

# 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. 27.

## BLOOMINGTON NEWS-LETTER

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

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### BLOOMINGTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

Five million dollars in small change, from half dollars to three cent pieces, are now lying in the treasury at Washington.

A reporter of the New York Times was brutally assaulted by a gang of Know Nothings last Monday night.

The Chicago post-office is the second distributing office in the Union. The receipts for the past year were \$321,000.

Two volumes of Prescott's new work, 'History of Philip II,' are already stereotyped, and will be out in a few weeks.

Spargos says that no person can become a member of the 'Eye Ball' club unless he is born in the United States—or some where else.

NED BUNTLINE is electioneering and spouting for the Fusionists in Maine. His labors ought to be applied for the benefit of the State of Tennessee rather than for the Fusionists of Maine. We believe that he still owes that 'State some service.'

Hon. B. R. Edmonson, (familiarily known as the 'old red rover,') of this State, died at his residence, at Jasper, on the 16th inst. Mr. E. has filled many important offices—was canal trustee at the time of his death, and an unflinching Democrat of the old school. His loss will be severely felt by our party in this State.

Mrs. MERRY, of Conewango, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., became the mother of three fine daughters at one birth, on the 22d ult. Their united weight was 31½ pounds. If the "cradle is the woman's ballot box," as LUCY STONE says it is, the above must come under the head of "illegal voting."

The dominion of the dark-lantern faction is ended at St. Louis. On the 6th the democratic candidates for assessor and assistant circuit attorney were elected over the know nothings by an overwhelming majority. For assessor F. POLITZ had 3447, G. B. BRU 2172. For attorney, SEYMOUR YOLLAIRE 3553, H. N. DEDMAN 2140.

"Can you tell me," said Old ROGER, while speaking of the operation of the stringent liquor law, "why the people where such a law exists are like half converted Hindoos?" The BRAHMIN took three whiffs of his pipe before he answered that he didn't know. "It is," said he, "because they don't know whether to give up the jug-or-not." The BRAHMIN worked out the problem on the ends of his fingers, and smiled assent.

### A Pair of Pyramids, for the Consideration of

Southerners.  
UNCLE SAM'S PYRAMID, SOUTH.  
TEXAS,  
FLORIDA,  
GEORGIA,  
MISSOURI,  
ALABAMA,  
ARKANSAS,  
LOUISIANA,  
VIRGINIA,  
TENNESSEE,  
MISSISSIPPI,  
SOUTH CAROLINA,  
NORTH CAROLINA.

ROGUS SAM'S PYRAMID, SOUTH.

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### The Catholic Test.

We have often maintained that a large portion of the leaders of the Know Nothings, cared not a red cent for religion, Protestant or Catholic; but they seize hold of the popular phrenzy and endeavor to frighten old women and children, and weak-minded men, about the Pope. Most of these men are utterly destitute of principle and will say or do any thing for personal aggrandisement. Let us see. There is GEORGE D. PRENTICE, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, who, in the language of the *State Sentinel*, "during thirty years, has held his cowardly and venal pen, ready clutched, to praise or to damn, to puff or to blacken, accordingly as it suited his selfish, personal interests, and whom we heard, about a year ago, a distinguished Whig who had been a candidate for Supreme Judge of this State, characterize as "the vilest scoundrel that ever lived." All just men who have read his paper, must agree that he is in a great measure, responsible for the atrocious crimes committed in Louisville on the day of the election.

Well: GEORGE D. PRENTICE is now an old man. He knew as much about the Catholics many years ago as he does now. Let us see what he thought of the "infamous Catholic test," no longer ago than the last Presidential election.

Arguing that New Hampshire was unworthy to give a Chief Magistrate to the nation on account of her religious intolerance against Roman Catholics, this two-faced hypocrite says:

The Democracy of New Hampshire, generally recognized as the most thoroughly Democratic State in the Union, have never permitted Roman Catholics to be eligible to office in that State. On the contrary, they have voted with extraordinary unanimity that Catholics shall be ineligible to any office whatever; and yet they now ask that one of their men shall be supported by all Catholics throughout the nation, for the Presidency of the United States.—*Lou. Jour.*, June 16th, 1852.

Again, in reply to the position assumed by the Democratic press that the test in the New Hampshire Constitution would furnish no just reason for voting against General PIERCE, he continues:

Well, there are many that will think the reason a good one. They will not consent that the New Hampshire Democracy, who recently voted by an overwhelming majority, in favor of Catholic disability to hold office, shall have the honor to give a President to the nation. They would greatly prefer that this honor shall be accorded to some State not disgraced by such abominable bigotry.—*Lou. Jour.*, June 16, 1852.

In another issue of his vile paper, he contends that it was not the Whigs but the Democrats of that State who were responsible for the retention of the religious test as a part of the law of the land, and proceeds to denounce the Democracy forthwith:

The vote for Governor on the same day, says the *Journal*, was about 60,000, yet out of such a large number of votes in the strongest Democratic State in the Union, less than 10,000 could be found to cast their votes against the most infamous system of religious intolerance and bigotry ever seen in this country.

On another occasion, replying to the *Times* upon this same subject, the editor of the *Journal* pens the following:

The editors of the *Times* are surprised that we should attempt to excite prejudice against General Pierce because he lives in a State that proscribes all Roman Catholics from office. Our neighbors have certainly a right to be surprised; but, at the same time, we have a right to think that a State which contains more than 60,000 voters, and which, upon the direct question whether Roman Catholics shall be permitted to hold office or not gives only nine thousand and odd voters in the affirmative, is a miserable abode of most infamous bigotry, and should not be allowed the honor, amid the many direct and incidental advantages, of giving a President to the United States.

We are not alone in thinking that New Hampshire, disgraced by her religious test, should not have the honor of the Presidency.—*Lou. Jour.*, June 16, 1852.

Again:

Yes, Mr. Pierce's nomination is a compliment to New Hampshire, and his election would be a still greater compliment to that State. We think, however, that New Hampshire is just about the last State in the Union that should be honored by compliments. She is the only State in the Union that tolerates, or would for a moment tolerate, an odious and infamous religious test, denying to all Roman Catholic citizens the right to hold office. Her Constitution is at war with the fundamental principles of religious liberty and republicanism.

She has shown herself to be without one particle of genuine Democracy, or one claim to the respect of the rest of the Union. And now the people of the United States are invoked to compliment the uniformly Democratic State of New Hampshire, by supporting her General Pierce for the Presidency. Compliments are said to be cheap, but we think this would be a dear one.—*Lou. Jour.*, June 14, 1852.

Some short time after the above extracts were written and published to the world, as embodying the sentiments and opinions of their author, a communication appeared in a New York Catholic paper denouncing the election of General Pierce for the reasons referred to.—This suited the Louisville mercenary's purpose to the very letter, and seizing hold of it with

the utmost avidity as a perfect God-send to General SCOTT, he comments accordingly in this wise:

It is a high honor, a great advantage, to a State to furnish the incumbent of the executive chair of the nation, and we do not think this honor, this privilege, this advantage, should be accorded to a State base enough and bigoted enough to TOLERATE A RELIGIOUS TEST IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. There may be worthy men in such a State, but we would not gratify the State, and flatter her pride, and minister to her interest, by selecting a President from her population as long as worthy men or a worthy man can be found in States less shamefully intolerant.

Then quoting with delightful gusto the arguments of the Catholic paper's correspondent, the unprincipled hypocrite indignantly declares that,

It is not a matter for the consideration of Catholics alone or especially; liberal-minded Protestants should set their faces against New Hampshire as long as she retains the infamous test in her Constitution.

After giving what Mr. PIERCE had said in the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention against the religious test in the old Constitution, and in favor of its abolition by the new one, the demagogue editor denounces the speech of the Democratic Presidential Candidate as a lame, miserable and impotent affair (PRENTICE is fond of the word IMPOTENT,) declaring in the sincerity of his soul that,

If that is all that General Pierce could say or do toward relieving New Hampshire of a disgrace that causes her to be regarded with scorn by every liberal-minded man in the UNITED STATES AND IN THE WORLD, we ask if he is fit to be President?

Here, then, we see what Mr. PRENTICE thought, or rather said, about a State which he said "was base enough and bigoted enough to tolerate a religious test in the Nineteenth Century."

MORRIS C. HUNTER, the President of the Know Nothings of this county, had the effrontery to announce his legal official character in the Know Nothing party, a few days ago, in the Court House; and also to declare that any body could join the Society, unless he was a Catholic. Mr. HUNTER is one of the men who said "Amen" to such articles as the above in the *Journal*, during the canvass for President. What hypocrisy and doughfaceism!

[Correspondence of the Buffalo Republic]

### The Monster Snake Captured Alive.

PERRY VILLAGE, N. Y., August 13.

Messrs. Editors:—This part of the country is wild with excitement. The immense snake, with various descriptions of which the papers have been crowded for weeks back, is at length captured. You have undoubtedly heard all the particulars of his appearance, too many doubts and sneers as to the existence of a *lusus naturæ* of this character in a lake but four miles long and not quite three-quarters of a mile in width. At any rate it never has been doubted. Daniel Smith, an old whalerman, came here about two weeks ago, after hearing of the appearance of the creature, and while here had the good fortune to see him. He immediately sent to New York for an old shipmate of his and his "irons," and on Friday last both arrived with harpoons, cordage, and everything to catch a monster. Many strangers who are stopping at the Walker House, in this city, attracted to this part of the country by the excitement in regard to the monster and who had no glimpse of him, laughed at them for their pains; but they kept on with their preparations in spite of sneers and jeers. Boats had been stationed all over the lake for upwards of eight days, and the two whalermen had a sharp look-out kept all the while, besides watching themselves.

The lake has several outlets, the largest of which runs through this village and finally empties into or becomes Genesee river. In the vicinity of this outlet he was seen first, and on Sunday he came to the surface, displaying about 30 feet of his long, sinuous body, remaining, however, but a very few moments. The boats were on the watch all Sunday night. The whalermen had 1,200 feet of strong whale line in their boat, the end of which ran ashore and fastened to a tree. On Monday morning everything was on the alert. The shores were lined with town people and strangers, and everybody seemed very much excited. About 9 o'clock the animal made his appearance between the whalermen's boat and the shore, revealing 20 or 30 feet of his length. He lay quiescent on the surface, when the whalermen's boat moved slowly towards him. Mr. Smith, of Covington, poising a Lilly iron in the air, (a Lilly iron is a patent harpoon, a heavy cutting knife being attached by the middle to the end of the iron by a rivet. As soon as the knife enters the body of an animal, this moveable blade turns at right angles to the wound, and being entirely blunt and flat on one side, it is impossible to extricate it except by cutting it out.) When they had got about ten feet from the animal, the iron whistled through the air and went deep into his body. In a moment the whole length of the monster was lashing the air, at a bound revealing his whole enormous length, and then making the water boil in every direction, he described rapid foaming circles and areas of circles,

with such a swiftness the eye could scarcely follow him. Then he darted off in another direction towards the upper part of the lake, the suddenness of his movements almost dragging the boat under the water. Line was gradually given him, and after the space of half an hour, it was plain that his strength was almost exhausted.—The whalermen then came on shore, and gradually hauled the line in. The body was within fifty feet of the shore, when renewed life appeared to have been given him, and with one dart he carried all the line out. This was his last great effort.—He was slowly dragged ashore amid the wildest excitement and tumult ever known in the vicinity of Silver Lake. Four or five ladies fainted upon seeing the monster, who, although ashore, was lashing his body into tremendous folds, and then straightening himself out in his agony, with a noise and power that made the very earth tremble around him. The harpoon had gone entirely through the muscular part of him about eight feet from his head.

The snake, or animal, is fifty-nine feet five inches in length, and is a most disgusting looking creature. A thick slime covers its hideous length, a quarter of an inch thick, when, after being removed, is almost instantly replaced by exudation. The body of this creature is variable in size. The head is about the size of a full grown calf's. Within eight feet of the head, the neck gradually swells up to the thickness of a foot in diameter, which continues for fifteen inches, and then tapers down the other way, constantly increasing in size, however, as it recedes from the head, until the body of the monster has a diameter of over two feet in the centre, giving a girth of over six feet. It then tapers off towards the tail, which ends in a fin which can be expanded in the shape of a fan until it is three feet across, or closed in a sheath. Along the belly, from the head to tail, are double rows of fins, a foot in length—not opposite each other, but alternately placed. The head is a most singular affair. The eyes are very large, white, staring and terrific. Attached to the edge of the upper and lower lids, which are like those of a human being, a transparent film, or membrane is seen, which, while it protects the eye of the animal, does not interfere with its vision. It has no nostrils or gills, apparently. The mouth of this serpent, or whatever it may be, is underneath—is almost a counter-part of the mouth of the fish called a sucker, possessing the same valvular power, pursed up—but it can be stretched so as to take in a body of the diameter of a foot or a foot and a half. No teeth can be discovered. A hard, bony substance extends in two parallel lines along the upper and lower part of the head. Its color is a dusky brown on the sides and back, but underneath the belly it is of a dirty white. It is sinuous like a snake, but has along its back, and on each side a row of hard substance, knob-like in shape—the largest raised four inches from the surface of the body, extending from head to tail.

The news of his capture spread like wildfire, and before night hundreds and hundreds of people from the neighboring towns and villages collected to see this wonder. The animal still has the harpoon in him. It passed through the muscular portion of the back and touched no mortal part. He lies in the water, an ingenious contrivance of ropes having been on him while he was on shore, keeping his body in a curve, and preventing him from getting away, or proving dangerous. He can use but his head and tail, with which he occasionally stirs up the water all about him for rods. He keeps his head under water, except when he rears it up as if looking around, and presents a most fearful aspect. When rearing he expands his mouth, and exhibits a cavity blood red, most terrible to look upon. As he does this, air rushes forth with a heavy shrouding puff. I have no more time to write you.—The hotel is full, and people have great difficulty in getting a meal in the village. Some of them go up to Castle to get their meals. The whalermen contemplate keeping the monster in his present position until an agent of Mr. Barnum arrives, who has been telegraphed. He is expected here to-night. Very truly your friend and subscriber,  
O. M. E.

The Scotch, English, German and other foreign citizens in Canada have recently issued a circular, addressed to the adopted citizens in the United States, inviting them to Canada, in order that they may rid themselves from the influence of the know nothing societies, which they assert is directly pointed against them in their business, political and religious matters.—*St. Louis News.*

What a set of ninnyes were Jefferson and the other old fellows, who in the declaration of our Country's Independence, complained of King George for obstructing emigration to this country; thereby preventing the population of the colonies. We wonder these know nothing 'Sam's' don't meet in grand council and proclaim, that sacred, immortal declaration a "d—d Sag Nicht humbug."—*Lou. Times.*

Good reader, did you ever drive a pig to pasture, and if so, didn't you always find it necessary, in order to get him there, to drive him in an opposite direction? Well, just so it is with an obstinate woman. If you want to have her to do a certain thing tell her by no means to do it and you will be sure to get it done!

[From the Boston Post.]

### The Massachusetts Democracy.

Massachusetts, under Know Nothing rule, has been tried in the great court of public opinion; the verdict has been rendered; and the judgment has been pronounced. It is as scathing and damning, to a true patriotism everywhere, among all parties, out of the limits of the State, as it must be to every right thinking man within its limits. We appeal even to the *Know Nothing* press! out of our State limits—poor enough authority though it is—for the truth of this remark.

And what is the remedy that is proposed by some of those who affect to see clearly, and to feel deeply, the disgrace? Do they propose the manly work of going to the root of the evil? Do they level their blows at the false principles that underlie this disgrace? Do they denounce the narrow doctrines of nativism, and the dangerous legislation of nullification? Do they grasp the nettle with a bold and strangling process? No: they temporize with the foundation of the evil; and we see them knocking at the door of the secret lodges, and begging of their inmates to make less prominent this narrow and sharp angle, and to yield a trifle on that monstrous absurdity; half assenting both to the Nativism and to Abolitionism; and, in short, asking only for a new set of men.

Let every patriot, who is in earnest, protest against this policy. If it is to be the hard fate of Massachusetts to endure additional inflictions of Know Nothingism and Abolitionism, let us have them both at first hands. Let us have them under their own name, and not in sneaking fashion. Let us have Know Nothingism as it comes now, in all its narrowness and proscriptive features, through the columns of the Bee, rather than from diluted sources; let us have the thorough disunion rule we have now, through Henry Wilson, rather than the mean, twitting, deceptive, time-serving drizzle of the free-soil men of the free-soil Atlas stamp. We want no mere change of men. It will not go skin deep in the process of redemption. It will be but a poor, pitiful, hollow-hearted deceptive game, not worth the hunt.

From what we hear on all sides among Democrats, they, at least, will think of no such process; for their design is to stand on the same high and noble constitutional ground in this State that they stand on in every other State. It is true there may be some who are hankering after the new flesh pot of Know Nothingism and the old one of Free-soilism. A few may still be members of secret lodges, Know Nothing or Know Something. Such, no doubt, mean to desert the Democratic cause in the next campaign. What right these men have to take part in primary meetings, much less appear as delegates in Democratic conventions, we leave to candid and fair-minded men to say. These secret lodge men have a deal to say against the measures of the Administration; and if these men get into the convention, they will do all they can to make trouble. We put it in all frankness to the Democrats, of every city and town, that, if they mean to sustain the good old Democratic cause, to be sure and send men as delegates who are not members of secret lodges, and who mean to be with the Democracy in their struggle in 1856. In this way they will avoid the miserable policy of tampering with a heretical political sentiment which true Democrats everywhere repudiate and exorcise.

Democrats! The measures of the National Administration—the treaties, its vetoes—its straightforward financial course—its high toned foreign policy command the emphatic support of true Democrats everywhere, and rejoice the hearts of politicians of the Jefferson and Jackson school. In the Empire State, for instance, Hards and Softs, however differing as to men, unite in upholding these measures. Now send men who are willing to support these measures; who are willing to breast the storm now, as their fathers faced the torrent of ridicule, abuse and falsehood poured on the heads of the illustrious Jefferson and Jackson. The measures of the general Administration resound to the glory of our great country. Let Democrats, who mean to be true to their principles, resolve to support them for their country's sake.

DIRECT FROM LIVERPOOL TO CHICAGO.—The bark Arabia, Captain Polley, arrived at Chicago, direct from Liverpool, on the 2d inst., and was to leave on her return voyage on the 6th. After crossing the Atlantic, the Arabia passed into the St. Lawrence, and surmounting its rapids by means of the British Canadian locks and canals, entered Lake Ontario, after sailing through which she overcame some three hundred feet decent in all, of the Niagara river, by the locks of the Welland canal, and entered Lake Erie, thence through said Lake, the straits and lake of St. Clair, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, to Chicago, in the heart of the American continent. At Chicago, she is somewhat up in the world, being at an elevation above the level of the sea which overtops the highest pyramid of Egypt. Such are the achievements of science, labor and civilization. "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."—*N. Y. Herald.*

A KNOW NOTHING MURDER.—Put none on guard but niggers.

[From the Louisville Democrat.]

### Graveyards.

LOUISVILLE, August 7, 1855.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq.—Dear Sir: I have been requested and instructed by the ladies of Bardstown, to present to you, in their name, the Urn, which the bearer of this note will deliver to you, as a slight testimonial of their appreciation of your distinguished services in behalf of the American party. They feel that the country is much indebted to you for your devotion to the great principles on which our government and party are based, viz: The burning of the churches of the impudent Papists, the roasting, stewing, and frying alive, of the vile Dutch and Irish women and children, so victoriously, triumphantly, and gloriously achieved in this city on last Monday night, by men whose souls were inspired and arms nerved at your patriotic instigation.

This Urn contains some of the trophies won by the "American" party on Monday, viz:—The hearts of Dutchmen, the ashes of Irishmen, the brains of anti-American infants, and a portion of the burned flesh of Quinn (brother of a deceased Popish priest), all of whom were burned alive on Monday night, for the safety and perpetuity of our national welfare. The offering will be the more acceptable, we are assured, when you are informed that the charred remains and burned particles, and the brains of infants herewith tendered, are the remains, the identical remains, of the women and infants who so shamefully fired upon and killed the brave men of the great American party, who died "breathing lofty aspirations in the cause of liberty, the Union, and the national prosperity."

Accept, Sir, this HOLLACAUST—these remains of women and rascally Dutch and Irish sucking infants, as a testimonial of your devotion to the protection of American rights. SAMUEL BLACKSMITH.

### A Political Preacher in Maine.

The following letter from Rev. Mr. Hill, is a curiosity. The way the reverend gentleman mixes up God and religion with politics and the slave question, is truly admirable. Elder Hill is rampant:

SACO, July 20, 1855.

My DEAR DOCTOR:—How goes the battle? How does your soul? How is the health of your family? Peace be with thee and thine.

How goes the battle on temperance and slavery? It seems almost as though hell had boiled over and cast its scum on our shores. Roman priests, Irish Catholics, infidels and murderers, by the cargo, are landed on our shores to meet the Americans at the ballot-box, and contest our civil freedom, while the slave power is bent upon our destruction. All the vile out of hell are pressing together against the Lord and his Christ, to destroy truth from the earth, and bring down God's judgment upon us. Drunkards have had the power already too long. The four great national sins—intemperance, slavery, Romanism, and political corruptions—can never be cured or checked by the Whig or Democratic party—never, never! We must come out and form a new combination against sin, and hell, and the devil.—Against Romanism at the ballot-box we must meet them. They want come to our churches and hear us preach—not they.—We can pray, but we must act also. I tell you, Brother —, unless the good and true of all shades of politics come out and up together, we are gone.

Yours, in Christian love, T. HILL.

### Recollections of a School-Room.

A correspondent of the *Alta California* gets off the following rich one. He cant take our hat:

John was a good scholar.—Pat was a bad one—but he got on very well with reading, for he always managed to get beside John, and when he stumbled at a cunning word (as he called them) John would correct him in a whisper, and not unfrequently repeat the whole verse in an undertone.

One day they were reading a chapter in the Bible, as is customary in Eastern schools. John's turn came; he read his verse, then turned (as usual) to Pat to assist him. But Pat's attention had been drawn from his book by a ragged urchin who was following the teacher and making grimaces at the lookers on.

A nudge from John recalled his attention, but he had lost his place. John whispered in his ear, it is the seventh verse, Pat: "So Satan went forth from the presence of the world and snote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head."

Pat looked in vain—he could not find the seventh verse, but recollecting (as he thought) John's words, he fixed his eyes intently on the page about the place he thought the seventh verse ought to be, and read in a stentorian tone: "So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord and shot Job with four balls."

A simultaneous shout from the scholars checked him for a moment. John, ready to burst with laughter, whispered in his ear, "twas a hell of a charge, wasn't it?" Pat, thinking he was enlightening him as to the remainder of the verse; repeated, (raising his voice above the din his blunder had occasioned,) "Twas a hell of a charge, wasn't it?"



FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,  
**HENRY A. WISE,**  
OF VIRGINIA.  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**JESSE D. BRIGHT,**  
OF INDIANA.

Democratic Mass Meeting at Indianapolis.

Last Wednesday was a glorious day for Indiana. Twenty-five thousand freemen assembled at their State Capital, not for the purpose of nominating candidates, or to divide the spoils of office; but to re-assert the great fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, and to take counsel together, for united action in the terrible political crisis that is impending. On Tuesday evening every hotel in the city was crowded to its utmost capacity, and early on Wednesday morning the vast throng commenced to assemble in the city from the country. The day was ushered in by the firing of thirty-one guns, at day break. At about 11 o'clock the signal was given by firing eight guns to assemble at the Capitol Grounds. By this time many of the trains had come in, and an immense concourse of people were assembled at the Speakers' Stands and filled the streets of the city. Never before have we seen so vast a multitude of people assembled in one place. The martial music of Brass Bands, the "ear-piercing life and the spirit-stirring drum," the firing of cannon, the neighing of horses, and the numerous banners waving in the breeze, together with the twenty-five or thirty thousand men, assembled for a common purpose, made up a grand and memorable pageant. The Marion county delegation came in procession, with wagons, carriages, music and banners—some on horseback, and some on foot—some carried flags, and hundreds came carrying young hickory trees. Many of the wagons and carriages were covered all over with young hickory trees, ornamented with banners; and, as the long procession moved down Washington street, we were reminded of Binnam Wood borne to Dunsmuir, in the play of Macbeth. Presently the Shelby county delegation of two thousand men marched up. Boone, Dearborn, and other counties, also sent large delegations. Shelby county won the beautiful banner awarded to the county sending the largest delegation. Boone was a close competitor. The speaking was carried on at three or four different stands. We were at the principal platform, where the Convention was organized by electing Judge Hovey President, together with several Vice Presidents and Secretaries. A committee, consisting of one from each Congressional district, was appointed to report resolutions. These resolutions will be found in another column. They were passed without a dissenting voice, by the largest political convention that ever met in Indiana. Speeches were delivered by the following gentlemen, and others whose names we did not learn: Judge Hovey, Col. TWIMAN, editor of the Paducah (Ky.) Democrat, Col. R. B. CARPENTER, of Covington, Ky., Col. ALLEN, of Illinois, Gov. WRIGHT, Lieut. Gov. WILLARD, Hon. J. E. McDONALD and SAMUEL WILSON, Esq., of Crawfordsville, RICHARD RYAN, Esq., of Indianapolis, Col. ALLEN MAY, Gov. JOHN W. DAVIS, Ex-Minister to China, Hon. JOHN C. DAVIS, Hon. JOHN L. ROBINSON, JOHN O. BULLOCK, editor of the Louisville Times, SAMUEL H. BUSKIRK, Esq., and A. B. CARLTON. Besides Mr. TWIMAN and Mr. BULLOCK, we met EVERTS, of the La Porte Times, HOLCOMB, of the State Sentinel, McCLAUCHERRY, of the Vincennes Courier, DENNY, ex-editor of the Evansville Enquirer, McLANE, of the Terre Haute Journal, BOWEN, of the Crawfordsville Review, KEER, of the Gosport Chronicle, and several others of the editorial fraternity.

Never has there been, in Indiana, a more enthusiastic meeting. Old men and young men—farmers and mechanics—lawyers, doctors and editors—men of all occupations—went up, as if moved by one mighty impulse, to rescue this great State from the sway of the black, piratical flag of Abolitionism, and the dark-lantern of Know Nothingism.

Never did we see a happier looking people, (not even at Camp Meeting) than those twenty-five thousand upturned faces showed, as they listened to the trumpet tones of WILLARD, the sage advice and eloquent words of WRIGHT, and the pure, impassioned and eloquent address of the gifted Col. CARPENTER. [Our readers will recollect that Col. CARPENTER is the eloquent lawyer who prosecuted MATT. WARD for the murder of Mr. BUTLER—a part of whose speech we published in the News-Letter.] His sentences of Aelian sweetness, robed in the very soul of inspiration and genius, now and then elicited the most tremendous applause. So also with the speeches of Gov. WRIGHT and WILLARD. The latter made one of his happiest efforts. With his coat thrown off on account of the heat, standing erect and dignified, his dilated eye beaming eloquence and defiance, for three hours he hurled his terrible denunciations against the Abolitionists, Know Nothings, and political preachers; or pleaded in terms of persuasive eloquence, to the national men of all parties to rally with the Democracy in defence of the Union. Often, while he was speaking, and especially when denouncing the political priests, he was interrupted by long continued and deafening applause, that made the very welkin ring. We believe that every man who spoke, denounced, in terms more or less severe, those political preachers who have "stolen the livory of heaven to serve the devil in;" and let it be remembered as a lasting and terrible rebuke to these latter-day Jesuits, that these sentiments found a ready and enthusiastic re-

sponse from every man of that twenty-five thousand!

The Democracy are a great power in the land! They are only to be aroused, as they are now aroused, to snap the bands of clerical and civil tyranny as flax in the flame.

Last Fall the midnight Jackals stole a march on the sleeping Lion; but he is aroused and wide awake now! He snuffs the hot air from the desert—his eyes dilate with the sight of the mongrel foe—he gives a low growl of satisfaction as they come yelping on; and as easily as he shakes the dew from his mane, he will vanquish his sneaking and midnight foe in 1856!

A Base Coin Nailed.

A silly story is going the rounds of the Old-Line papers, and is being copied by some of the Republican organs, to the effect that Col. Thompson, in a speech at Greensburg, a week or two since, had declared his intention to do battle during the next political campaign for the Old-Line Democratic party. We pronounced it a libel as soon as we heard it. We are now authorized by Col. Thompson, himself, to pronounce it an infamous falsehood, without a shadow of foundation in fact. This base coin we believe was first uttered by the great assassin of the "News-Letter," who has been of late trying to render himself ridiculous, by giving out that somebody thought him of enough consequence to make an assassination.

We wish if the ex-prosecutor don't imagine himself Louis Napoleon, shouldn't wonder.—Terre Haute American.

Some way or other, the above paper has, for some time past, found its way into our sanctum—the little editors thinking, perhaps, we would exchange. Well, we will exchange, if the American will pay the balance of subscription price, or publish our Prospectus one year on their second page, immediately under that beautiful picture of a black flag surmounting a dark-lantern, or some other round looking concern. We have made the amende honorable to Col. THOMPSON; and now we will bet the little editors a hat that Col. THOMPSON never pronounced the statement of the News-Letter as "an infamous falsehood," and that all he said, was, that it was a mistake. We are a friend to Col. THOMPSON—a better friend than you have the capacity to be. You are too small around the breast, and your head too much like a "cimblin."

The American Eagle and the Know Nothings.

MR. CARPENTER, of Kentucky, said some fine things last Wednesday, at the Democratic Mass Meeting, in relation to the Know Nothings' claim to be the "American Party." He said "Order of the Star Spangled Banner," &c.—We do not remember his language exactly; but it was about this, as well as we recollect. Pointing to the American flag, he said: "How dare they claim that Eagle as a Know Nothing bird—that Eagle whose home is on the mountain top, and who bathes his plumage in the refulgent beams of the god of day? He looks upon the sun, and his bright eye blanches not! He breathes the raging storm, and his bold spirit quails not! Wherever the air is pure and the sun is bright, he spreads his bold pinions and skims the empyrean vault of Heaven! Not so with your Know Nothing bird. There is a film upon his eye, and he cannot look upon the light. His pinions are heavy, and he soars not to the Eagle's mountain home! He lives in the dark valleys, and along the banks of stagnant ponds and turbid streams. The Know Nothing bird is the American Goshawk!"

MANIAC.—A Know Nothing writer in the New Albany Tribune, says, "CARLTON, of the News-Letter, is a half maniac." Perhaps, like HAMLET, "there is a sort of method in our madness!" Suppose you sue out a writ de Lunatico inquiring. You can get a Know Nothing jury here, who would gladly send us to the Lunatic Asylum; while you can get appropriate lodgings in your neighboring town, with SAM PATTERSON.

PATRIOT, of the Greensburg Banner, a Know Nothing paper, devotes considerable space in his last issue to the Louisville riots and the News-Letter. Now, PATRIOT is a very clever fellow (in its English as well as its American sense.) He has one very redeeming quality—he is opposed to the Abolition platform of the 13th of July. But he tells us he went down to Louisville to be present at the election, expecting to see a riot, and that he was present at the burning of QUINN'S row. What was he doing there?

The attention of our readers is directed to the card of SANDFORD DUNCAN, who has recently established himself in Louisville as a wholesale dealer in Silks, Fancy and Variety Goods. Mr. D. has long been known in South Kentucky as one of the most popular and successful merchants in that section. We have just seen a notice of Mr. D. in the South Kentucky, published at Princeton, where he has formerly lived, in which he is spoken of in the highest terms of commendation; and from this and other information, we cheerfully recommend him to merchants in this region.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.—If any of our readers will inform us where we can get the above book we will be much obliged to them. It was written during the war of 1812; and is now almost out of print.

On last Sabbath we listened to an excellent sermon, by Rev. J. M. BISHOP, of the Second Presbyterian Church. Mr. B. is an excellent scholar, a gentleman, and does not preach politics from the pulpit.

As Mr. CARTER, jailor at Evansville, was supplying the prisoners with their suppers on Wednesday evening last, and on going into one of the rooms of the jail, in which three men were confined for horse stealing, he was knocked down and severely hurt, while the three men made their escape. They had not been recaptured at last accounts.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—We are sorry to learn that the junior editor of the Hard Times is unable to attend to his editorial duties. A boy gave him a severe thrashing, on Friday, for editorial abuse of his father.

Resolutions of the Democracy.

The following are the resolutions, passed unanimously, by the Democratic Mass Meeting of thirty thousand men, on Wednesday, the 29th of August, 1855:

Resolved, That we have assembled here to-day as a Mass Meeting of the National Democracy of Indiana, we deem it more appropriate to postpone adopting any resolutions upon State policy until our next State Convention shall be called to nominate candidates for State offices.

Resolved, That we claim with pride the name of National Democracy, and we are "Old Lines," and we expect to follow the old lines so plainly marked by the patriots and sages of the Revolution, in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitution of the United States. Our name is as unchangeable as our principles, and our principles are as immutable as are the foundations of the Universe.

Resolved, That we announce our continued hostility to all secret political societies and organizations, as being inimical to the genius of our institutions, and revolting to the pride and manly spirit of a free and intelligent people. That we deeply deplore the frequent scenes of riot, outrage, and arson, and dissolution which have been occasioned by these wicked Jacobin organizations; and that we appeal to every man who values a good reputation and an honorable name among his fellow-men, to lose no time in separating himself from so foul a conspiracy; for he that counsels and associates with men who commit these most revolting crimes is justly liable in their guilt, and morally, if not legally, responsible for their acts.

Resolved, That we hereby proclaim our decided hostility to the principles and conduct of that sectional and financial party, known as Abolitionists, who have so recently uttered their banner of Abolitionism and Disunion throughout the Northern States. That we view their proceedings with increasing apprehension of great injury to the peace and prosperity of our common country, and as being diametrically opposed to the provisions and requirements of the Constitution of the United States, and as being, as they profess, most binding the result of Disunion, the ruin of our beloved country, and the destruction of the last pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty on earth.

Resolved, That we cordially re-affirm the principles of the Declaration of Independence of 1776, as embodied in the only practical system of action which can be taken on the great National questions to which they refer, and as best tending to perpetuate the peace, harmony and integrity of the Union.

Resolved, That we most positively and unequivocally condemn and oppose all attempts to interfere by force and violence the right of free suffrage of citizens at the polls, either in the States or Territories of this Union. The will of the people properly expressed is the highest law, but if that expression be stifled or defeated, there is an end of civil government, and a failure of the power of the people to protect themselves from the wrongs of the few.

Resolved, That we view with disgust and disapprobation, the conduct of non-resident Know Nothing bulls from Missouri, or hired Abolition fanatics from Massachusetts and elsewhere, in their interference with the legal rights of the actual settlers of Kansas to vote as they please, or to decide the question of free soil, and the inestimable privilege of deciding the laws which are to govern them as citizens of the Territory.

Resolved, That we invite all men of a national sentiment and faith, to co-operate with us in maintaining the sanctity of the American Constitution, the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the integrity of the Union, against the attacks of Abolition fanatics and demagogues, who are aiming to destroy one section of the Confederacy against the other, and whose action to possess political power, would induce them to sacrifice the dearest interests of the country, and to entail the dreadful consequences of civil war, bloodshed, and anarchy and death on the sons of our now happy posterity and mighty nation.

Resolved, That we will most strenuously maintain the fundamental principles of the rights of civil and religious liberty; the right of the citizen to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, of the people to protect themselves from the wrongs of the few, and the rights of the Press, the offering of the benefits of laws and institutions to all of every clime, the equality of all good citizens, and the protection of government to every man who legally claims to be an American citizen.

It is gratifying to find that the preachers of the gospel are about to quit preaching politics from the pulpit. Lately, in conversation with a preacher of the Methodist Church, he expressed his regret that he had ever joined the Know Nothings—that he had ever preached politics from the pulpit, and that he had resolved to do so no more. We were lately informed by "one who knows," that the Camp Meetings of this summer, throughout the State, have been almost uniformly "failures." The reason is obvious. Instead of preaching Christ and Him crucified, too many have been preaching Sam and him victorious! We learn that they have determined to take another course. They ought to have known at the beginning that preaching politics was ruinous to the cause of Christ; but some will learn only in the school of experience. We are glad to find among them a returning sense of justice and propriety. Some are influenced by a sincere conviction of their error, while the repentance of others extends no further than a fear of having their "feed stopped." Every right-minded man must rejoice at the spread of pure and undefiled religion. It is the great conservator of private morals and the public weal. But religion, holy religion, ought not "to be led into temptation" by fanatical political preachers. The hand that holds her chalice should be pure, and the priests of her Temple should keep themselves unspotted from the world. Politics only degrades, station only impoverishes, and ornaments but disfigure her! She should rob the earth of nothing but its sorrows. Her mission is to save all men—not the Know Nothings only, but the Democrats, too, have a right to go to Heaven! No! the Preacher of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace is not sent to stir up bitterness and resentment between neighbors. He should rear his mitre in the van of misery—pour oil on the troubled waters—seek to associate all mankind in a band of brothers—not to make them bitter enemies. It is his mission to pour redeeming union on the agonies of despair and misery, and to be the ornament of this world and an emblem of a better!

Putnam's Monthly.

This valuable Magazine, for September, has been received. Putnam's Magazine is the "Blackwood" of America; and an educated man may safely read it through from beginning to end without fear of wasting his time. The present number contains a variety of interesting articles, the first of which, "New English Poets," we have read with much interest and pleasure. Terms, \$3.00 per annum. Address, DIX & EDWARDS, 10 Park Place, New York.

We are sorry to learn that our old friend, Dr. WILLIAM C. FOSTER, senior, has had a severe spell of sickness; but he is now well and able to attend in person on his numerous patients.

A CURIOSITY.—We saw at Indianapolis, this week, fac similes of the Coffin Hand Bills, which the Federalists brought out against General JACKSON. We intend to send for some of them, as we have no doubt the old friends of "Old Hickory" would like to preserve them as a curiosity.

Consistency.

To hear A. P. Willard, St. Ambrose Carlton, and other Sag-Night leaders, who are sworn to go well armed, and when sure of success, to make attacks upon American citizens, prating of dark-lantern, oath-bound Know Nothings. Out upon all such contemptible hypocrisy! We can have some sympathy for the poor dupes of foreigners who are used as tools by such plotters, but for those leaders professing to be American citizens at heart, we can have nothing but an ineffable loathing and contempt.—Terre Haute American.

We can see what there is in "St. Ambrose" that should give the little dark-lantern papers so much uneasiness. Last spring the American was so profuse in its compliments, that it made us blush to look its readers in the face. But a change has come over the spirit of its dream. It now thinks us "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat!" We can inform the American that we know of no such order as the Sag Nights; and that we have never taken an oath to lie, nor indeed any kind of an oath except when required so to do by the Constitution and laws of the country, which the editors of that paper are sworn to subvert.

Speaking of the Know Nothings' oath, Mr. CARPENTER, of Kentucky, said in his speech, last Wednesday, that it was of foreign origin—a relic of despotism; that upon the accession of a new despot to the throne, all his subjects were formerly compelled to take an oath of fealty. "Unto bad causes," said Mr. C., "swear bad men; but why should you swear an honest man in this free country? Catholic tests," said Mr. C., "have been abolished even in England, the ancient abode of religious intolerance and bigotry. They have at length found out that persecution, by fire and fagot, and civil incapacity, is not the way to convert Catholics. And shall we, in the meridian blaze of the nineteenth century, boasting of our free institutions, rekindle the fires of persecution? Shall we take the loathsome and cast-off garments of the European hag of despotism, and wrap them around the classic form of our young and beautiful virgin of the West, with her elastic step, her beaming eyes, and rosy cheeks?"

There is at the present time, more bitterness of feeling, more distrust and suspicion, more riot and bloodshed, in Indiana, than at any former period of our political history.—These things ought not so to be. What is the remedy? Be open, generous and just; quit backbiting and slandering your neighbor; quit the oath-bound conspiracies where riot is planned, and moral treason is fomented.—Don't you know that these things are certain to produce a feeling of resentment and resistance?

We haven't time nor space, this week, to notice the yelping of all the little Know Nothing, Abolition curs and fates—Tray, Blanche, Sweet-heart and Stupid. When we have time for such amusements we will cut some of their tails off, close behind the ears.

Never, in the history of Indiana, was there such a mighty and noble popular demonstration, as the Democratic Convention, at Indianapolis, last Wednesday.

The Louisville Times (whose editor was present) estimates the number of persons at the Convention, last Wednesday, at 25,000; and the State Sentinel, at 30,000. It is agreed by all, that there were more than twice as many persons present as there were at the Know Nothing-Abolition Convention of the 13th of July.

The Indianapolis Republican (Abolition and Know Nothing) admits the Democratic Convention of last Wednesday, to be the largest Convention that ever assembled in that city.

A WORTHY FACTORY GIRL.—A young lady—Miss R. H. PALMER—has just graduated from the Oread Institute, Mass., with the highest honors, and she is one of the three young ladies who are placed against any three college graduates in New England, for examination in rhetoric, logic, ethics, metaphysics, the higher mathematics, natural and physical sciences, languages, English literature and history. She is a factory girl, and lives in Worcester. Think of that, ye animated bundles of ribbons and flounces who are butterflying around the dry goods stores, and nursing your fingers upon some father's purse or the hopes of some future husband.

Mr. Creamcheese.

"Last scene of all  
That ends this strange, eventful history,"  
AS YOU LIKE IT.

MR. CREAMCHEESE has again sought the academic groves of the College Campus. It is night! The moon is smiling calmly down, but she has lost her talismanic power over the fervent imagination of Mr. CREAMCHEESE. Life has no longer any charms for him. He has been jilted—Miss LUDIA LANGUISH is about to marry his hated rival. Like HAMLET, "he loves not man nor woman either!" In short, he is a misanthrope—he is determined to commit suicide, to revenge himself on Miss LUDIA. He will yet wring repentance and remorse from her bosom! He hangs himself with a rope; and is found next morning dangling, like a suck-egg bound, to the limb of an apple tree. His body is borne by her house, from which she looks out, calm, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked! "Oh, Woman! She's a tramp!" She is engaged in masticating a large slice of bread and butter as she looks out from her window:

"His corpse born past her on a shutter,  
She goes on eating bread and butter."  
So ends the history of Mr. CREAMCHEESE.—"Requiescat in pace!"

Messrs. J. B. HOBSON & Co., have removed to the elegant and commodious store room immediately south of FEE'S. Their fine, large stock of Goods is daily replenished by arrivals from New Albany and the Eastern cities. Give them a call in their new quarters.

[For the News-Letter.]

Liquor Law in Bloomfield.

FRIEND CARLTON: The first case in Bloomfield under the liquor law, came off a day or two ago, and the proceedings throughout were so novel that I give you a sketch of them.

Three disinterested merchants who, having nothing to do at home, who covet their neighbors' thrift, and prompted by a desire to meddle with other people's business, made an affidavit to the effect that they believed EDWARD WEST kept liquor, somewhere, in or about his store to be used contrary to law.

Accordingly, Justice PATTERSON, who, by the way, is a clear-headed man, a good judge of law and an impartial and independent officer, issued a warrant, under which the defendant was arrested and appeared for trial, defended by several attorneys. The State having no person but some embryo Methodist preachers, to vindicate her rights, who know as little about law, as a baboon does of astronomy, the burden was thrown on the Justice's shoulders. He soon became impressed with the idea that the Lawyers were trying to run over him, and spoke very excitedly of his rights, the dignity of the Court &c. Then arose a young Louisville excitement among the whole crowd, everybody was quarrelling with the nearest man, and it is currently reported that one infuriated citizen drew a large quill toothpick upon an antagonist who was threatening to spoil his "whisky taster."

The rampant advocates of the law took sides for PATTERSON, and if you can imagine how Old Snylosk looked when he was crying out "Oh most learned judge!—Another DANIEL come to judgment!" &c., you can see the lank-jawed, hungry-looking advocates of the law, shrugging their shoulders, hurrahing for PATTERSON, and crying out "go it Tom! you understand the law! We will stick up for you Squire!" and many other expressions indicative of a great flow of satisfaction—at this state of the case, the court adjourned, to meet at the Court House the next day at ten o'clock.

At the appointed time the Court room was full. Some twenty-five persons whom the prosecution supposed to be sharp smelling witnesses, were subpoenaed and on hands. Expectation was on tiptoe, when Maj. LIVINGSTON, senior counsel for the defendant, moved to dismiss the case on the grounds that the law under which it was brought, was unconstitutional and void. And in support of the motion, made one of the most clear, forcible and convincing arguments I have ever listened to. An old friend of mine who sat near me, said he had always been in favor of the law, but it was because he did not understand it. He said he could swallow it no longer. After the Major was through, one of the "embryo" gentlemen for the prosecution, remarked with a knowing smile, that he had nothing to say, that he knew from the stand the Justice took against the Lawyers the night before, that he would construe the law right.

Justice PATTERSON, then gave his decision against the constitutionality of the law—and assigned his reasons in a clear and cogent manner, and I may add his reasons and decision, were satisfactory to all, except a very few, some of whom are the "lovers of law and order," who tried to interrupt you the day you spoke here.

After the decision it was a sight to see the men who a short time before were so elate with triumph, sneaking home like wolves driven from the sheep fold.

"A LOOKER ON IN VENICE."

Bloomfield, Ind., August 18, 1855.

[For the News-Letter.]

Meeting of the Monroe County Agricultural Society—County Fair.

On Saturday, the 18th, our Farmers and Mechanics held a meeting and appointed the following executive committee, who are to make arrangements for holding a County Fair this Fall. The committee are, Henry Eller, Asher Labertew, Austin Seward, W. S. Stormont, Joshua Shreve, Luke Sanders, Joseph Burger, James Givens, Edward Blakely, Richard Moore, Willis Spencer, Monroe Houston, Thomas Payne and Lewis Bollenman.

On the 25th this committee will meet at the Court House at 2 o'clock P. M. On Saturday, the 8th day of September, there will be a meeting of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, and all other persons feeling an interest in the Fair, at the Court House at 2 o'clock P. M., at which place the executive committee will make their report. The committee is to select the Fair Grounds, procure material for enclosing it, prepare a list of premiums, appoint the awarding committee &c.

A punctual attendance is expected, for the determination is, that Monroe County shall not be hindmost in her regard for the Agricultural and Mechanical interests.

A. SEWARD, President.

L. BOLLMAN, Secretary.

DUDLEY C. SMITH was erroneously reported as a Know Nothing of the Stanford Council. Mr. S. is a high-minded and honorable gentleman; and is opposed to all secret political societies.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.—SOLON BORLAND JOINED THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—Mr. Solon Borland, editor of the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette and Democrat, has taken a formal leave of the Democracy and joined the Know Nothings. Every Democrat in the Union will rejoice over this apostasy, and say "good riddance of bad rubbish." Borland is the drunken blackguard who disgraced his State, his party, his station, and his country by his pugilistic encounters in the United States Senate, of which body he was a member a few years ago. His unbecoming and indecent behavior in the Senate made him a notorious character. Afterwards he was sent to Central America as Minister, and by his imprudent conduct got the government into difficulties at Greytown, if the opposition press was to be believed. He came home, took charge of a bogus Democratic paper, and very naturally relapsed into the sewer of Know Nothingism, which is purifying the Democracy of its most unworthy members. Foote, of Mississippi, Borland, of Arkansas, and Clemens, of Alabama, were all in the Senate in 1850, and did more to disgrace that body than all the individuals who ever were in it, from the formation of the Government in 1798 down to the present time. They are all Know Nothings, and rank among the leaders, in the Southern and Western States, of that infamous faction. As Texas repudiates Houston, Alabama the traitor Clemens, Tennessee the traitor Donnellson, so will Arkansas spew out the apostate Borland.

A MODEL SIGN BOARD.—The following was put upon the door of a house occupied by a father and son. The former was a blacksmith and publican, and the latter a barber:

"Barns and sun blacksmith and barber work done here, horsehoeing and shaving and hair curled bleeding teeth drawing and other farriery work, all sorts of spiritus lickors according to the late comical treaty.

Take notice my wife keeps skool and also teaches reading and riting and all other learned langwatches ann has assistats if required to teach history sowin and mathewmatix and hother fasunable divursuns.

A fellow who was caught in a water wheel of a grist mill, and had the good fortune to escape with no other damage than a good ducking, says he intends to apply for a pension on the ground that he is a survivor of the revolution.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The following is an extract from a soldier's letter in the camp in the Crimea:

"The other night I was in the entrenchments, and a good number of us were sitting together anasing ourselves. One was singing a song called 'Mary, weep no more for me,' in which occur these beautiful lines:

"Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me."

When a shell came, burst among us, and killed the man while he was singing the song. I never was so vexed for any one in my life; it opened his skull completely, and he died in an instant."

The Late Railroad Accident.

New York, Aug. 30.

The Philadelphia papers are filled with details of the railroad accident, of the most horriofic decription. The number of dnaths are 23, and wounded nearly 70.

Further.

BURLINGTON, Aug. 30.

No deaths occurred among the wounded last night. Most of them are doing well. The Coroner has commenced the investigation into the cause of the accident. Dr. Hieneken, who was driving the carriage, states that he saw no train and heard no whistle, and looking up and down the track before he attempted to cross, saw no train. He heard the noise of the approaching cars, when on the track; had only time to rein in his horses when the train was upon him. The carriage contained his wife and child, and Thomas Antrun and wife. He says the train was backing at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and that he heard no whistle nor bell. An act of the Legislature fixes the maximum rate of speed in the borough of Burlington, where the accident occurred, at six miles per hour.

"Sam, did you see Mr. Johnson, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa; I met him down by de cotton gin." "He's a good-looking man, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man; he made a bow—dat's just all he said."

A CANDID LAWYER.—"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel.

"I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I saw two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

Our devil propounds the following questions: How many pistols did little man defend the Gazette office with on the night he learned A. B. Carlton was in town? Were they "hoss" pistols? Did the man of flag notoriety assist? Was little man much afraid of the "Bloomington Saint"? Did he think that the "Sag-Night" editor could demolish the one-eyed office single-handed? Was he foolish enough to think that he was meant when Carlton called for the editor of the Morgan County Gazette? Was the actual editor actually at supper? How many "d—d Sag Nights" did he kill that night, and where did he bury his dead?—Martinsville Monitor.

The attention of the afflicted is directed to the advertisement in another column of Hurley's Sarsaparilla. This is now the most popular Sarsaparilla extant. Dr. Orr will have it for sale in a few days.

The Washington Sentinel says, "We have never doubted that the old Whig party, had it not abandoned its organization and desperately ran into the embraces of Know Nothingism, would have fought a much harder battle in the Southern States than the Know Nothings have done."

It is once more stated that the Empress of the French is enroute, and the fact has been communicated by various diplomatists to their government. Blow the horn!







# Select Poetry.

[From Putnam's Monthly.]

## My Last Youth.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often I think of the old town,  
And the streets of that old town,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.  
I can see the shadowy lines of its streets,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far surrounding seas,  
And islands that rise like the fabled  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Issuing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill,  
And the music of that old song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
I can see the breezy dunes of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's grove,  
And the friendships old and the loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
I remember the gleams and glimmers that dart  
Across the school-boy's brain;  
The song and silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that old song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And mist before the eye.  
And the words of that old song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that shadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain,  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my last youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
That hummers and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

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Time to complete a full course from 6 to 8 weeks. Tuition, \$25.

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April 7, 1853-6m  
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HAVE now in store a large lot of Groceries, Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Rice, and all other articles usually kept in this market, which they offer

Exclusively for Cash,

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Also, in five days, will be in receipt of a splendid assortment of

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SUMMER STUFFS,

EMBROIDERIES,

GLOVES AND MITTS,

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FANCY GOODS,

In large quantities and desirable style for the Spring trade, 1853. Having purchased direct from Grocers and Dry Goods exclusively for cash, they are enabled to sell at a very small advance for Cash.

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March 31, 1853-5m

## NEW SPRING AND SUMMER

### GOODS!!

WE would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Bloomington and Monroe and adjoining counties to our large and well-selected assortment of

Spring and Summer Dry Goods,

all of which we offer at prices to suit the times. Give us a call—no trouble to show goods.

J. B. HOBSON & Co.,  
Orchard Buildings, Bloomington, Ind.  
April 7, 1853-6m

## THE

### SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

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The Scientific American is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

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August 18, 1853

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Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Dry-Staffs, Window Glass, and Putty; Paint, Varnish, Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes, &c.

Also a complete assortment of

SCHOOL MISCELLANEOUS & BLANK BOOKS,

Pens and Ink, Cap. Note and Ledger Paper, Plain and Fancy Envelopes, Fine Visiting Cards, &c. &c.

A full supply of the above articles constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices.

Before purchasing elsewhere, he is to examine his stock and sell none but genuine articles, and on reasonable terms.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, both day and night.

Bloomington, Ind., June 2, 1853

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neatly lettered and ornamented. Carriages painted and striped in a superior style. Piano Fortes polished and warranted to look as new.

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THOS. CROWDER,  
Bloomington, May 12, 1853-1m.

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1851

## DR. LEWIS'

### MOTHERS' FRIEND.

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

M. L. LEWIS,  
Market St., between Second and Third.

JEFFERSON CO., Ky., March, 1853.

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

SAM. B. WOMACK,  
NEW ALBANY, 1851.

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

JOS. CADWALADER,  
LOUISVILLE, Ky., 1851.

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

WM. C. TAYLOR,  
WARRICK CO., Ind., 1851.

Dr. Lewis—I have sold for the last two years your Mothers' Friend, and find it to be one of the best compounds for female weaknesses now extant; and further say that it may well be styled the Mothers' Friend for after all specific have failed, it has performed cures that appeared almost incredible.

R. E. ANDREWS,  
WARRICK CO., Ind., 1851.

Dear Friend—Thy letter has been received, and it is with pleasure that I certify to thee and the world that thy preparations called the Mothers' Friend stand without a rival in medical practice. I have used it, and its effects surprise me; my preparations of that order I ever saw, in which the secret was hidden, and I am ever ready to which the secret is liable. It quiets the nervous system, and restores the natural secretions. Therefore I can safely recommend it to the special attention of my female friends everywhere, believing they will find it a friend indeed.

DR. J. TRUEBLOOD,  
HARRISVILLE, July, 1851.

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

Yours truly,  
DR. EDWARD SMITH,  
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Dr. Lewis—I have used two bottles of your Mothers' Friend, and find it to be one of the best compounds for female weaknesses now extant; and further say that it may well be styled the Mothers' Friend for after all specific have failed, it has performed cures that appeared almost incredible.

JOSEPH ORR,  
At the old stand of J. B. Mulky.

April 28, 1853-9m.

## SPRING OF 1855.

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### FARMER'S AND MECHANIC'S TOOLS,

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We are now receiving our Spring purchases of the above goods, which with the stock on hand make our assortment very full and complete, consisting in part of the various styles and qualities of

BUILDING HARDWARE,

Also, a large assortment of the best brands of

MECHANIC'S TOOLS,

And our usual variety of the various kinds of

PAINTING IMPLEMENTS.

We expect to keep a constant supply of the GENUINE SELF-HEATING SMOOTHING IRONS, and almost everything that is usually found among a well-assorted stock.

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