distracted with grief.

Mrs. PATTERSON, the woman who accompanied Mr. HISS and the Massachusetts Legislative Committee to Lowell, and whose bill was included in the charge to the State, has written a letter which is published in the Boston papers in defence of herself and Mr. HISS. We think neither the lady nor the gentleman will gain much by the performance.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2.

The municipal election resulted in a majority of about 150 for the reform candidates for city treasurer and commissioners. They were supported by both Whigs and Democrats against the Know Nothings. The select council will stand 9 Whigs and 16 Know Nothings; common council 33 Democrats and 8 Know Nothings.

New Orleans papers of Thursday are received. The Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald says that Santa Anna was seriously ill and was not expected to survive. He had been from affliction of the heart on 11 in a state of stupor.

The bad news from the South is supposed to be exaggerated.

At the election in Newport, R. I., on Wednesday, the know nothings had 103 votes less than at the State election only two weeks before. At the recent election in Belleville, Ill., the know nothings were defeated by 500 majority. From the Quincy Illinois Herald, April 17:

"Our flag is still there! Bring out the baby wacker! Hindoes badly beaten! The whole democratic ticket elected! Pitman's majority 276! The election in this city yesterday passed off quietly, and resulted in another old-fashioned democratic triumph. The entire democratic ticket—every man upon it, is elected by a large majority. Capt. Pitman's majority over Mr. W. B. Powers is 270. Walhaus for marshal about 250. Hutton for police magistrate 210. Green, for alderman of First Ward, 8 majority. Redmond, for alderman of Second Ward, 146. Thayer, for alderman of South Ward, 69. On the whole it is the greatest democratic victory ever achieved in the city. More laurels!"

Know Nothingism is beaten in Philadelphia, one year ago it carried by NINE THOUSAND MAJORITY, where can it hope for success? It had better put on his seven-league boots and hide himself in the swamps of Guiana. N. A. Ledger.

A PREDICTION MADE BY DR. DUNCAN TEN YEARS AGO, FULFILLED.—The late Dr. DUNCAN, who was well known all over the nation as a thorough going and indefatigable Democrat, ten years ago made a speech in the House of Representatives that contained a prediction which is now in the progress of fulfillment. Said Dr. DUNCAN, in a spirit of prophecy, speaking of the Whig party:

"I begin with the unprincipled practice the have of changing their name. They have changed their name with the periodical return of every Presidential election; and this for the purpose of concealing their principles and deceiving the people. Their last name was whig, and that name they kept as long as it would answer any purpose but they will never fight another battle under the banner of 'Whig,' again.—Having exhausted the political vocabulary, they will return to the abuse and persecution of the Irish and German which characterized the party in the administration of the elder Adams. Nothing is longer to be feared from a change of name. The people contemplate them as they do a stranger, who gives himself a new or different name in every town or village through which he passes."

"Does not everybody know that the foreigners who fought against us in the revolutionary war more than quadrupled those who fought on our side.—Louisville Journal."

The above is as strong an argument in support of know nothingism as we have ever seen. We suppose that "everybody" does know that all who fought against us in the revolutionary war were foreigners, except a few Tories whose descendants are now know-nothings; but "everybody" also knows that the number of foreigners who fought on our side greatly exceeded the number of "natives" who fought against us. Suppose we should apply the Journal's logic to that state of facts; what would be the result? Why, according to the astute reasoning of the big organ of Buntinism, native Americans should be denounced as anti-Americans and foreigners, while foreigners should be entitled to rule America. It is a great thing to be the organ of such a party, when an editor can make "Americans" and "anti-Americans" just by a flip of his pen. It is a great comfort to be able to extract such powerful arguments from such an insignificant proposition! Verily, there is no Buntline but Ned Buntline, and the Journal is his organ.—Low. Times.

The execution of Madden and Keefe took place on Friday last.

The Fort Wayne Standard of that day says:

The act is performed and who is any the better for it? Madden and Keefe were hung this morning at 9 o'clock, to satisfy the demand of the law; but does this, in any way, prove that those demands were just and right? certainly not. Who is benefited by this act? Is it any relief to those whose friend was killed by them? Will it in any way mitigate their sorrow? Has it added anything to the morals of the community, or to the interests of the State, to deprive them of life? But it is said they killed a man; we do not doubt it; but this will not bring the man back to life, neither in our opinion does it have anything like a salutary effect on community. We are asked if we would have them left to go at large; surely not; but we would not take their lives. Shut them up securely in prison and make them labor for their support during their life-time, would be to our mind.

BAKING HAM.—Most people boil hams.—It is much better baked, if baked right. Soak it for an hour in clean water and wipe it dry, next spread it all over with butter and then put it into a deep dish with sticks under it, to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and maiter crusted upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics.

The Know Nothing Legislature of Massachusetts has passed a law compelling the little white boys and girls to sit side by side with nigger children in the public schools. They must think the white boys and girls are as fond of smelling as niggers.

As "AMERICA'S LUNA"—in Millersburg township, Union county, Ohio, a young man named SIMPSON Price was killed to the ground and left for dead. He had abandoned the Know Nothing lodge in that place, and attended a democratic meeting, for which "the supreme order" denounced him as a seceder and threatened him with vengeance.

How long will a party that is guilty of such villainy receive any popular support? Know Nothingism is heaping upon itself a monstrous load of odium that will soon cover it from sight.

A person out West is offering for sale green feed gathered from the "path of re-union." A religious contemporary fears that the path must be sadly overgrown with grass, as it is so little traveled now-a-days.

The preacher who "warms up" his hearers with "words that burn," has been consulted with by the deacons upon the propriety of having no fire in the church next winter.

Somebody says a wife should be like a sweet lamb—tender and nicely dressed.—Somebody else wickedly adds—"and without sauce."

We see that the Kansas Pioneer is complaining that the inhabitants of Lawrence have already commenced the work of tampering with the slaves on the frontier, and running them off. In the present state of excitement on this subject in the western part of this State, such conduct will be almost sure to produce bloodshed, if not civil war.—St. Louis Mirror.

Green peas are selling in New York for 77 1/2 cents per half bushel.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A lady relates the following: As she was passing along Eighth st., on Saturday, she saw a delicate looking young woman coming out from a basement, with a basket in her hand, containing a few articles of needlework, which it seems she was trying to sell from door to door. She was in tears, and was heard to exclaim in a low voice, "Must I starve?" The lady accosted her kindly, and perceived she was the very picture of distress.—Though tidy and rather genteel in appearance, yet wearing a countenance that told, but too well she was famishing for food; but too well she was starving, that she was married, had one child, was English, and heretofore had lived comfortably, her husband having had good employment; but now he had none; starvation was staring them in the face. She had resorted to the needle to keep them alive, and had made those little articles, and was trying to sell them, but with poor success. None could tell the distress she felt in being repulsed, in being cheapened down in her prices.—One lady, in a carriage, had offered her ten cents for a piece of work, the materials of which were worth eighteen pence. She looked the lady in the face, she said, while her heart sunk within her. She entered one house, where a table was set with food.—She longed for some of it, and hoped it would be offered her, but it was not; she ventured to ask for some, but was refused (by the domestics, no doubt.) She had read and heard of sufferings, but never dreamed they were such realities as she found them. The lady narrating this, gave the poor woman some change, but took nothing from her basket to diminish her little stock of goods. There is a reward for such as give to the needy. Let not those, then, who occupy inviting mansions give too much authority to their servants to repel the applicant from the door. They thereby thrust away "Angels unawares!" N. Y. Tribune.

WHISKERS.—The editress of the Lancaster Literary Gazette says she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow, as to allow a man with whiskers on to kiss her.

We don't believe a word of it? The objection which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies—God bless them!—adopt our fashion as fast as they can. Look at the depredations the dear creatures have committed on our wardrobe during the last few years. They have appropriated our shirts bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching neck in our standing collars and cravats—driving us flatties and turn downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as naturally intended.

They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables—unwhisperables—unthinkableables—in short, as Micawber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high heeled boots. Do you neat, gentlemen? we say boots!

LADIES' BONNETS.—"Stella," in her "Suburban Letters" to the Worcester Palladium, makes some pertinent allusions to the present style of ladies' bonnets. She says:

"They are ruining the eyesight of all who wear them. The rays of the sun come directly upon the eye, and the victim squints, wrinkles up her forehead, sheds a few natural tears, and hurries on; the shade of the nearest building to give her eyes a moment's rest. No gentleman wears a hat without a brim, or a cap without a visor, but the ladies—toughened creatures that they are—can only seek shelter behind what may be supposed to be their motto, 'grim and bear it,' or, as it had been poetically rendered 'suffer and be strong.'"

IMPORTANT TO LOVERS.—The prices of provisions all over the United States are coming down. The prospect for good crops was never finer. It would be well, though, for those who feel a strong desire to pay some young lady's board and store bills, to wait a few weeks and see if we get any rain. Another drouth would dry up every thing.

What has become of the Western Lady's Book? We have received but one number of this year.

Up to the evening of April 27th, 101,600 applications for bounty land had been filed in the Pension office at Washington. The issuing of warrants will probably commence about the first of June.

GOOD NEWS FOR WESTERN FARMERS.

A correspondent of the Albany Atlas says: "There are now five and a half millions of soldiers in arms in Europe besides those in garrison and in the navies afloat, which will increase the number to over eight millions. These troops require the employment of an equal number of men to supply them with stores and transports, so that there is now at least sixteen millions of men employed in the war; nearly half of whom have been taken from agricultural pursuits during the past year, and who have become consumers instead of producers of bread-stuffs, etc., and hence the surplus of agricultural produce in Europe the ensuing year will be reduced equal to the produce of at least fifteen millions of farmers."

The surplus of wheat from the Danube and Baltic has heretofore supplied Europe. Both of these sources of supply are now suspended, and the question arises who will feed Europe? The western States of the confederacy, with fair average crops, can supply three hundred millions of bushels of wheat and corn for export to other States. One half of this may be shipped to Europe, and its value and carriage will add to the wealth of the nation over one hundred millions of dollars, sufficient to build three thousand miles of railroad.—Luminary.

